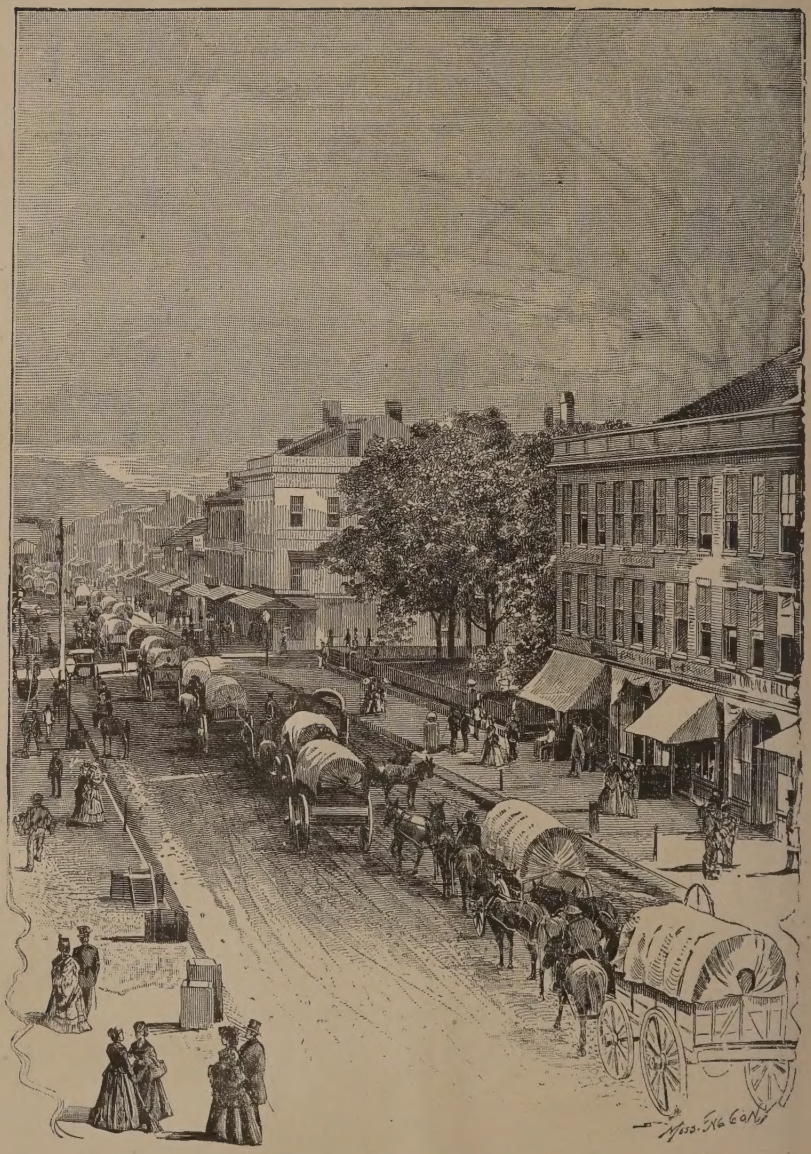

Drawn from a Photograph of the time.

SHERMAN'S ARMY WAGONS GOING THROUGH ZANESVILLE

JUNE, 1865.

At the close of the war Sherman's army wagons left Washington City for distribution among the frontier posts. Several weeks were occupied in passing through Zanesville.

HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS

...OF..

OHIO

IN TWO VOLUMES.

AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE STATE:

HISTORY BOTH GENERAL AND LOCAL, GEOGRAPHY WITH DESCRIPTIONS OF ITS COUNTIES, CITIES AND VILLAGES, ITS AGRICULTURAL MANUFACTURING, MINING AND BUSINESS DEVELOPMENT, SKETCHES OF EMINENT AND INTERESTING CHARACTERS, ETC., WITH NOTES OF A TOUR OVER IT IN 1886

ILLUSTRATED BY ABOUT 700 ENGRAVINGS.

CONTRASTING THE OHIO OF 1846 WITH 1886-90

FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR IN 1846 AND PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN SOLELY FOR IT IN 1886, 1887, 1888, 1889, AND 1890, OF CITIES AND CHIEF TOWNS, PUBLIC BUILDINGS, STORIC LOCALITIES, MONUMENTS, CURIOSITIES, ANTIQUITIES, PORTRAITS, MAPS, ETC.

THE OHIO CENTENNIAL EDITION.

By HENRY HOWE, LL.D.

AUTHOR "HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS OF VIRGINIA" AND OTHER WORKS

Volume II.

PUBLISHED BY THE STATE OF OHIO.

C. J. KREHBIEL & CO., PRINTERS AND BINDERS,
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

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1900

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General Index to Counties, Cities and Villages, with Census of 1880 and 1890, with Volume and Page wherein Described.	

COUNTIES.

LAKE.

LAKE COUNTY was formed March 6, 1840, from Geauga and Cuyahoga, and so named from its bordering on Lake Erie. The surface is more rolling than level; the soil is good, and generally clayey loam, interspersed with ridges of sand and gravel. This county is peculiar for the quality and quantity of its fruit, as apples, pears, peaches, plums, grapes, etc. Its situation tends to the preservation of the fruit from the early frosts, the warm lake winds often preventing its destruction, while that some twenty miles inland is cut off.

Area about 215 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 55,817; in pasture, 38,401; woodland, 18,181; lying waste, 2,221; produced in wheat, 81,789 bushels; rye, 14,942; buckwheat, 1,046; oats, 249,240; barley, 9,017; corn, 194,241; meadow hay, 15,949 tons; clover hay, 8,396; flaxseed, 5,321 bushels; potatoes, 59,562; tobacco, 7,830 lbs.; butter, 307,705; cheese, 166,372; sorghum, 19 gallons; maple sugar, 32,983 lbs.; honey, 6,762; eggs, 129,435 dozen; grapes, 1,169,435 lbs.; wine, 787 gallons; apples, 146,471 bushels; peaches, 15,674; pears, 3,042; wool, 68,023 lbs.; milch cows owned, 3,816. School census, 1888, 4,387; teachers, 160. Miles of railroad track, 118.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Concord,	1,136	722	Mentor,	1,245	1,822
Kirtland,	1,777	984	Painesville,	2,580	5,516
Leroy,	898	722	Perry,	1,337	1,316
Madison,	2,801	2,720	Willoughby,	1,943	2,524

Population of Lake in 1840 was 13,717; 1860, 15,576; 1880, 16,326, of whom 10,583 were born in Ohio; 1,905 New York; 549 Pennsylvania; 43 Virginia; 32 Indiana; 19 Kentucky; 649 Ireland; 481 England and Wales; 244 British America; 141 German Empire; 19 Scotland; 4 France, and 11 Sweden and Norway. Census of 1890, 18,235.

FIRST SETTLEMENT.

Mentor, according to the statement of Mrs. Tappan, in the MSS. of the Ashtabula Historical Society, was the first place settled in this county. In the summer of 1799 two families were there. Among the earliest settlers of Lake was the Hon. John Walworth, who was born at New London, Ct., in 1765.

When a young man he spent five years at sea and in Demerara, South America. About the year 1792 he removed, with his family, to the then new country east of Cayuga lake, New York. In 1799 he visited Cleveland, and after his return, in the fall of that year, journeyed to Connecticut, purchased over two thousand acres of land in the present township of Painesville, with the design of making a settlement. On the 20th of February, 1800, he commenced the removal of his family and effects. They were brought on as far as Buffalo, in sleighs. At that place, after some little detention, the party, being enlarged by the addition of some others, drove in two sleighs on the ice of the lake, and proceeded until abreast of Cattaraugus creek, at which point they were about ten miles from land. At dusk, leaving their sleighs and horses some 50 or 60 rods from shore, they made their camp under some hemlock trees, where all, men, women and children, passed an agreeable night, its earlier hours being enlivened by good cheer and social converse. The next afternoon they arrived at Presque Isle (now Erie, Pa.), where, leaving his family, Mr. Walworth went back to Buffalo for his goods. On his return to Erie, he, with his hired man and two horses and a yoke of oxen, followed the lake shore, and arrived in safety at his new purchase. His nearest neighbors east were at Harpersfield, 15 miles distant. On the west, a few miles distant, within or near the present limits of Mentor, was what was then called the Marsh settlement, where was then living Judge Jesse Phelps, Jared Wood, Ebenezer Merry, Charles Parker and Moses Parks. Mr. Walworth soon returned to Erie, on foot, and brought out his family and effects in a flat boat, all arriving safe at the new home on the 7th of April. The

first fortnight they lived in a tent, during which period the sun was not seen. About the expiration of this time Gen. Edward Paine—the first delegate to the legislature from the Lake county, in the winter of 1801–2—arrived with seven or eight hired men, and settled about a mile distant. Mutually assisting each other, cabins were soon erected for shelter, and gradually the conveniences of civilization clustered around them.

Shortly after the formation of the State government (states the Barr MSS.) Mr. Walworth, Solomon Griswold, of Windsor, and Calvin Austin, of Warren, were appointed associate judges of Trumbull county. In 1805 Judge Walworth was appointed collector of customs for the district of Erie. In August he opened the collector's office at Cleveland, and in the March ensuing removed his family thither. He held various offices until his decease, September 10, 1812, and was an extensive land agent. Judge Walworth was small in stature, and of weakly constitution. Prior to his removal to the West it was supposed he had the consumption; but to the hardships and fatigue he endured, and change of climate, his physicians attributed the prolongation of his life many years. He was a fearless man, and possessed of that indomitable perseverance and strength of will especially important in overcoming the obstacles in the path of the pioneer.

WILLOUGHBY is on the Chagrin river, 3 miles from Lake Erie and 11 miles southwest of Painesville, on the L. S. & M. S. R. R. and N. Y. C. & St. L. R. R. Newspaper: *Independent*, Independent, J. H. Merrill, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Congregationalist, 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Episcopal, 1 Disciples, 1 Catholic. Bank: Willoughby, S. W. Smart, president, S. H. Smart, cashier. Population, 1880, 1,001. School census, 1888, 323.

Willoughby in 1846.—The village and township were originally called Chagrin, and changed, in 1834, to the present name, in honor of Prof. Willoughby, of Herkimer county, N. Y. It was settled about the year 1799, by David Abbot (see page 579), Peter French, Jacob West, Ebenezer Smith, Elisha Graham, and others. Abbot built the first grist mill on the site of the Willoughby mills: Smith was the first man who received a regular deed of his land from the Connecticut land company. In 1796 Charles Parker, one of the surveyors, built a house at the mouth of the river, and a number of huts for the use of the land company; the house was the first erected in the township, and probably the first in the county. Parker became a settler in 1802; in 1803 and 1804 John Miller, Christopher Colson, James Lewis and Jacob West settled in Willoughby. Dr. Henderson, the first regular physician, came in 1813, and the first organized town meeting was held April 3, 1815. A bloody battle, says tradition, was fought at an early day between the Indians, on the spot where the medical college stands: human bones have been discovered, supposed to be of those who fell in that action.

The village of Willoughby contains 4 stores, 2 churches, 18 mechanic shops, 1 fulling mill, and in 1840 had 390 inhabitants. The engraving shows, on the right, the Presbyterian church; on the left, the Methodist church, and in the centre, on a pleasant green, the Medical University, a spacious brick edifice. This flourishing and well-conducted institution was founded in 1834: its number of pupils has been gradually increasing, and in 1846 its annual circular showed 174 students in attendance.—*Old Edition.* This institution was removed, in 1846, to Columbus, and became the foundation for Starling Medical College.

THE MORMONS.

Nine miles southwest from Painesville, on the east branch of Chagrin river, in a beautiful farming country, is the little village of KIRTLAND, so famous in the history of Mormonism. We reproduce here from our old edition the account we then gave as to the origin of the sect and their position at that time.

Kirtland is widely known, from having formerly been the headquarters of the Mormons. While here, in the height of their prosperity, they numbered nearly 3,000 persons. On their abandoning it, most of the dwellings went to decay, and it now has somewhat the appearance of a depopulated and broken-down place. The view taken shows the most prominent buildings in the village. In the

centre is seen the Mormon Temple; on the right, the Teachers' Seminary, and on the left, on a line with the front of the temple, the old banking house of the Mormons. The temple, the main point of attraction, is 60 by 80 feet, and measures from its base to the top of the spire 142 feet. It is of rough stone, plastered over, colored blue, and marked to imitate regular courses of masonry. It cost about $40,000. In front, over the large window, is a tablet, bearing the inscription: "House of the Lord, built by the Church of the Latter Day Saints, A. D. 1834." The first and second stories are divided into two "grand rooms" for public worship. The attic is partitioned off into about a dozen small apartments. The lower grand room is fitted up with seats as an ordinary church, with canvas curtains hanging from the ceiling, which, on the occasion of prayer meetings, are let down to the tops of the slips, dividing the room into several different apartments, for the use of the separate collections of worshippers. At each end of the room is a set of pulpits, four in number, rising behind each other. Each pulpit is calculated for three persons, so that, when they are full, twelve persons occupy each set, or twenty-four persons the two sets. These pulpits were for the officers of the priesthood. The set at the farther end of the room are for the Melchisedek priesthood, or those who minister in spiritual concerns. The set opposite, near the entrance to the room, are for the Aaronic priesthood, whose duty it is to simply attend to the temporal affairs of the society. These pulpits all bear initials, signifying the rank of their occupants.

On the Melchisedek side are the initials P. E., *i. e.*, President of the Elders; M. P. H., President of the High Priests; P. M. H., President of the High Council, and M. P. C., President of the Full Church. On the Aaronic pulpits are the initials P. D., *i. e.*, President of Deacons; P. T. A., President of the Teachers; P. A. P., President of the Aaronic Priesthood, and B. P. A., Bishop of the Aaronic Priesthood. The Aaronic priesthood were rarely allowed to preach, that being the especial duty of the higher order, the Melchisedek.

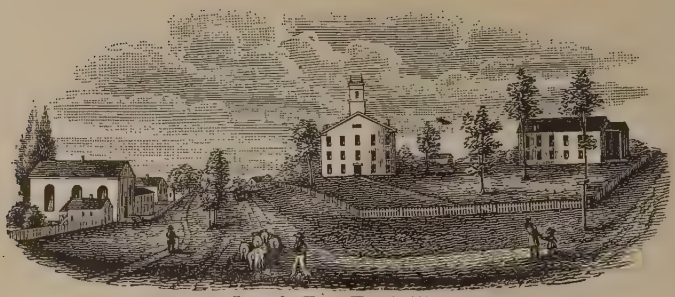
We have received a communication from a resident of Kirtland, dated in the autumn of 1846. It contains some facts of value, and is of interest as coming from an honest man, who has been a subject of the Mormon delusion, but whose faith, we are of opinion, is of late somewhat shaken.

The Mormons derive their name from their belief in the book of Mormon, which is said to have been translated from gold plates found in a hill, in Palmyra, N. Y. They came to this place in 1832, and commenced building their temple, which they finished in 1835. When they commenced building the temple they were few in number, but before they had finished it they had increased to two thousand.

There are in the church two Priesthoods —the Melchisedek and the Aaronic, including the Levitical, from which they derive their officers. This place, which they hold to be a *stake of Zion*, was laid off in half acres for a space of one square mile. When it was mostly sold, they bought a number of farms in this vicinity, at a very high price, and were deeply in debt for goods in New York, which were the causes of their eventually leaving for Missouri. They established a bank at Kirtland, from which they issued a number of thousand more dollars than they had specie, which gave their enemies power over them, and those bills became useless.

They adhered to their prophet, Smith, in all things, and left here in 1837, seven hundred in one day. They still hold this place to be a stake of Zion, to be eventually a place of gathering. There is a president with his two counsellors, to preside over this stake. The president is the highest officer; next is the high priest, below whom are the elders—all of the Melchisedek priesthood. The lesser priesthood are composed of priests, teachers and deacons. They have twelve apostles, whose duty it is to travel and preach the gospel. There are seventy elders or seventies, a number of whom are travelling preachers: seven of the seventies preside over them. There were two seventies organized in Kirtland. They ordain most of the male members to some office. They have a bishop with two counsellors to conduct the affairs of the church in temporal things, and sit in judgment upon difficulties which may arise between members; but there is a higher court to which they can appeal, called the high council, which consists of twelve high priests. The president and his council sit as judges over either of these courts. There are, however, three presidents who preside over the whole in all the world—so termed.

The method of conducting worship among the Mormons is similar to other denominations. The first ordinance is baptism for the remission of sins; they lay on hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost, and to heal the sick;



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS IN WILLOUGHBY.

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

MORMON TEMPLE AT KIRTLAND.

anoint with oil; administer the sacrament; take little children and bless them; they hold to all the gifts of the Apostolic church, believing there is no true church without them, and have the gift of speaking in different tongues; they sometimes interpret for themselves, but commonly there is some one to interpret for them.

A prophet has lately risen among the Mormons, viz., James J. Strang of Wisconsin, who claims to be the successor of Joseph Smith. He has been with them only about two years, and was a young lawyer of Western New York. He claims to have received communications from Heaven at the very hour of Smith's death, commissioning him to lead the people. He has established a stake in Walworth county, Wisconsin, called the city of Voree, by interpretation signifying "Garden of Peace," to which they are gathering from Nauvoo and other places. He has lately visited Kirtland and re-established it as a *stake* of Zion, and organized the church with all its officers. There are now here about one hundred members, who are daily increasing, and it is thought that the place will be built up.

Strang is said to have found plates of brass or some other metal. He was directed by an angel, who gave him a stone to look through, by which he made the discovery. They were found three feet under ground, beneath an oak of a foot in diameter. These he has translated: they give an account of a race who once inhabited that land and became a fallen people. Strang preaches pure Bible doctrine, and receives only those who walk humbly before their God.

The Mormons still use the temple at Kirtland. This sect is now divided into three factions, viz.: the Rigdonites, the Twelveites, and the Strangites. The Rigdonites are the followers of Sidney Rigdon, and are but a few in number. The Twelveites—so named after their twelve apostles—are very fanatical, and hold to the spiritual wife system and the plurality of Gods. The Strangites maintain the original doctrines of Mormonism, and are located at this place and Voree.

We derive, from a published source, a brief historical sketch of Mormonism.

Joseph Smith, the founder of Mormonism, was born in Sharon, Vermont, December 23, 1805, and removed to Manchester, Ontario county, N. Y., about the year 1815, at an early age, with his parents, who were in quite humble circumstances. He was occasionally employed in Palmyra as a laborer, and bore the reputation of a lazy and ignorant young man. According to the testimony of respectable individuals in that place, Smith and his father were persons of doubtful moral character, addicted to disreputable habits, and, moreover, extremely superstitious, believing in the existence of witchcraft. They at one time procured a mineral rod, and dug in various places for money. Smith testified that when digging he had seen the pot or chest containing the treasure, but never was fortunate enough to get it into his hands. He placed a singular-looking stone in his hat, and pretended by the light of it to make many wonderful discoveries of gold, silver and other treasures, deposited in the earth. He commenced his career as the founder of the new sect, when about the age of eighteen or nineteen, and appointed a number of meetings in Palmyra for the purpose of declaring the divine revelations which he said were made to him. He was, however, unable to produce any excitement in the village; but very few had curiosity sufficient to listen to him. Not having means to print his revelations he applied to Mr. Crane, of the Society of Friends, declaring that he was moved by the Spirit to call upon him for assistance. This gentleman bid him go to work or the State prison would end his career. Smith had better success with Martin Harris, an industrious and thrifty farmer of Palmyra, who was worth about $10,000, and who became one of his leading disciples. By his assistance 5,000 copies of the Mormon bible (so called) were published, at an expense of about $3,000. It is possible that Harris might have made the advances with the expectation of a profitable speculation, as a great sale was anticipated. This work is a duodecimo volume, containing five hundred and ninety pages, and is, perhaps, one of the weakest productions ever attempted to be palmed off as a divine revelation. It is mostly a blind mass of words, interwoven with scriptural language and quotations, without much of a leading plan or design.

Soon after the publication of the Mormon bible, one Parley B. Pratt, a resident of Lorrain county, Ohio, happening to pass through Palmyra, on the canal, and hearing of the new religion, called on the prophet, and was soon converted. Pratt was intimate with Sidney Rigdon, a very popular preacher of the denomination called "Reformers," or "Disciples." About the time of the arrival of Pratt at Manchester, the Smiths were fitting out an expedition for the western country, under the command of Cowdery, in order to convert the Indians, or Lamanites, as they termed them. In October, 1830, this mission, consisting of Cowdery, Pratt, Peterson and Whitmer, arrived at Mentor, Ohio, the residence of Rigdon, well supplied with the new bibles. Near this place, in Kirtland, there were a few families belonging to Rigdon's congregation, who, having become extremely fanatical, were daily looking for some wonderful event to take place in

the world: seventeen of these persons readily believed in Mormonism, and were all re-immersed in one night by Cowdery. By the conversion of Rigdon soon after, Mormonism received a powerful impetus, and more than one hundred converts were speedily added. Rigdon visited Smith at Palmyra, where he tarried about two months, receiving revelations, preaching, etc. He then returned to Kirtland, Ohio, and was followed a few days after by the prophet, Smith, and his connections. Thus, from a state of almost beggary, the family of Smith were furnished with the "fat of the land" by their disciples, many of whom were wealthy.

A Mormon temple was erected at Kirtland, at an expense of about $40,000. In this building there was a sacred apartment, a kind of holy of holies, in which none but the priests were allowed to enter. An unsuccessful application was made to the Legislature for the charter of a bank. Upon the refusal they established an unchartered institution, commenced their banking operations, issued their notes, and made extensive loans. The society now rapidly increased in wealth and numbers, of whom many were doubtless drawn thither by mercenary motives. But the bubble at last burst. The bank being an unchartered institution, the debts due were not legally collectable. With the failure of this institution the society rapidly declined, and Smith was obliged to leave the State to avoid the sheriff. Most of the sect, with their leader, removed to Missouri, where many outrages were perpetrated against them. The Mormons raised an armed force to "drive off the infidels," but were finally obliged to leave the State.

The last stand taken by the Mormons was at Nauvoo, Ill., a beautiful location on the Mississippi river. Here they erected a splendid temple, one hundred and twenty feet in length by eighty in width, around which they built their city, which at one time contained about 10,000 inhabitants. Being determined to have their own laws and regulations, the difficulties which attended their sojourn in other places followed them here, and there was constant collision between them and the surrounding inhabitants. By some process of law, Joseph Smith (the prophet) and his brother Hyram were confined in the debtor's apartment in the jail at Carthage, in the vicinity of Nauvoo, and a guard of eight or ten men were stationed at the jail for their protection. While here, it appears a mob of about sixty men, in disguise, broke through the guard, and firing into the prison, killed both Joseph Smith and his brother Hyram, June 27, 1844. Their difficulties still continued, and they determined to remove once more.

In 1840 a work was published at Painesville, by E. D. Howe, called a "History of Mormonism," which gives almost conclusive evidence that the historical part of the book of Mormon was written by one Solomon Spalding. From this work we derive the following facts:

Mr. Spalding was born in Connecticut, in 1761; graduated at Dartmouth, and having failed in mercantile business, removed in 1809 to Conneaut, in the adjoining county of Ashtabula. About the year 1812 his brother John visited him at that place. He gives the following testimony:

He then told me that he had been writing a book, which he intended to have printed, the avails of which he thought would enable him to pay all his debts. The book was entitled the "Manuscript Found," of which he read to me many passages. It was an historical romance of the first settlers of America, endeavoring to show that the American Indians are the descendants of the Jews, or the lost tribes. It gave a detailed account of their journey from Jerusalem, by land and sea, till they arrived in America, under the command of NEPHI and LEHI. They afterwards had quarrels and contentions, and separated into two distinct nations, one of which he denominated Nephites, and the other Lamanites. Cruel and bloody wars ensued, in which great multitudes were slain. They buried their dead in large heaps, which caused the mounds so common in this country. Their arts, sciences and civilization were brought into view, in order to account for all the curious antiquities found in various parts of North and South America. I have recently read the "Book of Mormon," and to my great surprise, I find nearly the same historical matter, names, etc., as they were in my brother's writings. I well remember that he wrote in the old style, and commenced about every sentence with "and it came to pass," the same as in the "Book of Mormon," and according to the best of my recollection and belief, it is the same as my brother Solomon wrote, with the exception of the religious matter. By what means it has fallen into the hands of Joseph Smith, Jr., I am unable to determine.

JOHN SPALDING.

Mr. Henry Lake, of Conneaut, also states:

I left the State of New York late in the year 1810, and arrived at this place the 1st of January following. Soon after my arrival I formed a copartnership with Solomon

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846

VIEW IN PAINESVILLE.

The Public Buildings on the left face the south end of the Public Square.

Geo. W. Barnard, Photo., Painesville, 1886.

VIEW IN PAINESVILLE.

The Public Square and Soldiers' Monument are shown in the distance.

Spalding, for the purpose of rebuilding a forge which he had commenced a year or two before. He very frequently read to me from a manuscript which he was writing, which he entitled the "Manuscript Found," and which he represented as being found in this town. I spent many hours in hearing him read said writings, and became well acquainted with its contents. He wished me to assist him in getting his production printed, alleging that a book of that kind would meet with a rapid sale. I designed doing so, but the forge not meeting our anticipations, we failed in business, when I declined having anything to do with the publication of the book. This book represented the American Indians as the descendants of the lost tribes, gave an account of their leaving Jerusalem, their contentions and wars, which were many and great. One time, when he was reading to me the tragic account of Laban, I pointed out to him what I considered an inconsistency, which he promised to correct: but by referring to the "Book of Mormon," I find to my surprise that it stands there just as he read it to me then. Some months ago I borrowed the Golden Bible, put it into my pocket, carried it home, and thought no more of it. About a week after, my wife found the book in my coat pocket, as it hung up, and commenced reading it aloud as I lay upon the bed. She had not read twenty minutes till I was astonished to find the same passages in it that Spalding had read to me more than twenty years before, from his "Manuscript Found." Since that, I have more fully examined the said Golden Bible, and have no hesitation in saying that the historical part of it is principally if not wholly taken from the "Manuscript Found." I well recollect telling Mr. Spalding that the so frequent use of the words "And it came to pass," "Now it came to pass," rendered it ridiculous. Spalding left here in 1812, and I furnished him means to carry him to Pittsburg, where he said he would get the book printed, and pay me. But I never heard any more from him or his writings, till I saw them in the "Book of Mormon."

HENRY LAKE.

The testimony of six other witnesses is produced in the work of Mr. Howe, all confirming the main facts as above given. As Mr. Spalding was vain of his writings, and was constantly showing them to his neighbors, reliable testimony to the same general facts might have been greatly multiplied.

The disposition Spalding made of his manuscripts is not known. From Conneaut Spalding removed to Pittsburg, about the year 1813, remained there a year or two, and from thence went to Amity, in the same State, where he died in 1816. His widow stated that, while they resided at Pittsburg, she thinks that the "Manuscript Found" was once taken to the printing office of Patterson & Lambdin, but did not know whether it was ever returned. We again quote verbatim from the work of Mr. Howe:

Having established the fact, therefore, that most of the names and leading incidents contained in the Mormon Bible originated with Solomon Spalding, it is not very material, as we conceive, to show the why and manner by which they fell into the hands of the Smith family. To do this, however, we have made some inquiries.

It was inferred at once that some light might be shed upon the subject, and the mystery revealed, by applying to Patterson & Lambdin, in Pittsburg. But here again death had interposed a barrier. That establishment was dissolved and broken up many years since, and Lambdin died about eight years ago. Mr. Patterson says he has no recollection of any such manuscript being brought there for publication, neither would he have been likely to have seen it, as the business of printing was conducted wholly by Lambdin at that time. He says, however, that many manuscript books and pamphlets were brought to the office about that time, which remained upon their shelves for years, without being printed or even examined. Now, as Spalding's book can nowhere be found, or anything heard of it after being carried to this establishment, there is the strongest presumption that it remained there in seclusion, till about the year 1823 or '24, at which time Sidney Rigdon located himself in that city. We have been credibly informed that he was on terms of intimacy with Lambdin, being seen frequently in his shop. Rigdon resided in Pittsburg about three years, and during the whole of that time, as he has since frequently asserted, abandoned preaching and all other employment, for the purpose of *studying the Bible*. He left there, and came into the county where he now resides, about the time Lambdin died, and commenced preaching some new points of doctrine, which were afterwards found to be inculcated in the Mormon Bible. He resided in this vicinity for about four years previous to the appearance of the book, during which time he made several long visits to Pittsburg, and perhaps to the Susquehanna, where Smith was then digging for money, or pretending to be translating plates. It may be observed also, that about the time Rigdon left Pittsburg, the Smith family began to tell about finding a book that would contain a history of the first inhabitants of America, and that two years elapsed before they finally got possession of it.

We are, then, led to this conclusion:—that Lambdin, after having failed in business, had

recourse to the old manuscripts then in his possession, in order to *raise the wind*, by a book speculation, and placed the "Manuscript Found," of Solomon Spalding, in the hands of Rigdon, to be embellished, altered, and added to, as he might think expedient; and three years' study of the Bible we should deem little time enough to garble it, as it is transferred to the Mormon book. The former dying, left the latter the sole proprietor, who was obliged to resort to his wits, and in a miraculous way to bring it before the world; for in no other manner could such a book be published without great sacrifice. And where could a more suitable character be found than Jo Smith, whose necromantic fame of arts and of deception had already extended to a considerable distance? That Lambdin was a person every way qualified and fitted for such an enterprise we have the testimony of his partner in business and others of his acquaintance. Add to all these circumstances the facts, that Rigdon had prepared the minds in a great measure of nearly a hundred of those who had attended his ministration, to be in readiness to embrace the first mysterious *ism* that should be presented—the appearance of Cowdery at his residence as soon as the book was printed—his sudden conversion, after many pretensions to disbelieve it—his immediately repairing to the residence of Smith, 300 miles distant, where he was forthwith appointed an elder, high priest, and a scribe to the prophet—the pretended vision that his residence in Ohio was the "promised land,"—the immediate removal of the whole Smith family thither, where they were soon raised from a state of poverty to comparative affluence. We, therefore, must hold out Sidney Rigdon to the world, as being the original "author and proprietor" of the whole Mormon conspiracy, until further light is elicited upon the lost writings of Solomon Spalding.

When the main body of the Mormons left Kirtland the family of Mr. and Mrs. Stratton held the key of the temple and claimed to have a title to it. A few years since a body calling themselves the "Reorganized Church of Latter Day Saints" returned to Kirtland and laid claim to the old deserted temple. Mr. George A. Robertson, writing of this society, says:

This new body is aggressive, dogmatical, earnest. Its missionaries go forth into all regions and preach the gospel to the lowly. They returned four years ago [1883] and laid claim to the old deserted temple. Mrs. Electa Stratton still held the key. A few dollars expended in renovating made the old building a presentable structure, as good or better than the ordinary country church. The "Reorganized" branch laid claim to the property and have obtained at length a clear title to it. Kirtland, which for fifty years has been stranded away from the beaten routes of travel, is again having a "boom." It is the Mecca of a church. It is the centre of a conference, and here resides one of the principal bishops.

The conference which has just closed its sessions here is the largest ever held by the denomination. Its deliberations were participated in by all the prominent men of the church, and near its close Joseph Smith II., the son and heir of the prophet, on whom the prophetic mantle fell, delivered an important revelation from the spirit.

These anti-polygamous Mormons are growing in the estimation of the public. Barring their alleged fanaticism and their faithful belief in Joseph Smith as a prophet, they do not differ materially from other Christian sects. They very strenuously oppose the use of liquor or tobacco, and are particular about the observance ordinances of the New Testament as they understand them. They are certain to take no mean place, so far as membership goes, in the denominations of the world.

Painesville in 1846.—Painesville, the county-seat, and the largest village between Cleveland and Erie, Pa., is thirty-one miles east of Cleveland, and one hundred and seventy miles northeast of Columbus. The Grand river skirts the village on the east, in a deep and picturesque valley. Painesville is one of the most beautiful villages in the West: it is somewhat scattered, leaving ample room for the cultivation of gardens, ornamental trees and shrubbery. A handsome public square of several acres, adorned with young trees, is laid out near the centre of the town, on which face some public buildings and private mansions. The view represents the principal public buildings in the place. The first on the left is the Methodist church; the building next, without a spire, tower or cupola, is the Disciples church; the one beyond, the Presbyterian church, and that most distant, the court-house: these last two front the west side of the public square. Painesville is a flourishing town, containing 1 Episcopal, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Disciples and 1 Methodist church, 14 mercantile stores, 1 flouring mill, 1 bank, 1 newspaper printing office, and has increased since 1840, when it had 1,014

inhabitants. The Painesville Academy is a classical institution for both sexes, and in fine repute: a large brick building is appropriated for its uses. Near the town is the Geauga furnace, which employs a heavy capital.

Painesville was laid out about the year 1805, by Henry Champion, and originally named Champion: it was afterwards changed to that of the township which derived its name from Gen. Ed. Paine, a native of Connecticut, an officer of the Revolution, and an early settler: he died only a few years since, at an advanced age, leaving the reputation of a warm hearted and excellent man.

Among the aborigines familiarly known to the early settlers at Painesville, was a fine specimen of manhood, called by the whites, Seneca; by the Indians, *Stigwanish*, which being rendered in English, signifies the Standing Stone. Says an old pioneer, in the Barr MSS:

> Whoever once saw him, and could not at once perceive the dignity of a Roman senator, the honesty of Aristides and the philanthropy of William Penn, must be unacquainted with physiognomy. He was never known to ask a donation, but would accept one exactly as he ought, when offered. But it was not suffered to rest there; an appropriate return was sure to be made, and he would frequently be in advance. He drank cider or Malaga wine moderately, but was so much of a teetotaller, as to have abjured ardent spirits since the time when, in a drunken frenzy, he aimed a blow with his tomahawk at his wife, which split the head of the papoose on her back. He seldom wanted credit in his trading transactions, and when he did, there was no difficulty in obtaining it, as he was sure to make punctual payment in specie. Once, when himself and wife dined with us at Painesville, he took much trouble to instruct her in the use of the knife and fork. Vain attempt! his usual politeness forsook him, and bursts of immoderate laughter succeeded, in which we were all compelled to join. The last time I saw Seneca—the fine old fellow—was at Judge Walworth's, in Cleveland, a short time before hostilities commenced with Great Britain. He expressed to me a fear that war was inevitable, and that the Indians, instigated by the British, would overwhelm our weak settlements; but gave the strongest assurances that if it should be possible, he would give us seasonable notice. If he was not prevented by age or infirmities from redeeming his pledge, he was probably killed by his own people while endeavoring to leave their lines, or by some of ours, through a mistake of his character.

The Hon. Samuel Huntington, who was Governor of the State from 1808 to 1810, resided at Painesville in the latter part of his life, and died there in 1817. Prior to his removal to Painesville, he resided at Cleveland. One evening, while travelling towards Cleveland from the east, he was attacked about two miles from the town, by a pack of wolves, and such was their ferocity that he broke his umbrella to pieces in keeping them off, to which, and the fleetness of his horse, he owed the preservation of his life.—*Old Edition.*

PAINESVILLE, county-seat of Lake, is 150 miles northeast of Columbus, twenty-nine miles northeast of Cleveland, on the L. S. & M. S., N. Y. C. & St. L. and P. P. & F. Railroads. Fairport Harbor is about two miles north of the city.

County Officers: Auditor, Walter C. Tisdel; Clerk, John C. Ward; Commissioners, Charles A. Moodey, Stephen B. Baker, Henry C. Rand; Coroner, Henry M. Mosher; Infirmary Directors, Benjamin H. Woodman, John W. Crocker, Charles M. Thompson; Probate Judge, George H. Shepherd; Prosecuting Attorney, Homer Harper; Recorder, Henry B. Green; Sheriff, Albert Button; Surveyor, Horatio N. Munson; Treasurers, Harey Armstrong, William D. Mather. —*State Report, 1888.*

City Officers: S. K. Gray, Mayor; H. P. Sanford, Clerk; A. D. Crofut, Marshal; S. L. Thompson, Treasurer; S. T. Woodman, Chief of Fire Department; Horace Alvord, Solicitor. Newspapers: *Advertiser*, Republican, Robert N. Travers, editor and publisher; *Democrat*, Democratic, D. G. Morrison, editor; *Northern Ohio Journal*, Democratic, James E. Chambers, editor; *Telegraph*, Republican, J. F. Scofield, editor. Churches: 1 Catholic, 1 Episcopal, 1 Baptist, 1 Disciples, 1 Methodist. Banks: Lake County; Aaron Wilcox & Co.; Painesville

National, I. P. Axtell, president, C. D. Adams, cashier; Painesville Saving and Loan Association, H. Steele, president, R. K. Paige, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—Coe & Wilkes, machine work, 21 hands; The Paige Manufacturing Co., machine work, 48; Solon Hall, iron castings; R. Laroe, sash, doors, etc.; Painesville Manufacturing Co., window shade rollers, 26; Moody & Co., flour, etc.; S. Bigler & Co., flour, etc.; Swezey & Johnson, butchers' skewers, 43; Geauga Stove Co., stoves.—*State Report, 1888.*

Population in 1880, 3,841. School census, 1888, 1,121. G. W. Ready, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, $232,000. Value of annual product, $340,500.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

Census, 1890, 4,612.

An interesting fact in connection with Painesville is that here is located the "LAKE ERIE FEMALE SEMINARY," an institution of high repute. Its site is on the border of the town, in the midst of its finest residences. The seminary buildings are large and imposing, and placed on an attractive lawn of noble trees.

Fairport in 1846.—Three miles below Painesville, at the mouth of Grand river, is Fairport, laid out in 1812, by Samuel Huntington, Abraham Skinner, Seymour and Calvin Austin, and Simon Perkins. The first warehouse in this region, and perhaps on the lake, was built about 1803, on the river, two miles above, by Abraham Skinner, near which, in the dwelling of Mr. Skinner, the first court in the old county of Geauga was held. Fairport has one of the best harbors on the lake, and so well defended from winds and easy of access that vessels run in when they cannot easily make other ports. The water is deep enough for any lake craft, and about $60,000 has been expended in improving the harbor by the general government. Lake steamers stop here and considerable commerce is carried on. Fairport contains eight forwarding houses, several groceries, from twenty to forty dwellings and a light-house, and a beacon to guide the mariner on the fresh water sea.

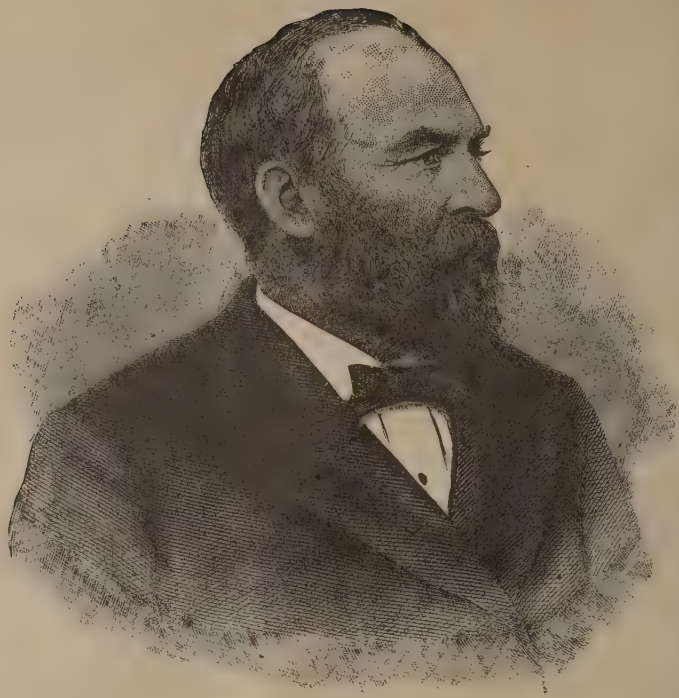
Richmond, one mile above Fairport, on the opposite and west side of the river, was laid out about ten years ago in the era of speculation. A large village was built, a steamboat was owned there, and great things promised. Not having the natural elements of prosperity it soon waned; some of its dwellings were removed to Painesville, while many others, deserted and decaying, are left to mark the spot. —*Old Edition.*

In 1835 the Painesville and Fairport Railroad Company was chartered, and in 1837 was running horse cars over hard wood rail. In 1836 the Fairport and Wellsville Railroad Company was chartered, and in fifteen days $274,800 stock subscriptions were made. Other railroads were projected and Fairport's prospects were booming, when the panic of 1836–37 came on and the boom burst. At one time Fairport, with contiguous towns and territory, was considered a rival of Cleveland, but the latter secured the terminus of the Ohio canal, early railroad connections, and Fairport ceased to be a rival at a very early day.

The wonderful development, however, of the lake commerce within the past few years has again attracted attention to the natural advantages of Fairport as a shipping point to and from the great Northwest. In view of this a communication from Mr. George E. Paine, setting forth the present condition of affairs, with a *prediction* for the future, will be of interest:

"Before December, 1889, over 8,000 feet of new docks will be completed at Fairport and Richmond, equal to the best on the lakes, and equipped with the very best machinery for handling ore and coal; and elevators for handling Duluth wheat, with warehouses for the rapidly growing Northwestern trade, will soon be built, to be used by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, the distance by rail from Fairport via Pittsburg to Baltimore being less than the distance by rail from Buffalo to New York.

"Grand river, with its old river bed extending westward five miles, affords in all sixteen miles of water front, with flats and bayous, into which slips can be cut to any desired extent, making hundreds of acres of land accessible alike to vessels and cars, avail-



J. A. Garfield

Barnard, Photo., 1887.

LAWNFIELD.

able for ore and coal docks, lumber yards, warehouses and elevators, iron mills and factories of all kinds, which require large quantities of iron, steel and wood. And this harbor, with its wonderful natural advantages, can be reached by railroads from the Mahoning valley at Niles, Ohio, and from the Shenango valley, just above Sharpsville, Pa., on maximum grades not to exceed thirty feet per mile either way, with no costly bridges or earthwork. There is no other direct route for a railroad from the Shenango and Mahoning valleys to any other lake port at less than seventy-eight feet maximum grade per mile.

"Many now living will see Grand river valley, from 'New Market' to 'Mentor Marsh' (the mouth of the old river bed), a distance of eight miles, covered with ore, coal and lumber docks, iron mills, elevators and warehouses, and crowded with steamers, vessels and tugs.

"And the prediction is now made that the Grand river valley, including the old river bed in Mentor, will become the centre of the greatest iron and steel manufacturing district in the world, within the next hundred years, as the best iron ores in the world and the best fuel of all kinds will meet there at the cheapest average rates; and when made into iron and steel, and the ten thousand forms of finished goods required by the civilized world, the shipping facilities by water and by railroad to all parts of the globe, taken altogether, will be surpassed by no other manufacturing locality, domestic or foreign."

BIOGRAPHY.

James Abram Garfield, twentieth president of the United States, was born in Orange, Cuyahoga county, Ohio, Nov. 19, 1831, and died in Elberon, N. J., Sept. 19, 1881. His father, Abram Garfield, was a native of New York and of English Puritan ancestry. His mother, Eliza Ballou, was born in New Hampshire and was of Huguenot descent.

In 1830 Abram Garfield removed to the "Western Reserve," to found a home for himself and family in the then "wilderness." Shortly after settling here he died of a sudden attack of fever, and left his wife with four small children. With grand courage and fortitude, the self-sacrificing mother fought against poverty and privation, impressing upon her four children a high standard of moral and intellectual worth.

At three years of age James Garfield commenced his education in a log hut. From this time on he attended such schools as the district afforded, working at manual labor betimes at home and on the farms of neighbors. He seized with avidity upon all books that came within his reach, and early developed a habit of voluminous reading that remained with him through life. The Bible and American history were especially familiar to him. One book of sea tales, which he read while a boy, filled him with an intense desire for the sea, and at sixteen years of age he tried to ship as a sailor on a Lake Erie schooner at Cleveland, but failing in this, he drove for a *canal* boat for some months, from the coal mines of Gov. ernor Tod at Brier Hill to Cleveland.

At this time Governor Tod, having occasion to visit the boat one Sunday, found all the hands playing cards, except young Garfield, who was seated in the forward part of the boat studying United States history. An anecdote of one of his canal boat experiences shows that at this time he was, as in after life, of strong physique, courageous, manly and generous. He had offended one of the canal boatmen, a great hulking fellow, who started to thrash him. Dave rushed upon him, with his head down, like an enraged bull. As he came on, Garfield sprang to one side, and dealt him a powerful blow just back of and under the left ear. Dave went to the bottom of the boat, with his head between two beams, and his now heated foe went after him, seized him by the throat, and lifted the same clenched hand for another buffet. "Pound the d—d fool to death, Jim," called the appreciative captain. "If he haint no more sense than to git mad at an accident, he orto die." And as the youth hesitated, "Why don't you strike? D—n me, if I'll interfere." He could not. The man was down, helpless, in his power. Dave expressed regret at his rage. Garfield gave him his hand, and they were better friends than ever.

In the winter of 1849–50 he attended Geauga Seminary at Chester, Ohio, practising the trade of carpenter during vacations, helping at harvesting, teaching

school, and doing whatever came to hand to pay for his schooling. At Chester he first met Miss Lucretia Rudolph, a school teacher, who became his wife, Nov. 11, 1858, at which time he was President of Hiram College. Of this marriage four sons and one daughter were living in 1887.

His early training was strongly religious, his mother being a staunch Campbellite, and while at Chester he was baptized and received into that denomination.

In 1851 he entered Hiram College; three years later entered Williams College, from which he graduated in 1856 with the highest honors of his class. He then returned to Ohio as a teacher of Latin and Greek at Hiram College and a year later was made its president.

While acting in the capacity of a very successful educator, he entered his name as a student-at-law in the office of Williamson & Riddle, of Cleveland, Ohio, although studying in Hiram, and in 1858 was admitted to the bar. A year later, without solicitation on his part, he was elected to the Ohio Senate.

In this new field his industry and versatility were conspicuous. He made investigations and reports on geology, education, finance and parliamentary law; and although at this time it was not believed that the South would take up arms, he was somewhat apprehensive, and gave especial study to the militia system of the State.

The war came, and in August, 1861, he was commissioned lieutenant-colonel in the Forty-second Ohio Volunteer Infantry.

We give a chronological record of Garfield's career; to give anything like a full sketch would exceed the limitations and scope of our work. His life, however, is such a remarkable example of what may be accomplished by honest, persistent endeavor, by those of the most humble origin and surroundings, that it should be studied in its details by every child in the land:

1831. Nov. 19, born at Orange, Cuyahoga county, Ohio.
1848. Drives for a canal boat.
1849–50. Attends Geauga Seminary, where he meets Miss Lucretia Rudolph, his future wife. Is baptized and received into the Disciples Church.
1851. Enters Hiram College as a student.
1854. Enters Williams College.
1856. Graduates from Williams College with the highest honors of his class. Returns to Ohio, to teach Greek and Latin in Hiram College.
1857. Is made president of Hiram College. Preacher in the Disciples Church.
1858. Nov. 11, is united in marriage with Miss Lucretia Rudolph, at Hudson, Ohio.
1859. Admitted to the bar by the Supreme Court at Columbus. Elected to the Ohio Senate.
1861. In August commissioned lieutenant-colonel in the Forty-second Ohio Volunteers. In December reports to Gen. Buell, in Louisville, Ky.
1862. Out-generals Gen. Marshall and, reenforced by Generals Granger and Sheldon, defeats Marshall at Middle Creek, Ky., January 10. In recognition of this service is commissioned brigadier-general. April 7, takes part in the second day's fight at Shiloh. Engaged in all the operations in front of Corinth. In June rebuilds bridges on Memphis and Charleston Railroad. July 30. returns to Hiram from ill health. Sept. 25, on court-martial duty at Washington, and, on Nov. 25, assigned to the case of Gen. Fitz-John Porter.
1863. In Feb. returns to duty in the Army of the Cumberland, and made chief of staff under Gen. Rosecrans. At the battle of Chickamauga, Sept. 19, Garfield volunteered to take the news of the defeat on the right to Gen. Geo H. Thomas, who held the left of the line. It was a bold ride, under constant fire; but he reached Thomas and gave the information that saved the Army of the Cumberland. For this was made major-general. Dec. 3, resigns from the army to take seat in Congress, to which he had been elected fifteen months previously.
1864. Jan. 14, delivers first speech in Congress. Placed on Committee on Military Affairs.
1865. Jan. 13, discusses constitutional amendment to abolish slavery. Changed from Committee on Military Affairs to Ways and Means Committee.

April 15, delivers from the balcony of the New York Custom House, to a mob frenzied by the news of President Lincoln's death, the following speech:

"*Fellow-citizens: Clouds and darkness are around him; his pavilion is dark waters and thick clouds: justice and judgment are the establishment of his throne; mercy and truth shall go before his face! Fellow-citizens: God*

Barnard, Photo., 1887.

GARFIELD'S STUDY AT LAWNFIELD.

The room and its objects are just as left by him when last there.

reigns, and the Government at Washington lives!"

1866. In March made his first speech on public debt, foreshadowing resumption of specie payments.
1867. Made Chairman of Committee on Military Affairs.
1869–71. Chairman of new committee of Forty-first Congress on Banking and Currency.
1871–75. Forty-second and Forty-third Congresses, Chairman of Committee on Appropriations.
1875. Member of Ways and Means Committee. (House Democratic, Forty-fourth, Forty-fifth and Forty-sixth Congresses.)
1877. Chosen member of Presidential Electoral Commission.
1880. January 13, elected to United States Senate. April 23, delivers last speech in House of Representatives. June 8, nominated for the presidency. Nov. 2, elected President.
1881. March 23, nominates William H. Robertson to be Collector of the Port of New York. May 5, withdraws all New York nominations. May 16. Senators Conkling and Platt resign. May 18, Collector Robertson confirmed. July 2, shot by Guiteau. Sept. 6, taken to Elberon, N. J. Sept. 19, died of blood-poisoning from pistol-shot wound. Sept. 21, remains carried to Washington. Sept. 22 and 23, remains lie in state in rotunda of Capitol.
1882. Sept. 26, remains placed in Lake View Cemetery at Cleveland, Ohio.

"Garfield's tragic death," writes a biographer, "assures to him the attention of history. It will credit him with great services rendered in various fields, and with a character formed by a singular union of the best qualities, industry, perseverance, truthfulness, honesty, courage; all acting as faithful servants to a lofty and unselfish ambition. Without genius, which can rarely do more than produce extraordinary results in one direction, his powers were so many and well trained that he produced excellent results in many. If history shall call Garfield great, it will be because the development of these powers was so complete and harmonious."

The speeches of Garfield are almost a compendium of the political history of the stirring era between 1864 and 1880. Said ex-President Hayes: "Beyond almost any man I have known, he had the faculty of gathering information from all sources and then imparting it to an audience in instructive and attractive oratory."

TRAVELLING NOTES.

A Visit to Lawnfield, the Garfield Home.

The home of the murdered President will always be a place of melancholy interest. Lawnfield is near the village of Mentor, twenty-two miles east of Cleveland, about seven west of Painesville and three from the lake. It is a level, grassy region, from which it derives its name.

On Tuesday morning, Sept. 28, 1886, I left Painesville by the cars. Lawnfield is over a mile from the Mentor depot, and, on arriving, I started directly thither on foot, in a pouring rain and with no umbrella. I soon reached the Mentor school-house; a plain brick building standing back from the road, with a grove in front. Half a dozen boys were in the doorway, like so many flies, to get out of the rain. I went in for shelter and to inquire my way.

The Hilarious School Children.

It was the noon recess. Some dozen boys and girls were in the room and had disposed of their noon lunch, and seeing I was wet from the rain, put in more wood in the box-stove and set a chair for me. As I was drying myself mid the roarings of the burning wood, I looked around upon the children, who were full of glee. One boy, dancing after a girl, said, "I'll put a head on you!" This seemed entirely superfluous; she had one good head already. Another called out, "To-morrow is *Wiggins day*—the world is going to be destroyed!" This was from a weather prediction of Wiggins, a Canadian crank.

Prophecies of the end of the world, coming at certain dates, have been common in the past centuries. The most notable prophet of our time was William Miller,

a Baptist preacher, who began his predictions in 1831 and had over 50,000 converts, who were called Millerites. They eventually formed a religious denomination known as "The Second Adventists," who believed that the second appearance of Christ was then near at hand. In my town, about the time of the expected fulfilment of one of the prophecies, one winter night, in the midst of a heavy fall of snow, the heavens were lighted up with an ominous glow, and every snow-flake came down lighted like a flake of fire; the like had not been seen before, and many checks grew pale; not those of Black Milly, a pious old negress, a great shouter at Methodist meetings. Next day, in telling of it, she said, "I felt sure my blessed Jesus was a coming, and I got up and put on my best clothes, and lighted my candles, and set my house in order and waited, singing and praying, to give him a welcome; and oh, I was so happy!"

This unusual phenomena was occasioned by the burning of paper-mills three miles away, and the snow-flakes being large and moist reflected the light. In a term of years, prior to each of these dates, several different times were set by the prophet, as others had failed of being correct. Some of his adherents sold their property, to get the free use of cash for the short time they felt they were to stay here below. One of these went to a neighbor to sell a young pig. The latter demurred; "too young." "No," rejoined the Millerite, "he'll grow." "Not much; for, according to your belief, he will be roasted pig altogether too soon for my use."

Well dried and warmed, I arose to leave the gleeful group, and as I opened the nearest door, an urchin behind me called out, "You are going into the girls' closet!" Sure enough, a little room, with bonnets and wraps, opened to my vision. Female paraphernalia is always interesting; and this sight of the clothing of the innocents was not an exception.

Cyrus and his Garfield Fund.

I inquired the way to Mrs. Garfield's, when one of the boys called out, "She's got lots of money." "Yes, I knew about how that came;" but did not pause to tell the lad what I tell here.

The death of President Garfield was a sad shock to the nation, and as it was understood the widow and young family were left in restricted circumstances, Cyrus W. Field, of Atlantic cable fame, originated a popular subscription in their behalf. Happening to call upon him at that juncture, I found this man of millions in a plainly furnished office, in a back room on Broadway; a rather tall, slender old gentleman of sixty years; quick, nervous, agile as a youth, kindly in manner, a rapid, voluble talker, bending over to one as he talked, with the manner, "no matter who you are, I'll hear you; your wants are as great to you as mine are to me." With him was a confidential clerk, advanced in life, evidently a fossil from old England, for he had the cockney dialect; and then at a side table sat a plainly-dressed boy of twelve, apparently a German lad, and he attracted me. Before him was perhaps a half peck of letters, just in by the mail, with contributions for the Garfield Fund. These the lad was opening, taking the names of the donors, with the amounts from each, for publication in the next day's papers, and piling up the bills and checks. In a few days the fund amounted to over $360,000, in sums from single contributors, varying from the single dollar to the thousands; it came some from working people; some from millionaires. The money poured in so bounteously that Mr. Field had to shut down receiving, and he so published.

It was about this time or a little later that Mr. Field erected a monument to the British spy, Major Andre, on American soil. He did this out of his exuberance of good feeling to those "bloody Britishers;" for they had allowed him to fasten one end of his big wire rope around their tight little island, and then, what was more, loaned him their biggest ship, the "Great Eastern," to stow away the remainder when she started for our shores, paying it out as she steamed until she

reached our side. Whereupon their great man, John Bright, for his success, had called Cyrus the "Columbus of modern times, who, by his cable, had moored the new world alongside the old."

That compliment and fact made no difference, and so one dark night some enterprising people, who had no stomachs yawning to glorify the memory of a British spy, put under the monument on the North river at least half an ounce of gunpowder, set a match to it; so, when the sun arose next morning, it failed to catch any of its glowing rays. But the big rope still remains at the bottom of the ocean, continually wagging at both ends, telling people on both sides "what's up." In this respect it is like old Mother Tucker, of Tuckerton, on the Jersey coast, a great talker, of whom it was said, "her tongue hung in the middle, and she talked with both ends." This was the story I heard in my youth, but I never believed so wonderful a thing could be done until this demonstration of the cable of Cyrus.

Lawnfield, the Garfield Home.

I write the above for the benefit of the Mentor children who may read it. Five minutes after leaving them I was at the Garfield place. It is on a level spot, with broad green fields in front and around, and an orchard in the rear. The buildings occupy much ground. The old Garfield home which fronts the cluster is a wooden building; its entire front a vine-clad porch of say fifty feet in length. Behind the cluster is a small barn-like structure called the "Campaign Building." During the Garfield campaign a bevy of clerks were kept there busy mailing campaign documents, and from it telegraphic wires extended over the Union up to the night of the election and victory.

A serving-man answered my ring. He had the exquisite suavity common to his class—they outdo their lords. I laid my card on his waiter. He bowed and left, and soon returning, I was ushered into a sort of double room. It was dark there; the overhanging portico and the rainy, murky sky outside uniting to that end. The room and ceilings were low and I could discern but little. Pictures were on the walls, apparently old family portraits; but I could not tell male from female, the place and day were so dark. The rooms around opened into each other, and the interior seemed comfortable, old-fashioned and home-like.

As I sat there musing in the gloom, I suddenly felt the presence of some one by my side. I looked up, and there stood a young man of say twenty-five; slender, reticent, dark-eyed, hollow cheeks, olive complexion—looked like a thinker. It was Harry A. Garfield, the eldest of the sons. His mother was occupied with guests, and Grandmamma Garfield was away. No matter, it was business I was upon, and I arranged with him for my sending a photographer to take some views, which are given. He subsequently gave me by letter the items in the following paragraph:

The Mentor farm was purchased by Mr. Garfield about the year 1877. His idea was to eventually run the farm into cattle, raising good stock upon it, etc.; and this is what the family are now trying to carry out. The house was originally a story and a half high. In 1880 a story and a larger piazza were added. In 1885 Mrs. Garfield added to the modest frame house of her husband a palatial "Queen Anne structure of stone." It was in accordance with an intent expressed by Mr. Garfield while living, as a repository for his extensive collection of books.

To the foregoing items I annex a published description of that period, by a visitor who had a facile pen with which to write, and a bright day in which to observe:

"The new part of the Garfield mansion is behind and wholly subservient to the old house in which the President lived. This still remains the head and front of the Garfield home, although remodelled to conform with the addition. There are probably thirty rooms in both old and new houses. They are all furnished in modern style and with considerable elegance. Although the house is far in the country it has all the conven-

iences of a city home, in plumbing, gas-fitting and steam-heating. A natural gas well has been bored on the farm and the yard is kept lighted day and night. The main entrance is through the old house. In the hall facing the door is an old wall-sweep clock. To the left is the smoking-room. To the right is the old parlor, now a reception-room. Bibles and other books are upon the tables, and the furniture is much the same as when the family left for Washington.

To the left is a modest little room occupied by the aged "Grandma" Garfield. She is eighty-five, but a vigorous old lady yet, who reads her Bible every day. Her room is modestly but richly furnished, and the face of her son looks upon her from every side. A handsome fire-screen, with a transparency of the dead, stands before the hearth. A half dozen other portraits of him hang where the eye meets them at every turn. Over the mirror of the dresser is a picture of him as a young man, taken in 1852. On an opposite wall is a picture in colors of the old pioneer home of the Garfield family. But the great relic of this room is the last letter of the son to his mother, of which so many thousand *fac-simile* copies were sold. Here is the original:

WASHINGTON, *Aug.* 11, 1881.

DEAR MOTHER: *Do not be disturbed by conflicting reports of my condition. It is true I am still weak, but am gaining every day, and need only time and patience to bring me through. Give my love to all the friends and relatives, and especially Aunt Hetty.*

Your loving son,

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

There is less simplicity in other parts of the great house. The paintings in the parlors are works of art. But the one great idea in this home is Garfield the father, Garfield the statesman. Pictures and busts of him are everywhere. On the stairway leading to the library is an oil portrait of him, made in 1862, when he came from the war. Above it hang his swords. The library is the refuge-room. It is in the upper story of the new part, and an ideal spot for rest or literary labor. There are about 2,000 volumes here arranged for convenience. The tables are loaded with art, books and magazines. Where there are walls above the books, pictures of authors with their autographs attached are hung. The autographic portraits of Bismarck and Gambetta occupy prominent places.

With Mrs. Garfield live her father, Mr. Rudolph, a brother and his family. A half dozen men are employed on the farm, which consists of 160 acres."

THREE OLD MEN AND THE MONEY-GRABBER.

On leaving the mansion it was still raining, and I sought shelter in the post-office opposite the school-house. It was a small place. The postmaster, an elderly personage, was behind the letters in his cage. Three old men were seated out in front of the cage talking: the business of life about wound up with them. I told them where I had been, and then they were loud in the praises of the Garfields. Mrs. Garfield paid generously the people who worked for her on her place; and as for Mr. Garfield, in his lifetime, he was one of the most social, genial of spirits. One of them said, "He got me to build him a manger, and he came down and watched the job; and I found he knew more than I did about mangers. He talked with everybody about their business; learned all they knew; added it to what he knew, and then knew more than all the rest of us put together."

I got back to the depot at three o'clock. The cars were to return at six. There was no tavern. A sign, "Boarding House," was over the door of a two-story dwelling. I knocked and entered. Two ladies well along in the afternoon of their earthly pilgrimage were there, with "their things on," ready to go out. I made known my wants. One, a bright, cheery soul, threw off her wraps, saying to her friend, "You go on; I'll join you soon; I'll get his dinner. I'm a *money-grabber*—I want the two shillings." Soon I heard the stove roaring in the adjoining room, and in a trice my dinner was ready—stewed chicken (poultry of her own raising), cold pork, vegetables, fruits, apples, pears, grapes, pie and hot coffee, and on my part a relishing appetite.

While I was at table she started the fire in the box-stove in the room I was in, and it roared for my drying; for I was wet through from knees down. Then she left me to dry and cogitate; and hanging myself over two chairs, I smoked my cigar and meditated, while the old clock ticked away the hours from its wall-perch.

To the young waiting is dreary; action and acquisition is their occupation. To the old the passing of time is as nothing. The leaves of the book of life are full, when memory glides in and turns over to their vision page after page of the mor-

tal panorama, made sacred in the dim hallowed light of the vanished years. And when the life has been imprinted with blessing thoughts and deeds, these retrospective hours are as calming to the spirit as the mellow suffusing glow of an autumnal sunset.

A Well-Fixed People.

The cars came. My cigar was in ashes, my clothes dry; and I was done with Mentor. Three hours later I was seated ruminating in a chair on the pavement in front of the Stockwell House, Painesville. The storm had passed; the stars looked down with their silent eyes, and my ears were open. Two old men were sitting near me in the darkness, sounding the praises of the Western Reserve; and they both agreed. One of them was a retired general officer of our army, over seventy years of age. He had lived in every part of our country; at the far East and the far West; in Kansas and California; was familiar with Canada and every part of the Mississippi valley. "Elsewhere," said he, "in places they produce larger single crops, some in corn, some in wheat, and some grow more hogs; but here the soil is rich and of that nature that it gives a wonderful variety of everything; grain, fruit, vegetables, etc., which, with the climate, makes it the choicest spot of our land."

And he might have added a word more upon the people, their general thrift and intelligence, fortified with the truthful statement that the Reserve exceeds all other populations of equal number in the amount of domestic correspondence, and books, magazines and newspapers received through the mails. This old veteran who spake with such enthusiasm, was General R. B. Potter, President of the Military Commission before whom C. L. Vallandigham was tried for treason. The old soldier has since that night answered his last roll-call.

BIOGRAPHY.

John Flavial Morse, born in Massachusetts in October, 1801, removed with his father to Kirtland in 1816. He was a third time member of the Ohio legislature in 1848, when, in connection with Dr. N. S. Townshend, he was instrumental in the election of Salmon P. Chase to the United States Senate, and in the repeal of the *Black Laws*. (See Vol. I., page 100.) In 1851 he was Speaker of the Ohio house of representatives; in 1860 elected to the State senate. In 1861 was captain of the Twenty-ninth Ohio Volunteer Infantry. In 1862 Secretary Chase offered him employment on the public buildings, in which service he continued until 1876. Mr. Morse died January 30, 1884.

William H. Beard was born in Painesville, April 13, 1825. He is famous for his caricatures of the vanities and the foibles of men through the portrayal of their prototypes in the animal kingdom. He began his professional career about 1846 as a travelling portrait painter. In 1856 visited and studied in Europe. In 1860 settled in New York city, and two years later was elected a member of the National Academy.

His brother, James H. Beard, was born in Buffalo, N. Y., in 1814, and then in infancy was brought to Painesville, where he spent his boyhood days. Later was for a number of years engaged in portrait and other painting in Cincinnati. In 1870 he settled permanently in New York, and two years later was elected a full member of the National Academy, of which he had been an honorary member since 1848. Of late years he has devoted himself to animal painting, and has attained great eminence as an artist.

The works of the brothers are largely permeated with the spirit of humor. James H. has several sons, all artists of fine capacity. When in Cincinnati James H. designed the engraving, for distribution by the Western Art Union, entitled "Poor Relations." A family of aristocratic dogs, consisting of a mother dog, with her plump, well-fed pups, are in their parlor receiving their poor relations, consisting of a mother dog, with her pups, lean and of a half-starved look, who

have just entered the door. The expressions of contempt and pride on the faces of the first are in marked contrast with those of the visitors, whose abject, crouching forms are pitiful to behold.

While in Cincinnati Beard painted his celebrated picture, "The Last Man," which for a long term of years has been hanging on the walls of the Burnet House there, and has been the admiration of thousands of the guests of that famous hostelrie. The last man is the last victim of the ancient flood, who awaits, on a crag, the closing in upon him of the angry waters. His wife has perished, and floats in the surges at his feet. The rain still beats down from the black wind-tossed sky. The storm-pelted man knows his fate, and awaits it with a stern sadness and a grand fortitude. Few paintings equal this as a dramatic conception, and few arouse the same deep feeling by suggestion.

In the *American Magazine* for December, 1889, is an article upon Mr. Beard, by Leon Adams, from which the following is derived. It is entitled "The Apprenticeship of an Academician." Mr. Mead begins with an extraordinary fact:

"James H. Beard has devoted more than sixty years to the art of painting, and has long been a member of the National Academy of Design. He has painted the portraits of some eminent personages, and, both as portrait painter and animal painter, has had numerous admirers that have paid good prices for his productions; and yet, he has never had any instruction in either drawing or color, has never studied the anatomy of either man or beast, and has not had more than a year's schooling in his life. This career is a noteworthy instance of how a strong natural bent will assert itself in spite of very discouraging obstacles."

JAMES H. BEARD.

Mr. Beard was born in Buffalo. His father, James Beard, a shipmaster on the lakes, commanded the first brig that sailed on Lake Erie. His wife was the first white woman that visited the post where Chicago now stands. The subject of this sketch began to draw when he was a small boy, and grew to manhood in Painesville, Ohio, and Cleveland. At sixteen he met at Painesville a wandering sign and portrait painter, and concluded to try his own luck with the brush. He found sitters who were not very critical, and painted them in red, white and brown—the only colors he could find at a cabinet-maker's. He made his own implements, except the brushes, and prepared his own canvas. There was something about his pictures that rendered them a success, and insured his popularity. At length he visited Ravenna and painted a full-length portrait for ten dollars, a sum that he considered munificent, for it cost him but $1.25 a week for his board, lodging and washing at the Ravenna hotel.

From this time until he was eighteen Beard was a wanderer chiefly, and experienced many hardships. He reached Pittsburg, and saw for the first time in his life a paved street and the wonders of an early Western museum. A keelboat, on which he worked his passage, brought him to this city. At Cincinnati he was paid off with the rest of the hands, and within an hour after landing he parted with his friend, the sign-painter, having determined to take a trip to Louisville. The deck passage was two dollars, but no one came to collect his fare, and so he enjoyed a free sail, though it was not his intention to defraud the steamboat company. Not knowing but that he was entitled to them, he took his meals regularly in the cabin. At night, together with a young man who had two blankets, he slept on a pile of pig iron. He spent a week wandering about Louisville, adding several unimportant experiences to his budget, and then returned to Cincinnati with about eight dollars in his pocket.

Putting on a bold face, Beard obtained work in Cincinnati as a chair painter who had had "experience." No one ever discovered that he was not an experienced chair painter. During his leisure time he used to make pencil drawings at the house where he boarded, of different things, and drop them carelessly on the floor so that they would attract attention. The landlord possessed a strong, char-

acteristic face, and Beard drew him in uniform, he being a colonel in the militia. The young artist also dropped this drawing on the floor of his chamber. His chief ambition was to get to painting portraits again. He thought this drawing would please the colonel, and it did. In short, it led to Beard's receiving a commission to paint the portraits of the colonel and his entire family, consisting of five members, at five dollars a piece. With this work to occupy him, Beard left the chair factory and resumed his portrait painting. But the income was precarious, and he was often "hard up."

The article concludes as follows: Mr. Beard was about twenty-two when he married Miss Mary Caroline Carter. Her father, Colonel Carter, was a river-trader. Soon afterwards he went down the river, taking charge of one of the boats of his father-in-law. Before reaching New Orleans he confronted many dangers, and passed through many adventures with the river pirates and dishonest traders.

On one of his trips to New Orleans Mr. Beard stopped at Baton Rouge, and painted a three-quarter length life-size portrait of Gen. Taylor. At this time it was generally conceded that Taylor would be nominated for the Presidency. One day, while at work on the portrait, the artist said to his distinguished sitter, "General, I will vote for you, but under protest. I never knew you as a statesman, and I am not certain that a military man is qualified for the office." Taylor replied, "You are right. I am no more fit to be President than you are. Don't vote for me." Afterward Mr. Beard made a copy of this portrait of Gen. Taylor, and sold it to a gentleman who presented it to the city of Charleston. In 1840 he painted for the city of Cincinnati a full-length portrait of Gen. Wm. Henry Harrison.

Since 1863 he has devoted himself principally to animal painting. His animal pictures appeal to popular taste, being generally intended to tell a story, humorous or pathetic, and the intention of the painter is easily discernible. There is no better example of his work in that line than "The Streets of New York," which he sold for $3,000.

Mr. Beard, with a studio in New York, resides at Flushing, L. I., where he is passing a serene old age, delighting his visitors with some of the incidents of his varied experience. Well preserved, tall, erect, with a yellowish grey beard and abundant white curly hair flowing down his shoulders, wherever he appears he is a striking figure, picturesque and patriarchal.

We have spoken of the great suggestion in Mr. Beard's "The Last Man." One of his most recent paintings, "It's Very Queer, Isn't It?" is almost equal to a dissertation on Darwinian theory. No one could ever tire of a picture marked by such concentrated humor and philosophy. The contrasted skulls of the man and of the monkey are a powerful illustration—but who can say of what?

This picture shows an old monkey, with the face of a sage, seated in a chair in a meditative mood. On one side of him is the skull of a man, on the other that of an ape. It is evident that they have been a subject of study, and he is pondering whether man came from the monkey or the monkey from the man.

GEORGE TRUMBULL LADD was born in Painesville, Ohio, Jan. 19, 1842; graduated at Western Reserve College in 1864. He preached in Edinburgh, Ohio, for two years. In 1879 was professor of moral and intellectual philosophy in Bowdoin College. In 1881 was called to the chair of philosophy in Yale College. The same year the Western Reserve College conferred on him the degree of D. D. He is the author of "Doctrine of Sacred Scripture" (New York and Edinburgh, 1883) and other publications.

THOMAS W. HARVEY was born in New Hampshire in 1821, and removed to Lake county when twelve years of age. He early developed a strong desire for a good education, made a beginning under adverse circumstances, and through life has been a hard student and able worker in the development of education in Ohio. Prof. Harvey is recognized as one of the leading educators of the State. He was for fourteen years superintendent of schools in Massillon, and has served many years in a similar capacity at Painesville. He was three years State commissioner of common schools. As a lecturer and instructor he has a widespread reputation, and a number of valuable text-books bear testimony to his ability as an author.

MADISON is eleven miles east of Painesville, on the L. S. & M. S. R. R., and on the old stage route from Cleveland to Buffalo, and a station on the Underground Railroad. The George Harris of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was arrested here and rescued at Unionville. Newspaper: *Monitor*, Independent, F. A. Williams, editor and publisher. Bank: Exchange, L. H. Kimball, president; A. S. Stratton, cashier. Churches: 1 Baptist, 1 Congregational, 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Catholic. Population, 1880, 793. School census, 1888, 197.

MENTOR is near Lake Erie, six miles west of Painesville, on the L. S. & M. S.

and N. Y. C & St. L. Railroads. It has 1 Methodist Episcopal and 1 Catholic church. Population, 1880, 540. School census, 1888, 218.

Little Mountain is said to be about the highest point of land on the Western Reserve. It is seven miles south of Painesville; a small and abrupt eminence of about 200 feet in height above the surrounding country, and can be seen from a far distance. It is much visited, and commands a beautiful prospect of the adjacent country and Lake Erie, distant ten miles. A cool breeze generally blows from the lake to brace the nerves of the visitor, while around and below the earth is clad in beauty.

LAWRENCE.

LAWRENCE COUNTY was organized March 1, 1816, and named from Capt. James Lawrence, a native of Burlington, N. J., and a gallant naval officer of the war of 1812. Most of the county consists of high, abrupt hills, in which large quantities of sand or free-stone exist: soil mostly clay. There is some rich land on the creek bottoms, and on that of the Ohio river, on which, and at the iron furnaces, are the principal settlements. This county is rich in minerals, and is the greatest iron manufacturing county in Ohio. Coal abounds in the western part, while clay, suitable for stoneware, is found under the ore, in the whole of the iron region. The agricultural products, which are small in quantity, are wheat, corn, oats, potatoes, hay and apples.

Area about 440 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were, 50,421; in pasture, 37,048; woodland, 37,094; lying waste, 20,145; produced in wheat, 122,070 bushels; rye, 410; buckwheat, 64; oats, 65,693; barley, 145; corn, 371,191; meadow hay, 6,179 tons; clover hay, 841; potatoes, 29,633 bushels; tobacco, 11,940 pounds; butter, 210,159; sorghum, 47,371 gallons; maple syrup, 60; honey, 11,018 pounds; eggs, 148,371 dozen; grapes, 3,280 pounds; wine, 520 gallons; sweet potatoes, 7,291 bushels; apples, 39,403; peaches, 5,835; pears, 212; wool, 10,343 pounds; milch cows owned, 2,839. Ohio mining statistics, 1888: Coal mined, 137,086 tons; employing 248 miners and 63 outside employees. Iron ore, 104,140 tons. Fire-clay, 15,280 tons. Limestone, 114,652 tons, burned for fluxing. School census, 1888, 13,942; teachers, 202. Miles of railroad track, 55.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Aid,	610	1,530	Perry,	663	2,217
Decatur,	594	2,043	Rome,	879	2,512
Elizabeth,	1,534	4,586	Symmes,	472	1,099
Fayette,	841	2,308	Union,	1,036	2,460
Hamilton,		1,168	Upper,	1,181	11,663
Lawrence,	425	1,788	Washington,		1,444
Mason,	695	2,021	Windsor,	815	2,229

Population of Lawrence in 1820 was 3,499; 1830, 6,366; 1840, 9,745; 1860, 23,249; 1880, 39,068, of whom 29,079 were born in Ohio; 2,597, Kentucky; 2,291, Virginia; 937, Pennsylvania; 118, Indiana; 117, New York; 1,116, German Empire; 615, Ireland; 513, England and Wales; 33, France; 22, Scotland; and 22, British America. Census, 1890, 39,556.

In the INDIAN WAR, prior to the treaty of Greenville, many boats, descending the Ohio, were attacked by the Indians, and the whites in them cruelly massacred. After the war had closed, wrecks of boats were frequently seen on the shore, to remind the traveller of the unhappy fate of those who had fallen a prey to the rifle, tomahawk and scalping-knife. Among the unpublished incidents of this nature is one that belongs to the history of this county, obtained by us orally from one acquainted with the circumstances:

Among the early settlers of Mason county, Ky., was Mr. James Kelly, who emigrated from Westmoreland, Pa. Shortly after his arrival, the Indians carried on their murderous incursions with so much energy, as to seriously threaten the annihilation of the infant settlements. His father, alarmed for his safety, sent another son, William, to Kentucky, to bring his brother and family back to Pennsylvania. They embarked at Maysville, in a large canoe, with two men as passengers, who were to assist in navigating the boat. When about a mile below the mouth of the Big Guyandotte, and near the Virginia shore, they were suddenly fired upon by a party of Indians, secreted behind the trees on that bank of the river. William, who had risen up in the boat, was shot through the body,

when James sprang up to save him from falling into the river, and receiving a death wound, fell forwards in the boat. The two men, as yet unharmed, steered for the Ohio shore. The instant the boat touched land, one of them, panic-stricken, sprang ashore, and, running into the recesses of the forest, was never heard of more.

The other passenger, however, was a man of undaunted courage. He determined to protect Mrs. Kelly and her little children, consisting of James, a boy of about five years of age, and an infant named Jane. They landed, and turned their course for Gallipolis, about thirty miles distant. In their haste they had forgotten to get any provisions from the boat, and the prospect of reaching there, through a wilderness swarming with Indians, was gloomy. To add to the horrors of their situation, they had gone but a few miles, when Mrs. Kelly was bitten in the foot by a copper-head, and was unable to make further progress. As the only resort her companion told her that he must leave her alone in the woods, and travel to Gallipolis, procure a boat and a party, and come for her. Having secreted them among some paw-paws, he started on his solitary and perilous journey. The Indians were soon on his track, in hot pursuit; and taking inland to avoid them, three or four days elapsed before he arrived at his destination. He there obtained a keel boat, and a party of thirty men, and started down the Ohio, with but a faint hope of finding Mrs. Kelly and her little ones alive.

During his absence Mrs. Kelly had been accustomed daily to send her little son to the river's edge, to hail any boats that might pass. Fearing a decoy from the Indians, several went by without paying any attention to his cries. An hour or two before the arrival of the aid from Gallipolis, another boat from farther up the river passed down. At first but little attention was given to the hailing of little James; but feelings of humanity prevailed over their fears, and reflecting also upon the improbability of the Indians sending such a mere child as a decoy, they took courage, turned to the shore, and took the sufferers aboard. They were then in a starving and deplorable condition; but food was soon given them by the kind-hearted boatmen, and their perils were over. Soon the Gallipolis boat hove in sight, and they were taken on board, and eventually to Pennsylvania.

Mrs. Kelly, in the course of a few years, married again. The infant Jane grew up to womanhood, and was remarkable for her beauty. The little boy James finally emigrated to the Muskingum country. From him and his mother our informant derived these facts.

Lawrence was settled about 1797, by people from Pennsylvania and Virginia, who were principally of Dutch and Irish descent. When the iron works were first established, only about one-eighth of the land was entered, since which the workmen have accumulated means to purchase more. At that day the inhabitants were principally hunters, and for months together, our informant says, he did not see one wear a coat or shoes; hunting-shirts and moccasons being the substitutes.

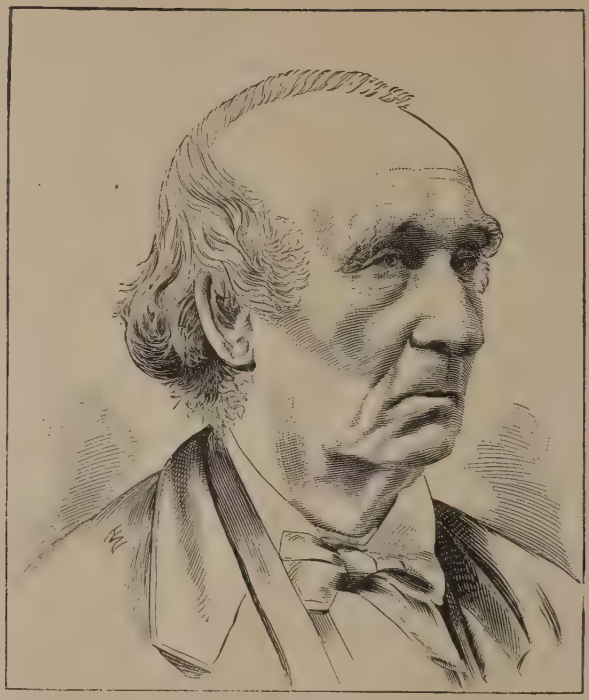
When Lawrence was first organized, the commissioners neglected to lay a tax, and the expenses of the county were carried on by orders, which so depreciated that the clerk had to pay $6, in orders, for a quire of paper. The county was finally sued on an order, and judgment obtained for the plaintiff, but as the public property could not be levied upon, not anything was then recovered. Eventually, the legislature passed laws compelling the commissioners to lay a tax, by which the orders were paid in full, with interest.

Burning a Bewitched Horse.

The annexed report of a case, that came before the Court of Common Pleas in this county, is from the pen of a legal gentleman of high standing. It shows that in our day the belief in *witchcraft* has not entirely vanished.

——— *vs.* ENOCH H. FLEECE. } *Lawrence Common Pleas. Term* 1828. *Action on the case, for a false warranty in the sale of a horse. Plea, general issue.*

The plaintiff having proved the sale and warranty, called a witness to prove the defendant's knowledge of the unsoundness of the horse at the time of sale. This witness testified, that both he and defendant lived at Union Furnace, in Lawrence county, and that the latter was by trade a tanner; that he, witness, knew the horse previous to the sale to the plaintiff, and before he was owned by defendant, and was then, and at the time defendant purchased him, in bad health. He saw him daily employed in defendant's bark mill, and was fast declining, and when unemployed, *drooping* in his appearance, and so continued until sold to the plaintiff. Having been present at the sale, and hearing the warranty, the witness afterwards inquired of the defendant why he had done so, knowing the horse to be unsound. He answered by insisting that the horse was in no way *diseased*, or in unsound *health*, but that the drooping appearance arose from his being *bewitched*, which he did not call *unsoundness*,



JOHN CAMPBELL,
Aged 82 years, the veteran iron-master. "Father and Founder of Ironton."

J. N. Bradford, del., O. S. University.

THE OLD HECLA FURNACE.

The celebrated gun known as the "Swamp Angel," of Charleston Harbor, was cast from Hecla iron.

and so soon as they could be got out of the horse he would then be as well as ever.

The defendant further stated, that the same witches which were in that horse had been in one or two persons, and some cows, in the same settlement, and could only be driven out by a witch doctor, living on the head waters of the Little Scioto, in Pike county, or by burning the animal in which they were found; that this doctor had some time before been sent for to see a young woman who was in a *bad way*, and on examination found her bewitched. He soon expelled them, and also succeeded in ascertaining that an old woman not far off was the witch going about in that way, and she could be got rid of only by killing her. At some subsequent time, when defendant was from home, his wife sent for witness and others, to see and find out what was the matter with her cow, in a lot near the house. They found it frantic, running, and pitching at everything which came near. It was their opinion, after observing it considerably, that it had the *canine madness*. The defendant, however, returned before the witness and others left the lot; he inspected the cow with much attention, and gave it as his opinion that they were mistaken as to the true cause of her conduct—she was not mad, but bewitched; the same which had been in the horse had transferred itself to the cow. By this time the animal, from exhaustion or other cause, had lain down. The defendant then went into the lot, and requested the persons present to assist in putting a rope about her horns, and then make the other end fast to a tree, where he could burn her. They laughed at the man's notion, but finally assisted him, seeing she remained quiet—still having no belief that he really intended burning her.

This being done, the defendant piled up logs, brush and other things around, and finally over the poor cow, and then set fire to them. The defendant continued to add fuel, until she was entirely consumed, and afterwards told the witness he had never seen any creature so *hard to die;* that she continued to moan after most of the flesh had fallen from her bones, and he felt a pity for her, but die she must; that nothing but the witches in her kept her alive so long, and it was his belief they would be so burnt before getting out, that they never would come back. Night having set in before the burning was finished, the defendant and his family set up to ascertain if the witches could be seen about the pile of embers. Late at night, some one of the family called the defendant to the window—the house being near the place—and pointed to two witches, hopping around, over and across the pile of embers, and now and then seizing a brand and throwing it into the air, and in a short while disappeared. The next morning, on examination, the defendant saw their tracks through the embers in all directions. At a subsequent time, he told the same witness and others, that from that time the witches had wholly disappeared from the neighborhood, and would never return—and to burn the animal alive, in which they were found, was the only way to get clear of them: he *had been* very fearful they would torment his family.

The writer found, after the above trial, from a conversation with the defendant, that he had a settled belief in such things, and in the truth of the above statement.

In our edition of 1846 we stated that the *iron region* is about eight miles wide. It extends through the east part of Scioto, and the west part of this county, and enters Jackson county on the north, and Greenup county, Ky., on the south. Most of the iron in Lawrence is made into pig metal, which stands high for castings, and is equal to Scotch pig for foundry furnaces: it is also excellent for bar iron. The principal markets are Pittsburg and Cincinnati. The four counties of Jackson, Lawrence, Scioto and Greenup, Ky., make about 37,450 tons annually, which, at $30 per ton, the current market price, amounts to $1,123,500. There are 21 furnaces in the iron region, of which the following are in Lawrence, viz., Union, Pine Grove, Lawrence, Centre, Mount Vernon, Buckhorn, Etna, Vesuvius, La Grange, Hecla and Olive. The oldest of these, in this county, is Union, built in 1826 by John Means, a view of which is given, showing on the left the furnace, in the middle ground the log-huts of the workmen, with the store of the proprietors, while around is wild, hilly scenery, amid which these furnaces are usually embosomed. Each of the 21 furnaces employs, on an average, 70 yoke of oxen, "100 hands, sustains 500 persons, consumes 560 barrels of flour, 1,000 bushels of corn meal, 10,000 bushels of corn, 50,000 pounds of bacon, 20,000 pounds of beef, 1,500 bushels of potatoes, beside other provisions, and tea, sugar and coffee in proportion." From this it will be seen, that their existence is highly important to the agriculturist. In the winter season about 500 men come from abroad, to cut wood for the furnaces in Lawrence; some of whom walk distances of hundreds of miles from their cabin homes among the mountains of Virginia and Kentucky.

The HANGING ROCK IRON REGION is now understood to comprise an area of country embracing more than 1,000 square miles, extending into the States of Kentucky and West Virginia, and Scioto, Lawrence, Jackson and Vinton counties in Ohio, with its centre at Ironton. This vast mineral region, containing, besides its valuable iron ores, large and accessible deposits of coal, limestone and fire-clays, was in 1825 almost an unknown wilderness; in 1845, as given in our orig-

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

UNION FURNACE AND VILLAGE.

inal edition, it had 21 furnaces, while the Geological State Report of 1884 says of that part of it lying within Ohio: "This region comprises some 42 furnaces in blast and some in course of erection in the counties of Vinton, Jackson, Gallia, Scioto and Lawrence."

The purity of the iron ores in this district is attributable in a large measure to the fact that the plane of the veins lies far enough above the general water level to drain the water that accumulates from the rain fall, through the minerals and out into the streams. The dip of the strata being about 30 feet to the mile to the south of east, the inclination of all coals, ores, etc., gives a rapid fall in the direction of the dip and renders it possible to run all material out on tram tracks by gravitation, as well as to get rid of the water without expense.

The *Hanging Rock ores* are peculiarly adapted to the production of an iron of great strength and durability; they are of the red hematite variety—the "hill-top" ores being largely used with underlying limestone ore. The productions of the Hecla furnace of this region are famous, being in special demand for machinery and car-wheels.

Prior to the late war the government made a test of irons with reference to ordnance, in which "the cold-blast Hecla was equalled only by results obtained from two furnaces, respectively located at Toledo, Spain, and in Asia Minor." During the late war every ton of Hecla iron (excepting armor plates) was used at the Fort Pitt Works, Pittsburg, for casting heavy ordnance and field guns, and ran far above the government required test for tenacity. The celebrated gun known as the "Swamp Angel," of Charleston Harbor, was cast from Hecla iron. There is direct authority for stating that car wheels of this iron have been in use for twenty years. In a memorial to Congress (1862) for the establishment of a national foundry at Ironton, we find the statement of one who was employed by the English government in 1855, that "while thus employed, my particular duties were to make selection and mixture of metal for heavy ordnance for service in the Crimea. This employment required the making of numerous tests on different metals, to determine their tenacity, deflection and specific gravity." The cold-blast pig made in Lawrence county, Ohio, was found superior not only to the irons of a similar make in other portions of the United States, but also, "as compared with the best English iron, the difference is about thirty per cent. in favor of this metal."

IRONTON, county-seat of Lawrence, is on the Ohio river, ten miles from the southernmost point in Ohio, 100 miles south of Columbus, 142 miles above Cincinnati, and 325 miles from Pittsburg. It is the centre of the Hanging Rock iron region, celebrated for the quantity and quality of iron ore, lime and coal, found in close proximity. The timber regions of the Virginias and Kentucky supply one of the large industries of the city, and large quantities of fire and pot-

Lawrence Barrette, Photo., Ironton, 1887.

J. N. Bradford, del., Ohio State University.

IRONTON, FROM THE KENTUCKY SHORE.

ters' clay found in this vicinity create another great industry. Ironton was laid out in 1848, by the Ohio Iron and Coal Co., and was incorporated as a city in 1865. The first iron smelted in the region was at a cupola built in 1815, by Richard Deering. In 1852 the county-seat was removed here from Burlington. Railroads: D. Ft. W. & C., S. V., and the Ironton, while by transfer across the Ohio river connection is had with the C. & O. Railroad. County Officers: Auditor, Mark S. Bartram; Clerk, John W. Sayre; Commissioners, Charles Bramer, Elisha T. Edwards, Thompson F. Payne; Coroner, John S. Henry; Infirmary Directors, Isaac Massie, Zachary T. Fugitt, William H. Heiner; Probate Judge, Lot Davis; Prosecuting Attorney, George W. Keye; Recorder, Paschal F. Gillett; Sheriff, John L. Fisher; Surveyor, James T. Egerton; Treasurer, Joseph A. Turley. City Officers: John M. Corns, Mayor; Halsey C. Burr, Clerk; John Hayes, Treasurer; John K. Richards, Solicitor; J. R. C. Brown, Engineer; W. L. Vanhorn, Marshal; John Culkins, Street Commissioner; William George, Chief Fire Department. Newspapers: *Register*, Republican, E. S. Wilson, editor; *Republican*, Republican, Hayden & McCall, proprietors; *Irontonian*, Democratic, L. P. Ort, proprietor; *Wachter am Ohio*, German, Independent, Christian Feuchter, editor. Churches: two Catholic, two Methodist Episcopal, one Baptist, one Lutheran, one Congregational, one Calvinistic Methodist, one German Reformed, one Presbyterian, one Episcopalian, one German Methodist, one Christian and three Colored. Banks: Exchange (W. D. Kelly), W. D. Kelly, cashier; First National, George Willard, president, H. B. Wilson, cashier; Second National, C. C. Clarke, president, Richard Mather, cashier; Halsey C. Burr & Co.

Manufactures and Employees.—C. H. Crowell, lumber, 12 hands; D., Ft. W. & C. Railroad Shop, railroad repairs, 25; Phillips Carriage Works, 10; the Foster Stove Co., stoves and ranges, 50; Whitman Stove Co., stoves and ranges, 60; Sarah Furnace, pig-iron, 50; Standard Gas Retort and Fire-brick Co., 30; Etna Furnace, pig-iron, 100; Ironton Fire-brick Co., 30; R. N. Fearon, lumber, 12; Ironton Lumber Co., lumber, 6; the Kelly Nail and Iron Co., 375; Newman & Spanner, lumber, 60; Ironton Furnace Co., pig-iron, 50; Ironton Carriage Works, carriages and buggies; Ironton Soap Works, soap; Lawrence Iron and Steel Co., 300; Lambert Bros. & Co., furnace machinery, etc., 50; R. S. Dupuy, oak harness leather, 11; Eagle Brewery, 10; the Goldcamp Milling Co., 9.—*State Report, 1888.* Population in 1880, 8,857. School census, 1888, 3,528; R. S. Page, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, $1,790,900. Value of annual product, $1,518,225.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887.* U. S. census, 1890, 10,939.

From a newspaper correspondence published in 1887, we extract some interesting items of history and reminiscences of the *early iron trade:*

In 1819 there went from Spartanburg, S. C., to Hanging Rock, on the Ohio side of the river, a certain man named John Means, carrying his slaves with him. He was an abolitionist, but not being able to manumit his slaves in his native State, he sold his possessions there, and with his family and negroes emigrated to the nearest point where he could set them free. In 1826 John Means built a charcoal furnace near his home, and began the manufacture of pig-iron. The Union, as he named it, was the first iron furnace north of the Ohio in this district. In Ashland your correspondent met Mr. Thomas W. Means, a son of the pioneer furnace-builder. This gentleman, now 83 years old, has a vivid recollection of those early times, and of the hardships which all who made iron had to endure because of free-trade tendencies and laws. In 1837 he leased the Union Furnace of his father, and ever since he has been connected with it as lessee or owner. At first they made from three to four tons a day, and when they increased the output to thirty tons a week, it was considered a wonderful performance.

Speaking of those days, Mr. Means said: "When I leased Union Furnace corn sold for twelve and a half cents a bushel, and wheat for from twenty-four to twenty-six cents. Wages for competent laborers were only ten dollars a month. I made a trip to New Orleans and saw wheat sold there for a quarter of a dollar a bushel, and corn on the cob at the same price per barrel.

"We used only maple sugar in those days, and paid for the commonest molasses thirty-two cents a gallon. Our woollen goods were woven on hand-looms. It took six yards of calico to make a dress, and the material cost

half a dollar a yard. There are more people in Ironton now than there were then in the county. We saw no gold, and little silver coin, except in small pieces. Our circulation was chiefly bills of State banks, and those were continually breaking. From 1854 to 1861 I kept my furnaces going, but sold very little iron—only enough to keep me in ready money.

"Charcoal iron was then worth from $10 to $14 a ton. In 1863 I had an accumulated stock of 16,000 tons. Next year it advanced to $40, which I thought a fine lift, but in 1864 it netted me $80 a ton. For eight years before the war, nearly all the furnace-owners were in debt, but creditors did not distress them, for they were afraid of iron, the only asset they could get, and so they carried their customers the best they could, hoping all round for better times. We are all right and so is the country, if the fools will quit tariff-meddling."

JOHN CAMPBELL was born near Ripley, Ohio, January 14, 1808. In 1834 he removed to Hanging Rock, and became identified with the iron interests of this region, building in connection with Robert Hamilton the Mount Vernon Furnace. The "Biographical Cyclopædia of Ohio" says of him: "It was here that he made the change of placing the boilers and hot blast over the tunnel head, thus utilizing the waste gases—a proceeding now generally adopted by the charcoal furnaces of that locality and others elsewhere in the United States." In 1837, through the guarantee against any loss by Mr. Campbell and three other iron-masters, Vesuvius Furnace was induced to test the hot blast principle. This, the first hot blast ever erected in America, was put up by William Firmstone, and though, by those opposed to the principle, it was contended that by it the iron would be weakened and rendered unfit for casting purposes, the result proved satisfactory to all concerned in producing an increased quantity of iron of the desired quality for foundry use.

"In 1849 he became prime mover and principal stockholder in the organization of the Ohio Iron and Coal Company, and was made its president. This company purchased four hundred acres of land three miles above Hanging Rock, and laid out the town of Ironton, to which Mr. Campbell gave its name."

He is justly accorded the honor of being called the "father and founder of Ironton."

In 1850 he removed from Hanging Rock to the newly founded town, and has ever since been prominently identified with its remarkable growth and development, as well as that of the entire surrounding region.

In 1852 he purchased the celebrated Hecla cold blast furnace.

He now enjoys in his old age the veneration and respect of all who know of him and his grand life-work, in developing the industries and wealth of this region, bringing as it has increased comforts and happiness to a large number of his fellow-men.

To no other single individual is so much due for developing the resources of Hanging Rock Iron Region.

For a personal description of Mr. Campbell see Vol. I., page 237.

Hanging Rock in 1846.—Hanging Rock, seventeen miles below the county-seat, on the Ohio river, contains 1 church, 4 stores, a forge, a rolling mill, and a foundry—where excellent bar iron is made—and about 150 inhabitants. It is the great iron emporium of the county, and nearly all the iron is shipped there. It is contemplated to build a railroad from this place, of about fifteen miles in length, to the iron region, connecting it with the various furnaces. The village is named from a noted cliff of sandstone, about four hundred feet in height, called the "Hanging Rock," the upper portion of which projects over, like the cornice of a house.

Some years since, a wealthy iron-master was buried at Hanging Rock, in compliance with his request, above ground, in an iron coffin. It was raised about two feet from the ground, supported by iron pillars, resting on a flat stone. Over all was placed an octagonal building of wood, about twelve feet diameter and fifteen high, painted white, with a cupola-like roof, surmounted by a ball. It was, in fact, a tomb, but of so novel a description as to attract crowds of strangers, to the no small annoyance of the friends of the deceased, who, in consequence, removed the building, and sunk the coffin into a grave near the spot.—*Old Edition.*

HANGING ROCK is on the Ohio river, four miles below Ironton. Population, 1880, 624. School census, 1888, 214.

Burlington in 1846.—Burlington, the county-seat, is on the southernmost point of the Ohio river in the State, one hundred and thirty-three miles southeasterly from Columbus. It is a small village, containing 4 stores, an academy, 1 or 2 churches, a newspaper printing office, and from 40 to 60 dwellings.—*Edition of 1846.*

It lies about ten miles southeast of Ironton, the present county-seat, nearly opposite Catlettsburg, Ky., and in 1888 its school census was 211.

MILLERSPORT, P. O. MILLER'S, is thirty-three miles above Ironton, on the Ohio river. Population, 1880, 250. School census, 1888, 82.

PROCTORVILLE is on the Ohio river, twenty miles above Ironton. Newspaper: *Ohio Valley News*, Republican, Dwight W. Custer, editor and publisher It has 1 Methodist Episcopal church. Population, 1880, 385.

The development of the mineral resources of Southeastern Ohio is due largely to the study of its geology by Dr. CALEB BRIGGS, born in North Rochester, Mass., May 24, 1812, but long a resident of Ironton, O., where he died September 24, 1884. He was educated for a physician. He was engaged in the first survey of the coal and iron regions of Ohio, entering upon the work in June, 1837, and exploring Athens, Gallia, Hocking, Jackson, Lawrence and Scioto counties. Subsequently he also made surveys in Crawford, Tuscarawas, Wood, and perhaps other counties, terminating his earliest labors in 1839, after which he was employed in similar work in the western counties of Virginia. He was an extremely intelligent, useful, broad-minded and benevolent citizen, giving to Ironton, the city of his adoption, $25,000 with which to found a public library.

LICKING.

LICKING COUNTY was erected from Fairfield, March 1, 1808, and named from its principal stream, called by the whites Licking—by the Indians, *Pataskala*. The surface is slightly hilly on the east, the western part is level, and the soil generally yellow clay; the valleys are rich alluvium, inclining many of them to gravel. Coal is in the eastern part, and iron ore of a good quality. The soil is generally very fertile, and it is a wealthy agricultural county. Area about 680 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 144,092; in pasture, 172,844; woodland, 55,038; lying waste, 2,868; produced in wheat, 510,655 bushels; rye, 7,490; buckwheat, 1,111; oats, 324,441; barley, 6,045; corn, 1,518,435; broom-corn, 18,545 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 47,277 tons; clover hay, 6,862; flaxseed, 1,752 bushels; potatoes, 92,930; tobacco, 100 lbs.; butter, 909,118; cheese, 7,052; sorghum, 2,114 gallons; maple syrup, 21,138; honey, 3,399 lbs.; eggs, 908,128 dozen; grapes, 28,935 lbs.; wine, 20 gallons; sweet potatoes, 152 bushels; apples, 15,794; peaches, 14,448; pears, 1,667; wool, 1,155,992 lbs.; milch cows owned, 8,908; sheep, the largest number of any county in Ohio, namely, 174,672. School census, 1888, 12,602; teachers, 440. Miles of railroad track, 159.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Bennington,	1,244	884	Liberty,	1,115	752
Bowling Green,	1,464	992	Licking,	1,215	1,256
Burlington,	1,423	1,073	Lima,	739	1,803
Eden,	853	767	Madison,	1,119	929
Etna,	1,076	1,166	Mary Anne,	866	951
Fallsburg,	910	929	McKean,	1,424	981
Franklin,	1,131	818	Monroe,		1,339
Granville,	2,255	2,114	Newark,	4,138	10,613
Hanover,	943	1,236	Newton,	1,247	1,332
Harrison,	1,049	1,329	Perry,	994	1,032
Hartford,	1,355	1,164	St. Albans,	1,515	1,187
Hopewell,	1,150	1,062	Union,	2,219	1,872
Jersey,	932	1,348	Washington	3,048	1,521

Population of Licking in 1820 was 11,861; 1830, 20,864; 1840, 35,096; 1860, 37,011; 1880, 40,050, of whom 32,736 were born in Ohio; 1,461 Virginia; 1,336 Pennsylvania; 669 New York; 156 Indiana; 51 Kentucky; 782 England and Wales; 611 Ireland; 511 German Empire; 54 Scotland; 49 British America, and 29 France. Census, 1890, 43,279.

With Butler county, which has 1,000 bridges in use, this county is also noted for its bridges. The streams which unite to form the Licking spread over it like the fingers of the hand. Hence it takes as much bridging as half-a-dozen of the counties on the dividing ridge of the State.

This county contains a mixed population; its inhabitants originated from Pennsylvania, Virginia, New Jersey, New England, Wales, and Germany. Among the early settlers were John Channel, Isaac Stadden, John Van Buskirk, Benjamin Green, Samuel Parr, Samuel Elliott, John and Washington Evans, Geo. Archer, John Jones, and many Welsh. It was first settled, shortly after Wayne's treaty of 1795, by John Ratliff and Ellis Hughes, in some old Indian corn-fields, about five miles below Newark, on the Licking. These men were from Western Virginia. They lived mainly by hunting, raising, however, a little corn, the cultivation of which was left, in a great measure, to their wives.

Hughes had been bred in the hot-bed of Indian warfare. The Indians having, at an early day, murdered a young woman to whom he was attached, and subsequently his father, the return of peace did not mitigate his hatred of the race. One night, in April, 1800, two Indians stole the horses of Hughes and Ratliff from a little enclosure near their cabins. Missing them in the morning, they started off, well armed, in pursuit, accompanied by a man named Bland. They followed their trail in a northern direction all day, and at night camped in the woods. At the gray of the morning they came upon the Indians, who were asleep and unconscious of danger. Concealing themselves behind the trees, they waited until the Indians had awakened, and were commencing preparations for their journey. They drew up their rifles to shoot, and just at that moment one of the Indians discovered them, and instinctively clapping his hand on his breast, as if to ward off the fatal ball, exclaimed in tones of affright, "me bad Indian!—me no do so more!" The appeal was in vain, the smoke curled from the glistening barrels, the report rang in the morning air, and the poor Indians fell dead. They returned to their cabins with the horses and "plunder" taken from the Indians, and swore mutual secrecy for this violation of law.

One evening, some time after, Hughes was quietly sitting in his cabin, when he was startled by the entrance of two powerful and well-armed savages. Concealing his emotions, he gave them a welcome and offered them seats. His wife, a muscular, squaw-like looking female, stepped aside and privately sent for Ratliff, whose cabin was near. Presently, Ratliff, who had made a detour, entered with his rifle, from an opposite direction, as if he had been out hunting. He found Hughes talking with the Indians about the murder. Hughes had his tomahawk and scalping-knife, as was his custom, in a belt around his person, but his rifle hung from the cabin wall, which he deemed it imprudent to attempt to obtain. There all the long night sat the parties, mutually fearing each other, and neither summoning sufficient courage to stir. When morning dawned, the Indians left, shaking hands and bidding farewell, but, in their retreat, were very cautious not to be shot in ambush by the hardy borderers.

Hughes died near Utica, in this county, in March, 1845, at an advanced age, in the hope of a happy future. His early life had been one of much adventure; he was, it is supposed, the last survivor of the bloody battle of Point Pleasant. He was buried with military honors and other demonstrations of respect.

The Burlington Storm.

On the 18th of May, 1825, occurred one of the most violent tornadoes ever known in Ohio. It has been commonly designated as "*the Burlington storm*," because in Burlington township, in this county, its effects were more severely felt than in any other part of its track. This event is told in the language of a correspondent.

It commenced between the hours of one and two P. M., in the southeast part of Delaware county. After passing for a few miles upon the surface of the ground, in an easterly direction, it appeared to rise so high from the earth that the tallest trees were not affected by it, and then again descended to the surface, and with greatly increased violence and force proceeded through the townships of Bennington and Burlington, in Licking county, and then passed into Knox county, and thence to Coshocton county. Its general course was a little north of east. For force and violence of wind this storm has rarely been surpassed in any country in the same latitude. Forests and orchards were completely uprooted and levelled, buildings blown down, and their parts scattered in every direction and carried by the force of the wind many miles distant. Cattle were taken from the ground and carried one hundred rods or more. The creek, which had been swollen by recent rains, had but little water in its bed after the storm had passed. The roads and fields, recently plowed, were quite muddy from previous rains; but after the storm had passed by, both roads and fields were clean and dry. Its track through Licking county was from one-third to three-fifths of a mile wide, but became wider as it advanced farther to the eastward. Those who were so fortunate as to be witnesses of its progress, without being victims of its fury, represent the appearance of the fragments of trees, buildings, etc., high in the air, to resemble large numbers of birds, such as buzzards, or ravens. The ground, also, seemed to tremble, as it is asserted by many credible persons, who were, at the time, a mile from the tornado itself. The roar of the wind, the trembling of the ground, and the crash of the falling timber and buildings, is represented by all who were witnesses as being peculiarly dreadful.

Colonel Wright and others, who witnessed its progress, think it advanced at the rate of a mile per minute, and did not last more than a minute and a half or two minutes. The cloud was exceedingly black, and sometimes bore hard upon the ground, and at others seemed to rise a little above the surface. One peculiarity was, that the fallen timber lay in every direction, so that the course of the storm could not be determined from the position of the fallen trees.

Many incidents are related by the inhabi-

tants calculated to illustrate the power, as well as the terror, of the storm, among which are the following. A chain from three to four feet long, and of the size of a common plow-chain, was taken from the ground near the house of John M'Clintock, and carried about half a mile, and lodged in the top of a sugar-tree stub, about twenty-five feet from the ground. An ox, belonging to Col. Wait Wright, was carried about eighty rods and left unhurt, although surrounded by the fallen timber, so that it required several hours chopping to release him. A cow, also, was taken from the same field and carried about forty rods, and lodged in the top of a tree, which was blown down, and when found was dead and about eight feet from ground. Whether the cow was blown against the tree-top before it was blown down, or was lodged in it after it fell, cannot be determined. A heavy ox-cart was taken from the yard of Colonel Wright and carried about forty rods, and struck the ground with such force as to break the axle and entirely to demolish one wheel. A son of Colonel Wright, upwards of fourteen years of age, was standing in the house holding the door. The house, which was built of logs, was torn to pieces, and the lad was thrown with such violence across the room as to kill him instantly. A coat, which was hanging in the same room, was found, in the following November, in Coshocton county, more than forty miles distant, and was afterwards brought to Burlington, and was identified by Colonel Wright's family. Other articles, such as shingles, pieces of timber and of furniture, were carried twenty, and even thirty miles. Miss Sarah Robb, about twelve years of age, was taken from her father's house and carried some distance, she could not tell how far; but when consciousness returned, found herself about forty rods from the house, and walking towards it. She was much bruised, but not essentially injured. The family of a Mr. Vance, on seeing the storm approach, fled from the house to the orchard adjoining. The upper part of the house was blown off and carried through the orchard; the lower part of the house remained. Two sons of Mr. Vance were killed —one immediately, and the other died in a day or two from his wounds. These, and the son of Colonel Wright, above mentioned, were all the lives known to be lost by the storm. A house, built of large logs, in which was a family, and which a number of workmen had entered for shelter from the storm, was raised up on one side and rolled off the place on which it stood without injuring any one. A yoke of oxen, belonging to Wm. H. Cooley, were standing in the yoke in the field, and after the storm were found completely enclosed and covered with fallen timber, so that they were not released till the next day, but were not essentially injured. A black walnut tree, two and a half feet in diameter, which had lain on the ground for many years, and had become embedded in the earth to nearly one-half its size, was taken from its bed and carried across the creek, and left as many as thirty rods from its former location. A crockery crate, in which several fowls were confined, was carried by the wind several miles, and, with its contents, set down without injury.

The Refugee Tract.

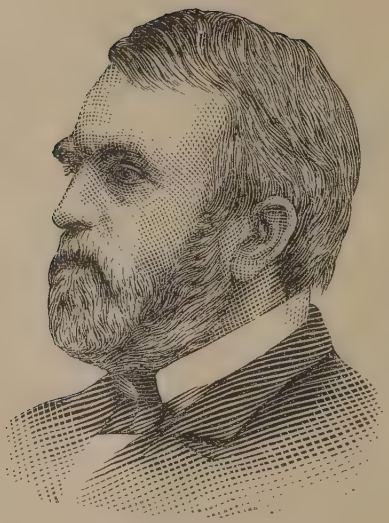
Abridged from an article published in the Newark *American*, by Isaac Smucker, entitled "A Bit of Important History Appertaining to Licking County."

During the Revolutionary war many of the people of the British provinces so strongly sympathized with the cause of the American colonies that they were obnoxious to their neighbors, and were ultimately obliged to abandon their homes and property, and seek refuge in the colonies, where some entered the Revolutionary army. The property of such was confiscated, and they became permanent citizens of the United States.

By resolutions passed by Congress, April 23, 1783, and April 13, 1785, the refugees were, "on account of their attachment to the interest of the United States, recommended to the humanity and particular attention of the several States in which they reside," and informed that, "whenever Congress can consistently reward them by grants of land they will do so, by making such reasonable and adequate provision for them on our public domain as will amply remunerate them."

The realization of these promises held out to the refugees was a work of time depending upon the passage of the celebrated ordinance of 1787, which established civil government in the Northwest Territory, and opened the public lands to survey and settlement. On the 17th of April, 1798, Congress progressed to the point of inviting all refugees who were claimants of land to make their claims apparent to the War Department within two years from the date of said action, by "rendering a full and true account of their claims to the bounty of Congress."

The refugees thereupon made proofs of their respective services, sacrifices and sufferings in consequence of their attachment to the cause of the colonies against the mother country, and when the legal limit had expired, within which proof of claims must be made, the Secretary of War divided the refugees into a number of classes, awarding to the first class 2,240 acres, and to the lowest 160 acres.



WILLIAM BURNHAM WOODS,
Judge of United States Supreme Court.

ANCIENT WORKS, NEWARK, OHIO.

On February 18, 1801, Congress took action upon the report of the Secretary by appropriating about 100,000 acres, which they deemed sufficient to meet all the awards. This was a tract four and a half miles wide, and extending eastward from the Scioto river towards the Muskingum, about forty-eight miles, terminating in Muskingum county not far east of Gratiot.

Two and a half miles of this four and a half miles strip, as originally surveyed, belonged to the United States military tract, and the remaining two miles was Congress land.

This line, dividing the military from the Congress land, running through the refugee tract, forms the southern boundary of Licking county, and the northern boundary of Fairfield and Perry counties. Thus all three of these counties have each a strip of the refugee tract.

Although the refugee tract, as originally appropriated, extended into Muskingum county, but few, if any, refugee locations were made there, because it was land in excess of the awards, and so reverted to the government.

The little notch on one and a half by two and a half miles, taken out of the southeastern corner of Licking county, was also doubtless part of the refugee tract. It is supposed that it was at this notch that the refugee locations terminated, for the reason there were no more refugee claims to satisfy.

The national road runs almost the entire forty-eight miles from the Scioto river to Hopewell township, Muskingum county, within the refugee tract. The southern boundary of Licking county was also the southern boundary of the United States military tract of 1,500,000 acres.

The following is a list of the refugees and the quantities awarded to them, to wit:

To the following, 2,240 acres: Martha Walker, widow, John Edgar, Samuel Rodgers, James Boyd's heirs, P. Francis Cazeau, John Alling, Seth Harding.

To the following, 1,280 acres: Jonathan Eddy, Col. James Livington, Parker Clark, John Dodge's heirs.

The following, 960 acres: Nathaniel Reynolds' heirs, Thomas Faulkner, Edward Faulkner, David Gay, Martin Brooks, Lieutenant-Colonel Bradford, Noah Miller, Joshua Lamb, Atwood Fales, John Starr, William How, Ebenezer Gardner, Lewis F. Delesdernier, John M'Gowan, Jonas C. Minot, Simeon Chester's heirs, Charlotte Hasen, widow, Chloe Shannon, widow, Mrs. Obadiah Ayer, widow, Israel Rutland's heirs, Elijah Ayer's heirs, Edward Antell's heirs, Joshua Sprague's heirs.

The following, 640 acres: Jacob Venderhayden, John Livingston, Jacob Crawford, Isaac Danks, Major B. Von Heer, Benjamin Thompson, Joseph Binden, Joseph Levittre, Lieutenant Wm. Maxwell, John D. Mercer, Seth Noble, Martha Bogart, widow, John Halsted, Robert Sharp, John Fulton, John Morrison.

The following, 320 acres: David Jenks, Ambrose Cole, James Cole, Adam Johnson, Jeremiah Dugan's widow and heirs, Daniel Earl, Jr., John Paskell, Edward Chinn, Joseph Cone, John Torreyre, Elijah Ayer, Jr., Anthony Burk's heirs, James Sprague, David Dickey, John Taylor, and Gilbert Seaman's heirs. To Samuel Fales alone was awarded 160 acres.

Thus the land was divided into sixty-nine parts, amounting to 65,280 acres, to which should be added seven sections, or nearly 5,000 acres more, awarded to the inhabitants by Congress for school purposes, making in all about 70,000 acres. The locations were made by law on the 2d of January, 1802, and patents were promptly issued.

Newark in 1846.—Newark, the county-seat, is thirty-seven miles, by the mail route, easterly from Columbus, at the confluence of the three principal branches of the Licking. It is on the line of the Ohio canal, and of the railroad now constructing from Sandusky City to Columbus, a branch from which, of about twenty-four miles in length, will probably diverge from this place to Zanesville. Newark is a beautiful and well-built town, on a level site, and it has the most spacious and elegant public square in the State. It was laid out, with broad streets, in 1801, on the plan of Newark, N. J., by General William C. Schenk, George W. Burnet, Esq., and John M. Cummings, who owned this military section, comprising 4,000 acres.

The first hewed-log houses were built in 1802, on the public square, by Samuel Elliott and Samuel Parr. The first tavern, a hewed-log structure, with a stone chimney, was opened on the site of the Franklin House, by James Black. In 1804 there were about fifteen or twenty families, mostly young married people. Among the early settlers were Morris A. Newman, Adam Hatfield, Jas. Black, John Johnson, Patrick Cunningham, Wm. Claypole, Abraham Miller, Samuel H. Smith, Annaniah Pugh, James Petticord, John and Aquila Belt, Dr. John J. Brice, and widow Pegg. About the year 1808 a log building was erected on or near the site of the court-house, which was used as a court-house and a church, common for all denominations. The Presbyterians built the first regular church, about 1817, just west of the court-house, on the public square. The first sermon delivered in Newark, by a Presbyterian, and probably the first by any denomination in the county, was preached under peculiar circumstances.

In 1803 Rev. John Wright, missionary of the Western Missionary Society at Pittsburg, arrived on a Saturday afternoon at Newark, which then contained five or six log-cabins

and Black's log tavern, at which he put up. On inquiring of the landlady, he found there was but one Presbyterian in the place, and as he was very poor, he concluded to remain at the tavern rather than intrude upon his hospitality. The town was filled with people attending a horse-race, which, not proving satisfactory, they determined to try over the next day. Mr. Wright retired to rest at an early hour, but was intruded upon by the horse-racers, who swore that he must either join and drink with them or be ducked under a pump, which last operation was coolly performed upon one of the company in his presence. About midnight he sought and obtained admittance in the house of the Presbyterian, where he rested on the floor, not without strenuous urging from the worthy couple to occupy their bed. The next morning, which was Sunday, when the guests ascertained he was a clergyman, they sent an apology for their conduct, and requested him to postpone preaching until afternoon, when the race was over. The apology was accepted, but he preached in the morning to a few persons, and in the afternoon to a large congregation. The sermon, which was upon the sanctification of the Sabbath, was practical and pungent. When he concluded, a person arose and addressed the congregation, telling them that the preacher had told the truth; and although he was at the horse-race, it was wrong, and that they must take up a contribution for Mr. Wright. Over seven dollars were collected. In 1804 Mr. Wright settled in Lancaster, and after great difficulty, as the population was much addicted to vice, succeeded, in about 1807, through the aid of Mr. David Moore, in organizing the first Presbyterian church in Newark.

NEWARK contains two Presbyterian, one Baptist, one Episcopal, one Methodist, one Welsh Methodist, one German Lutheran, one Welsh Presbyterian and one Catholic church; three newspaper printing-offices, two grist-mills, one foundry, one woollen-factory, six forwarding-houses, ten groceries, one book, two hardware, and eighteen dry-goods stores. In 1830 it had 999 inhabitants; in 1840, 2,705; in 1847, 3,406.—*Old Edition.*

NEWARK, county-seat of Licking, is on the Licking river, thirty-three miles east of Columbus, on the P. C. & St. L., C. O., and S. M. & N. Railroads. The Magnetic Springs, a noted health and pleasure resort, are just at the corporation line. Newark is the centre of a prolific grain and wool-producing district, and is also a manufacturing centre. County officers: Auditor, Allen B. Coffman; Clerk, Thomas F. Lennox; Commissioners: Henry Shipley, John Tucker, Barclay I. Jones; Coroner, David M. Smith; Infirmary Directors, Nathaniel Rugg, Benjamin B. Moats, Finley Stafford; Probate Judge, Jonathan Rees; Prosecuting Attorney, John M. Swartz; Recorder, Jonathan V. Hilliard; Sheriff, Andrew J. Crilly; Surveyor, George P. Webb; Treasurer, William H. Davis. City officers: Mayor, Moses P. Smith; Clerk, William Allen Veach; Solicitor, William D. Fulton; Street Commissioner, Albert Daugherty; Marshal, H. J. Rickenbaugh; Chief of Police, C. L. Brooke; Treasurer, W. H. Davis. Newspapers: *Advocate*, Democratic, J. H. Newton, editor; *American*, Republican, Lyon & Ickes, proprietors; *Banner*, Republican, Milton R. Scott, editor; *Express*, German, F. Kochendorter, proprietor; *Licking County Republican*, Republican, M. P. Smith, editor and publisher. Churches: one Congregational, one Welsh Congregational, one Lutheran, one German Lutheran, one Advent, one Methodist Episcopal, one German Methodist, one African Methodist Episcopal, two Presbyterian, one German Presbyterian, one Catholic, one Baptist, two Protestant Episcopal. Banks: First National, J. Buckingham, president, F. S. Wright, cashier; Franklin, Robbins, Winegarner, Wing & Co; People's National, Gibson Atherton, president, J. H. Franklin, Jr., cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—Charles Kibler, Jr., & Co., stoves, 45 hands; Newark (Ohio) Wire-Cloth Co., brass and copper wire-cloth, 22; The Edward H. Everett Co., fruit-jars and bottles, 230; Moses & Wehrle, stoves and ranges, 55; Excelsior Rolling Mills, flour and feed; Loudenslager & Atkins, brass and copper wire-cloth; Nutter & Haines, mouldings, etc.; Newark Paper Co., 21; T. H. Holman, carriages, wagons, etc., 15; Dorsey Bros., flour and feed; John H. McNamar, traction engines, etc., 35; Bourner & Phillips, doors, sash, etc., 16; Garber & Vance, doors, sash, etc., 25; D. Thomas & Co., flour and feed; R. Scheidler, traction engines, 25; Newark Steam Laundry, laundrying, 9; James E. Thomas, founders and machinists, 45; Loudenslager & Sites, flour and feed;

Ball & Ward, carriages and buggies, 22; Union Iron Works, traction-engines; Newark Wind-Engine Co., wind-engines; Newark *Daily American*, printing, etc., 14; B. & O. Railroad Shops, railroad repairs, 550; *Advocate* Printing Co., printing and binding, 22; Lane Bros., structural iron works, 25.—*State Report, 1888.* Population in 1880, 9,600. School census, 1888, 3,857; J. C. Hartzler, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, $410,300. Value of annual product, $737,200. U. S. census, 1890, 14,270.

The Newark Earthworks are the most extensive, numerous and diversified in style and character, of any within the State. The purpose of their erection seems as difficult of explanation at the present day as when first discovered in 1800. The first impression in viewing them is, that they were constructed for military purposes; but a closer examination explodes this theory, and fails to substitute any more rational one. Suffice it to say, that we must consider these works as one of the mysteries of the past, unless the science of archæology, which has made such wonderful advances in the past few years, shall solve its mysteries for us.

The following description of these works is extracted from an article by Hon. Isaac Smucker, published in the "American Antiquarian:"

The Raccoon and South Fork creeks unite on the southern borders of Newark, and these ancient works cover an area of three or four square miles between these streams and contiguous to them, extending about two miles up the Raccoon and a less distance up the South Fork. These works are situated on an elevated plain, thirty or forty feet above these streams, the Raccoon forming the northerly boundary of said plain, and the South Fork its southwestern boundary. The streams come together nearly at right angles, the three or four square miles of land, therefore, covered with these ancient works, situated between said creeks, and extending several miles up both of them from their junction, are, in form, very nearly an equilateral triangle.

The foregoing works consisted of earth mounds, both large and small, in considerable numbers, of parallel walls or embankments, of no great but tolerably uniform height; of small circles, partial or incompleted circles, semi or open circles, all of low but well-marked embankments or walls; of enclosures of various forms and heights, such as large circles—one parallelogram, one octagon, and, others which may have become partially or wholly obliterated under the operation of the plow, or through the devastating action of the elements, their banks having been originally of small elevation, and among them one of the class designated as "effigy mounds." This remains in a good state of preservation, situated within and about the centre of the largest circular enclosure, known as "The Old Fort." It is a representation of an immense bird "on the wing," and is called "Eagle Mound."

In the terrible railroad strike and riot in July, 1877, in the West, by which many lives were lost in Pittsburg, Chicago and elsewhere, there was great trouble at Newark, the strikers there resorting to force by side-tracking trains. The acting Governor, Thomas L. Young, called out and assembled at Newark troops from Cincinnati, Dayton and elsewhere, and by personal consultation with the leaders of the strike, and by his cool, judicious management, restored peace and order without bloodshed.

Opening of Ohio Canal.

The opening of the Ohio Canal was a matter of very great import to the people of Ohio, and although the canal met with its due share of opposition, the people generally expected great things through the canal and were determined that it should be commenced with due pomp and ceremony. Governor Clinton had been invited and accepted the invitation to be present and dig the first shovelful of earth.

The commissioners had decided on the advice of Judge D. S. Bates, of New York, the chief engineer of the work, that the opening should take place on the Licking Summit, in Licking county, about three miles west, on the 4th of July, 1825.

Governor Clinton's Reception at Cleveland.—Governor Clinton entered Ohio on the steamboat Superior on the last day of June. Crowds assembled to meet him. Mr.

George B. Merwin, who as a boy witnessed the ceremonies of the reception at Cleveland, thus describes them.

"It was a heavenly day, not a cloud in the sky, the lake calm as the river, its glistening bosom reflecting the fierce rays of an almost tropical sun; the boat soon passed Water street, dressed with all her flags, and came to anchor about a mile opposite the mouth of the river and fired her usual signal gun.

Her commander, Captain Fisk, ordered the steps to be let down and her yawl boat placed along side of them; then taking Governor Clinton by the hand seated him in the stern of the boat, and was followed by his aids, Colonel Jones, Colonel Read and Colonel Solomon Van Rensselaer, who had traversed the State when a wilderness, as an officer under General Wayne, Messrs. Rathbone and Lord, who had loaned us the money with which to commence the canal, and Judge Conkling, United States District Judge, of New York.

They came up the river, the stars and stripes waving over them, and landed at the foot of Superior street, where the reception committee with carriages and a large concourse of citizens awaited them and took them to the Mansion House, then kept by my father, where Governor Clinton was addressed by the late Judge Samuel Cowles, who had been selected by the committee to make the reception address.

Governor Clinton made a eloquent reply. In a part of his remarks he made the statement, 'that when our canals were made, even if they had cost five million dollars, they would be worth three times that sum; that the increased price of our productions in twenty years would be worth five million dollars; that the money saved on the transportation of goods, to our people, during the same period would be five millions of dollars, and that the canals would finally by their tolls refund their entire cost, principal and interest.'"

The First Spadeful of Earth.—The next day the party departed by stage for Licking county. There they were received on behalf of Licking county by Judge Wilson and Alexander Homes, and on the part of Fairfield by Judge Elnathan Scofield and Colonel John Noble. The latter has described the opening ceremonies in the *Columbus Gazette* as follows:

"The ceremonies commenced as had been agreed upon. Governor Clinton received the spade, thrust it into the rich soil of Ohio, and raised the first spadeful of earth, amidst the most enthusiastic shouts of the thousands present. This earth was placed in what they called a canal wheel-barrow. Then the spade was passed to Governor Morrow, the then Governor of Ohio, a statesman and farmer. He soon sunk the spade its full depth, and raised the second spadeful. Then commenced a hustle for who should raise the next. Captain Ned King, as we familiarly called him, having the command of an infantry company present from Chillicothe, raised the third; then some of the guests in Governor Clinton's company, and finally, the barrow being full, Captain King took hold of the handles and wheeled it out to a bank. For me at this time to attempt to describe the scene is impossible—the most enthusiastic excitement by all the thousands, and shouts of joy went to the All-Giver. The feeling was so great that tears fell from manly eyes, the strong expression of the heart. Mr. Thomas Ewing, of Lancaster, was orator of the day. The stand for speaking was in the woods. The crowd was so great that one company of cavalry were formed in a hollow square, around the back and sides of the stand for speaking. The flies, after a three days' rain, were so troublesome that the horses kept up a constant tramping, which induced the following remark from my old friend Caleb Atwater, that evening at Lancaster: 'Well,' says he, 'I suppose it was all right to have the horses in front of the speaker's stand, for they cannot read and we can.'"

Wages on the Ohio Canal.—Governor Clinton and friends, Governor Morrow, Messrs. Rathburn and Lord, and many others were invited to visit Lancaster, where they were handsomely entertained by the citizens. They then passed north to Columbus. The Lancaster, Ohio, Bank was the first to make terms with the Fund Commissioners to receive and disburse the money, in payment of work as estimated every month, on the Roaring Canal, as the boys on the work were pleased to call it. Boys on the work—only think of it, ye eight hour men! Their wages were eight dollars per 26 working dry days, or 30⅘ cents per day, and from sunrise to sunset. They were fed well and lodged in shanties, and had their jiggers of whiskey the first four months.

Remarkable Increase in Values.—Men came from Fairfield, Hocking, Gallia, and Meigs counties, and all the country around came forward. Farmers and their sons wanted to earn this amount of wages, as it was cash, and they must have it to pay taxes and other cash expenses. Wheat sold at 25 cents per bushel, corn 12½ cents delivered in Lancaster or at distillery, oats ten cents. But before the canal was finished south of the Summit, the North End, from Dresden to Cleveland, was in operation. Then wheat sold on the canal at 75 cents per bushel, and corn rose in proportion, and then the enemies of the canal, all of whom were large landholders or large tax-payers, began to have their eyes opened. One of these I will name. A Mr. Shoemaker, of Pickaway county, below Tarlton, was a rich land-owner, and had opposed the building of the canal, as it would increase his tax, and then be a failure. This same gentleman, for such he was, told me his boys had, with one yoke of oxen and farm-cart, hauled to Circleville potatoes and sold them for forty cents per bushel, until they had more money than paid all his taxes for the year. This was an article they never had sold before, and he was now a convert

to the improvement. Wheat raised from 25 cents to $1.00 per bushel before the canal was finished.

And now let me say, as I have lived to see all to this time, the Ohio canal was the beginning of the State's prosperity."

TRAVELLING NOTES.

The Drummer Boy of Shiloh.—Newark takes pride in her reputation of having supplied the youngest and smallest recruit to the Union army, and in the person of JOHNNIE CLEM, sometimes called the Drummer Boy of Shiloh, and sometimes of Chickamauga. Lossing says he was probably the youngest person who ever bore arms in battle. His full name is John Winton Clem, but the family spell the name Klem and not Clem. He was born in Newark, August 13, 1851; and ran away from home when less than ten years of age and enlisted as a drummer boy in the army; was in many battles and won singular distinction.

Johnnie Clem's parents were French-Germans, his mother from Alsace. His father was a market-gardener and huckster, and used to send Johnnie, accompanied by his sister, Lizzie (now Mrs. Adams), two years younger, from house to house to sell vegetables. Johnnie was a universal favorite with the people, being a bright, sprightly boy, and very small of his age—only thirty inches high.

The family are now living in garden-like surroundings on the outskirts, on the Granville road, where I went to have an interview to get the facts of his history. I knocked at the side-door of an humble home. A sturdy, erect, compact little woman answered my knock, and to my query replied, "I am his sister and can tell you everything. Please take a seat and I'll be ready in a few moments." She was the Lizzie spoken of above. It was the kitchen I was in: two young children were by her side, and some pies, with their jackets on, on the table about ready for the oven, and only requiring the trimming off of the overhanging dough, which she did dextrously, twirling them on the tips of her uplifted fingers during the operation. Placing them in the oven, and then "tidying up things a little," she took a seat and thus opened up her story for my benefit, while the children in silence looked at me with wondering eyes and listened also:

LIZZIE'S NARRATIVE.

It being Sunday, May 24, 1861, and the great rebellion in progress, Johnnie said at dinner-table: "Father, I'd like mighty well to be a drummer boy. Can't I go into the Union army?" "Tut, what nonsense, boy!" replied father, "you are not ten years old." Yet when he had disappeared it is strange we had no thoughts that he had gone into the service.

When dinner was over Johnnie took charge of us, I being seven years old and our brother, Lewis, five years, and we started for the Francis de Sales Sunday-school. As it was early he left us at the church door, saying, "I will go and take a swim and be back in time." He was a fine swimmer. That was the last we saw of him for two years.

The distress of our father and step-mother at Johnnie's disappearance was beyond measure. Our own mother had met with a shocking death the year before: had been run over by a yard engine as she was crossing the track to avoid another train! No own mother could be more kind to us than was our step-mother. Father, thinking Johnnie must have been drowned, had the water drawn from the head of the canal. Mother travelled hither and yon to find him. It was all in vain. Several weeks elapsed when we heard of him as having been in Mount Vernon; and then for two years nothing more was heard and we mourned him as dead, not even dreaming that he could be in the army, he was so very small, nothing but a child.

It seems he went up on the train to Mount Vernon and appeared next day at the house of Mrs. Dennis Cochrane, an old neighbor of ours. He told her that his father had sent him there to peddle vegetables which were to come up from Newark. None arriving, Mrs. Cochrane surmised the truth, and at the end of the week, fearful he would escape, fastened to him a dog chain and put him in charge of a Newark railroad conductor to deliver to his home, which he could readily do as it was near the depot. On his arrival here he worked on the sympathies of the conductor to let him go free, saying his father would whip him dreadfully if he was delivered to him. This father wouldn't have done—he would have been but too glad to have got him.

The train carried him to Columbus, where he enlisted as a drummer boy in the 24th Ohio. Finding an uncle in that organization he left it and went as a drummer boy in the 22d Michigan. He was an expert drummer, and being a bright, cheery child, soon made

his way into the affections of officers and soldiers.

He was in many battles: at Shiloh, Perryville, Murfreesboro', Chattanooga, Chickamauga, Nashville, Kenesaw, and others, in which the army of the Cumberland was engaged. He was at one time taken prisoner down in Georgia. The rebels stripped him of everything, his clothes, his shoes, his little gun—an ordinary musket, I suppose, cut short—and his little cap. He said he did not care about anything but his cap. He did want to save that, and it hurt him sorely to part with it, for it had three bullet holes through it.

When he was exchanged as a prisoner he came home for a week. He was wasted to a skeleton. He had been starved almost to death. I was but a little thing then, but I never shall forget his dreadful corpse-like aspect when the carriage which brought him stopped at our door. He seemed like as if he was done up in a mass of rags. There were no soldier clothes small enough to fit him, and he was so small and wan and not much larger than a babe, about thirty inches high, and couldn't have weighed over sixty pounds.

He returned to the army and served on the staff of General Thomas until the close of the war. After it, he studied at West Point, but could not regularly enter as a cadet on account of his diminutive size. General Grant, however, commissioned him as a Lieutenant. He is now (1886) Captain of the 24th U. S. Infantry, and is stationed at Fort McHenry, Md. He is still small: height, only five feet, and weight, 105 pounds. He married, May 24, 1875, Annita, daughter of the late General Wm. H. French, U. S. A. Like her husband, she is under size, short and delicate; can't weigh over seventy pounds. They have had six children, only one of whom is living.

I have told you of the dreadful death of our mother, run over by a yard engine. My brother Louis, five years old on that noted Sunday, also came to a shocking end. I think father will never get over mourning for him. He grew to be very tall, full six feet, but of slender frame and feeble health. He was off West on a furlough for his health when he went with Custer, as a guest, on his last ill-fated expedition, and was with the others massacred by the Sioux, under Sitting Bull, in the battle of Little Big Horn, in Montana, June 25, 1876.

On closing her narrative Mrs. Adams showed me a portrait of her brother as a captain. He is a perfect blonde with large blue eyes, large straight nose, and a calm, amiable expression. Another as a child standing by the side of General McClennan, who looks pleased, the natural result of having such a sweet-looking little fellow by him. He was a great favorite with all the generals, as Grant, Rosecrans and Thomas, the latter keeping up with him a fatherly correspondence as long as he lived.

To the foregoing narrative from Mrs. Adams we have some items to add of his war experiences, from an equally authentic source.

When he joined the 22d Michigan, being too young to be mustered in, he went with the regiment as a volunteer, until at length he was beating the long roll in front of Shiloh. His drum was smashed by a piece of shell, which occurrence won for him the appellation of "Johnnie Shiloh," as a title of distinction for his bravery. He was afterwards regularly mustered in and served also as a marker, and with his little musket so served on the battle-field of Chattanooga. At the close of that bloody day, the brigade in which he was was partly surrounded by rebels and was retreating, when he, being unable to fall back as fast as the rest of the line, was singled out by a rebel colonel, who rode up to him with the summons, scoundrel, "Halt! surrender, you —— little Yankee!" By way of order Johnnie halted, brought his piece to the position of charge bayonet, thus throwing the colonel off his guard. In another moment the piece was cocked, fired, and the colonel fell dead from his horse. Simultaneously with this the regiment was fired into, when Johnnie fell as though he had been shot, and laid there until darkness closed in, when he arose and made his way toward Chattanooga after the rest of the army. A few days later he was taken prisoner with others whilst detailed to bring up the supply trains from Bridgeport.

When he returned to service, General Thomas was in command of the army of the Cumberland. He received him with the warmest enthusiasm, made him an orderly sergeant, and attached him to his staff. At Chickamauga he was struck with a fragment of a shell in the hip, and at Atlanta, while he was in the act of delivering a despatch from General Thomas to General Logan, when a ball struck his pony obliquely near the top of his head, killing him and wounding his fearless little atom of a rider in the right ear.

For his heroic conduct he was made a sergeant by Rosecrans, who placed him upon the Roll of Honor, and attached him to the head-quarters of the army of the Cumberland, while a daughter of Chief-Justice Chase presented him with a silver medal inscribed, "Sergeant Johnnie Clem, Twenty-second Michigan Volunteer Infantry, from N. M. C.," which he worthily wears as a priceless badge of honor upon his left breast, in connection with his Grand Army medal.

Now (1890) Captain Clem is holding the important positions of Depot Quartermaster, Depot Commissary, ordnance office, Columbus, Ohio.

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

PUBLIC SQUARE, NEWARK.

Frank Henry Howe, Photo., 1890.

PUBLIC SQUARE, NEWARK.

Granville in 1846.—Granville is six miles west of Newark on Raccoon creek, a branch of the Licking, and is connected with the Ohio canal by a side cut of six miles in length. It is a neat, well-built town, noted for the morality and intelligence of its inhabitants and its flourishing and well-conducted literary institutions. It contains 6 churches, 6 stores, 3 academies—(beside a large brick building, which accommodates in each of its stories a distinct school,—and had, in 1840, 727 inhabitants. The Granville College belongs to the Baptists, and was chartered in 1832. It is on a commanding site, one mile southwest of the village: its faculty consists of a president, two professors and two tutors. The four institutions at Granville have, unitedly, from 15 to 20 instructors, and enjoy a generous patronage from all parts of the State. When all the schools and institutions are in operation, there are, within a mile, usually from 400 to 600 scholars.—*Old Edition.*

GRANVILLE is six miles west of Newark, on the T. & O. C. R, R., about thirty-five miles from Columbus. It is the seat of Dennison University, Granville Female College and Shepardson's Institute for Women. Newspaper: *Times*, Republican, Kussmaul & Shepardson, editors and publishers. Churches: 1 Presbyterian, 1 Episcopal, 1 Baptist, 1 Welsh Congregational, and 1 Welsh Calvinistic. Bank: Granville (Wright, Sinnett & Wright), Theodore F. Wright, cashier. Population, 1880, 1,127. School census, 1888, 363. City officers, 1888: T. J. Durant, Mayor; H. A. Church, Clerk; W. J. Pond, Treasurer; Abner Evans, Marshal. Census, 1890, 1,293.

The annexed historical sketch of Granville township is from the published sketches of the Rev. Jacob Little.

In 1804 a company was formed at Granville, Mass., with the intention of making a settlement in Ohio. This, called "*the Scioto Company*," was the third of that name which effected settlements in Ohio. The project met with great favor, and much enthusiasm was elicited; in illustration of which, a song was composed and sung to the tune of "Pleasant Ohio," by the young people in the house and at labor in the field. We annex two stanzas, which are more curious than poetical.

When rambling o'er these mountains
And rocks, where ivies grow
Thick as the hairs upon your head,
'Mongst which you cannot go;
Great storms of snow, cold winds that blow,
We scarce can undergo;
Says I, my boys, we'll leave this place
For the pleasant Ohio.

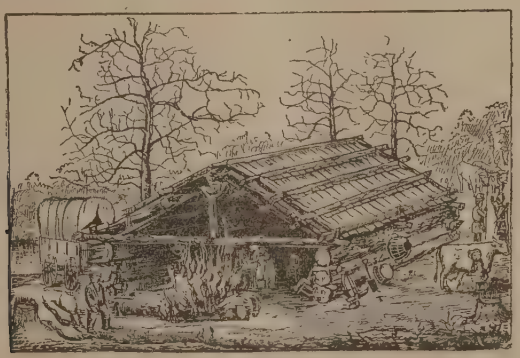
Our precious friends that stay behind,
We're sorry now to leave;
But if they'll stay and break their shins,
For them we'll never grieve;
Adieu, my friends! come on, my dears,
This journey we'll forego,
And settle Licking creek,
In yonder Ohio.

The *Scioto Company* consisted of 114 proprietors, who made a purchase of 28,000 acres. In the autumn of 1805, 234 persons, mostly from East Granville, Mass., came on to the purchase. Although they had been forty-two days on the road, their first business, on their arrival, having organized a church before they left the East, was to hear a sermon. The first tree cut was that by which public worship was held, which stood just front of the site of the Presbyterian church. On the first Sabbath, November 16, although only about a dozen trees had been cut, they held divine worship, both forenoon and afternoon, at that spot. The novelty of worshipping in the woods, the forest extending hundreds of miles every way, the hardships of the journey, the winter setting in, the fresh thoughts of home, with all the friends and privileges left behind, and the impression that such must be the accommodations of a new country, all rushed on their nerves and made this a day of varied interest. When they began to sing, the echo of their voices among the trees was so different from what it was in the beautiful meeting-house they had left, that they could no longer restrain their tears. *They wept when they remembered Zion.* The voices of part of the choir were for a season suppressed with emotion.

An interesting incident occurred, which some Mrs. Sigourney should put into a poetical dress. Deacon Theophilus Reese, a Welsh Baptist, had two or three years before built a cabin a mile and a half north, and lived all this time without public worship. He had lost his cows, and hearing a lowing of the oxen belonging to the company, set out towards them. As he ascended the hills overlooking the town-plot, he heard the singing of the choir. The reverberation of the

sound from hill-tops and trees threw the good man into a serious dilemma. The music at first seemed to be behind, then in the tops of the trees or the clouds. He stopped, till by accurate listening, he caught the direction of the sound, and went on, till passing the brow of the hill, when he saw the audience sitting on the level below. He went home and told his wife that "the promise of God is a bond;" a Welsh phrase, signifying that we have security, equal to a bond, that religion will prevail everywhere. He said "These must be good people. I am not afraid to go among them." Though he could not understand English, he constantly attended the reading meeting. Hearing the music on that occasion made such an impression on his mind, that when he became old and met the first settlers, he would always tell over this story. The first cabin built was that in which they worshipped succeeding Sabbaths, and before the close of winter they had a school and school-house. That church, in forty years, has been favored with ten revivals, and received about one thousand persons.

Morals and Religion.—The first Baptist sermon was preached in the log church by Elder Jones, in 1806. The Welsh Baptist church was organized in the cabin of David Thomas, September 4, 1808. "The Baptist church in Christ and St. Albans," was organized June 6, 1819. On the 21st of April, 1827, the Granville members were organized into "the Granville church," and the corner-stone of their church was laid September 21, 1829. In the fall, the first Methodist sermon was preached under a black walnut; the first class organized in 1810, and first church erected in 1824. An Episcopal church was organized May 9, 1827, and a church consecrated in 1838. More recently, the Welsh Congregationalists and Calvinistic Methodists have built houses of worship, making seven congregations, of whom three worship in the Welsh language. There are, in the township, 405 families, of which 214 sustain family worship; 1431



First House in Granville.

persons over 14 years of age, of whom nearly 800 belong to these several churches. The town has 150 families, of which 80 have family worship. Twenty years ago, the township furnished 40 school-teachers, and in 1846 70, of whom 62 prayed in school. In 1846, the township took 621 periodical papers, besides three small monthlies. The first temperance society west of the mountains was organized July 15, 1828, and in 1831, the Congregational church adopted a by-law, to accept no member who trafficked in or used ardent spirits.

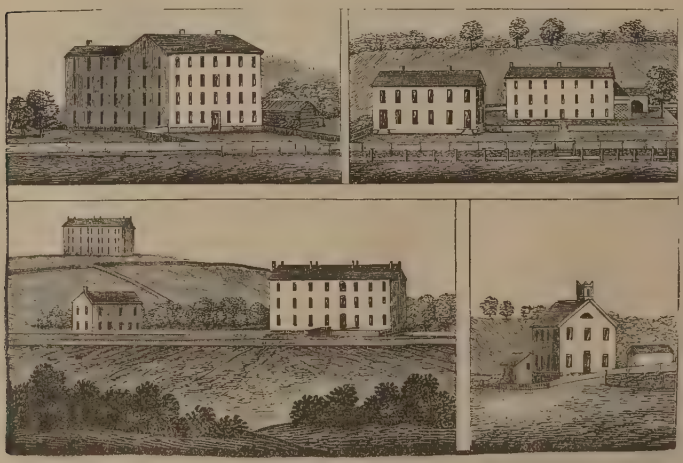
Snake Hunt.—There are but six men now living who came on with families the first fall, viz: Hugh Kelly, Roswell Graves, Elias Gillman, William Gavit, Levi and Hiram Rose. Other males, who arrived in 1805, then mostly children, and still surviving, are, Elkannah Linnel, Spencer, Thomas and Timothy Spelman, Dennis Kelly, William Jones, Franklin and Ezekiel Gavit, Cotton, Alexander and William Thrall, Augustine Munson, Amos Carpenter, Timothy, Samuel, Heland, Lemuel, C. C. and Hiram P. Rose, Justin and Truman Hillyer, Silvanus, Gideon, Isaac and Archibald Cornel, Simeon and Alfred Avery, Frederick More, Worthy Pratt, Ezekiel, Samuel and Truman Wells, Albert, Mitchell, Joshua, Knowles and Benjamin Linnel, Lester and Hiram Case, Harry and Lewis Clemens, Leverett, Harry and Charles Butler, and Titus Knox: which, added to the others, make forty-one persons.

When Granville was first settled, it was supposed that Worthington would be the capital of Ohio, between which and Zanesville, this would make a great half-way town. At this time, snakes, wolves and Indians abounded in this region. On the pleasant spring mornings, large numbers of snakes were found running on the flat stones. Upon prying up the stones, there was found a singular fact respecting the social nature of serpents. Dens were found containing very discordant materials, twenty or thirty rattlesnakes, black-snakes and copper-heads, all coiled up together. Their liberal terms of

SHEPARDSON'S COLLEGE FOR WOMEN.

GRANVILLE FEMALE COLLEGE.

DENNISON BAPTIST UNIVERSITY, LITERARY INSTITUTIONS, GRANVILLE, 1890.



Drawn by Henry Howe.

LITERARY INSTITUTIONS, GRANVILLE, 1846.

On left lower is the Baptist College; on the right lower Male Academy; on left upper Presbyterian Female Seminary; and on right upper Episcopal Female Seminary.

admission only seemed to require evidence of snakeship. Besides various turnouts to kill them, the inhabitants had one general hunt. Elias Gillman and Justin Hillyer were the captains, who chose sides, and the party beaten were to pay three gallons of whiskey. Tradition is divided as to the number killed that day. Some say 300. They killed that year between 700 and 800 rattle-snakes and copper-heads, keeping no account of the black and other harmless serpents. The young men would seize them by the neck and thrash them against the trees, before they had time to bite or curl round their arms. The copper-head, though smaller, was much more feared. The rattle-snake was larger, sooner seen, and a true Southerner, always living up to the laws of honor. He would not bite without provocation, and by his rattles gave the challenge in an honorable way. Instead of this well-bred warfare, the copper-head is a wrathy little felon, whose ire is always up, and he will make at the hand or foot in the leaves or grass before he is seen, and his bite is as poisonous as that of his brother of the larger fang. The young men tested his temper, and found that in his wrath he would bite a red-hot coal. Very few were bitten by the rattle-snake, and all speak well of his good disposition and gentlemanly manners; but so many were bitten in consequence of the fractious temper of the copper-head, that he has left no one behind him to sound a note in his praise.

The limb bitten became immediately swollen, turned the color of the snake, and the patient was soon unable to walk. In some cases the poison broke out annually, and in others the limb was exposed to frequent swellings. After all that was suffered from poisonous reptiles, it was proved to a demonstration that no animal is so poisonous as man. Carrying more poison in his mouth than any other creature, he can poison a venomous serpent to death, quicker than the serpent can him. Martin Root and two other young men, chopping together, saw a rattle-snake, set a fork over his neck, and put in his mouth a new quid from one of their mouths. They raised the fork, and the poor creature did not crawl more than his length before he convulsed, swelled up and died, poisoned to death by virus from the mouth of one of the lords of creation. Deacon Hayes and Worthy Pratt tried the same experiment upon copper-heads, with the same results. Many others killed venomous reptiles in the same way, and one man pretended that, by the moderate use, he had taught a copper-head to take tobacco without injury.

An Early Traveller's Visit to Granville.

From the narrative of the visit to the American churches by the divines, Reed and Matheson, deputies from the Congregational Union of England and Wales, published in 1835, we make an extract descriptive of the religious state of Granville as they found it. It was certainly an unique community: it is doubtful if in the entire Union then—and much less so now—was there another like it. The writer of this account was Rev. Dr. Reed. The pastor of whom he speaks was the Rev. Jacob Little, the author of the foregoing historical sketch, who ministered here from 1828 to 1864, over thirty-seven years, as we learn from Rev. Henry Bushnell's valuable History of Granville, recently published.

Some of the new-made towns present a delightfully religious aspect. Of these, I might name Columbus, Zanesville and Granville. The first has 3,000 persons, 3 churches, and 5 ministers. The second has 3,200 persons and 6 churches; and Granville is a small town, which I believe is wholly religious. As a settlement it deserves notice.

It was made by a party of ninety persons from New England. On arriving at this spot they gave themselves to prayer, that they might be directed in choosing their resting-place in the wilderness and enjoy the blessing of God. At first they rested with their little ones in the wagons; and the first permanent building they erected was a church. The people retain the simple and pious manners of their fathers.

They all go to church, and there are four hundred in a state of communion. They give $1,000 a year to religious institutions. One plain man, who never allowed himself the luxury of a set of fire-irons, besides what he does at home, gives $100 a year to religious objects. The present pastor is a devoted man and very prosperous in the care of his flock. Some of his little methods are peculiar, and might be objectionable or impracticable elsewhere. He meets his people in districts once a week in turn for instruction. He keeps an alphabetical list of the members, and places each name opposite a day of the month throughout the year, and on that day all the church are to pray for that member.

He has overseers in the districts, who are to make an entry of all points of conduct under separate heads during the year, and to furnish full reports to him at its close. This report, and the names of the parties, he reads from the pulpit, with rebuke or commendation, and the year begins afresh.

Every one, therefore, knows that he is subject to report, and in a small community, where there is neither power nor will to resist, it must act as a strong restraint. Of course, the drunkard, the fornicator, the Sabbath-

breaker, are not found here; and what is yet better, on the last report there was only one family that had not domestic worship.

The Granville Riot.

In 1834 the *anti-slavery* movement was first agitated in Granville township. Theodore D. Weld, after a narrow escape from death by drowning, arrived in Granville, Friday, April 3, 1835. He had been an agent of the American Colonization Society in Alabama, an inmate of Judge Birney's family, and was one of forty-two young men, who, influenced by the reputation of Dr. Beecher, had gathered at Lane Seminary to study for the ministry. Not satisfied with the position taken by that institution on the anti-slavery question, they had left in a body.

He lectured at the conference-room of the Congregational Society, and the mob pelted him and his audience with eggs, not sparing the ladies. On another occasion he was addressing an audience from a window of a private dwelling-house—every public building in the village being closed against him—the male portion of his hearers were in the enclosed yard about the house, when a man in the crowd was heard muttering threats against the speaker. One of the Whiteheads, of Jersey, a man of great strength, stepped quietly up to the disturber, and grasping him under one arm, lifted him over the picket-fence and set him down in the street, saying, "There, my little man, keep quiet! We do not allow such language in the yard. Do not make any noise." The meeting proceeded without further disturbance.

Thursday, April 27, 1836, the Ohio State Anti-Slavery Convention held its anniversary in Granville. No room could be obtained for it in the village. A remonstrance was signed by seventy-five men—including the mayor, recorder, and members of the council—many of them prominent citizens and of two classes: those who abominated abolition and those whose motive was to avoid a disturbance of the peace.

The anti-slavery party yielded so far as not to meet in the village, and gathered in a large barn owned by Mr. A. A. Bancroft. This they named "The Hall of Freedom."

The day of the Convention the village was crowded with men of opposing factions. The anti-slavery faction was headed by such men as President Mahan and Professor Cowles, of Oberlin College; Hon. J. G. Birney, of Cincinnati, and kindred spirits. The other, numbering about 200 men, was a miscellaneous mob gathered from all parts of the county and without definite plan or leaders. They tried to get a militia captain to organize and lead them, but failed; they spent the day in harangues, in *bobbing* abolitionists' horses, and in drilling by squads.

The mayor purposely absented himself that day, and the constable declined to act until the afternoon brought violence.

The abolitionists quietly assembled and proceeded with their business. Word was sent to them that if they did not adjourn by a given time, they would be assailed. They determined on self-defence, if attacked, and Mr. Bancroft, with a log-chain, secured the gate leading to the barn, thus making it necessary for assailants to scale the fence. A load of hoop-poles was brought from James Langdon's cooper-shop; each one was cut in two, affording an abundant supply of shillalahs in case of necessity.

At 2 P. M. the Convention had finished its business and adjourned *sine die*. In the meanwhile the mob had gathered in the village, at the corner of Prospect and Broad streets, and were prepared to meet the members of the Convention as they came up the street in procession, with the ladies' school of Misses Grant and Bridges (which had suspended for the day to attend the Convention) in the centre.

The two crowds came in collision. A part of the mob gave way and allowed the procession to move partially through its outskirts; but the mass of them resisted, and the procession was crowded into the middle of the street. As the excitement increased the mob began to hoot and cry for Samuel White and William Whitney—abolition lecturers conspicuous among the escort.

The procession closed in together and quickened their pace as the mob pressed upon them. One prominent citizen was heard to shout, "Egg the squaws!" Eggs and other missiles began to fly. Efforts were made to trip the ladies in the procession.

Near the centre of the town a student of the college and a lady he was escorting were pushed into a ditch. Hastening to place the lady among friends, the student returned, found his assailant, and knocked him down. This incident precipitated a general free fight. The student made a gallant fight, laying several of the mob in the dust before he was overpowered by numbers. At the rear of the procession a furnace man got an abolitionist down, and was pounding him unmercifully, when a citizen interfered, crying, "Get off; you're killing him!" "Wh-wh-why," said the man, who was a stammerer, "I s'posed I'd g-g-got to k-k-kill him, and he 'aint d-d-dead yet!" and he gave him another blow. A little farther on, several of the mob had laid hands on two of the young ladies. Citizens endeavored to hold back the mob and protect them until they could reach

places of safety, when one of them sank to the ground from fright, but soon gained courage enough to flee to a place of refuge.

The march had changed to the double-quick and almost a rout. But the ladies all reached places of safety, as did most of the men. Individual abolitionists were caught and assaulted. Eggs were thrown and there was more or less personal injury. Mr. Anderson, the constable, came upon the scene of action on horseback, and sought to use his authority. He was very unceremoniously dragged from his horse and treated with indignity. The closing scene was the ride of Judge Birney past the mob, now re-assembling at the hotel. He started from Dr. Bancroft's, on his awfully *bobbed* horse, rode slowly by the mob, while they pelted him on every side with eggs; and when past the reach of their missiles, he put spurs to his horse, and in that plight rode out of town. An immediate reaction followed this outbreak, and the citizens were filled with shame that such violence should be done in their midst. The same evening an abolition meeting was held in the stone school-house on the Welsh Hills, without molestation. The abolition party received great accessions as a result of the day's work, and soon Granville became a well-known station on the Great Northwestern Underground Railroad.

TRAVELLING NOTES.

GRANVILLE is, perhaps, the most peculiar, unique village in the State. It was for a long period "a chunk" of the old-time New England set down in Central Ohio. There is much in the place to remind one of those ancient days, especially in the graveyards. Granville, at this hour, is a spot where learning welcomes you as you enter, looks down upon you from the hills as you pass through, and bids you farewell as you leave at the farther end. In other words, at each end of the main street is a female seminary, while on a hill, overlooking all, stands Dennison University.

I came over from Newark Thursday afternoon, June 17th, in a hack—a ride of six miles through the broad and beautiful valley of the Raccoon. I noticed some fine elms on the margin of wheat-fields; one of perfect symmetry, shaped like a weeping-willow. The Ohio elm has not the height nor the grandeur of the New England elm. Entering the village about 4 P. M., I found it to be class-day at the greeting institution. The exercises were over, but on the lawn, under the trees, was a bevy of maidens in white, with one gray-bearded patriarch among them —probably the teaching sire of the flock. The village street was ornamented with the moving figures of the nymphs, and, entering a photograph gallery, I found it filled with them, looking their prettiest for their sun pictures.

Granville is mainly on a single street called Broadway, 100 feet wide from curb to curb. It is well lined with trees, while the dwellings stand well back, half concealed in masses of shrubbery. The village has a peculiar air of refined neatness and purity, rendering it one of the sweetest spots I know of anywhere. The Baptist Church in its centre is a structure of unusual beauty: it is in Gothic architecture, and built of light-blue limestone from Sandusky. The Welsh Baptists and the New England Congregationalists alike got a good grip upon this favored spot when the century was young.

The next morning, by a gentle-winding path, I went up the hill that overhangs the village, on which stands the University, and resting under some trees enjoyed the scene. I looked down upon the nestling village below me with its rising spires, and then stretching for miles away the broad and beautiful valley of the Raccoon, a rolling landscape of gentle hills, with here and there golden wheat-fields in a setting of livid green —there were farms, forests and sentinel trees upon the slopes and in the meadows of the valley, while over all was the tender blue sky and floating cumulus snowy-white clouds to flit their shadows. And life was around me, the moving figures of refined-looking youths and maidens on the grassy hill-side, their laughing voices gladdening the air as they passed by me to the college chapel. Presently the sound of music arose from therein, then died away, and the day wore on, calmly wore on over a picture of earthly beauty. The strange, unknown people who built the ancient works knew the superlative attractions of this favored valley, and from here to Newark, for a space of six miles, have left numerous monuments of their labors, showing it was once densely populated.

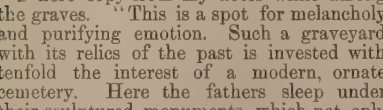
A DAY AMONG THE GRAVES.

Excepting that at Marietta I know of no ancient graveyard in Ohio to compare in interest with that at Granville. It is called the "Old Burying Ground," and was established in 1805. It is in the valley, within five minutes walk of the

centre of the village, contains three acres, and is partly enclosed by a stone wall. I visited it June 18, in company with Mr. Chas. W. Bryant, President of the Granville Historical Society.

The dead who lie buried here are about 2,000 in number, thus nearly doubling the living population of the village. The spot is thickly dotted with grave stones, largely sandstone slabs, many of the older ones with elaborately carved artistic, eccentric devices and quaint inscriptions. Many of the stones are leaning over and in varied directions, making it evident that their friends, whose duty it is to keep them in order, have also passed away or gone hence. Sunken graves abound densely carpeted with myrtle, concealing the treacherous hollows beneath, and rendering careful footsteps in certain places a necessity.

I here copy from my notes while among the graves. "This is a spot for melancholy and purifying emotion. Such a graveyard with its relics of the past is invested with tenfold the interest of a modern, ornate cemetery. Here the fathers sleep under their sculptured monuments, which not only preserve the art of their time, but give the theological ideas and the simple-hearted culture which guided their lives and made them a strong, heroic people. This place, with its never-ending lesson of the brevity of life, with its dilapidated leaning stones and time-eaten inscriptions, should be held sacred by the villagers with the same sort of veneration as that which puts a continued watch over the most famous of all graves—that of Shakespeare.


GOOD FRIEND FOR IESVS SAKE FORBEARE,
TO DIGG THE DVST ENCLOASED HEARE:
BLESTE BE Y MAN Y SPARES THES STONES,
AND CVRST BE HE Y MOVES MY BONES.

"Such are the thoughts I pencil upon the spot in the sun of a fine June morning, with a persistent robin singing from a cedar hard bye, joined in with an occasional note from a Baltimore oriole, whose whereabouts I am unable to learn. I write seated upon the edge of the base of an overturned slab, which is elaborately carved in alto-relievo on top with vase and cloth. The slab lies buried flat in the grass and myrtle growth, and with all due respect to the memory of her who lies buried here I rest my feet upon the inscription, which reads:

"'Sacred to the memory of Mrs. Abigail Boardman, relict of Moses Boardman, who departed this life Feb. 1st, 1820, in the 51st year of her age.

"'To the grave her children resigned her consoled with the assured hope that her departed spirit is at rest with Christ, and that in the resurrection of the dead she will be raised and appear with him in glory.'

"The tears shed for her demise have long been exhaled. The grass of sixty-six successive years has come and gone from over this spot. That of the present year now dots the graveyard in picturesque cones of fragrance, while a tethered cow six rods away is busy swinging her tail and gathering sustenance from the cropped herbage in the little vale on the margin of the place. Blessings upon old muley, who teaches by example the virtues of meekness and humility!

"In this venerated spot lie buried, not only several soldiers of the American Revolution, but at least one of the old French and Indian war who, for aught we know, was with Wolfe at the storming of Quebec. On his stone is inscribed:

"'Jonathan Benjamin, died August 26th, 1841, aged 102 years, and 10 months, and 12 days.—Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, yea saith the Spirit that they may rest from their labors and their works do follow them.'"

This ends my notes in the graveyard. Mr. Bryant, who was the Old Mortality of this region, had copied into a book all the inscriptions that could be deciphered, and therein they are numbered, 928 in all. Among them are those of the parents of HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT, the historian of the Pacific coast.

We copy a few inscriptions from his book. The first is that of Deacon Rose. It gives interesting personal items. The old style graveyards are rich in history and biography, for the lack of which the modern cemetery is shorn of one great source of interest and instruction.

"Erected to the memory of Deacon Lemuel Rose, who died September 13, 1835, aged 71 years and 4 months. Born in Granville, Mass. A Revolutionary soldier. Emigrated with the first company of settlers. Drove the first team on the town-plot. Led the devotions of the first Sabbath assembly. Was twenty-two years deacon of the Granville Congregational Church. Was faithful, consistent, generous. His graces shone with a brighter and brighter lustre till his death."

A large number of the inscriptions are of children, some of which I copy entirely and others only their elegial verse.

No. 928. An infant son of Eliza and Clarissa Abbot, died October 21, 1824.

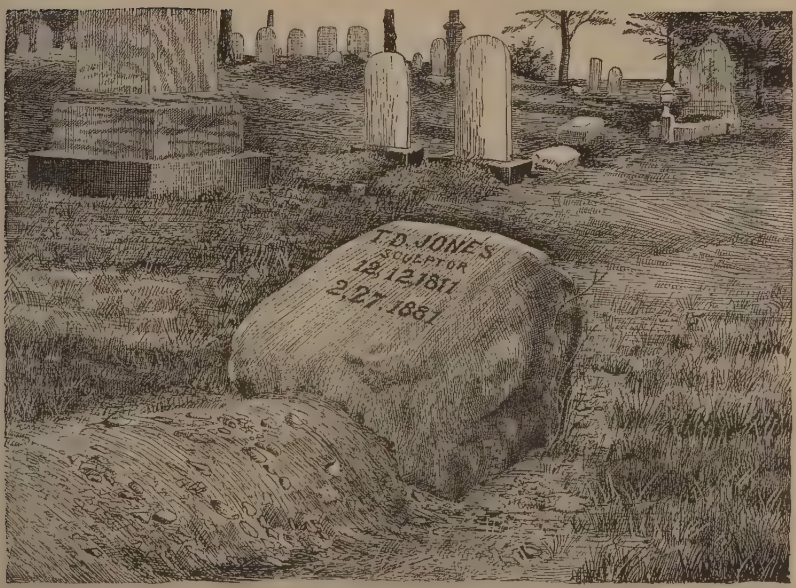
Joyless sojourner was I,
Only born to gasp and die.

No. 694. Norman William, son of Aaron and Phœbe Bean, died July 12, 1828, aged 18 months and 13 days:

The Saviour called me from the earth
Ere I engaged in sinful mirth,

From Photograph by Elliott, Columbus.

PORTRAIT OF T. D. JONES, SCULPTOR.



S. P. Tresize, Photo., Granville.

THE WELSH HILLS BURYING-GROUND.

To sing with saints in ceaseless light,
Around the throne with cherubs bright;
Where babes like me are ever blest
And in the arms of Jesus rest!

No. 547.

The Gardener came and with one stroke
He from the root the offspring took,
Took from the soil wherein it grew
And hid it from the parents' view.

No. 557.

Oh, William, dear, my darling child,
The treasure of my heart;
Why was it that I should be called
With thee so soon to part?

No. 597.

Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter day,
A journey to the tomb.

No. 763. Sereno Wright also talks from the grave:

O poor worm of the dust and food for worms!
Reader! the same, the same fate awaits thee too;
And soon, too soon, that such a being ever lived
Will not be known.

No. 871. To the memory of Samuel Thrall, Jr., who died February 10, 1830, aged 42 years:

Oh, think not that you are safe when in your health:
The kick of a horse was the means of my death.

No. 668.

To home, my friends; dry up your tears;
For I shall rise when Christ appears.

From the old burying-ground Mr. Bryant drove me to the WELSH HILLS CEMETERY. What is called the Welsh quarter comprises the northeastern part of Granville and goes under the general name of the Welsh Hills. Mr. Bryant told me that the Welsh were fast losing their national characteristic: the young people go much to other churches. The Welsh I have met seemed to me a wiry people with thoughtful faces, and with a capacity for the best sort of things. A fat, pussy, flabby Welshman is a *rara avis*.

The artistic work on the Granville sandstone monuments was largely done by two Welsh stone-cutters, one Hughes and my old friend "Poor Tom Jones," whom, from his genius, Donn Piatt called "an inspired stone-cutter." He began on monuments before essaying busts. Mr. Bryant showed me a statuette, the first work of art by Jones other than on monuments. It is the bust of an old man cut from a block of sandstone, wearing spectacles, cravat, and hat, and quite comic in character.

It is an interesting historical fact that in this very township were two such diverse colonies as Yankees and Welshmen, each equally strong in religion, only differing in the use of the kind of words in which they expressed their ideas and the use of water in church ministrations, for these were Welsh *Baptists*. Alike in their hearts, they could but acknowledge the force of the truth so touchingly told in the verse of Longfellow in the last utterance of Sir Humphrey Gilbert:

"He sat upon the deck,
The book was in his hand;
Do not fear: 'Heaven is near,'
He said, 'by *water* as by land.'"

Hitching the horse at the gate we entered the cemetery, whereupon myriads of grasshoppers arose at every step and literally came "as grasshoppers for multitude," and such that no man could number. They appeared to have been holding a levee just there, which was a sandy, sun-exposed spot. I know of no creature that gets so much hilarity out of short jumps as the grasshopper; the toad is altogether too solemn and contemplative, and when at last he decides to go it is but a feeble accomplishment.

In the old style graveyards of our fathers at the East, they being generally located upon poor sandy soil, grasshoppers, I found, used to abound. So that the grasshopper has naturally a graveyard association, even if we did not find it scripturally so.

"*And the* GRASSHOPPER *shall be a burden, and desire shall fail; because man goeth to his long home and the mourners go about the streets.*"

The cemetery is on the summit of a very high hill, an expansive lonely spot, with a grand out-look of miles to the east-southeast over a magnificent pastoral region. I am told that Granville is the banner township of Ohio in its number of sheep and cattle, and

from the looks of the country around me I could well believe it.

We early came to a large marble slab, six feet by three feet, one end upon the ground and the other resting upon a pile of stones, about four feet high, sloping like a roof. On its upturned face was this inscription :

On this spot was erected in 1809 the first meeting-house of the Welsh Hills Baptist Church. Here also was organized in 1811 the Muskingum Baptist Association. The church was organized some forty rods east in the cabin of David Thomas, September 4, 1808, with the following members, viz. :

Theophilus Rees,	Elizabeth Rees,
David Thomas,	Mary Thomas,
Thomas Powell,	Elizabeth James,
David Lobdell,	Joshua Lobdell,

Nathan Allyn.

Near this is the monument of the Deacon Theophilus Rees, the pioneer of the Welsh colony, of whom is given a pleasant anecdote on page 329. The inscription is as follows :

In memory of Theophilus Rees, who died February 16, 1814, aged 67 years. He was a native of Caermarthenshire, near Mildrem, South Wales.

"Poor Tom Jones," the sculptor, died in Columbus, and was brought here for burial among the scenes of his boyhood. Near the summit is his burial spot, his monument, a huge granite boulder, his own device, with the simple inscription, as shown : "T. D. Jones, sculptor, 12-12-1811 ; 2-27-1881." His father, a farmer, had several sons. He gave each the middle name of David.

The best known work of Jones is the LINCOLN MEMORIAL in the rotundo of the State House at Columbus, for which he was commissioned by the Ohio Monument Association. It was unveiled January 19, 1870, and is fourteen feet in height.

On its centre face is carved in alto-rilievo the scene of the surrender at Vicksburg, July 4, 1863, of Pemberton to Grant, each of whom are shown accompanied by their principal officers. It is surmounted by a colossal bust of Lincoln of pure white Carrara marble. On its base stands forth Lincoln's simple grand request :

Care for him who shall have borne the battle, and his widow and his orphans.

Tom Jones truly was "an inspired stone-cutter." I knew Tom well. He was a fellow-townsman of mine in Cincinnati for many years. In person he was rather short, powerfully built, with dark complexion, strong features, and walked the streets with a quick, firm, well-accented tread, showing he meant to "get there." He sculptured more busts of our eminent men, such as Chase, Seward, Lincoln, etc., than probably any other artist, and his work was masterly. His nature was eminently social. He was an amusing, interesting talker, enjoyed a good laugh, and was replete with anecdotes of the noted characters whom he had for sitters and whose lips he managed to unseal for the outpouring of words of wisdom and humanity.

Our early artists had generally but a sorry time, and Tom was no exception. To wed Art was to make one a polygamist, for he had to take with her another bride, *Poverty*. Tom's struggle for existence rendered his last days melancholy and he died a poor, broken-hearted man.

There were some graves on this Welsh ground that rather surprised me, evidently those of young people. They were bordered with clam shells, the rounded sides upwards. Others were framed with bits of white marble, with gravel stones over the graves instead of turf or flowers. Still others there were sprinkled over with bits of marble. It is common in Wales to adorn graves with bright stones and shells from the sea, disposed in the form of a cross and otherwise. The soil in rocky places on the coast is often too scant for even flowers, and their bloom is at best but transient, while stones and shells abound there to please the eye the entire year around.

The inscription below from a neat marble shaft was the last one I copied. While so engaged I was interrupted by a visit from a slender, nimble little black dog, a stranger, all joy in this sad place, who came up to be petted, and, succeeding, then rolled over just once in the grass and so suddenly disappeared I think he must have been a spirit.

John V., son of John and Catherine Price. Born July 26, 1843. Died March 24, 1867. Aged 23 years, 7 months, 28 days.

Sickness was my portion,
Medicine was my food ;
Groans was my devotion,
Drugs did me no good.

The Lord took pity on me,
Because he saw it best,
And took me to his bosom,
And now my soul is at rest.

In my youth in my historical tours over the different States of the East it was my habit to visit the old graveyards and copy inscriptions. It was a melancholy sort of pleasure, but refining and instructive. One exceeding common was :

Remember, stranger, as you pass by,
As you are now, so once was I ;
As I am now you soon must be,
Therefore prepare to follow me.

This inscription is not to my knowledge in any place in Ohio, excepting on a gravestone in Serpent Mound Park, in Adams county, and to that some profane wag has added :

To follow you I am not content
Until I learn which way you went.

Another inscription also very common in olden times at the East I know of but in one place in Ohio, and that is in the old Method-

ist Burying-Ground at Worthington, which was settled in 1803 by the same sort of people as Granville. My attention was called to it by one of Ohio's ancient inhabitants, Gen. Joseph Geiger, of Columbus, whose funny speeches on the stump in the Whig campaigns of 1840 and later made him laughingly known all over Ohio. Mrs. Pearce's inscription was copied direct from the stone by Mr. J. M. Milne, July 19, 1890, and it is now put where her memory will last longer than her monument.

Died, Sept. 7, 1847, Sarah, wife of Wm. Pearce, aged 59 years.

Sarah Pierce is my name,
Baltimore county is my nation,
Ohio is my dwelling-place,
And Christ is my salvation.

Now I am dead and in my grave,
Where all my bones are rotten;
When this you see remember me
Lest I should be forgotten.

Dismissing the line learned in childhood that came obtruding into my mind while I was there, viz., that "Taffy was a Welshman," I left with Mr. Bryant to see the Alligator. It is a mound so called from its form. It is about a mile below Granville, on a spur of land on the south side of the valley of the Raccoon. It has been thus described:

"Its extreme length is 205 feet; average height is 4 feet, parts of it being 6 feet. The greatest breadth of body is 20 feet and the length of legs or paws is 25 feet, the ends being broader than the links, as if the spread of the toes was indicated. The superstructure is of clay, which must have been brought from a distance. Upon the inner side of the effigy and about 20 feet from it is a raised space covered with stones which have been exposed to the action of fire, denominated an altar, and from this leading to the top is a narrow graded way now barely traceable."

Prof. Wilson, in his work on pre-historic man, describes this effigy and says "that it symbolizes some object of especial awe or veneration, thus reared on one of the 'high places' of the nation, with its accompanying altar on which the ancient people of the valley could witness the rites of their worship, its site having been obviously selected as the most prominent natural feature in a populous district abounding with military, civic and religious structures."

Squier and Davis say it is analogous to the Serpent Mound in Adams county.

We walked up to the summit of the rounded hill by an easy ascent, and there again before us was the same magnificent valley I have before described, its patches of golden wheat in the soft repose of the lengthening shadows of the June afternoon. As my eye took in the peaceful scene I felt I was enveloped in the glory of our world.

There was little to be seen of the Alligator, the place was so overgrown with herbage, especially hoarhound, "enough," said Mr. Bryant, in a professional way, for he was a druggist, "to cure all the colds in the United States." Hoarhound is in some places cultivated by old ladies in their gardens. It is about two feet in height and looks not unlike catnip, indeed, belongs to the same family. It was in blossom. It blooms earlier than the catnip, is about two feet high and has a leaf only about half the size of the other, but has no such startling exhilarating effect upon puss.

From the Alligator we passed to Maple Grove, the new cemetery near the village, laid out about 1864, a very pleasant spot, with handsome monuments, a profusion of evergreens and luxuriant junipers full fifteen feet in height and in perfect graceful symmetry. Also a new feature—low, bush-like trees, say twenty feet in height, completely enveloped in an outer garb of wild grapevines, hanging to the ground and affording underneath an enticing arbor from the noonday heat.

Thus ended my day among the graves. Shortly after my visit my obliging, gentlemanly companion, in the very prime of his life, fell sick unto death, when he, too, became a tenant of a grave.

BIOGRAPHY.

HOMER, near the north line of the county, has produced some much-noted characters. From Homer went ZENOPHON WHEELER, a Judge of the Supreme Court of Tennessee. At Homer were passed the boyhood days of the ROSECRANS —the General and Bishop Rosecrans. The father of these two eminent men was Crandall Rosecrans, of Amsterdam ancestry; the name in Dutch signifies a "wreath of roses." Their mother was Jemima Hopkins, of the family of the Timothy Hopkins whose trembling signature appears on the Declaration of Independence. They emigrated from the Wyoming valley to Ohio in 1808. The family lived in a double cabin.

While other boys were at play, they were noted for their studious habits. The general from youth was interested in religious study. He possessed an extraordinary memory, being able to commit almost entire books. The family were Methodists, but he was eventually converted to Catholicism, and influenced his younger brother, Sylvester Horton.

to also adopt that faith. The latter graduated at Kenyon with distinguished honor, and died at Columbus in 1878, at the age of 51 years. "Bishop ROSECRANS' life was one of great simplicity and self-denial. All that he had he gave to the poor, and he was often obliged to walk long distances, even when in delicate health, because he had not the money to pay his car-hire. All the money that was in his possession at his death was two silver half-dollars."

In Homer, for a term of years, lived the CLAFLIN family, out of whose loins came those two women of strange, inexplicable career, then known respectively as Victoria and Tennie C. Claflin—the one now Lady Bidulph Martin, and the other Lady Frances Cook, and Viscountess of Montserrat as well, who live to-day in London in great wealth and high social distinction. No one could have anticipated such an outcome for two poor girls from a small Ohio village.

A lady of high respectability, now living in Newark, who was a school-mate with the daughters, and a neighbor breathing the same Homeric air, upon whom we called for information, said to us:

"The parents were originally, I believe, from Pennsylvania, the children born in Homer. The father went by the name of Buck Claflin. He was a lawyer in a small way, and owned a saw-mill. The mother was a German woman and a religious enthusiast. At revivals she was accustomed to walk up and down the aisle of the Methodist Church, of which she was a member, clap her hands, and shout, 'Alleluiah!' At other times she dropped down on her knees in her garden and prayed in tones that went out over the neighborhood. This was about the year 1852. The children were curiously named—Queen Victoria, Utica Vantitia, Tennessee Celeste; a babe that died Odessa Malvina, and two sons respectively Malden and Hebron. The last became a cancer doctor, travelled, and placarded the towns as Judge Hebron, the great cancer doctor. Victoria was then about 14 and Tennessee about 8 years old. There was nothing especially marked in these girls in intellectuality, that I could discover. The family were considered as a queer, slip-shod set; never did anything like other people. To illustrate: They used sometimes to send to our house for milk; instead of a bucket, they brought a green glass flask, which provoked my mother, who found it difficult to pour milk through a nozzle. The family were disliked exceedingly, when there came a catastrophe—the saw-mill, which had been insured, was burned. How the fire originated was a mystery. Upon this, the clamor against them became so strong that one night they left the town."

Another and a good authority, writing to us from Homer, says:

"Buckman Claflin and family came from Pennsylvania about the year 1844. He was a man of much native genius, and became postmaster at Homer, and built a large, splendid grist-mill, and his daughters, Victoria and Tennessee, were ladies of unusual charms."

There died in Homer, April 28, 1889, WILLIAM KNOWLES, at the age of 83 years, where he had long been a resident. He was born in England, emigrated when a young man, and was always poor in purse, but rich in Christian faith, and for a long time brightened the toilsome labor of making brooms for the support of a large family by venturing on airy flights in the realms of poetry. One of his poems, "Betsy and I are One," a sequel to Carleton's "Betsy and I are Out," appeared in the Toledo *Blade*, and received wide commendation. In a volume preserving the results of his winged excursions is another, wherein he epitomizes his own thoughts in the way of the desirable.

WHEN MY SHIP COMES HOME.

By William Knowles.

I'm building a splendid castle,
With marble walls—and a dome;
'Twill be finished in the summer—
When my ship comes home.

I'll have beautiful statues and paintings
From famous old Greece and Rome;
And costly carpets and mirrors—
When my ship comes home.

I'll have a grand old library,
With many a rare old tome,
Where I can feast with the Muses—
When my ship comes home.

I'll have enchanting gardens,
Where beauty delights to roam;
With flowers, and fountains, and grottos—
When my ship comes home.

I'll have carriages, horses, and servants,
Who all at my bidding will come;
I'll have pastures for sheep and for cattle—
When my ship comes home.

The good ship Phantom sailed
Full fifty years ago;
My old friend Hope is the Captain,
She'll soon be home, I know.

She has frequently doubled the cape,
Where the wild hurricanes blow;
Her crew are all brave and light-hearted—
She will soon be in harbor, I know.

She is freighted with untold treasure,
A rainbow is spanning her bow;
She's been gallantly plowing the ocean,
And is homeward bound ere now.

Strong head winds have kept her from landing,
Till my head is as white as the snow;
There she comes through the foam of the breakers!
She will soon be in harbor, I know.

What hosts of kind friends then will meet me
Beneath my magnificent dome;
And beauty will smile as she greets me,
When my wonderful ship comes home.

The needy shall feast on my bounty,
The wolf fly from every door;
There shall not be a tear in the county,—
I'll be rich in the prayers of the poor.

Oh Fancy! Thou friend of the beggar!
On thy wings let me soar as I sing,
And though poor as Job's bony old turkey,
I'm happier than many a king.

A portrait of Mr. Knowles, before us, fully bears out the concluding verse of his poem. It is the full front face of a happy old man, looking directly in yours; at peace with earth and heaven, and who feels to his inmost heart—

"My conscience is my crown;
Contented thoughts my rest;
My heart is happy in itself;
My bliss is in my breast.

I feel no care of coin;
Well-doing is my wealth;
My mind to me a kingdom is,
While grace affordeth wealth."

JUSTICE WILLIAM BURNHAM WOODS, of the United States Supreme Court, who died in Washington, May 14, 1887, was born in Newark, Ohio, August 3, 1824. He graduated at Western Reserve College, Hudson, Ohio, in 1841, and from Yale in 1845, being the valedictorian at Yale. Two years later he was admitted to the bar and his oratorical powers attracted such attention that he was elected mayor of Newark in 1855, and sent to the Ohio Legislature in 1857 as a Democrat, being speaker in 1858–9. As the leader on the Democratic side, April 18, 1861, he succeeded in supporting the war loan to put Ohio on the defensive and had the vote made unanimous. In the following November he became lieutenant-colonel of the Seventy-sixth Ohio regiment. He served until the war closed, when he was mustered out with the rank of brigadier-general and brevet major-general. He was mustered out in Alabama, where he located and was a leading Republican. Returning to legal duties and political life, he was chosen a state chancellor for six years, but after serving in this position for two years was appointed circuit judge of the United States Court for the Fifth district, which office he held while residing in Mobile for a number of years. His promotion to the United States Supreme Court was made by President Hayes in 1880, and this position he filled most satisfactorily. He participated in the battles of Fort Donelson, Pittsburg Landing, Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post (in which he was slightly wounded), Resaca, Dallas, Atlanta (July 22 and 28), Jonesboro, Lovejoy Station and Bentonville, and in the sieges of Vicksburg and Jackson and in many minor affairs and skirmishes.

CHARLES ROBERT WOODS, his brother, was born in Newark, February 19, 1827, and died there, February 26, 1885. He graduated at West Point; served on the frontier till the outbreak of the war. He was appointed Colonel of the Seventy-sixth O. V. I., October 13, 1861; was at Fort Donelson and Shiloh; commanded a brigade at the siege of Corinth; led a brigade at Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge. He was promoted for bravery at Arkansas Post, and mustered out of the volunteer service in 1866, a brevet major-general. He was familiarly called "Susan Woods" by the cadets at West Point, a sobriquet which clung to him in the army. He was a gallant and faithful officer and participated in every skirmish or battle in which his command was engaged. General Sherman once spoke of him as a "magnificent officer."

JAMES EDWARD ROYE (colored) was born in Newark, February 3, 1815, and was educated at the high school and at Ohio University at Athens. He kept a barber shop in Newark, but emigrated to Liberia in 1846, where he became a wealthy merchant and was the first Liberian to make shipments in his own vessel to the United States and Europe.

He was elected to the Liberian house of representatives, chosen speaker in 1849, was chief-justice 1865–68, and in 1870 was elected president. He attempted to usurp the office for a second term, but was condemned to imprisonment. While attempting to escape he was drowned, February 2, 1872, in the harbor of Monrovia.

SAMUEL WHITE was born in Granville, March 4, 1813. The history of his brief but brilliant career is well given in an address delivered by the Hon. Isaac Smucker, on the occasion of the Pioneer meeting at Newark, July 4, 1885. "He early developed talents of a high order and was ambitious to acquire an education. He went to school on the Hills when opportunity offered, often barefooted, even in mid-winter, sometimes when snow covered the ground, although the school-house was a mile or more away. His method was to heat a small board quite hot, wrap it up, then start at his best speed

toward the school-house and run until his feet became very cold, when he would lay his hot board down and stand on it until his feet became comfortable; then he would start again. There was a half-way house at which he stopped to warm up his board before arriving at the school-house. It would be safe to predict that such a boy would not go through life without an education."

In 1831 he was the first student to enter Granville (now Dennison) University, but left this institution to complete his education at Oberlin, on account of his views on the slavery question. In 1838 he began the practice of law. He became one of the editors of the *Newark Gazette*. Was elected to the Legislature in 1843; was a Whig candidate for Congress in 1844, but died at Delaware, Ohio, July 28, 1844, and Columbus Delano, who took his place on the Whig ticket, was elected. Mr. Smucker says: "Sam White was a man of remarkable force and power as a public speaker; he was fearless, independent, outspoken, frank, honest, never giving utterance to opinions he did not believe, and always ready to give expression to thoughts that he entertained without fear, favor, or affection." In the famous crusades of his time against slavery, intemperance, and the abridgment of freedom of speech he was always in the front ranks, playing the part of Richard, the Lion-hearted, and playing it best when and where the fight was hottest."

On one occasion, in the western portion of Hartford township, "he, an overpowered, helpless victim, fell into the hands of a satanic, inhuman mob, who rode him on a rail, and inflicted upon him other indignities accompanied by circumstances of humiliating degradation; many of the mobocrats even favoring the proposition to blacken him with lampblack and oil, and threatened to inflict still other and more offensive indignities upon him, which, if those fiendish mobocrats had not relented and moderated their ferocious temper, would have ended in murder."

Hubert Howe Bancroft was born in Granville, May 5, 1832. He entered the book-store of his brother-in-law at Buffalo, in 1848, and four years later removed to California and established a branch store. While there he gathered an immense amount of valuable books and documents relating to the early history of the Pacific coast. He also preserved much pioneer and other valuable historical matter, which was dictated to him or his assistants, by pioneers, settlers, and others. His valuable library numbers nearly 50,000 volumes. His business affairs were prosperous, and in 1868 he retired from the management of his business, and has since been engaged on a series of publications, embracing the history of the whole Pacific coast from Central America to Alaska. This completed work will consist of thirty-nine volumes, about half of which have already been published.

Samuel Ryan Curtis was born near Champlain, New York, February 3, 1807, and died in Council Bluffs, Iowa, December 25, 1866. His parents removed to Ohio the year of his birth; graduated from West Point, in 1831; resigned from the army the succeeding year, and studied and practised law in Newark. From 1837 to 1840 he was chief-engineer of the Muskingum river improvements. In 1846 he was made Adjutant-General of Ohio, for the special purpose of organizing the State's quota of volunteers for the Mexican war. He served in that war as Colonel of the 2d Ohio, acting as Military Governor of Camargo, a large military depot, which he held February 18, 1847, against a large force of Mexicans, under General Urrea. In 1855 he commenced the practice of law in Keokuk, Iowa, and was three times elected to Congress; resigning in 1861, he became a major-general. He was a member of the Peace Commission in 1861. From September, 1862, till May, 1863, he was at the head of the Department of Missouri, and that of Kansas, from January, 1864, till February, 1865. He aided in the pursuit and defeat of General Price's army in 1864. From February to July, 1865, he commanded the Department of the Northwest.

His elder brother, Henry B. Curtis, who died in Chicago, November 5, 1885, was an eminent lawyer of Mount Vernon, active in public works, and an authority on banking and monetary affairs. He was instrumental in the selection of the site and founding of Kenyon College in Knox county.

Isaac Smucker ranks among its early settlers, and one of the best known and most respected citizens of Newark. He was a native of the Shenandoah Valley in Virginia, born in 1807 and removed to Newark in 1825. He attended the common schools, and also had the benefit of a brief academical course of instruction. He has written many valuable articles for county histories and other publications of a historical character; also, for the Ohio Reports of Secretary of State, and for numerous scientific and miscellaneous periodical publications.

Mr. Smucker has served in public offices in the interest of common schools, and classical education as well. He was for several years a member of the State Legislature; also, a member of the City Council and Board of Education. He was one of the Grant presidential electors in 1872, and since its organization, in 1867, has been secretary of the "Licking County Pioneer Historical and Antiquarian Society."

TRAVELLING NOTES.

A Day with a Pioneer Pastor, and his Golden Wedding.

At Newark, a literary gentleman of the place, Mr. A. B. Clark, suggested that I should stop off on my way to Columbus at Pataskala, and see Rev.

Timothy Winter Howe, the Nestor of the Presbyterian ministers in this part of Ohio, whose golden wedding he had three years before attended, and read a poem which he had written for the occasion.

Pataskala is a pretty name. It is one of the good things that came down to us from the ancient inhabitants. It is a name that can be sung; the last syllable, "la," is especially musical. The name does double duty—designates a branch of the Licking, and a village which has about eight hundred people. It is on the B. & O. and Pan Handle Railroad, half-way between Newark and Columbus.

I got off the cars at Pataskala, Wednesday morning, June 23, 1886. The name of the spot was so pretty that it made the alighting doubly pleasant; and as I walked off in the midst of the sunshine and green things, it seemed as though every step sung a syllable—*Pa-tas-ka-la!* In two minutes I had *pa-tas-ka-la'd* to a cottage. It stood in the midst of its own home acre, one hundred feet back from the road. A huge black walnut was on duty as sentinel at the gate; as I approached it presented arms. Its leaves rustled in welcome. Then behind and around the house was the orchard and garden with small fruits, which a good old lady there, three hours later, said to me, "are a great comfort to us."

The cottage has four rooms on the ground-floor, also a summer kitchen. The doors stood invitingly open. I entered, and was invited to a seat by a tall, fresh-looking grandmother, who had enjoyed her golden wedding and was three years on her way to the diamond. Her face was yet all golden; more than fifty years of a beautiful wedded life filled with good works had made it to shine as an angel's. I did not tell her who I was, but said I wanted to see Mr. Howe. Three minutes later a side-door to a bedroom opened, an aged head, with a part of a coatless body, was thrust through, and the words fell upon my ear: "If you have any business with me you will have to be quick, for I am dressing to go to the cars to meet an old friend I've not seen in thirty years." I replied, "I've no business; take your time; see your friend. I'm in no haste; have the entire day."

In a few moments in he came, a slender, wiry old gentleman, eighty-two years old. I passed my card. He read it; his face broke into a smile: "Why, I've heard that you were travelling the State, but I did not suppose you would call on *me*." But I did; he was just the man I wanted to see—a venerable father in Israel, who had set up his tabernacle in the wilderness, a great moral light, and had ministered to the same people for thirty-seven years, in joy and in sorrow, from the cradle to the grave. I told him I would leave him for a while. He could go to the cars for his friend; that I wanted to see the village and look upon the shining face of the Pataskala. I made my way to the little stream. It wound around the remote border of the village and frisked by gardens and flower-beds, where the people were at work poking in the earth and tying up the vines. I found it scarce three rods wide and crossed by a covered bridge. It ran clear over a pebbly bottom, and in places was so shallow that shining pebbles glinted in the sun.

A Witty Guest.—Returning to the house I found the old friend present, Rev. Dr. J. D. B. He was a very learned divine and professor from Madison, Wis.—could talk I don't know how many languages; could talk good sense in each of them, while most people have a hard time of it to always talk good sense in one. He was on his way to meet his old classmates in Middlebury, from whence he had graduated fifty years ago. Such a visitor, full of learning and abounding in apt quotation and in cheery wit, would indeed have been an acquisition anywhere. He helped to make it a field-day in this open cottage of the orchard and the lawn. He told me one thing that was of especial interest, which if I had known I had forgotten; that is, the inscription which is in Latin on the tombstone of Col. David Humphries, the aide of Washington, which is in the Hill-house Cemetery, at New Haven, Conn., was written by Prof. Jas. L. Kingsley, of Yale College. Humphries, while minister to Spain, introduced the Merino sheep into the United States and thereby rendered an inestimable service. Mr. Kingsley, in this inscription, celebrates him as having imported the sheep with a *vellere vere aures, i. e.*, "a fleece truly golden."

We sat down to the noon meal. I need not say how appetizing everything was: meats tender and brown, and vegetables and fruits fresh from the very grounds around, and with that indescribable flavor which will never keep long enough for use on any city-spread table. With two divines present it would have been unpardonable not to have had a blessing; and so one of them raised his voice on high. I took occasion to speak of the decadence of the custom even in so-called Christian families, whereupon the professor expressed his regrets: such might be expected among swine who always eat without looking up, for, said he, this is according to the English proverb, "*A pig has no prospects.*". A moment later the professor dropped another good thing. "What you *leave* on your plate is a *sacrifice to Satan.*"

The meal finished, with its cheerful talk and happy faces, each in turn was called upon to repeat a verse. What mine was I need not say; but there is one that will do for some travelling man like myself: "And into whatsoever city ye enter, and they receive you, eat such things as are set before you." And if said travelling man is not

pleased with this we copy some other scripture for his edification and adoption. "There was a man in the land of Uz whose name was Job." And this man of Uz said, "For my sighing cometh *before* I eat, and my roarings are poured out like the waters."

The verse-repeating finished each kneeled before his or her chair; a short prayer of thanks went up and then all adjourned to the sitting-room adjacent, when to my request my venerable host gave me the following facts in his history which I repeat essentially as he related it, arranging them in the form of a personal narrative. It is valuable as illustrating the life of a class of men, now mostly passed away, the old-time country-settled-for-life pastor.

The Pastor's Story.—My father, Amasa Howe, was a soldier of the American Revolution, and in the beginning of this century was living in Highgate, Vermont, where I was born, Saturday, May 12, 1804. In 1813, when I was a lad of nine years, he removed to Granville, this county, and there I was brought up and became a school-teacher. In 1828, when twenty-four years of age, I went into Virginia to teach school; but I was soon caught up and educated for the ministry of the Presbyterian church, in the Prince Edward Theological Seminary, where I graduated in 1832. I preached for several years in Amelia county. In the fall of 1833 I came north and married, on November 15th, Chloe Harris. She was the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Harris, the first minister of Granville. We had known each other from childhood and I took her back with me.

Slaveholders' Timidity.—After a while, consequent upon the Southampton insurrection in Virginia, by which many persons were killed by the slaves, and the continued growth of the anti-slavery sentiment, and agitation of the abolition project at the North, my situation became unpleasant. Rumors were prevalent among the common and more ignorant class that the abolitionists were coming south to kill the whites and free the negroes. I had been accustomed to preach to the whites in the morning and on Sundays and then after a short recess to the slaves. After a while rumors of dissatisfaction came to me for this and a talk of ornamenting me with a coat of tar and feathers reached my ears.

On a certain Sunday morning an elder asked me if I was going to preach to the slaves after service? I replied, "Yes." He rejoined, "This must be stopped; it wont do for the negroes to assemble; they will plot mischief." I replied, "My appointment is out to preach and I shall keep it, and you must stay here and hear me, for I want you as a witness."

It was the last time I preached to them in a body. I sometimes preached on single plantations to whites in presence of their negroes, some of whom were anxious to have their servants taught the gospel. Some of the planters were at heart anti-slavery like myself, but singly felt they were powerless to help the matter. Mrs. Howe and myself liked the Virginia people exceedingly, they were so social, frank and kindly.

Slave Children Yearning for Knowledge.—It was against the law to teach the negro children to read. Often they would come to Mrs. Howe with the torn leaf of an old spelling book and request her to teach them the letters. While instructing her own children the young negroes often listened carefully, heard the word, and then without seeing a letter spelled it out carefully to themselves; this too while sweeping the room or making a bed or doing some other work. It seemed hard not to be allowed to teach them.

Driven from Virginia.—Finally the opposition to me became so strong that we were obliged to leave Virginia, and on October 13, 1838, I began preaching in Pataskala in the church being then just organized. My parish extended twelve miles east and west, and five miles north and south, an area of sixty square miles. For seven years there was no church-building. With a single exception every member of my church lived in a log-cabin. I preached in log school-houses and barns; administered the sacrament three times in barns. In 1845 the first church was built; it was at Kirkersville and later at Pataskala, and I preached at each place alternately. My ministry extended over thirty-seven years, until I was obliged to discontinue it from the infirmities of age. I have married 415 couple, buried 588 persons, and baptized I do not know how many. My salary from the beginning was $400 per annum, never more, never less. I have always had food in abundance. The clothes question was sometimes a puzzle. My *golden wedding* was on November 6, 1883.

The little room in which we sat was joyous with the insignia of that famous golden wedding that had rounded out so completely the fifty united years of this venerable couple. I cannot describe the various things that loving hands had made for their joy.

The most prominent object was a banner of brown satin. Fifty golden links worked in gold thread, each representing a year of their wedded life, extending from the bottom to the top, "1833 to 1883." Roses were worked on the side with four buds, each representing a child. Four gold crescents, each enclosing a gold star within its horn, carried the same idea. They were enclosed in a ring and the rings were suspended from the banner and finished with tassels. Another was a placque hanging from the wall and thereon was painted a drear November landscape representing the month of their wedding. There on a dead branch in the foreground rested two birds mated surveying the scene, turtle-doves of course they were, happy in each other irrespective of the sombre season in which they had mated, knowing that spring-time must come, and fruits and flowers follow in due season.

Our patriarch had, as stated, married four hundred and fifteen couple. I did not inquire if all the knots he had thus tied were suc-

JOHNNIE CLEM,
The Drummer Boy of Shiloh.

J. N. Bradford, del, O. S. University.
THE BANNER OF THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

cesses. I judged him to be a perfect workman at that business, and there would be no slipping. But I once did of another of like great experience, and that other laughingly replied: "Not exactly; for I once married a couple in the morning and in the afternoon the bridegroom ran away." Whereupon I had to tell him of one I knew that was not even that lasting.

On the conclusion of the ceremony, at which I was present, both went out of the minister's house together, parted at the door without a word or a look, turned their backs to each other, when the woman went *east* and the man went *west;* and I felt sure if they should meet again it would be after a half circuit of the globe, each coming in opposite directions, and that meeting-spot must naturally be on the great plain of Gobi in Chinese Tartary.

Another case I knew, that would be funny if it was not sad. On the morning after the marriage the groom turns to his bride, and says: "Sally"—perhaps Sally at the moment was doing up her back hair—"Sally, what are you going to do for a *living?*" Upon this the poor creature wilted, and soon went to grass.

Luckily in her case, eventually came along an honest man, and she again entered the bonds of felicity—

"No goose so gray and none so late
But at last she finds an honest gander for a mate."

The noted "NARROWS OF LICKING" are in the eastern part of the county. "This is a very picturesque spot; cliffs of sandstone rock, fifty feet in height, line the sides of the canal, especially on the left bank of the stream. In some places they hang over in a semicircular form, the upper portion projecting and defending the lower from the rains and weather. In one of these spots the aborigines chose to display their ingenuity at pictorial writing by figuring on the smooth face of the cliff, at an elevation of eight or ten feet above the water, the outlines of wild animals, and among the rest the figure of a huge black human hand. From this circumstance the spot is known to all the old hunters and inhabitants of this vicinity by the name of 'the *black hand* narrows.' It is the scene of many an ancient legend and wild hunting story." In quarrying for the Ohio Canal the black hand was destroyed.

THE WAR EXPERIENCES OF MAJOR N. BOSTWICK.

An officer of the 20th Ohio Volunteer Infantry giving the details of his capture by the Confederates, imprisonment and escape through the mountains as related by his commander, Col. Charles Whittlesey, in his "War Memoranda."

Enlists in the Army.—In 1861 Major N. Bostwick was a farmer in Licking county, and an active member of the County Agricultural Society. His farm was well stocked with high-bred cattle, horses, hogs and sheep. He was not subject to military duty, but his ancestors had fought in the army of the Revolution, and he was inspired to do the same in the Southern rebellion. One son was of military age, another was not; but both joined the company raised by their father for the 20th Ohio Volunteers. Mrs. Bostwick and the younger children were left in charge of the premises and stock.

Sun-struck.—At the battle of Champion Hills, on the 6th of May, 1863, the 20th Ohio was compelled, by the exigencies of the day, to lie on the ground in a hot sun several hours, awaiting the order to charge. A number of the men and officers were sun-struck, from which cause they fell out as the regiment moved up the hill on the rebel line. Capt. Melick died, with several men, and Major Bostwick was so much prostrated that the effects remain to this time.

Made Prisoner.—About 2 P. M. of the 22d of July, 1864, he was captured by three rebel soldiers, during the battle of Atlanta, and led by them to a captain and thirty-nine men, near to town, who guarded the prisoners. His sad experience from that hour in Southern prisons, and his sufferings during a month in the mountains, effecting an escape, appear like a horrid romance. But most of the details are from his own lips. The whole cannot be reported here, but only the salient events.

Inhuman Treatment.—Before reaching the rebel guard a soldier shot at him, the ball striking a corner of one eye. A piece of the ball went inside of the socket, the main part making an ugly and painful wound on the cheek, cutting an artery, which bled profusely. He had just received a new outfit, including a beaver hat, a twelve-dollar pair of boots, and a sword. The captain took his hat, sword and watch, and said: "Damn you, I want those boots." "You can't have them while I am alive." The officer then threatened to kill him, and stooped to seize the boots. Major B. gave him a kick in the breast, which sent him several feet, sprawling on the ground. The major, expecting to be killed, gave the Masonic grand hail of distress, to which the rebel captain responded, "Well, keep your boots." He then put his own hat on one of his soldiers, whose ragged and worthless hat he jammed on the major's head, down over the wounded eye. It was ten days before the fragment of lead was taken out.

Taken to Charleston.—They were marched about ten miles, and lay down. Among them were Capt. Humiston, Lieut. Colby and Lieut. Rush, of the 20th Ohio. They had nothing to eat until the 24th, when they received a tincup of corn-meal. The men were taken to Andersonville, the officers to Griffin. Col. Shed, of the 30th Illinois, and Col. Scott, of the 68th Ohio, were with them. The latter leaped from the train at night, but was caught by hounds and brought to Macon.

Major Bostwick's Own Story.

Here were about 1,800 officers, with no shelter for two weeks. The captains and field-officers were ordered to Charleston, S. C., the lieutenants to Savannah. At Charleston we were put in the old workhouse, where I had bilious fever. Col. Scott nursed me until he was sent away. Our rations were mouldy cakes of rice and bad pork. Dr. Todd, a brother of Mrs. Lincoln, was our surgeon, who treated us kindly, but could get little medicine, and no proper hospital rations.

Plans for Escape.—We planned an escape, making a saw of an old knife, to cut away the bars. I also got an impression of the key to the lock of a door on the second story. Cols. Shed and Scott opened the door with my key. I went again with Capt. Pease, and the key would not work. Some of the Georgia men on guard favored our escape. I might have been exchanged with Cols. Shed and Scott, but was too sick to travel. Capt. McFadden, of the 59th New York, nursed me. At 8 A. M. of October 6th we were put into cattle-cars that had not been cleaned, and started for Columbia, S. C. I sat against the side of the car sick all day and night. The next morning we were left in a field, in a pouring rain, under guard of the provost-marshal.

A Mere Skeleton.—The next day the prisoners were taken across the Combanee river. I could not walk. The guards cursed me, and pushed me with their bayonets. There were others as bad as myself. About 1 P. M. we reached camp. I was a mere skeleton. For three weeks we had neither medicines nor medical attendance; our rations the same as at Charleston. At last Dr. Ladrones came as our surgeon; a kind, cheerful man, who placed me and twelve others on stretchers, and put us in a tent. We were almost eaten up by lice. He said: "You shall not die; don't think of escaping; I will get you paroled." He gave me fifteen grains of quinine at a dose. I had also lung fever, but in about three weeks could walk, and went to the Saluda river, where there was a Union family, who gave me milk, butter and biscuit. Every day our men would lie down and die; there were about 1,100 left. Some escaped through the vaults to the river. I determined to escape. The good Union women brought good cooked food to our hospital tent.

Union Southerners.—It might not be prudent, even at this time, to publish the names of the Union men who helped us to escape. We were not betrayed by

any of them, their wives or families. Our gratitude to them all is as great as there are words to express, but we might do them an injury by relating their acts of kindness toward us. There was Capt. McFadden, Lieut. H. C. Paine, myself, and two officers of the Army of the Potomac, who determined to take the risks of reaching the Federal lines. For many days we made haversacks, collected provisions and clothing, got directions as to the route, and laid our plans to get out of the stockade one by one.

The Escape.—There was a rumor of a change of prisons, which caused us to leave one day earlier and before we were entirely ready. On the 1st day of December, 1864, by many stratagems and the help of many true friends, we succeeded in scattering through the woods. Our rendezvous that night was near the farmhouse of a Union friend, who was to put us across the Congaree in a dug-out. This was eleven miles from Columbia. We made about twenty-five miles that night. On the night of the 2d–3d the two lieutenants of the Army of the Potomac left us and started for the coast. We never heard of them afterwards.

Travels at Night.—With my pocket-knife I cut each of us a stout hickory stick, which were the only weapons we had. These we carried through to Knoxville, Tenn. We travelled only at night, and in single file within sight of each other. As the day began to dawn we turned into the woods and lay during the day, but dare not make a fire. On the 5th, near Newberry, just before morning, we met a colored man. He told us to go up one of the forks, where he had a brother. McFadden mistrusted this man and would not go with us, but Paine and myself went. That night he brought us some cooked spare-ribs, coffee and milk, and showed us the way to his brother's. This man's wife was tickled to death to see us, and he wanted to go with us. He put some red pepper and onions into a bottle of turpentine, and said if we rubbed this on our feet and legs the hounds would not follow us. He kept watch outside the cabin and went eight miles with us on the way, but refused to take any pay from us.

We kept to the east of Greenville, S. C., because there were troops at that station. Being out of rations we ate turnips and stumps of cabbages, which made us sick. I went to a negro cabin where they got us a supper and cooked a peck of sweet potatoes to put in our haversacks. Perhaps I shall not place everything in the right order, for I lost my memoranda before I got to the lines.

Captures a Guard.—At Tyger's river, on the waters of the Saluda, we came to a bridge where there was a guard, all of whom appeared to be asleep. The stream could not be crossed except at this bridge, and one sat near one end with his head on his knees. I was to strike him on the head with my cane, and all of us to spring on the other two. My man fell off into the water. We seized the muskets of the others and bound them with their knapsack straps. We hurried along the road with them about two miles. They begged so piteously (promised not to tell and told us about the roads) that we did not kill them. We bound them to some trees and hurried on. By daylight we thought we had made twenty-five miles and were in the vicinity of Hendersonville.

Bloodhounds on their Track.—At the Saluda pass of the Blue Ridge was a fire ahead of us on the road, and there appeared to be men standing around it. We went back up a mountain and got into a rock shelter. The next day we saw there were no pickets, but only stumps around the fire. In that shelter I left my diary, knife, fork and spoon. Soon after we saw a tent and some men at a bridge, about 9 P. M. There was a fearful storm. We crossed the stream among the rocks below the bridge, climbed a precipice over one hundred feet high by grasping the laurels, and got into the road beyond. About this time, towards morning, we heard the bloodhounds bellow. Then horns began to blow and other hounds to answer in all directions. We crept along a fence into a brook, and went up it in the water. As we lay on our blankets two hounds attacked us, whom we killed with our clubs.

Challenged by a Rebel Picket.—We wished to get on the west side of the French Broad river, and believing we were on the wrong road, came out of the woods that night, when we heard a halloo. I went into the road and saw a rebel picket, who called halt. "Where do you belong?" said he. "Charleston." "Where are you going?" "To Flat Rock." "You are deserters." "That's so." "Well, I would desert too, but I have a wife here. You can pass." We came upon a number of houses, and went behind a large elm log, from which the bark had partly slid off. In the morning we thought it was the town of Asheville. It rained and snowed three inches deep, with a strong wind. Our pains were dreadful, but we dared not stir that day. The place was Hendersonville, thirty-five miles from Asheville.

Friendliness of Negroes.—That night we had so nearly perished that we went to the negro quarters of a fine house to dry our blankets. The man was not at home, but his wife said it would not do to stay in their cabin. She was the most sympathetic person we had met, and went to the still house, built a fire, gave us a bottle of apple-jack, gave me a pair of socks, made a pouch for me, and when her husband came home he offered to pilot us to the house of a Union white man in the mountains, who had charge of the underground railroad.

An Underground Railroad Official.—It

was midnight when we found his house, with great difficulty. He doubted us, and held a parley through the door. I convinced him by showing a letter from home. He said they were watched day and night; it would not do for us to be seen there, but his colored man would show us to the stable; they would send us something to eat and this man would show us the way to Mr. ——, twelve miles. He said it was reported that Col. Kirk's Federal Rangers were on the French Broad, and that the rebel pickets had withdrawn to Asheville.

I do not give the name of this heroic man and family, for fear there may be yet in that region some rebel devils who would retaliate.

Reaches the Union Lines.—He gave us his sign manual on a piece of paper, a peculiar scrawl which all the underground white men of the mountains understood, and helped the prisoners forward. At Mr.——'s were only his wife and daughter; he was obliged to stay in the woods, or be shot. We showed our sign manual. We stayed two nights in the centre of a hay stack. They directed us to ——'s; and he to ——'s. From there we crossed the French Broad, in a dug-out, to Painted Rocks, where the Federal pickets were. There were nineteen escaped prisoners there. Paine started alone for the next station in the night. He met a sentinel, who fired at him in the dark, but did not hit him. The prisoners went on without guns or a guard. Near night, when we thought all danger was past, about a dozen guerillas rose up in the bushes and fired at us. Only one man was hit, whose under lip was entirely carried away. They stripped us of our blankets and all other valuables. It was the last day of December when we reached Knoxville.

In the southeastern part of this county, commencing about eight miles from Newark and extending eastward toward Zanesville, and into Hopewell township, Muskingum county, is what is called "THE FLINT RIDGE." It was the principal source of supply for Indian arrow-heads and other flint implements, not only for the aborigines of Ohio but for a large extent of country beyond the present limits of this State.

The flint forms the cap-rock of this ridge, which for a distance of almost ten miles is scarred with trenches and pits, left by the aboriginal diggers, while surrounding fields and farms are covered with large quantities of chippings where the flint was dressed.

The stone, varying greatly in different parts, is mainly buhr-stone, jasper, and chalcedony. Much of it is very beautiful, capable of a very high polish; certain kinds of it are sometimes mistaken for moss-agate. It is found in many colors, as white, red, blue, brown, yellow, green, black, and some of it translucent.

The stone is found at varying depths from the surface of three to eighty feet; the aborigines would remove the superincumbent earth, and then build fires, which cracked and loosened the rock, pieces of which suitable to their purpose were then removed to some adjoining field or camp, and by means of stone hammers dressed to convenient shape and size for transportation. In many instances these dressed stones were carried great distances before they were worked into their finished shapes, as is evidenced by the finding of large quantities of flint chippings hundreds of miles from the "Ridge." This "Flint Ridge" must have been as valuable to the Indians and other aborigines as the coal and iron mines of Ohio and Pennsylvania are to the white men of the present day.

PATASKALA is fifteen miles southwest of Newark, on the B. & O. R. R. Newspaper: *Standard*, Independent, A. Q. Beem, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Methodist, 1 Presbyterian. School census, 1888, 261. Population about 800.

UTICA is fourteen miles north of Newark, on the B. & O. R. R. Newspaper: *Herald*, Republican, H. E. Harris, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Presbyterian, 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Reformed Presbyterian, 1 United Presbyterian, 1 Christian. Bank: Utica (Sperry & Wilson). Population, 1880, 702. School census, 1888, 233; I. C. Gunther, school superintendent.

HOMER is four miles west of Utica. It has 1 Presbyterian, 1 Baptist, 1 Methodist church, and about 300 inhabitants.

HEBRON is nine miles southwest of Newark, on the T. & O. C. R. R. and Ohio Canal. Churches: 1 Methodist Episcopal, 2 Baptist, 1 Disciples. Population, 1880, 489. School census, 1888, 163.

HANOVER is eight miles east of Newark, on the P. C. & St. L. R. R. Churches: 1 Methodist and 1 Presbyterian. Population, 1880, 302. School census, 1888, 159.

HARTFORD is twenty miles northeast of Newark, on the T. & O. C. R. R. Population, 1880, 349. School census, 1888, 116.

ALEXANDRIA is eleven miles west of Newark, on the T. & O. C. R. R. Population, 1880, 269.

JOHNSTOWN is sixteen miles northwest of Newark, on the T. & O. C. R. R. Newspaper: *Independent*, Democratic, Wm. A. Ashbrooke, editor and publisher. Bank: Johnstown; C. Derthick, president; C. V. Armstrong, cashier. Population, 1880, 278. School census, 1888, 163.

The following are the names of the villages in this county, in 1840, with their populations. The first six named were on the old National Road. Brownsville, 313; Hebron, 473; Jacksontown, 215; Kirkersville, 179; Luray, 109; Gratiot, 147; Alexander, 200; Chatham, 173; Etna, 219; Fredonia, 107; Hartford, 106; Havana, 54; Homer, 201; Linnville, 101; Lockport, 125; and Utica, 355.

LOGAN.

LOGAN COUNTY derived its name from General Benjamin Logan; it was formed March 1, 1817, and the courts ordered to be holden at the house of Edwin Matthews, or some other convenient place in the town of Bellville, until a permanent seat of justice should be established. The soil, which is various, is generally good; the surface broken around the head waters of Mad river, elsewhere rolling or level; in the western part are eight small lakes, covering each from two to seventy acres.

Area about 440 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 138,272; in pasture, 47,314; woodland, 50,765; lying waste, 1,643; produced in wheat, 630,487 bushels; rye, 1,856; buckwheat, 1,253; oats, 197,399; barley, 1,331; corn, 1,283,173; broom-corn, 350 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 17,454 tons; clover hay, 6,588; flaxseed, 220 bushels; potatoes, 44,793; tobacco, 110 lbs.; butter, 582,708; cheese, 3,160; sorghum, 2,855 gallons; maple sugar, 158,587 lbs.; honey, 9,249; eggs, 517,596 dozen; grapes, 5,910 lbs.; wine, 14 gallons; sweet potatoes, 605 bushels; apples, 4,735; peaches, 911; pears, 1,383; wool, 287,130 lbs.; milch cows owned, 6,040. School census, 1888, 8,316; teachers, 273. Miles of railroad track, 61.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Bloomfield,	565	895	Perry,	1,014	1,007
Boke's Creek,	222	1,617	Pleasant,		1,123
Harrison,	658	978	Richland,		1,761
Jefferson,	1,527	1,572	Rush Creek,	1,077	2,265
Lake,	1,175	4,640	Stokes,	299	1,095
Liberty,	807	1,666	Union,	832	784
McArthur,	1,673	1,579	Washington,	517	886
Miami,	1,423	2,157	Zane,	1,021	939
Monroe,	1,203	1,303			

Population of Logan in 1820 was 3,181; in 1830, 6,432; 1840, 14,013; 1860, 20,996; 1880, 26,267, of whom 21,766 were born in Ohio; 1,236 in Pennsylvania; 836 in Virginia; 234 in Indiana; 208 in New York; 160 in Ken-

tucky; 476 in Ireland; 163 in German Empire; 59 in England and Wales; 43 in Scotland; 39 in British America, and 17 in France. Census, 1890, 27,386.

The territory comprised within the limits of this county was a favorite abode of the Shawanoe Indians, who had several villages on Mad river, called the *Mack-a-chack*, or *Mac-o-chee* towns, the names and position of three of which are given to us by an old settler. The first, called Mac-o-chee, stood near West Liberty, on the farm of Judge Benjamin Piatt; the second, Pigeon Town, was about three miles northwest, on the farm of George F. Dunn, and the third, Wappatomica, was just below Zanesfield.

Logan's Expedition against the Mac-o-chee Towns.

The Mac-o-chee towns were destroyed in 1786 by a body of Kentuckians under General Benjamin Logan. The narrative of this expedition is from the pen of General William Lytle, who was an actor in the scenes he describes.

March to the Mac-o-chee Towns.—It was in the autumn of this year that Gen. Clarke raised the forces of the Wabash expedition. They constituted a numerous corps. Colonel Logan was detached from the army at the falls of the Ohio, to raise a considerable force with which to proceed against the Indian villages on the head waters of Mad river and the Great Miami. I was then aged 16, and too young to come within the legal requisition; but I offered myself as a volunteer. Colonel Logan went on to his destination, and would have surprised the Indian towns against which he had marched, had not one of his men deserted to the enemy, not long before they reached the town, who gave notice of their approach. As it was, he burned eight large towns, and destroyed many fields of corn. He took seventy or eighty prisoners and killed twenty warriors, and among them the head chief of the nation. This last act caused deep regret, humiliation and shame to the commander-in-chief and his troops.

Attack on the Towns.—We came in view of the first two towns, one of which stood on the west bank of Mad river, and the other on the northeast of it. They were separated by a prairie half a mile in extent. The town on the northeast was situated on a high, commanding point of land, that projected a small distance into the prairie, at the foot of which eminence broke out several fine springs. This was the residence of the famous chief of the nation. His flag was flying at the time from the top of a pole sixty feet high. We had advanced in three lines, the commander with some of the horsemen marching at the head of the centre line, and the footmen in their rear. Colonel Robert Patterson commanded the left, and I think Colonel Thomas Kennedy the right. When we came in sight of the towns, the spies of the front guard made a halt, and sent a man back to inform the commander of the situation of the two towns. He ordered Colonel Patterson to attack the towns on the left bank of Mad river. Col. Kennedy was also charged to incline a little to the right of the town on the east side of the prairie. He determined himself to charge with the centre division immediately on the upper town. I heard the commander give his orders, and caution the colonels against allowing their men to kill any among the enemy that they might suppose to be prisoners. He then ordered them to advance, and as soon as they should discover the enemy, to charge upon them. I had my doubts touching the propriety of some of the arrangements. I was willing, however, to view the affair with the diffidence of youth and inexperience. At any rate, I was determined to be at hand, to see all that was going on, and to be as near the head of the line as my colonel would permit. I was extremely solicitous to try myself in battle. The commander of the centre line waved his sword over his head as a signal for the troops to advance. Colonel Daniel Boone and Major (since General) Kenton commanded the advance, and Colonel Trotter the rear. As we approached within half a mile of the town on the left, and about three-fourths from that on the right, we saw the savages retreating in all directions, making for the thickets, swamps and high prairie grass, to secure them from their enemy. I was animated with the energy with which the commander conducted the head of his line. He waved his sword, and in a voice of thunder exclaimed, "Charge from right to left!"

Capture of Moluntha.—The horses appeared as impatient for the onset as their riders. As we came up with the flying savages, I was disappointed, discovering that we should have little to do. I heard but one savage, with the exception of the chief, cry for quarter. They fought with desperation, as long as they could raise knife, gun or tomahawk, after they found they could not screen themselves. We dispatched all the warriors we overtook, and sent the women and children prisoners to the rear. We pushed ahead, still hoping to overtake a larger body, where we might have something like a general engagement. I was mounted on a very fleet gray horse. Fifty of my companions followed me. I had not advanced more than a mile, before I discovered some of the enemy, running along the edge of a thicket of hazel and plum bushes. I made signs to the men in my rear to come on. At the same time,

pointing to the flying enemy, I obliqued across the plain, so as to get in advance of them. When I arrived within fifty yards of them I dismounted and raised my gun. I discovered, at this moment, some men of the right wing coming up on the left. The warrior I was about to shoot held up his hand in token of surrender, and I heard him order the other Indians to stop. By this time the men behind had arrived, and were in the act of firing upon the Indians. I called to them not to fire, for the enemy had surrendered. The warrior that had surrendered to me came walking towards me, calling his women and children to follow him. I advanced to meet him, with my right hand extended; but before I could reach him the men of the right wing of our force had surrounded him. I rushed in among their horses. While he was giving me his hand several of our men wished to tomahawk him. I informed them they would have to tomahawk me first. We led him back to the place where his flag had been. We had taken thirteen prisoners. Among them were the chief, his three wives—one of them a young and handsome woman, another of them the famous grenadier squaw, upwards of six feet high—and two or three fine young lads. The rest were children. One of these lads was a remarkably interesting youth, about my own age and size. He clung closely to me, and appeared keenly to notice everything that was going on.

Brutal Murder of Moluntha.—When we arrived at the town a crowd of our men pressed around to see the chief. I stepped aside to fasten my horse, and my prisoner lad clung close to my side. A young man by the name of Curner had been to one of the springs to drink. He discovered the young savage by my side, and came running towards us. The young Indian supposed he was advancing to kill him. As I turned around, in the twinkling of an eye he let fly an arrow at Curner, for he was armed with a bow. I had just time to catch his arm, as he discharged the arrow. It passed through Curner's dress, and grazed his side. The jerk I gave his arm undoubtedly prevented his killing Curner on the spot. I took away his arrows, and sternly reprimanded him. I then led him back to the crowd which surrounded the prisoners. At the same moment Col. McGary, the same man who had caused the disaster at the Blue Licks, some years before, coming up, Gen. Logan's eye caught that of McGary. "Col. McGary," said he, "you must not molest these prisoners." "I will see to that," said McGary in reply. I forced my way through the crowd to the chief, with my young charge by the hand. McGary ordered the crowd to open and let him in. He came up to the chief, and the first salutation was in the question, "Were you at the defeat of the Blue Licks?" The Indian, not knowing the meaning of the words, or not understanding the purport of the question, answered, "Yes." McGary instantly seized an axe from the hands of the grenadier squaw, and raised it to make a blow at the chief. I threw up my arm, to ward off the blow. The hand of the axe struck me across the left wrist, and came near breaking it. The axe sunk in the head of the chief to the eyes, and he fell dead at my feet. Provoked beyond measure at this wanton barbarity, I drew my knife, for the purpose of avenging his cruelty by dispatching him. My arm was arrested by one of our men, which prevented me inflicting the thrust. McGary escaped from the crowd.

A Foot-Race after Hogs.—A detachment was then ordered off to two other towns, distant six or eight miles. The men and prisoners were ordered to march down to the lower town and camp. As we marched out of the upper town, we fired it, collecting a large pile of corn for our horses, and beans, pumpkins, etc., for our own use. I told Capt. Stucker, who messed with me, that I had seen several hogs running about the town, which appeared to be in good order, and I thought that a piece of fresh pork would relish well with our stock of vegetables. He readily assenting to it, we went in pursuit of them; but as orders had been given not to shoot unless at an enemy, after finding the hogs we had to run them down on foot, until we got near enough to tomahawk them.

An Indian's Gallant Fight.—Being engaged at this for some time before we killed one, while Capt. S. was in the act of striking the hog, I cast my eye along the edge of the woods that skirted the prairie, and saw an Indian coming along with a deer on his back. The fellow happened to raise his head at that moment, and looking across the prairie to the upper town saw it all in flames. At the same moment I spake to Stucker in a low voice that here was an Indian coming. In the act of turning my head round to speak to Stucker I discovered Hugh Ross, brother-in-law to Col. Kennedy, at the distance of about sixty or seventy yards, approaching us. I made a motion with my hand to Ross to squat down; then, taking a tree between me and the Indian, I slipped somewhat nearer, to get a fairer shot, when at the instant I raised my gun past the tree, the Indian being about one hundred yards distant, Ross's ball whistled by me, so close that I felt the wind of it, and struck the Indian on the calf of one of his legs. The Indian that moment dropped his deer, and sprang into the high grass of the prairie. All this occurred so quickly that I had not time to draw a sight on him, before he was hid by the grass. I was provoked at Ross for shooting when I was near enough to have killed him, and now the consequence would be that probably some of our men would lose their lives, as a wounded Indian only would give up with his life. Capt. Irwin rode up at that moment, with his troop of horse, and asked me where the Indian was. I pointed as nearly as I could to the spot where I last saw him in the grass, cautioning the captain, if he missed him the first charge, to pass on out of his reach before he wheeled to recharge, or the

Indian would kill some of his men in the act of wheeling. Whether the captain heard me I cannot say; at any rate the warning was not attended to, for after passing the Indian a few steps Captain Irwin ordered his men to wheel and recharge across the woods, and in the act of executing the movement the Indian raised up and shot the captain dead on the spot—still keeping below the level of the grass, to deprive us of any opportunity of putting a bullet through him. The troop charged again; but the Indian was so active that he had darted into the grass, some rods from where he had fired at Irwin, and they again missed him. By this time several footmen had got up. Capt. Stucker and myself had each taken a tree that stood out in the edge of the prairie, among the grass, when a Mr. Stafford came up, and put his head first past one side and then the other of the tree I was behind. I told him not to expose himself that way, or he would get shot in a moment. I had hardly expressed the last word when the Indian again raised up out of the grass. His gun, Stucker's, and my own, with four or five behind us, all cracked at the same instant. Stafford fell at my side, while we rushed on the wounded Indian with our tomahawks. Before we had got him dispatched he had made ready the powder in his gun, and a ball in his mouth, preparing for a third fire, with bullet holes in his breast that might have all been covered with a man's open hand. We found with him Capt. Beasley's rifle—the captain having been killed at the Lower Blue Licks, a few days before the army passed through that place on their way to the towns.

An English Block-house Burned.—Next morning Gen. Logan ordered another detachment to attack a town that lay seven or eight miles to the north or northwest of where we then were. This town was also burnt, together with a large block-house that the English had built there, of a huge size and thickness; and the detachment returned that evening to the main body. Mr. Isaac Zane was at that time living at this last village, he being married to a squaw, and having at the place his wife and several children at the time.

The name of the Indian chief killed by McGary was *Moluntha*, the great sachem of the Shawnees. The grenadier squaw was the sister to Cornstalk, who fell (basely murdered) at Point Pleasant.

Jonathan Alder (see Madison County) was at this time living with the Indians. From his narrative it appears that the news of the approach of the Kentuckians was communicated to the Indians by a Frenchman, a deserter from the former. Nevertheless, as the whites arrived sooner than they expected, the surprise was complete. Most of the Indians were at the time absent hunting, and the town became an easy conquest to the whites. Early one morning an Indian runner came into the village in which Alder lived, and gave the information that Mac-o-chee had been destroyed, and that the whites were approaching. Alder, with the people of the village, who were principally squaws and children, retreated for two days, until they arrived somewhere near the head waters of the Scioto, where they suffered much for want of food. There was not a man among them capable of hunting, and they were compelled to subsist on paw-paws, muscles and craw-fish. In about eight days they returned to Zane's town, tarried a short time, and from thence removed to Hog creek, where they wintered: their principal living, at that place, was "raccoons, and that with little or no salt, without a single bite of bread, hommony, or sweet corn." In the spring they moved back to the site of their village, where nothing remained but the ashes of the dwellings and their corn burnt to charcoal. They remained during the sugar season, and then removed to Blanchard's fork, where, being obliged to clear the land, they were enabled to raise but a scanty crop of corn. While this was growing, they fared hard, and managed to eke out a bare subsistence by eating a "kind of wild potato" and poor raccoons, that had been suckled down so poor that dogs would hardly eat them: "for fear of losing a little, they threw them on the fire, singed the hair off, and ate the skin and all."

The Indian lad to whom General Lytle alludes was taken, with others of the prisoners, into Kentucky. The commander of the expedition was so much pleased with him that he made him a member of his own family, in which he resided some years, and was at length permitted to return. He was ever afterwards known by the name of Logan, to which the prefix of captain was eventually attached. His Indian name was *Spemica Lawba*, i. e., "the High Horn." He subsequently rose to the rank of a civil chief, on account of his many estimable intellectual and moral qualities. His personal appearance was commanding, being six feet in height, and weighing near two hundred pounds. He from that time

continued the unwavering friend of the Americans, and fought on their side with great constancy. He lost his life in the fall of 1812, under melancholy circumstances, which evinced that he was a man of the keenest sense of honor. The facts follow, from Drake's Tecumseh.

Logan's Indignation at False Accusations.—In November of 1812 General Harrison directed Logan to take a small party of his tribe, and reconnoitre the country in the direction of the rapids of the Maumee. When near this point they were met by a body of the enemy, superior to their own in number, and compelled to retreat. Logan, Captain Johnny [see vol. i., p. 602] and Bright-horn, who composed the party, effected their escape to the left wing of the army, then under the command of Gen. Winchester, who was duly informed of the circumstances of their adventure. An officer of the Kentucky troops, Gen. P., the second in command, without the slightest ground for such a charge, accused Logan of infidelity to our cause, and of giving intelligence to the enemy. Indignant at this foul accusation, the noble chief at once resolved to meet it in a manner that would leave no doubt as to his faithfulness to the United States. He called on his friend Oliver [now Major Wm. Oliver, of Cincinnati], and having told him of the imputation that had been cast upon his reputation, said that he would start from the camp next morning, and either leave his body bleaching in the woods, or return with such trophies from the enemy as would relieve his character from the suspicion that had been wantonly cast upon it by an American officer.

Logan Captured by Winnemac.—Accordingly, on the morning of the 22d, he started down the Maumee, attended by his two faithful companions, Captain Johnny and Bright-horn. About noon, having stopped for the purpose of taking rest, they were suddenly surprised by a party of seven of the enemy, among whom were young Elliott, a half-breed, holding a commission in the British service, and the celebrated Potawatamie chief, Winnemac. Logan made no resistance, but, with great presence of mind, extending his hand to Winnemac, who was an old acquaintance, proceeded to inform him that he and his two companions, tired of the American service, were just leaving Gen. Winchester's army, for the purpose of joining the British. Winnemac, being familiar with Indian strategy, was not satisfied with this declaration, but proceeded to disarm Logan and his comrades, and placing his party around them, so as to prevent their escape, started for the British camp at the foot of the rapids. In the course of the afternoon Logan's address was such as to inspire confidence in his sincerity, and induce Winnemac to restore to him and his companions their arms. Logan now formed the plan of attacking his captors on the first favorable opportunity; and while marching along succeeded in communicating the substance of it to Captain Johnny and Bright-horn. Their guns being already loaded, they had little further preparation to make than to put bullets into their mouths, to facilitate the reloading of their arms. In carrying on this process Captain Johnny, as he afterwards related, fearing that the man marching by his side had observed the operation, adroitly did away the impression by remarking, "Me chaw heap tobac."

Fight and Escape of Logan's Party.—The evening being now at hand, the British Indians determined to encamp on the bank of Turkeyfoot creek, about twenty miles from Fort Winchester. Confiding in the idea that Logan had really deserted the American service, a part of his captors rambled around the place of their encampment in search of blackhaws. They were no sooner out of sight than Logan gave the signal of attack upon those who remained behind; they fired, and two of the enemy fell dead—the third, being only wounded, required a second shot to dispatch him; and in the mean time the remainder of the party, who were near by, returned the fire, and all of them "treed." There being four of the enemy, and only three of Logan's party, the latter could not watch all the movements of their antagonists. Thus circumstanced, and during an active fight, the fourth man of the enemy passed round until Logan was uncovered by his tree, and shot him through the body. By this time Logan's party had wounded two of the surviving four, which caused them to fall back. Taking advantage of this state of things, Captain Johnny mounted Logan, now suffering the pain of a mortal wound, and Bright-horn, also wounded, on two of the enemy's horses, and started them for Winchester's camp, which they reached about midnight. Captain Johnny, having already secured the scalp of Winnemac, followed immediately on foot, and gained the same point early on the following morning. It was subsequently ascertained that the two Indians of the British party, who were last wounded, died of their wounds, making in all five out of the seven who were slain by Logan and his companions.

Logan Laughs while in the Death-throes.—When the news of this gallant affair had spread through the camp, and, especially, after it was known that Logan was mortally wounded, it created a deep and mournful sensation. No one, it is believed, more deeply regretted the fatal catastrophe than the author of the charge upon Logan's integrity, which had led to this unhappy result.

Logan's popularity was very great; indeed, he was almost universally esteemed in the army for his fidelity to our cause, his unquestioned bravery, and the nobleness of his nature. He lived two or three days after reaching camp, but in extreme bodily agony; he was buried by the officers of the army at Fort Winchester, with the honors of war.

Previous to his death he related the particulars of this fatal enterprise to his friend Oliver, declaring to him that he prized his honor more than life; and having now vindicated his reputation from the imputation cast upon it, he died satisfied. In the course of this interview, and while writhing with pain, he was observed to smile; upon being questioned as to the cause, he replied, that when he recalled to his mind the manner in which Captain Johnny took off the scalp of Winnemac, while at the same time dexterously watching the movements of the enemy, he could not refrain from laughing—an incident in savage life which shows the "ruling passion strong in death." It would, perhaps, be difficult, in the history of savage warfare, to point out an enterprise, the execution of which reflects higher credit upon the address and daring conduct of its authors than this does upon Logan and his two companions. Indeed, a spirit even less indomitable, a sense of honor less acute, and a patriotic devotion to a good cause less active, than were manifested by this gallant chieftain of the woods, might, under other circumstances, have well conferred immortality upon his name.

Col. John Johnston, in speaking of Logan, in a communication to us, says:

Logan's Children.—Logan left a dying request to myself that his two sons should be sent to Kentucky, and there educated and brought up under the care of Major Hardin. As soon as peace and tranquillity were restored among the Indians, I made application to the chiefs to fulfil the wish of their dead friend to deliver up the boys, that I might have them conveyed to Frankford, the residence of Major Hardin. The chiefs were embarrassed, and manifested an unwillingness to comply, and in this they were warmly supported by the mother of the children. On no account would they consent to send them so far away as Kentucky, but agreed that I should take and have them schooled at Piqua; it being the best I could do, in compliance with the dying words of Logan, they were brought in. I had them put to school, and boarded in a religious, respectable family. The mother of the boys, who was a bad woman, thwarted all my plans for their improvement, frequently taking them off for weeks, giving them bad advice, and even, on one or two occasions, brought whiskey to the school-house and made them drunk. In this way she continued to annoy me, and finally took them altogether to raise with herself among the Shawanese, at Wapaghkonetta. I made several other attempts, during my connection with the Indians, to educate and train up to civilized life many of their youth, without any encouraging results—all of them proved failures. The children of Logan, with their mother, emigrated to the West twenty years ago, and have there become some of the wildest of their race.

Logan county continued to be a favorite place of residence with the Indians for years after the destruction of these towns. Major Galloway, who was here about the year 1800, gives the following, from memory, respecting the localities and names of their towns at that time. Zane's town, now Zanesfield, was a Wyandot village; Wapatomica, three miles below, on Mad river, was then deserted; McKee's town, on McKee's creek, about four miles south of Bellefontaine, so named from the infamous McKee, and was at that time a trading station; Read's town, in the vicinity of Bellefontaine, which then had a few cabins; Lewis' town, on the Great Miami, and Solomon's town, at which then lived the Wyandot chief, *Tarhe*, "The Crane." From an old settler we learn, also, that on the site of Bellefontaine was Blue Jacket's town, and three miles north the town of Buckongehelas. Blue Jacket, or *Weyapiersensaw*, and Buckongehelas, were noted chiefs, and were at the treaty of Greenville; the first was a Shawnee and the last a Delaware. At Wayne's victory Blue Jacket had the chief control, and, in opposition to Little Turtle, advocated giving the whites battle with so much force as to overpower the better counsels of the other.

By the treaty of September 29, 1817, at the foot of the Maumee Rapids, the Senecas and Shawnees had a reservation around Lewistown, in this county; by a treaty, ratified April 6, 1832, the Indians vacated their lands and removed to the Far West. On this last occasion James B. Gardiner was Commissioner, John McElvain, Agent, and David Robb, Sub-Agent.

The village of Lewistown derived its name from Captain John Lewis, a noted Shawnee chief. When the county was first settled, there was living with him, to do his drudgery, an aged white woman named Polly Keyser. She was taken prisoner in early life, near Lexington, Ky., and adopted by the Indians. She had an Indian husband and two half-breed daughters. There were several other whites living in the county who had been adopted by the Indians. We give be-

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

PUBLIC SQUARE, BELLEFONTAINE.

J. J. Millikin, Photo., Bellefontaine, 1887.

PUBLIC SQUARE, BELLEFONTAINE.

low sketches of two of them: the first is from N. Z. McCulloch, Esq., a grandson of Isaac Zane—the last from Colonel John Johnston.

ISAAC ZANE was born about the year 1753, on the south branch of the Potomac, in Virginia, and at the age of about 9 years was taken prisoner by the Wyandots, and carried to Detroit. He remained with his captors until the age of manhood, when, like most prisoners taken in youth, he refused to return to his home and friends. He married a Wyandot woman from Canada, of half French blood, and took no part in the war of the revolution. After the treaty of Greenville, in 1795, he bought a tract of 1,800 acres, on the site of Zanesfield, where he lived until his death in 1816.

JAMES MCPHERSON, or *Squa-la-ka-ke*, "the red-faced man," was a native of Carlisle, Cumberland county, Pa. He was taken prisoner by the Indians on the Ohio, at or near the mouth of the Big Miami, in Loughry's defeat; was for many years engaged in the British Indian Department, under Elliott and McKee, married a fellow-prisoner, came into our service after Wayne's treaty of 1795, and continued in charge of the Shawanese and Senecas of Lewistown until his removal from office, in 1830, since which he has died.

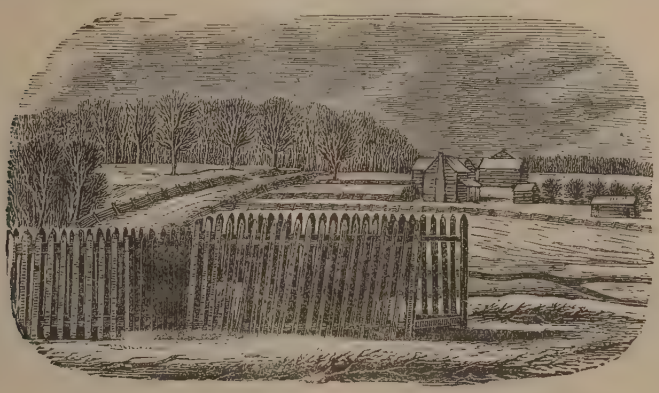
Logan county was first settled about the year 1806. The names of the early settlers recollected are Robert and William Moore, Benjamin and John Schuyler, Philip and Andrew Mathews, John Makimsom, John and Levi Garwood, Abisha Warner, Joshua Sharp and brother, Samuel, David and Robert Marmon; Samuel and Thomas Newell, and Benjamin J. Cox. In the late war the settlements in this county were on the verge of civilization, and the troops destined for the Northwest passed through here. There were several block-house stations in the county, namely: Manary's, McPherson's, Vance's and Zane's. Manary's, built by Capt. James Manary, of Ross county, was three miles north of Bellefontaine, on the farm of John Laney; McPherson's stood three-fourths of a mile northwest, and was built by Captain Maltby, of Green county; Vance's, built by ex-Governor Vance, then captain of a rifle company, stood on a high bluff on the margin of a prairie, about a mile east of Logansville; Zane's block-house was at Zanesfield. At the breaking out of the war many hundreds of friendly Indians were collected and stationed at Zane's and McPherson's block-houses, under the protection of the government, who for a short time kept a guard of soldiers over them. It was at first feared that they would take up arms against the Americans, but subsequent events dissipating these apprehensions, they were allowed to disperse.

Bellefontaine in 1846.—Bellefontaine, the county-seat, is on the line of the Cincinnati & Sandusky City Railroad, fifty miles northwest of Columbus. It was laid out March 18, 1820, on the land of John Tulles and William Powell, and named from the fine springs abounding in the vicinity. The first of the above lived at the time in a cabin on the town plot, yet standing in the south part of Bellefontaine. After the town was laid out Joseph Gordon built a cabin, now standing, on the corner opposite Slicer's Hotel. Anthony Ballard erected the first frame dwelling; William Scott kept the first tavern, where J. C. Scarff's drug-store now is. Slicer's tavern was built for a temporary court-house. Joseph Gordon, Nathaniel Dodge, Anthony Ballard, William Gutridge, Thomas Haynes and John Rhodes were among the first settlers of the town, the last of whom was the first merchant. The Methodists built the first church, a brick structure, destroyed by fire, which stood on the site of their present church. Bellefontaine contains two Presbyterian, one Episcopal Methodist, and one Lutheran church; one newspaper printing office, eleven dry-goods stores, and had, in October, 1846, 610 inhabitants.—*Old Edition.*

About five miles northeast of Bellefontaine, on the head waters of Mad river, is the grave of General Simon Kenton. He resided for the last few years of his life in the small log-house shown on the right of the engraving, where he breathed his last. He was buried on a small grassy knoll, beside the grave of a Mr. Solomon Praetor, shown on the left. Around his grave is a rude and now dilapidated picketing, and over it a small slab bearing the following inscription:

In Memory
of
GENERAL SIMON KENTON,
Who was born April 3, 1755, in Culpepper county, Va., and died April 29, 1836, aged 81 years and 26 days. His fellow-citizens of the West will long remember him as the skillful pioneer of early times, the brave soldier and the honest man.

The above is from the old edition. The remains of General Kenton, many years after my visit, were removed to Oakdale Cemetery, Urbana, where now stands an elegant monument, erected at the expense of the State. For full par-



GRAVE OF SIMON KENTON—Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

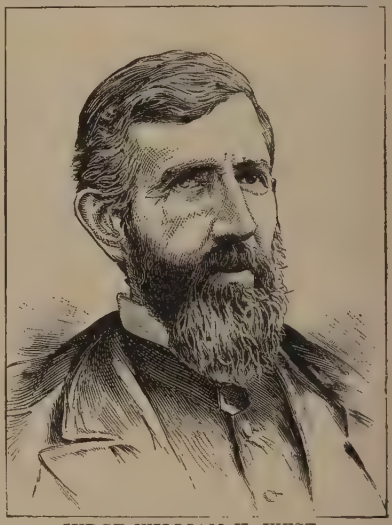
ticulars, with a sketch of Kenton, see Vol. I., page 377, *etc.* For the particulars of my making the above sketch, now forty-four years gone, and our first entrance into Bellefontaine, and its appearance then, see page 236.

BELLEFONTAINE, county-seat of Logan, seventy-seven miles northwest of Columbus, 112 miles north of Cincinnati, at the crossing of the C. C. C. & I. and I. B. & W. Railroads, is situated in a fine agricultural district, the principal products being live-stock, wool and grain. Bellefontaine is near Hogue's Hill, the highest known point in the State; the elevation is 1,540 feet above tide-water. County Officers, 1888: Auditor, Christie Williams; Clerk, Sol. A. McCulloch; Commissioners, James M. Putnam, Edward Higgins, Alonzo C. McClure; Coroner, John Q. A. Bennett; Infirmary Directors, Joseph M. Porter, Layman Dow, Abiel Horn; Probate Judge, Thomas Miltenberger; Prosecuting Attorney, Walter S. Plum; Recorder, Benjamin Underwood; Sheriff, Wallner W. Roach; Surveyor, James C. Wonders; Treasurer, John D. Inskeep. City Officers, 1888: J. A. Odor, Mayor; R. B. Johnson, Clerk; W. W. Roach, Marshal; J. M. Nelson, Treasurer; J. D. McLaughlin, Solicitor; Joseph Stover, Street Commissioner. Newspapers: *Republican*, Republican, J. Q. A. Campbell, editor and publisher; *Examiner*, Democratic, E. O. Hubbard, editor and publisher; *Logan County Index*, Republican, Roebuck & Brand, editors and publishers. Churches: one Methodist Episcopal, one African Methodist Episcopal, one Catholic, one Reformed Presbyterian, one Baptist, one Colored Baptist, one Presbyterian, one United Presbyterian, one Reformed Presbyterian, one Christian, one Lutheran. Banks: Bellefontaine National, William Lawrence, president, James Leister, cashier; People's National, Abner Riddle, president, Robert Lamb, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—Miller Carriage Co.; Mack, Dickinson & Co., chair stock, etc., 64 hands; Chichester & Haviland, chairs, 37; Bellefontaine Carriage Body Co., carriage bodies, etc., 25; A. J. Miller & Co., carriage woodwork, 12; Colton Bros., flour, etc., 16; Miller & Kiplinger, carriages, etc.; Williamson & Lesourd, doors, sash, etc.; Miller Carriage Co., carriage bodies, 33; David C. Green, lumber.—*State Report, 1888.* Population in 1880, 3,998. School census, 1888, 1,127; Henry Whitworth, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, $178,200. Value of annual product, $723,500.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887.* Census, 1890, 4,238.

The town owns its own water- and gas-works, has about six miles of Berea flagging sidewalks, and its streets are nicely graded and shaded. The bar is one of the strongest in the State, embracing Judges Lawrence, West, Price and Gen. Kennedy.

GEN. ROBERT P. KENNEDY.



JUDGE WILLIAM H. WEST,
The Blind Man Eloquent.

Bellefontaine has supplied three Lieutenant-Governors for Ohio.

1st. BENJAMIN STANTON, born of Quaker parentage on Short creek, Belmont county, Ohio, March 4, 1809. Was bred a tailor, which appears to have been a favorite trade for young Friends, probably from its humanitarian aspects—"clothing the naked." Studied law and was admitted to the bar at Steubenville in 1833; came to Bellefontaine in 1834; then was successively prosecuting attorney, State Senator, member of the Ohio Constitutional Convention in 1851; served several terms as member of Congress and in 1861 was elected Lieutenant-Governor of Ohio, and on the same ticket with Governor David Tod; in 1866 removed to West Virginia, practised law there and died a few years since.

2d. ROBERT P. KENNEDY was born in Bellefontaine, January 23, 1840. Entered the Union army in 1861, came out Brevet Brig.-General in 1865; studied and practised the law; was Collector of Internal Revenue 1878 to 1883; elected to the 50th Congress, re-elected to the 51st Congress; was elected Lieutenant-Governor on the ticket with J. B. Foraker in 1885 and resigned in 1887. In the stormy session of 1886, as President of the Senate, his rulings in regard to the seating of the Hamilton county Democratic Senators, their election being contested, gave him prominence.

3d. WM. VANCE MARQUIS was elected Lieutenant-Governor in 1889, on the ticket with Mr. Jas. E. Campbell. He is of Scotch-Irish Presbyterian ancestry; was born in Mt. Vernon in 1828; came here when a boy of five years; was bred to merchandising, his present vocation.

A house is pointed out in Bellefontaine where was born, November 21, 1850, CHARLES JULIUS CHAMBERS, author and journalist, now managing editor of the *N. Y. Herald.*

Logan county is rich to excess in names of men known to the nation as possessed of rare intellect, wide attainments and great force of character. High on this list stands unquestioned that of WILLIAM H. WEST. He comes from a class once known to our country that is now extinct. We refer to the hard-handed, knotty-headed sons of small farmers, who from early boyhood worked in the summer

for a schooling in the winter, and then taught school half the year to sustain themselves while securing a profession. This class has a brilliant constellation in history to carry its glory into after generations. We have only to mention the names of Clay, Webster, Corwin, Lincoln, Benton, Ewing and a host of others to make good our assertion, and to this roll of honor we add the name of William H. West.

William was born at Millsborough, Washington county, Pa. His father removed to Knox county, Ohio, in 1830. He graduated at Jefferson College, Penn., in 1846, dividing the honors with Gen. A. B. Sharpe. He taught school in Kentucky until 1848, when he accepted a tutorship of Jefferson College, and a year later was chosen adjunct professor at Hampden-Sidney College, Va. In 1850 he entered as student the law office of Judge William Lawrence, Bellefontaine, Ohio, with whom he formed a partnership on his admission to the bar. He was recognized from the start as an able attorney, and so worked his way to the head of his profession.

There were two qualities that rendered Judge West eminent. One of these was his capacity to assimilate the law he studied to his remarkable intellectual qualities, and the other a strange facility and felicity of utterance. When to these we add a delicate organization, that seemed to vibrate to the touch of passion, we have the powerful advocate who in court convinced the judge and won jury, and was so great before a crowd that he won a national reputation under the name of "the Blind Man Eloquent." Small wonder that Judge West has been the marvel of the legal fraternity at the West. He has a wide reputation as authority on civil and corporate law, equalled by few and surpassed by none. While on the Supreme Bench of Ohio, he was so unfortunate as to lose his sight—but with it came no loss of power. His well-trained mind and powerful memory enabled him to dispense with his eyes, and it has been for years one of the most interesting spectacles to the bar to hear Judge West conduct a case in court. Without assistance from any one, he handles facts and law with the greatest accuracy and power. There is no pause, not the slightest hesitation, as he calls up and unravels facts and quotes the law applicable to their case.

Judge West entered politics at an early day, and soon assumed a leadership that was his by force of intellect and character. He made one of the few prominent men who formed the Republican party. It was in 1854 that he joined in an appeal to all parties after the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, that brought out a convention at Columbus, Ohio, when West was one of the most prominent speakers, and Joseph R. Swan was nominated as a candidate for Judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio, and through the aid of another newly formed political organization called the "Know Nothing" was elected by a majority of more than 75,000.

In 1857 and in 1861 Judge West was a member of the State Legislature, serving in the House, and in 1863 he was returned to the Senate. Afterward his party in the Logan Congressional district sent him as their delegate to the Chicago Convention, when he took part in the nomination of Abraham Lincoln. In 1865 and 1867 he was chosen Attorney-General of Ohio, and in 1869 tendered the position of Consul to Rio Janeiro, but declined. In 1871 he was elected Judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio, and was making his mark as an able jurist, when his failing sight forced him to resign.

The marked event of his political life occurred in 1877, when he was nominated by his party, in State convention assembled, its candidate for Governor. The great railroad strikes, that arrested the wheels of nearly all the locomotives of 150,000 miles of operating railroads, was on hand, and the newly named candidate for Governor had to meet the issue involved in the strife. It was one Judge West had studied and mastered. He knew what Capital and Labor meant, and he felt keenly all that it signified. He saw then what has developed since, that it was fated to be the great issue of civilization, and had to be faced and solved before the wheels of progress could continue to revolve. To the amazement and horror of his political associates, in his first utterance after nomination, he took the side of toil against the corporations. Of course he was defeated. He lost the proud privilege of appointing notaries public and pardoning criminals, but he carried back to private life the honor that comes of a courageous defence of principle.

Judge West twice married, is the father of an interesting family, and for the sake of his two sons, who inherit much of the father' ability, he continues, at Bellefontaine, the practice of his profession, although in feeble health. There, loved by his friends and family and universally respected and admired, "the blind man eloquent" passes to his honored age.

EDWARD HENRY KNIGHT was born in London, England, June 1, 1824, and died in Bellefontaine, January 22, 1883, where he had had legal residence the last twenty-five years of his life, although absent a large part of the time in Washington, Paris, and England. He was educated in England, where he learned the art of steel-engraving and took a course in surgery. In 1846 settled in Cincinnati as a patent attorney.

In 1864 he was employed in the Patent Office at Washington, where he originated the present system of classification. In 1873 he issued his most important work, the "American Mechanical Dictionary." He was a member of the International Juries at the World's Fairs in Philadelphia, in 1876, and Paris, in 1878; was U. S. Commissioner at the latter, receiving the appointment of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor from the French government, in recognition of his services. He was a member of many scientific societies, both American and European. In 1876 he received the degree of LL. D. from Iowa Wesleyan University.

He compiled what is known as Bryant's "Library of Poetry and Song;" was the

author of a number of valuable scientific and other works, and one of the most useful men in research and literature that America has produced.

His knowledge of books, men and things is said to have been marvellous. After death his brain was found to weigh sixty-four ounces, being the heaviest on record, excepting that of Cuvier. The average weight of the brain of Europeans is 49½ ounces (av.) Among the large brains on record are those of Agassiz, 53.4; Lord Campbell, 53.5; Daniel Webster, 53.5; Abercrombie, 63; Knight, 64; Cuvier, 64.5.

JUDGE WILLIAM LAWRENCE was born in Jefferson county, Ohio, in 1819; graduated at Franklin College, Ohio, in 1838; was educated for the law; from 1856–1861 was Judge of Common Pleas; Colonel of the 84th Ohio in the war; served in Congress, 1865, to December, 1871; from 1880 to 1885 was 1st Comptroller of the U. S. Treasury, and the only one whose decisions were regularly published. He has published quite a number of law books: one, "The Law of Religious Societies and Church Corporations."

While acting as judge his circuit included Marion county. The author of the County History thus writes of him: "He was always pleasant and affable. At the opening of a court in May, 1861, when the people were excited about the war, he ordered the sheriff to raise the national flag over the cupola of the Court-house in Marion, which order the sheriff refused to obey. The latter was, therefore, brought into court and fined for contempt. He then hoisted the flag according to the original order. In 1862 the Judge went to the front with a regiment, of which he was Colonel. While in the service his salary as Judge continued, which he drew and distributed to the school districts throughout his circuit, for the benefit of the families of the soldiers."

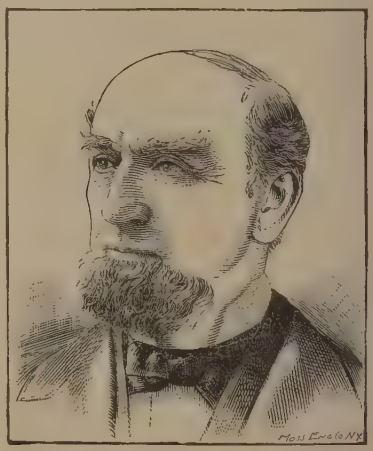
The author speaks of the Judge as though he had passed away, but he remains very much of a live gentleman. When we last saw him, in June, 1889, he seemed the embodiment of manly vigor and cheerfulness, full in figure, full-chested, remarkably neat in apparel, and wearing a button-hole bouquet on the lapel of his coat—in all respects, morally and physically, a fragrant presence; and what we believe has helped to make him such has been his life-practice of the principle illustrated in the name he gave to a daughter—Mary *Temperance* Lawrence.

His law arguments would make several volumes. An able writer, familiar with these and referring to a voluminous opinion he gave as to property rights growing out of the schism in the Church of the United Brethren in Christ, in 1889, said:

"Judge Lawrence is one of the most eminent of living American lawyers. His opinion must be regarded as entirely impartial, and it is maintained with marked ability and forcible argument from beginning to end.

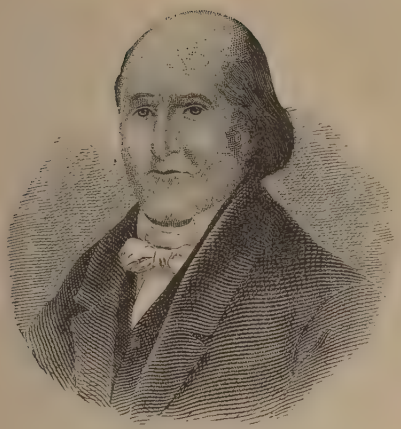
"Judge Lawrence's reports and speeches while in the Ohio Legislature and in Congress would make volumes, many of them on Constitutional Law and on all the great questions in Congress during the period of twelve years following the rebellion. His report in Congress, February, 1869, on the New York election frauds, led to important legislation there and in Congress to preserve the purity of elections. He first urged in Congress the law establishing the 'Department of Justice,' and is author of most of its provisions converting the 'office' of Attorney-General into a 'Department.' He is the author of the law giving to each soldier as a homestead 160 acres of the 'alternate reserved sections' in the railroad land grants, under which so many homes have been secured to these deserving citizens.

"He was the first in Congress to urge, in



JUDGE WILLIAM LAWRENCE.

the interest of securing the public lands to actual settlers, that Indian treaty sales of these lands should be prohibited, as they were by act of March 3, 1871; thus breaking up one of the most gigantic agencies for squandering the public lands and creating monopolies. On the 7th of July, 1876, he carried through the House a bill, called the 'Lawrence Bill,' requiring the Pacific railroad companies to indemnify the government against liability and loss on account of the government loan of credit to the companies, as estimated, of $150,000,000. The railroad companies resisted this, employing Hon. Lyman Trumbull, of Illinois, and Hon. Wm. M. Evarts, of New York, and others, whose elaborate arguments before the Judiciary Committee were met by a voluminous report and speech by Judge Lawrence, answering every opposing argument."—*Biog. Cyc. Ohio.*



COL. JACOB PIATT,
of the American Revolution.

JUDGE BENJ. M. PIATT,
Pioneer of Logan, at 80 Years.

The Piatts of Logan.

[Originally published in the Urbana *Daily Citizen.*]

The Piatt Family is of French origin and Huguenot blood. Of course two centuries of births on this continent and a liberal admixture of Dutch and Irish blood have modified the original conditions that forced the French Puritans from their homes to a life in the wilderness. It is a fact, however, that where any trace of the Huguenot is found, it is marked by the old quality that turned a class into a race of strong, solid, persistent men. In the persecutions that followed the revocation of the edict of Nantes, the family fled from the Province of Dauphine to Holland, where John Piatt married a Van Vliet, and from thence John and his wife emigrated to Cuba, and from there to New York, finding a home at last in New Jersey.

From this ancestry came Col. Jacob Piatt, grandfather of A. Sanders and Donn Piatt. He was born May 17, 1747. When the war of the Revolution came on he was elected captain of a military company, composed of ninety young farmers. Not long afterwards he was commissioned captain in the regular service, and from that on served through the entire war, taking part in all the great battles, and was promoted to the rank of colonel to serve on the staff of General Washington. He was wont to tell how, at the battle of Brandywine, his command was on the extreme left as it lay entrenched on the banks of the Brandywine creek.

Before the battle, as they stood in line, looking at the English, Washington rode down, and stopping near Captain Jacob Piatt, observed: "Do you see those gentlemen over there?" pointing at the red coats. "We do," was answered. He then continued, "If they come nearer give them a knock and send them back again. This will be a glorious day for America." At the battle of Monmouth, Major Piatt was under Lee, who had been ordered to advance, while Washington brought the reserve. History tells us that Lee disobeyed orders and was in full retreat when Washington met him. The meeting happened in the presence of Major Piatt, who, seated on a pile of rails, was binding up a wound in his leg. The two generals swore at each other in the most furious manner. The old Calvinistic Huguenot approved of his general's profanity on the ground that it was deserved.

Colonel Jacob Piatt was in the first expedition against Quebec, and in the important battles of Germantown, Brandywine, Short Hills, and Monmouth. At the last mentioned engagement he was wounded, as we have said, and, although seriously, clung to the service, never even for a day off duty. He enjoyed the confidence of his great commander. After the war he married and settled on the Ohio, in Boone county, Kentucky. He was an extremely austere man, as pious as he was patriotic, giving all of his pension to the support of a clergyman of his own faith. He lies buried on the farm, under a quaint old tombstone, that had engraved upon it the simple yet poetic inscription:

Jacob Piatt.
Born May 17, 1747; died August 14, 1834.
A Soldier of the Revolution
and
A Soldier of the Cross.

BENJAMIN M. PIATT, eldest son of Colonel Jacob Piatt, and long and lovingly known to the people of Logan county, was born in New Jersey, December 26, 1779; died at Mac-o-chee, April 28, 1863.

Judge Benjamin M. Piatt is well remembered by his surviving friends and neighbors of Logan county, as a man of marked attributes and of reticent but amiable temperament. Something of a student he possessed a thoughtful turn of mind that made him more of a philosopher than a man of active life. He had his share of adventure, however, as he began his business career boating produce from Kentucky to New Orleans before the day of steam-boating, when the flat boat and broad horn were floated down in continuous peril from floods and foes, to be broken up and sold at New Orleans, when these primitive merchants returned on horseback with their compensation in gold about their persons. In that unsettled condition of a sparsely settled country, one carried his coin and life in perpetual danger. Many were the adventures of the two brothers, Benjamin M. and John H. Piatt, that chilled the blood of listeners in after life. At the earnest solicitation of his wife, Benjamin M. Piatt abandoned this hazardous but lucrative life of river merchant, and, studying law, was admitted to the bar. Not long after he was appointed district attorney for the southern district of Illinois. This was an arduous position and as it required his continuous presence in that State he decided to move his family also. He selected as a residence Kaskaskia, a settlement on the Mississippi, at the mouth of the Kaskaskia river.

While practising his profession at Kaskaskia an event occurred strikingly illustrative of his character. He was defending a man charged with manslaughter in the court at Kaskaskia, when his client in an unguarded moment seized the sheriff's rifle and fled. The sheriff made an appeal for a posse. Mr. Piatt, indignant at his client, said he would bring the man back if authorized by the court. This being given he hurried home, procured his rifle and horse, and went in pursuit. He overtook the criminal at the Mississippi river. The man had secured a boat and was some distance from shore. Mr. Piatt dismounted and ordered the fugitive back. He was only jeered at. Mr. Piatt brought his rifle to bear at the instant the fugitive did his. But it was well known throughout the country that Benjamin M. Piatt was a most remarkable shot with the rifle, as he continued, until his failing sight robbed him in his old age of this accomplishment. The desperado knew this and looking along the deadly level of his lawyer's rifle dropped his own and returned to shore.

At this moment the sheriff arrived and the lawyer delivered his prisoner to the officer. To disarm and fasten the late fugitive to a horse was the work of a few moments. The man's legs were tied under the horse's belly, his arms strapped to his sides and his hands left enough at liberty to handle the reins. He was ordered to ride forward and sheriff and lawyer followed. They had scarcely got under way when the sheriff motioned his companion to ride more slowly. When far enough back not to be overheard the sheriff said in a low tone:

"Now, Benny, let's fix him for slow travelling. I'll take aim at his right leg and you at his left, and when I count three we'll fire a couple of bullets through his trotters." "You cowardly brute," cried Mr. Piatt, his eyes blazing fire, "do you think I would consent to mutilate a helpless man?" "I wont be answerable for his return then." "Nobody asks you. I was authorized to arrest him. You get away from here. I will do it my own way." The indignant sheriff did ride away, and Mr. Piatt calling to the prisoner to halt, rode up and cutting his bonds said: "Now we'll ride into town like gentlemen," and they did.

The life in Kaskaskia was one of trial and hardship. Mr. and Mrs. Piatt found themselves among strangers, who spoke a different language, poor and struggling for the necessaries of life. There was little to encourage Mr. Piatt in the practice of his profession, yet he would willingly have persevered, had not his family been subjected to such great privations. His wife's devotion and untiring exertions overtaxed her strength, and she lost an infant, soon after his birth. Following immediately upon this Mr. Piatt was stricken with a serious illness brought on by exposure in the performance of his duties. There was also a constant dread of earthquakes, several convulsions having occurred. The proximity of the Indians was also a source of great uneasiness to Mrs. Piatt.

After the war of 1812 the encroachments of the Indians became more alarming, and Mr. Piatt determined to return to Cincinnati. At Cincinnati he formed a partnership with the celebrated Nicholas Longworth, and between the practice of law and judicious investments in real estate he accumulated quite a fortune for that day. In course of time he was appointed to fill a vacancy on the common pleas bench. After, in 1816, he was elected a member of the State legislature, and as the records show, was the first to introduce a bill establishing the common school system. He proposed, however, that the State should meet half the cost of a pupil's schooling, and this should not go beyond reading, writing and arithmetic. The motion made subsequently to give every child a collegiate course he considered not only impossible but likely to break down the system. "You make a system," he said, "where one boy gets a full meal and fifty boys go hungry."

In the prime of life and amid a most prosperous business career, Judge Piatt bought his farm of seventeen hundred acres, and building a double log-cabin for himself and family, devoted the rest of his life to agricultural pursuits, made pleasant by books and studies for which he had a mind and temperament to enjoy.

There is a singular strain of contradiction in the Piatt blood. Their ancestors left France because they would not be Catholics, and yet, "left to" themselves, have nearly all returned to the Catholic faith. While Colonel Jacob Piatt of the revolution and his son Benjamin M. were extreme Federalists, believing in Hamilton and a strong central government, their children to-day are ultra Democrats.

When the late civil war broke upon us Judge Piatt was aroused to great indignation at what he called the infamous crime of the Southern leaders, and engaged actively in sustaining the government. He not only gave freely from his means to organize volunteers but sent his sons and grandsons to the field. When in the midst of the war he was stricken down with a grave sickness,

and the suggestion made that his children be sent for, he said: "No, they cannot prolong my life, but they can and are serving their country; let them alone."

And so the grand old patriot passed to his final rest, when the war whose drum-beats his very heart echoed in its last throbs was drawing to a triumphant end. "I do thank God," he said, "that my dying eyes will not close on a dissevered Union. So long as I have children to remember me, let them remember this, my last will and testament to them."

Benjamin M. Piatt's quiet, philosophical life was in striking contrast to that of his younger brother, John H., and recalls the lines of the German poet as translated by Longfellow:

> "The one on earth in silence wrought,
> And his grave in silence sought;
> But the younger, brighter form
> Passed in battle and in storm."

GEN. A. SANDERS PIATT.

GENERAL A. SANDERS PIATT'S stately home stands sentinel where the Mac-o-chee meets the Mad river valley, and the noisy little stream glides like an eel, through the narrow opening of the wooded hills. General Piatt was a born soldier—tall, erect and well proportioned, and with great force of character. His career in the army was brief but brilliant. He was among the first to volunteer in response to President Lincoln's call for seventy-five thousand men, and he left the field only after being disabled by an attack of typhoid fever, from which he has never entirely recovered. For a brief mention of his services we quote from "Ohio in the War;" and can but add that in his patriotic effort to raise a brigade at his own expense, he brought on financial embarrassments from which he yet suffers, so that both in body and fortune he carries scars that are decorations to one who is without fear and without reproach. Whitelaw Reid says:

"He solicited and received authority from Mr. Lincoln to enlist a brigade for the war. Relying upon his own means he selected a camp, and organized the first Zouave regiment (so called, though for no reason save that they wore a fancy red-legged uniform which they were soon forced to discard) in Ohio.

"He subsisted his regiment for one month and six days, and was then commissioned as colonel and ordered to Camp Dennison. The regiment was designated the 34th. He continued recruiting, with permission from the State authorities, and a second regiment was subsequently organized and designated the 54th. This second regiment was being rapidly filled up when Colonel Piatt was ordered to report with the 34th to General Rosecrans, then commanding in West Virginia.

"On his way to join Rosecrans he met an organized band of rebels in a strongly fortified position near Chapmansville, West Virginia.

"After making a reconnoissance he attacked and drove the enemy in utter rout from his position, and wounded and captured the commander of the force, Colonel J. W. Davis.

"Colonel Piatt next attacked and defeated a rebel force at Hurricane, which was co-operating with General Floyd, then at Cotton Hill."

In March, 1862, he was obliged to return to Ohio on account of a serious attack of typhoid fever. Before his recovery he was commissioned brigadier-general.

In July he was assigned from General Sigel's command to a brigade in General McClellan's army, and a month later took a very gallant part in the battle of Manassas Junction. Reid says:

"Here he halted his brigade while the one in front marched on toward Washington. General Piatt remarked to General Sturgis that he had gone far enough in that direction in search of General Porter, and that with his permission he would march to the battle-field. He then ordered his men into the road, and guided by the sound of artillery he arrived at the battle-ground of Bull Run at 2 o'clock P. M. The brigade went into action on the left, and acquitted itself with great courage. General Pope, in his official report, complimented General Piatt very highly for 'the soldierly feeling which prompted him, after being misled and with the bad example of the other brigade before his eyes, to push forward with such zeal and alacrity to the field of battle.'

"In the battle of Fredericksburg General Piatt occupied the right, and had the satisfaction of being assured by his superior officer that his brigade performed well the duty assigned to it."

Since his return from the army General Piatt has lived the retired life of a farmer, enlivened by books and literary pursuits. He is a clever wielder of the pen, and not only an essayist but a poet. His contributions to the magazines, notably the *North American Review*, mark him as a clear thinker, of a vigorous, incisive style. He has taken part in politics always as a Democrat when not a Greenbacker; as of the last he was once nominated by that party as their candidate for Governor, and would have received a heavy vote but for the fact that the two candidates in the field at the time, being Hon. Chas. Foster and Hon. Thomas Ewing, were something of Greenbackers themselves.

General Piatt has the temperament and

all the qualities that go to make a successful leader of men. In illustration of this we have an event told by a correspondent of the *New York World.*

It was after the gathering upon the fields of Chickamauga of Union and Confederate officers to designate the lines of battle and prepare the ground for a great National Park. General Piatt made one of the number on a belated train of the Queen and Crescent when a frightful collision occurred. The correspondent says:

"We were thrown out of our seats by the concussion that had a deafening crash and then a no less deafening escape of steam. Although much shaken up the passengers were unhurt, and we hastily tumbled out. The scene that met our eyes was terrible. The two huge locomotives were jammed into each other, a great mass of wrenched and broken iron. The freight train loaded with ties was scattered in piles each side of the track. The baggage car was telescoped in the postal car, and the two made a stack of broken boards and timber piled on each other. As we swarmed about the ruins I saw the tall, soldierly form of General Sanders Piatt climbing upon the wreck. He suddenly began gesticulating, but what he said we could not hear. Suddenly the escaping steam ceased, and then the startling cry came to us from General Piatt: 'There are live men under this wreck; come on!' Sure enough, we could hear the feeble moans of one and the agonizing screams of another.

"It was singular to see how one man could take control in the emergency as General Piatt. He not only worked himself, but directed the others, officers of the railroad, veterans of the army and passengers. It was not only a heroic effort of a strong man, but an intelligent one. I noticed two men armed with axes cutting at a part of the under car that remained intact. General Piatt saw them. 'For God's sake don't do that,' he cried, 'you will bring down tons on us.' In an hour, that seemed five to us, the hurt men were got at. It was pitiful to see their mangled forms lifted tenderly out by the laborers, then as black as negroes from the soot that had settled on everything. The gallant old veteran who directed the work was so exhausted when the work was done that we had to carry him back to the passenger car that yet remained upon the track. General Piatt had won his laurels on hard-fought battles of the war, but no brighter crown could be awarded him than his labors on this occasion."

A. Sanders Piatt was born in Cincinnati, May 2, 1821. But for a brief period of his life in Boone county, Ky., he has been a resident of Logan, where he yet will have, we trust, many years of happy life.

SARAH M. B. PIATT.

JOHN J. PIATT.

JOHN JAMES AND SARAH M. B. PIATT.—It is difficult to think of these two poets separate and apart from each other. Yet while both are poets and possess a like delicacy of touch and deftness of expression, they are really wide apart in their several spheres of thought and feeling. John James is of the sunny woods and fields made dear and familiar by sweet human gossip. With a verse all his own he tells of the "Pioneer Chimney" with a touching pathos that comes of clear knowledge of the inner thoughts, feelings and motives of humble, honest life. The love of home, the loftier love of country called patriotism, are his, while the wife is the poet of motherhood. Her power is circled by the home made merry by the musical laugh of children, and so quaint in their infant imaginings and odd fancies that are full of infant wisdom and delicate humor. Then again the mother intervenes, and there is a page one reads through tears. Her power is only second to that of Mrs. Browning; if, indeed, in her peculiar walk, she is not the better of the two.

John J. Piatt, now fifty years of age, began his literary life with Wm. D. Howells, the two when quite young publishing a volume of verse. They have drifted apart, though remaining warm friends, and each in his way winning the laurel crown of fame if not of fortune.

Nearly all the literary people of the United States petitioned President Arthur to give John James a consulate. The prayer was granted, and since then, as United States consul at Cork, he has resided with his beautiful family at a picturesque old home covered with ivy near Queenstown. John is a Republican, as his poetry proves, and when President Cleveland was inaugurated there was a fearful rush made for this post at Cork. The President sent for John's record at the State Department together with the recommendations that gave Mr. Piatt the position. "Why," said the President, "we don't want a poet consul anywhere." "No," responded Secretary Bayard, "we do not, but we do want an honest, capable man, and if you will look at Mr. Piatt's record you will find that he is all that. Then, again, here are Joseph McDonald, John G. Carlisle, Frank Hurd, Dan Voorhees and fifty more Democrats asking his promotion. I think at least we had better let him remain." And remain he did and does. We give as a specimen a poem of John J. Piatt's:

THE BRONZE STATUE OF WASHINGTON.

(April, 1861.)

Uplifted when the April sun was down,
Gold-lighted by the tremulous, fluttering beam,
Touching his glimmering steed with spurs in gleam,
The great Virginia Colonel into town
Rode, with the scabbard emptied on his thigh,
The Leader's hat upon his head, and lo!
The old still manhood on his face aglow,
And the old generalship quick in his eye!
"O father!" said I, speaking in my heart,
"Though but thy bronzed form is ours alone,
And marble lips here in thy chosen place,
Rides not thy spirit in to keep thine own,
Or weeps thy land, an orphan in the mart?"
. . . . The twilight dying lit the deathless face.

SARAH M. B. PIATT, whose delicately beautiful head we reproduce, was Miss Sarah M. Bryant, of Kentucky. She contributed poetry to the Louisville *Journal*, when the witty Prentice was editor, and John James assistant editor. Both were struck by the girl's originality and beauty of expression. The admiration so won on the younger journalist that he made a pilgrimage to the interior of Kentucky to see the gifted one. Admiration melted into love, and won the inspired maiden. We give as a specimen, taken at random, one of Mrs. Piatt's poems:

"WHEN SAW WE THEE?"

BY SARAH M. B. PIATT.

Then shall He answer how He lifted up,
In the cathedral there, at Lille, to me
The same still mouth that drank the Passion-cup,
And how I turned away and did not see.

How—Oh, that boy's deep eyes and withered arm!—
In a mad Paris street, one glittering night,
Three times drawn backward by his beauty's charm,
I gave him—not a farthing for the sight.

How in that shadowy temple at Cologne,
Through all the mighty music, I did wring
The agony of his last mortal moan
From that blind soul I gave not anything.

And how at Bruges, at a beggar's breast,
There by the windmill where the leaves whirled so,—
I saw Him nursing, passed Him with the rest,
Followed by His starved mother's stare of woe.

But, my Lord Christ, Thou knowest I had not much,
And had to keep that which I had for grace
To look, forsooth, where some dead painter's touch
Had left Thy thorn-wound or Thy mother's face.

Therefore, O my Lord Christ, I pray of Thee,
That of Thy great compassion Thou wilt save,
Laid up from moth and rust, somewhere, for me,
High in the heavens—the coins I never gave.

Col. DONN PIATT was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, June 29, 1819. He was educated partly in Urbana and at the Athenæum (now St. Xavier College, Cincinnati), but left that school before completing his course. He studied law under his father, and was, for a time, a pupil of Tom Corwin. In 1851 he was appointed Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Hamilton county. He was made Secretary of the Legation at Paris, under Hon. John Y. Mason, of Virginia, during Pierce's and Buchanan's administrations. When the minister died in October, 1859, Colonel Piatt served as *charge d'affaires* for nearly a year.

On his return home he engaged actively in the presidential canvass, in behalf of Abraham Lincoln. In company with General Robert C. Schenck he stumped Southern Illinois, and his services were publicly acknowledged by the President-elect.

During the civil war he served on the staff of General Robert C. Schenck, who was in command of the Middle Department, with headquarters at Baltimore. While General Schenck was temporarily absent from his post, and Colonel Piatt, as chief of staff, in command, he issued an order, contrary to the policy of the administration at that time, to General William G. Birney, who was then in Maryland, to recruit a brigade of negro soldiers—*to enlist none but slaves.*

The effect of this order was to at once emancipate every slave in Maryland, and it was thought to greatly embarrass Mr. Lincoln and the cabinet. Colonel Piatt had taken the step against General Schenck's wishes, at the advice of Henry Winter Davis, Judge Bond and other distinguished Union men from Maryland; and against the wishes of Reverdy Johnson, Montgomery Blair and other earnest Union men and slaveholders. He was summoned to Washington and threatened by Mr. Lincoln, in a stormy interview, with shameful dismissal from the army. This he was spared by the intercession of

COLONEL DONN PIATT.

LOUISE KIRBY PIATT.

Secretary Stanton, and permitted to retain his rank in the army, though, on account of this rash act, he was always thereafter denied further promotion. But it was a consolation for him to know that his one act had made Maryland a free State. Word went out and spread like wild-fire that "Mr. Linkum was a callin' ôn de slaves to fight fo' fredum," and the hoe-handle was dropped, never again to be taken up by unrequited toil. The poor creatures poured into Baltimore with their families, on foot, on horseback, in old wagons, and even on sleds stolen from their masters. The late masters became clamorous for compensation, and Mr. Lincoln ordered a commission to assess damages. Secretary Stanton put in a proviso that those cases only should be considered wherein the claimant could take the iron-clad oath of allegiance. So, of course, no slaves were paid for.

Having been sent to observe the situation at Winchester, Va., previous to Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania, Colonel Piatt, on his own motion, ordered General Robert H. Milroy to evacuate that indefensible town and fall back on Harper's Ferry. The order was countermanded by General Halleck. Three days afterwards, Milroy, surrounded by the Confederate advance, was forced to cut his way out, with a loss of 2,000 prisoners. Had Colonel Piatt's order been carried out, the command would have been saved, and two regiments of brave men (who under Schenck and Milroy were the only force that ever whipped Stonewall Jackson) not needlessly sacrificed. He was Judge-Advocate of the commission which investigated the charges against General Buell, and favored his acquittal.

After the war he became the Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, distinguishing himself as a writer of great brilliancy.

Col. Piatt subsequently founded and edited the *Washington Capital* for two years, making it so odious to government officials that at their instance during the presidential controversy of 1876 he was indicted—but, as he naively says, "though trying very hard, never got into jail." On the contrary he sold the *Capital* at a very handsome figure and returned to the peace and quiet of Mac-o-chee, where he has since been engaged in literary work and farming. "In all his writings he is apt to take a peculiar and generally unpopular view of his subject," says an eminent critic, and the observation is just.

His entertaining volume, "Memories of the Men who Saved the Union," whom he designates as Lincoln, Stanton, Chase, Seward and General George H. Thomas, is sharply critical, and severe on General Grant. But its strong passages and just appreciation of the great deeds of the other great men atone for this fault. Its sale has been large and is steadily increasing. The *Westminster Review* describes it as "The record of great geniuses, told by a genius."

Col. Piatt has published a delightful little book of love stories, true to life and of pathetic interest, mostly war incidents, called "The Lone Grave of the Shenandoah and Other Tales." In 1888 he edited *Belford's Magazine* as a free trade journal, and made the tariff issue strangely interesting and picturesque. He contributes regularly to the leading English reviews, and is at present engaged with General Charles M. Cist, of Cincinnati, in preparing a life of General George H. Thomas.

In 1865 he was elected as a Republican as Representative from Logan county to the Ohio Legislature. "I made a fight for negro suffrage," says he, "and won, by a decreased majority. Then, after spending a couple of winters at Columbus, I quit, by unanimous consent." He had opposed local legislation, taken an active part in pushing the negro-suffrage amendment through, and was accused of doing more legislating for

Cincinnati, his old home, than all the Hamilton county delegation together. His ability as a speaker and usefulness in the committee-room were widely recognized and praised.

(*Frank Henry Howe, Photo.*, 1890.)

MAC-O-CHEE, COL. PIATT'S RESIDENCE.

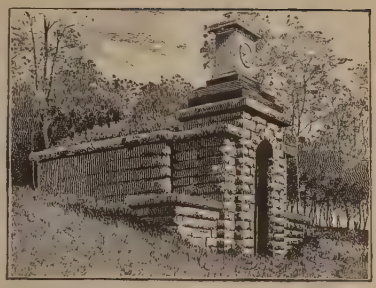
Who can describe the beauty and charm of Mac-o-chee Valley? As seen from his great stone mansion it presents one of the fairest prospects that ever delighted the vision of man. There is no description truer than Tom Corwin's: "A man can better live and die here than in any place I have ever seen." Above is an excellent picture of the ivy-crowned west and south fronts, and entrance into one of the best libraries in Ohio. The beautiful residence harmonizes with the grand scenery about it—like the castles along the historic Rhine, one of which it closely resembles and is modelled after.

(*Frank Henry Howe, Photo.*, 1890.

THE OLD CHURCH.

Near the old mill on the direct road from Col. Piatt's to Urbana is the family burying-ground, just back of the old log Catholic church, which is now almost destroyed. Here the Piatts for four generations have worshipped and near by many are buried.

In the hillside just below the old church Col. Piatt has had erected a substantial stone vault. It is the tomb of the wife of his early manhood, a gifted and charming lady.



(*Frank Henry Howe, Photo.*, 1890.)

THE TOMB.

A more appropriate epitaph, or one so touching, could hardly be written than that chiselled in marble on the reverse side of the medallion, shown in the picture. It was written by Col. Piatt and reads as follows:

To thy dear memory, darling, and my own,
I build in grief this monumental stone;
All that it tells of life in death is thine,
All that it tells of death in life is mine;
For that which made thy pure spirit blest,
In anguish deep has brought my soul unrest
You dying, live to find a life divine,
I living, die till death shall make me thine.

MRS. LOUISE KIRBY PIATT, wife of Col. Donn Piatt, was born in Cincinnati, November 25, 1826; died at Mac-o-chee, Ohio, October 2, 1864. She was the daughter of Timothy Kirby, a prominent and wealthy banker, and agent of the United States Bank in Cincinnati, closed by President Jackson, and a devoted Whig in days when partisan bitterness ran at fever height; but Col. Piatt was an equally zealous young Democrat, and, for this reason, principally, Mr. Kirby strongly opposed his daughter's marriage to him. The circumstances of his courtship and marriage by Col. Piatt were, indeed, highly romantic. The license was quietly procured from his relative, Mr. Jacob W. Piatt, then clerk of Hamilton county, and the marriage ceremony as quietly performed at the Catholic Cathedral by Rev. Fr. Edward Purcell, since Archbishop. Immediately after, the newly made bride left in her mother's carriage for her home, and the husband boarded the train for Mac-o-chee.

Six weeks after the marriage was discovered, and Mr. Kirby, a man of firm purpose, in his wrath, as he had threatened, turned the young people out to care for themselves. It was years before he softened and forgave them. The reconciliation came none too soon. The life of poverty and privation that followed the marriage proved too much for the sensitive, delicate organization of the daughter, who, when she did return to the shelter of her father's house, returned to die.

Her brief life was beautiful in the charm of sense and sensibility, that were ever a part

of, and about her, like a rose-tinted atmosphere, heavy with the perfume of flowers. She was not only a brilliant conversationalist, but a fascinating one as well, for she won the sympathy, as well as admiration, of her listeners. There was in her manner a strange mixture of shyness with a frank way that was very winning. A fine linguist she lived in the English classics with a love that made her akin to their genius. Her contributions to literature were not great, but enough to prove the excellence she might have achieved had life been spared. She had to perfection a rare quality in woman, and that was a keen sense of humor. When not encroached upon it was exceedingly delicate and quaint.

Soon after her marriage her husband was appointed as Secretary of Legation at Paris, and she accompanied him abroad, and in his promotion to *charge d'affaires* attracted much attention at the court of Louis Napoleon under the second Empire, where she soon became a favorite with the Empress Eugenie. During her residence in Paris her contributions to the *Ladies' Home Journal* were greatly admired and widely read, and these were, in 1856, published under the title of "Belle Smith Abroad." They comprise one of the most interesting volumes of foreign travel of that period. Her descriptive powers were excellent, and through all she has written runs a vein of happy wit and merriment highly enjoyable to this day.

The brief story of her life is told in a monument that adorns one of the sweetest scenes at Mac-o-chee. On one side can be read:

To the memory of one
Whose voice has charmed
And presence graced
These solitudes.

On the reverse are engraved:

LOUISE KIRBY PIATT.

She rested on life's dizzy verge
So like a being of a better world,
Men wondered not, when, as an evening cloud
That grows more lovely as it steals near night,
Her gentle spirit drifted down
The dread abyss of death.

On the reverse side of the shaft of the monument, on which is a well-executed medallion of her fair face, is also the touching epitaph written by her husband and printed on the preceding page.

We conclude here with the poem so widely popular—a tribute from him to her while giving the sunshine of her living presence to warm his heart and gladden his home:

"THE BLOOM WAS ON THE ALDER AND THE TASSEL ON THE CORN."

I heard the bob-white whistle in the dewy breath of morn;
The bloom was on the alder and the tassel on the corn.
I stood with beating heart beside the babbling Mac-o-chee,
To see my love come down the glen to keep her tryst with me.

I saw her pace, with quiet grace, the shaded path along,
And pause to pluck a flower, or hear the thrush's song.
Denied by her proud father as a suitor to be seen,
She came to me with loving trust, my gracious little queen.

Above my station, heaven knows, that gentle maiden shone,
For she was belle and wide-beloved, and I a youth unknown.
The rich and great about her thronged, and sought on bended knee
For love this gracious princess gave with all her heart to me.

So like a startled fawn, before my longing eyes she stood,
With all the freshness of a girl in flush of womanhood.
I trembled as I put my arm about her form divine,
And stammered as, in awkward speech, I begged her to be mine.

'Tis sweet to hear the pattering rain that lulls a dim-lit dream;
'Tis sweet to hear the song of birds, and sweet the rippling stream;
'Tis sweet amid the mountain pines to hear the south wind sigh—
More sweet than these and all besides was th' loving, low reply.

The little hand I held in mine held all I had in life,
To mould its better destiny and soothe to sleep its strife.
'Tis said that angels watch o'er men commissioned from above;
My angel walked with me on earth and gave to me her love.

Ah! dearest wife, my heart is stirred, my eyes are dimmed with tears;
I think upon the loving faith of all these by-gone years;
For now we stand upon this spot, as in that dewy morn,
With the bloom upon the alder and the tassel on the corn.

THE LEWISTOWN RESERVOIR for supplying the Miami canal is in the northwestern part of the county; its area is 7,200 acres, or nearly 12 square miles; extreme length 5 miles and width 4 miles.

WEST LIBERTY is 8 miles south of Bellefontaine, on the I. B. & W. R. R., and upon Mad River, one of the best mill streams in Ohio, the valley of which is here two or three miles wide, and of unsurpassed fertility and great beauty. The Mac-o-chee here joins it. Newspaper: *Banner*, Republican; Don C. Bailey, editor and publisher. Churches: Presbyterian, Methodist, Christian, Lutheran. Bank: West Liberty Banking Co., W. Z. Nickerson & Co.; W. Z. Nickerson, cashier. Population, 1880, 715. School census, 1888, 367.

WEST MANSFIELD is 12 miles northeast of Bellefontaine. Population, 1880, 333. School census, 1888, 160.

BELLE CENTRE is 12 miles north of Bellefontaine, on the I. B. & W. R. R. It has 4 churches, viz.: 1 Methodist, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Disciples, 1 Reformed Presbyterian. Newspapers: *News-Gazette*, also *Bulletin*. Bank: Belle Centre, J. H. Clark, president; Wm. Ramsey, cashier. Population, 1880, 434. School census, 1888, 298.

ZANESFIELD is 5 miles east of Bellefontaine. Population in 1880, 307. School census 1888, 128.

HUNTSVILLE is 6 miles north of Bellefontaine, on the I. B. & W. R. R. It has 3 churches. Population, 1880, 429. School census, 1888, 216.

DE GRAFF is 9 miles southwest of Bellefontaine, on the C. C. C. & I. R. R. Newspaper: *Buckeye*, Independent, D. S. Spellman, editor. Bank: Citizens', Loufbourrow & Williams; I. S. Williams, cashier. Population, 1880, 965. School census, 1888, 330.

QUINCY is 12 miles southwest of Bellefontaine, on the Great Miami river and the C. C. C. & I. R. R. Population, 1880, 442. School census, 1888, 127.

RUSHSYLVANIA is 9 miles northeast of Bellefontaine, on the C. C. C. & I. R. R. Newspaper: *Times*, Independent; Henry M. Daniels, editor and publisher. Bank: Citizens', W. McAdams, president; O. R. Pegg, cashier. Population, 1880, 445. School census, 1888, 184.

WEST MIDDLEBURG is 10 miles southeast of Bellefontaine. Population, 1880, 272.

LORAIN.

LORAIN COUNTY was formed December 26, 1822, from Huron, Cuyahoga and Medina. The surface is level, and the soil fertile and generally clayey. Parallel with the lake shore are three sand ridges, which vary from 40 to 150 rods in width; they are respectively about 3, 7 and 9 miles from the lake, and are fertile. Area about 500 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 110,032; in pasture, 106,403; woodland, 37,191; lying waste, 2,817; produced in wheat, 324,480 bushels; rye, 1,346; buckwheat, 104; oats, 763,875; barley, 6,405; corn, 423,270; broom-corn, 500 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 47,843 tons; clover hay, 2,434; flax, 34,100 lbs. fibre; potatoes, 115,446 bushels; butter, 843,460 lbs.; cheese, 3,233,589 (the greatest in the State); sorghum, 1,433 gallons; maple sugar, 54,786 lbs.; honey, 5,020 lbs.; eggs, 422,855 dozen; grapes, 1,259,200 lbs.; wine, 334 gallons; sweet potatoes, 1,009 bushels; apples, 72,312; peaches, 14,308; pears, 833; wool, 121,809 lbs.; milch cows owned, 15,171, next to Ashtabula county, largest in the State. School census, 1888, 11,418; teachers, 345. Miles of railroad track, 179.

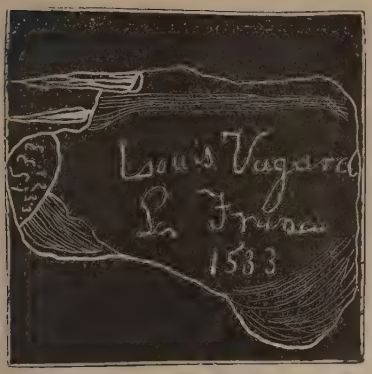
TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Amherst,	1,186	3,259	Huntington,	743	767
Avon,	1,211	2,067	La Grange,	991	1,429
Black River,	668	1,937	Penfield,	405	735
Brighton,	999	517	Pittsfield,	704	976
Brownhelm,	934	1,497	Ridgeville,	818	1,660
Camden,	504	968	Rochester,	487	733
Carlisle,	1,094	1,329	Russia,	1,302	4,376
Columbia,	876	906	Sheffield,	521	1,046
Eaton,	764	1,161	Sullivan,	782	
Elyria,	1,636	5,648	Troy,	289	
Grafton,	713	1,237	Wellington,	781	2,384
Henrietta,	743	894			

Population of Lorain in 1830, 5,696; 1840, 18,451; 1860, 29,744; 1880, 35,526, of whom 22,448 were born in Ohio; 2,717 New York; 668 Pennsylvania; 225 Virginia; 115 Indiana; 99 Kentucky; 2,819 German Empire; 1,759 England and Wales; 767 Ireland; 458 British America; 172 Scotland; 76 France, and 33 Sweden and Norway. Census, 1890, 40,295.

There was found in this county, a few years since, a curious ancient relic, which is thus described in the *Lorain Republican*, of June 7, 1843:

"In connection with our friend, Mr. L. M. Parsons, we have procured two views or sketches of the engravings upon a stone column or idol, found upon the farm of Mr. Alfred Lamb, in Brighton, in this county, in 1838. The following is a side view of the pillar or column.

"It was found about three-fourths of a mile from Mr. Lamb's house, covered with a thick coat of moss. Upon three different places are engraved the figures 1533. The horns represented are now broken off, but their place is easily defined. A flat stone, eight inches in diameter and one and a half inches thick, was found beneath this column, on removing it from its erect position, upon which the figures 1533 were discovered also engraved. Another stone was found about ten feet distant, of like quality. It was about six inches long and three in diameter (six sided), supported by three pillars about three inches long, of pyramidal form. No marks of tools were upon it. Upon the top part of the first mentioned pillars,



above shown, was an engraving of a vessel under full sail, in form, as near as now can be ascertained, as herein. The engraving was most unfortunately nearly obliterated by the boys cracking hickory-nuts upon it. These are about all the facts connected with these curious relics which have come to our knowledge."

Early History.

Moravian Mission.—The first actual settlement in Lorain county was made by the Moravian missionaries who came from Detroit in 1786, with the design of going to their old home on the Tuscarawas, the scene of the massacre of 1782. They had reached a point on the Cuyahoga, as far as Independence township, known as "Pilgrim's Rest," when they received such information that they were fearful of proceeding farther inland. After remaining about a year, they journeyed westward until they arrived at the mouth of Black river, where they designed to make a permanent settlement. A few days only elapsed, when a chief of the Delawares sent them a message warning them to depart. They then settled on the Huron river, two miles north of Milan, remained five or six years, were persecuted and driven away, and found a permanent asylum on the river Thames, in Canada.

A trading-post was established in 1807 by Nathan Perry at the mouth of Black river. Actual clearers of the woods, said to have been from Vermont, planted themselves at that point in 1810. In 1808 Columbia received her first settlers; Ridgeville, Amherst and Eaton in 1810, all mostly from Waterbury, Conn. Very few settlers came into the county until the close of the war of 1812. The first settlement made in Elyria was in 1816, and by a Mr. Beach, with his family, who settled in the western part near the site of the present Haags Mill.

Col. James Smith, who was taken prisoner by the Indians in 1755 in Pennsylvania, in the narrative of his captivity, gives some of his experiences in this county which are quite interesting. He speaks of the Canesadooharie, the Indian name for Black river, which a party he was with struck near its source, and finally followed south until they came near the East Falls, now within the corporate limits of Elyria, where they buried their canoe and erected a winter cabin, which is supposed to have been located on Evergreen Point. The narrative then says:

"*Indian Hunting.*—'It was some time,' writes Smith, 'in December when we finished our winter cabin; but then another difficulty arose—we had nothing to eat. While the hunters were all out exerting their utmost ability, the squaws and boys (in which class I was) were scattered in the bottom, hunting red haws and hickory-nuts. We did not succeed in getting many haws, but had tolerable success in scratching up hickory-nuts from under a light snow. The hunters returned with only two small turkeys, which were but little among eight hunters and thirteen squaws, boys and children. But they were divided equally. The next day the hunters turned out again, and succeeded in killing one deer and three bears. One of the bears was remarkably large and fat. All hands turned out the next morning to bring in the meat.

"'During the winter a party of four went out to the borders of Pennsylvania to procure horses and scalps, leaving the same number in camp to provide meat for the women and children. They returned towards spring with two scalps and four horses. After the departure of the warriors we had hard times, and though not out of provisions, we were brought to short allowance. At length Tontileaugo had fair success, and brought into camp sufficient to last ten days. Tontileaugo then took me with him in order to encamp some distance from the winter cabin. We steered south up the creek ten or twelve miles and went into camp.'"

Elyria Founded.—In the spring of 1817

Heman Ely, of West Springfield, Mass., becoming the possessor of 12,500 acres of land lying around the falls of Black river, originally the property of the Connecticut Land Company, came out to make preparations for settlement. He had built a dam and erected a grist and saw-mill on the east branch, near the foot of the present Broad street, Elyria. He also had built a log-house where were boarded the men engaged in the construction of the mills.

Returning home, he sent, about the 1st of January, from Massachusetts, three men with axes in their hands, to commence clearing land. They made the entire distance, 600 miles, on foot, and before Mr. Ely arrived in March, they made quite a hole in the woods.

The township of Elyria was organized in 1819, and included the present township of Carlisle, and named by adding to Mr. Ely's name the syllable "ria," suggested by the Greek name Illyria. It was wrongly stated in our first edition that this termination was from that of the name of his first wife, Maria, an error both in application and in fact, as her name was *Celia*. In the winter of 1821–2 Mr. Ely visited Columbus to secure an act for the organization of the county. He became lost in the woods the first day from home; he finally made his way out, returned home, and on another day made a successful effort. The county took its name from Lorraine, in France, in which province Mr. Ely spent some time while in Europe. The village of Elyria was incorporated in 1833. The township was slow in settling. Mr. Ely was eminently just as a landed proprietor; he usually sold his land on four years' time. He was a thorough business man; was for a while member of the State Board of Equalization, and also Associate Judge of the county.

Early in life he was a shipping merchant in New York, during which period it was he was in France.

Elyria in 1846.—Elyria, the county-seat, is seven miles from Lake Erie, twenty-four west of Cleveland, and 130 northeast of Columbus. The first settler in the town and township was Mr. Heman Ely, from West Springfield, Mass., who came out here in March, 1817, and built a cabin about twelve rods southeast of his present residence. He brought with him some hired men, to make improvements on his land, a large tract of which he had purchased at this place and vicinity. The village was soon laid out, and some time in the succeeding year Mr. Ely moved into his present residence, the first frame house erected in the township. Upon the organization of the county, the old court-house was built, which was used as a church by the Presbyterians, until they built a house of worship, the first erected in the village. Elyria is a beautiful and thriving village; in its centre is a handsome public square, shown in the engraving; the large building in front is the court-house; beyond, on the right, is the public square, on which are seen, facing "Beebe's block," the "Mansion House" and the "brick block." The Gothic structure on the left is the Presbyterian church, designed by R. A. Sheldon, of New York, and erected in 1846–7 by H. J. & S. C. Brooks, of Elyria; it is one of the most elegant churches in Ohio, built of sandstone, and finished throughout in a tasteful and substantial manner, at an expense of about $8,000.

The village stands on a peninsula, formed by the forks of Black river, on which, near the town, are two beautiful falls, of forty feet perpendicular descent, highly valuable for manufacturing purposes. At the falls on the west fork the scenery is wild and picturesque; the rocks are lofty and overhang the valley for, perhaps, some thirty feet. At that point is a large cavern, of a semi-circular form, about seventy-five feet deep, 100 broad at the entrance, with a level floor, and wall from five to nine feet high, forming a cool and romantic retreat from the heats of summer. The sandstone bounding the valley is of an excellent quality, and is much used for building purposes. Elyria contains one Episcopal, one Methodist, one Baptist, one Disciples, and one or two Congregational churches; one classical academy, six dry-goods, three grocery and three drug-stores; one newspaper printing-office, one woollen, one axe, and sash and blind factory; one furnace, one machine-shop, three flouring-mills and 1,500 inhabitants.—*Old Edition.*

ELYRIA, county-seat of Lorain, twenty-six miles southwest of Cleveland, 110 miles northeast of Columbus, on the C. L. & W. and L. S. & M. S. Railroads, is the centre of an agricultural district, dairying being the special feature. County officers, 1888: Auditor, Oscar Herrick; Clerk, Henry J. Lewis; Commissioners, Alfred Fauver, David Wallace, Tasso D. Phelon; Coroner, Ranson E. Braman;

Infirmary Directors, Albert Foster, Isaac S. Straw, Daniel M. Hall; Probate Judge, Edgar H. Hinman; Prosecuting Attorney, Amos R. Webber; Recorder, William E. Cahoon; Sheriff, Melville A. Pounds; Surveyor, Clemon H. Snow; Treasurers, Everett E. Williams, Judson E. Williard. City officers, 1888: N. B. Gates, Mayor; L. C. Kelsey, Clerk; T. M. Brush, Treasurer; C. H. Snow, Civil Engineer; N. A. Redmond, Marshal; Daniel Eason, Street Commissioner. Newspapers: *Democrat*, Democratic, F. S. Reefy, editor and publisher; *Republican*, Republican, George Washburn, editor and publisher. Churches: one Episcopalian, one German Reformed, one German Lutheran, one Catholic, one Baptist, one Congregational and one Methodist. Banks: National of Elyria, Heman Ely, president, John W. Hulbert, cashier; Savings Deposit, T. L. Nelson, president, J. C. Hill, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—Ohio Co-operative Shear Co., shears, 60 hands; Henry Copas, road machines, etc., 4; C. W. Plotcher Bottling Co., bottling works, 6; Thomas Armstrong, general machinery, 3; the Topliff & Ely Co., carriage hardware, etc., 44; C. Parsch, planing-mill, 18; J. W. Hart, planing-mill, 17; Elyria Canning Co., canned goods, 147; Western Automatic Machine Screw Co., machine screws, 78; G. Reublin, flour and feed, 3; Ross & Ingersoll, general machinery, 8.—*State Report, 1888.* Population, 1880, 4,777. School census, 1888, 1,621; School Superintendent, H. M. Parker. Census, 1890, 5,611.

TRAVELLING NOTES.

Elyria, in a certain sense, may be regarded as a sort of suburb of Cleveland, it being a ride by cars of only about forty minutes between the two places, and the communication frequent. Hence, many doing business in that city have their homes in Elyria. The situation, on a plain in and around the forks of Black river, is very pleasant. As the depot is but two minutes' walk from the public square, no time is lost by excess of pedestrianism at either end, as the cars at the Cleveland end also stop near its business centre, at the Superior-street station.

The public square at Elyria is an oblong of about four acres. Around or near it are the principal churches, the hotels and business blocks. Upon it is an elegant court-house, the floors of which are laid with the noted Zanesville encaustic tile, equal to the English tile. It cost about $175,000, but this does not fully give an idea of its real value, as its material is a home production, the beautiful sandstone on which the town rests. It is this possession that has enabled Elyria to lay down many miles of sandstone pavement with slabs of the full width of the sidewalk—in this respect having a valued distinction above most towns of Ohio.

The public square has upon it a soldiers' monument; a fine grove of maples is ornamented with a pretty fountain, flower-beds, rustic seats and board placards, "Keep off the grass." A library of 10,000 volumes, open to the public, is close by, founded by the late Charles Arthur Ely, who lived to do good to mankind; and for a term of years, up to the war period, Elyria had a flourishing Natural History Society; under its auspices free lectures were weekly given by various gentlemen, residents of Elyria, and their educating influence was very great upon the citizens.

At Elyria are located the works of the Western Automatic Screw Company, employing about 125 hands. It makes screws of various sizes; some—watch-screws—so small that 200 can be put into a lady's thimble. The machine is more than human in its work, as the screws are simply perfect.

Mussey's Quarry.—The northern part of Lorain and the western part of Cuyahoga counties are underlaid with sandstone. Mr. Eugene K. Mussey took me to see the grindstone quarries of H. E. Mussey & Co., on the west fork of Black river, about a mile west of the town. As we neared the place, he told me that a stranger pedestrian, on his way thither, said he discovered he was close by, "for," said he, "I took out my knife, and was enabled to sharpen it on a fence-board, and so found it was *grit.*" On our way thither we passed along the margin of the river. In places it was shallow, and in others there was no water; but everywhere, instead of earth, its bed was a sandstone floor. The quarries produce some building-stone, but are almost exclusively used in the manufacture of grindstones, varying from twelve pounds to 700 pounds in weight, which are shipped to all parts of this country and Canada.

The sandstone deposit in this vicinity is very deep, being now worked to a depth of

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

PUBLIC SQUARE, ELYRIA.

C. F. Lee, Photo., Elyria, 1887.

PUBLIC SQUARE, ELYRIA.

about seventy-five feet, while drilling shows the deposit to be one hundred and seventy-two feet deep.

The largest quarry was, perhaps, one hundred feet square, a huge box-like hole, and seventy-five feet deep. Standing on the margin and looking down the workmen seemed dwindled in size. Huge blocks were being cut to be hoisted out by derricks and deposited in rail cars, to be taken to the buildings to be modelled by machinery into the requisite form. It was pleasant to look upon the smooth sides and floors of the quarries. The work could not have looked smoother if the material had been cheese instead of rock.

Falls and Caves of Black River.—The forks of the Black river, which unite at Elyria, just north of the centre, have each a perpendicular fall of forty feet. Below the falls the river gorge is seventy or eighty feet deep, with a very wild picturesque scenery, in places dense woods with aged hemlocks springing up, their roots finding nurture through the fissures in the rocks. Mr. Geo. E. Washburn took me down into the gorge at the foot of the falls on the west branch, to show me a noted cave. It is formed by a shelving rock. It is in the form of a semi-circle, with a chord of about one hundred and twenty feet: in front, about fourteen feet high, and then the wall, which is massive and arched, gradually sinks until at a distance of about ninety feet it terminates, the rear wall being only three or four feet high. The floor was rocky, cleared of incumbrances and the place would hold a multitude. It was evidently much visited. Public meetings could be held there, but no speaking had, owing to the roar of the cataract, close upon which it intrudes.

Upon the wall above the cave numerous names have been painted, which to inscribe must have required ladders. There, about twenty feet high, is painted as below:

Q. A. GILMORE, 1844.

This is the mark of General Gilmore, the distinguished engineer officer, who at that date was a pupil of the high school in Elyria. His name, as well as others, were in black paint; and it stood from the surface in bas-relief. The oil in the paint had preserved the stone from the influence of water, sun and air upon the general surface of the rock, which where exposed had worn away.

There was a time when the forks had united to the north of their present junction, which is now a few hundred yards to the east of the west falls.

The Black River Basin.—The ancient place of union of the forks was at a locality called the "Basin," a wide expansion of the river into which the East fork poured directly by its cataract, and the West fork after having reached the level of the basin by its then cataract a short distance only above. This basin covers about an acre or two. Below it is an island covered with majestic woods, provided with rustic seats. Pic-nic parties assemble here and enjoy the wild and beautiful scenery of the basin, which is indescribably grand; rocks are piled on rocks in endless confusion.

Black River writes its history like Niagara as it works its way into the interior. As we returned to the town my companion pointed to me a huge rock in the bottom of the gorge, just below the east falls. This had been a shelving rock until a few years ago. A fissure had been discovered at its rear. It gradually widened, and as a precaution a path in front which led to a mill was fenced, as it seemed but a work of time when it would fall.

A Rock Fall.—About six o'clock, Tuesday morning, July 23, 1872, the whole town was aroused by a deep dull sound, followed by the rattling of windows and causing many to rush from their houses as though it had been an earthquake. It was the fall of this rock I saw, which fell about forty feet. Its dimensions taken at the time were as follows: length, 90 feet; breadth, 25 feet; height, 30 feet; estimated weight, 4,500 tons; and with the detached portions about 6,500 tons.

The freezing of water in rock fissures in time will split the strongest stone. Mr. Washburn, after pointing out this rock, said: "My father, a New Hampshire farmer, split granite rocks in his mica quarry by drilling deep holes, then filling them with water, which upon freezing split the largest rocks asunder. The more modern rocks were frequently split by drilling channels and driving in pine wedges, which being expanded by either frost or water would separate the rock."

A Secluded Retreat.—I know of no town anywhere that has such a secluded retreat within two minutes' walk of its very centre as has Elyria in Washington avenue. It lies north of the town in a loop of the East fork, on a spot which only a few years ago was an ancient and magnificent forest of pine, oak, ash and maple. The avenue was laid out one hundred feet broad, on ground level as a floor. It is entered by an iron bridge one hundred and eighty-five feet long across the stream, just above the falls, and not over six hundred feet in a direct line from the public square.

The residences there are fine home lots, large, without fences and every place backs upon the stream, while around are the grand old woods. Mr. David C. Baldwin is especially favored in his home, as he can look down from the forest retreat, which he has provided with rustic seats, upon the falls of Black river and listen to their unceasing roar. They call the spot the "Nixen-Wald," the water-spirits' wood. Nothing can be more wild than the gorge at that spot, with its falling waters, overhanging cliffs, dark solemn woods, where hemlocks spring from out of the crevices of the everlasting rocks and cast their sombre shades. As I left there in the gathering shadows of a summer evening, a bird sent forth from his seclusion one solitary, delicious note. "What is that?" I inquired.

"That," replied Mrs. B., "is the wood-robin, Audubon's favorite bird." I thought, as she told me, to us men it enhances the pleasure of hearing a pleasant thing when it comes from the lips of woman.

Old Men's Croquet Club.—Near the brink of the East Falls, at this spot, the old gentlemen of Elyria have put up a building devoted to the game of croquet. They oft go early in the day and play and talk into the night. It is in charge of a janitor, and in winter is heated and lighted. Here gather men from sixty to eighty years of age, who have mostly finished the active business of life, and engage in the game with the zeal and hilarity of so many boys. It is not probable there is another just such a club anywhere; but its influence upon the health, spirits and social welfare make it an excellent example for those "in the sere and yellow leaf" everywhere, for it fortifies the limbs against rheumatic twinges and takes the mind from graveyard contemplations.

In his "Antiquity of Man" the late Col. Charles Whittlesey published an account of what he calls the "ELYRIA SHELTER CAVE," and therein states that it was "on the west bank of Black river, a short distance *below* the forks at Elyria, in a romantic gorge through which the river flows." It was examined by him in April, 1851, in company with Prof. E. W. Hubbard and Prof. J. Brainerd. This shelter rock is still there, and also another on the same side of the river, but higher up above the junction on the west fork, where many Indian relics have been found. We did not visit either of them. Below is Mr. Whittlesey's description:

This is one of numerous instances where the "grindstone grit" of Northern Ohio, resting upon soft shale, presents a projecting ledge, forming a grotto capable of sheltering a large number of persons, being about fifty feet in length by fifteen feet broad. This and others in the vicinity which have not been explored correspond to the European "shelter cavern" where human remains are always found. These retreats constituted the domicils of our race while in their rudest condition. We dug to the depth of *four feet* on the floor of this cave, composed of charcoal, ashes and bones of the wolf, bear, deer, rabbit, squirrel, fishes, snakes and birds, all of which existed in this region when it became known to the whites.

The place was thoroughly protected against rains. At the bottom, lying extended upon clean yellow sand, their heads to the rear and feet outwards, were parts of *three* human skeletons; two of them nearly entire. Two of them were preserved by Professor Brainerd. They were decided to belong to the North American race of red men by those who had an opportunity to examine them.

These skulls were exhibited at the Cincinnati meeting of the American Association, in 1851, but were afterwards destroyed by a mob, together with the entire museum of the Homœopathic College at Cleveland. The position of the skeletons indicated that they were crushed by a large slab of the overhanging sandstone falling upon the party while they were asleep at the back part of the grotto. One of the skulls was that of an old woman, the other of a young man. Flint arrowheads, such as the Indians once used, were scattered throughout this mass of animal remains. Judging from the appearance of the bones, and the depth of the accumulations over them, two thousand years may have elapsed since the human skeletons were laid on the floor of this cave.

The most noteworthy event, perhaps, in the history of education in Ohio was the establishing of OBERLIN. In its early days it was regarded by many well-meaning people as a sort of monstrosity, but time has demonstrated the strength of its foundation ideas, and to-day it is a highly prospering institution with an imperishable history. In 1883 was held its semi-centennial anniversary, since which five new college buildings have been added, built of the beautiful brown sandstone quarried in the neighborhood. What it was on the issue of our first edition is here told.

Oberlin in 1846.—Eight miles southwest of Elyria is the village of Oberlin, so named from Rev. John Frederic Oberlin, pastor of Waldbach, Switzerland, who was remarkable for his great benevolence of character. He was born in Strasbourg, in 1740, and died at Waldbach, in 1826. The town is situated on a beautiful and level plan, girted around by the original forest in its primitive majesty. The dwellings at Oberlin are usually two stories in height, built of wood, and painted white, after the manner of the villages of New England, to which this has a striking resemblance. Oberlin contains 3 dry-goods and 1 book store, a Presbyterian church, the collegiate buildings and about 150 dwellings.

The *Oberlin Evangelist*, which has a circulation of 5,000, and the *Oberlin Quarterly Review* are published here. The engraving shows, on the right, the Presbyterian church, a substantial brick building, neatly finished externally and internally, and capable of holding a congregation of 3,000 persons; beyond it, on a green of about 12 acres, stands Tappan Hall; and facing the green, commencing on the left, are seen Oberlin Hall, Ladies' Hall and Colonial Hall, all of which buildings belong to the Institute. By the annual catalogue of 1846–7 there were at Oberlin 492 pupils, viz.: in the theological department, 25; college, 106; teachers' department, 16; shorter course, 4; male preparatory, 174; young ladies' course, 140; and ladies' preparatory, 28. Of these there were males, 314; and females, 178.

The annexed sketch of Oberlin was written by J. A. Harris, editor of the *Cleveland Herald*, and published in that print in 1845:

The Oberlin Collegiate Institute is emphatically the people's college, and although some of its leading characteristics are peculiar to the institution, and are at variance with the general public opinion and prejudices, the college exerts a wide and healthy influence. It places a useful and thoroughly practical education within the reach of indigent and industrious young men and women, as well as those in affluent circumstances; and many in all ranks of life avail themselves of the rare advantages enjoyed at Oberlin. The average number of students the last five years is five hundred and twenty-eight, and this, too, be it remembered, in an institution that has sprung up in what was a dense wilderness but a dozen years ago. To remove all incredulity, we will give a concise history of its origin and progress.

The Rev. John J. Shipherd was a prominent founder of Oberlin. His enterprising spirit led in the devising and incipient steps. Without any fund in the start, in August, 1832, he rode over the ground for inspection, where the village of Oberlin now stands. It was then a dense, heavy, unbroken forest, the land level and wet, almost inaccessible by roads, and the prospects for a settlement forbidding in the extreme. In November, 1832, Mr. Shipherd, in company with a few others, selected the site. Five hundred acres of land were conditionally pledged by Messrs. Street & Hughes, of New Haven, Conn., on which the college buildings now stand. A voluntary board of trustees held their first meeting in the winter of 1832, in a small Indian opening on the site. The Legislature of 1833–4 granted a charter with university privileges. Improvements were commenced, a log-house or two were erected, people began to locate in the colony, and in 1834 the board of trustees resolved to open the school for the reception of colored persons of both sexes, to be regarded as on an equality with others. In January, 1835, Messrs. Mahan, Finney and Morgan were appointed as teachers, and in May of that year Mr. Mahan commenced housekeeping in a small log-dwelling. Such was the beginning—and the present result is a striking exemplification of what obstacles can be overcome and what good can be accomplished under our free institutions by the indomitable energy, earnest zeal, and unfaltering perseverance of a few men, when they engage heart and soul in a great philanthropic enterprise.

Oberlin is now a pleasant, thriving village of about two thousand souls, with necessary stores and mechanics' shops, the largest church in the State, and a good temperance hotel. It is a community of teetotallers, from the highest to the lowest, the sale of ardent spirits never having been permitted within its borders. The college buildings number seven commodious edifices. Rev. A. Mahan is president of the College Institute, assisted by fifteen able professors and teachers. Endowments—eight professorships are supported in part by pledges; 500 acres of land at Oberlin, and 10,000 acres in Western Virginia.

Objects of the Institution.

1. To educate youths of both sexes, so as to secure the development of a strong mind in a sound body, connected with a permanent, vigorous, progressive piety—all to be aided by a judicious system of manual labor.

2. To beget and to confirm in the process of education the habit of self-denial, patient endurance, a chastened moral courage, and a devout consecration of the whole being to God, in seeking the best good of man.

3. To establish universal liberty by the abolition of every form of sin.

4. To avoid the debasing association of the heathen classics, and make the Bible a text-book in all the departments of education.

5. To raise up a church and ministers who shall be known and read of all men in deep sympathy with Christ, in holy living, and in efficient action against all which God forbids.

6. To furnish a seminary, affording thorough instruction in all the branches of an education for both sexes, and in which colored persons, of both sexes, shall be freely admitted, and on the terms of equality and brotherhood.

We confess that much of our prejudice against the Oberlin College has been removed by a visit to the institution. The course of training and studies pursued there appear admirably calculated to rear up a class of healthy,

useful, self-educated and self-relying men and women—a class which the poor man's son and daughter may enter on equal terms with others, with an opportunity to outstrip in the race, as they often do. It is the only college in the United States where females enjoy the privileges of males in acquiring an education, and where degrees are conferred on ladies; and this peculiar feature of the instruction has proved highly useful. By combining manual labor with study, the physical system keeps pace with the mind in strength and development, and the result in most cases is "sound minds in healthy bodies." Labor and attention to household duties are made familiar and honorable, and pleased as we were to note the intelligent and healthful countenances of the young ladies seated at the boarding-house dinner table, the gratification was heightened shortly after by observing the same graceful forms clad in tidy, long aprons, and busily engaged in putting the dining-hall in order. And the literary exercises of the same ladies proved that the labor of the hands in the institution had been no hindrance in the acquisition of knowledge.

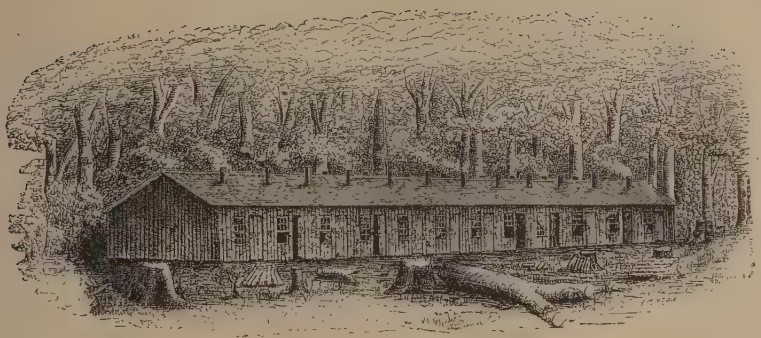
Young in years as is Oberlin, the institution has sent abroad many well-qualified and diligent laborers in the great moral field of the world. Her graduates may be found in nearly every missionary clime, and her scholars are active co-workers in many of the philanthropic movements that distinguish the age. It is the people's college, and long may it prove an increasing blessing to the people.—*Old Edition.*

OBERLIN is nine miles southwest of Elyria, on the L. S. & M. S. Railroad. It is the seat of Oberlin College and Oberlin Conservatory of Music. City officers, 1888: C. A. Metcalf, Mayor; W. P. M. Gilbert, Clerk; H. H. Barnum, Treasurer; I. L. Newton, Marshal; D. G. Probert, Street Commissioner. Newspapers: *Lorain County Exponent*, Prohibitionist, L. Webster, editor; *News*, Republican, William H. Pearce, editor and publisher; *Review*, Colored, Union Library Association, editors and publishers; *Faith Missionary*, Evangelist, O. M. Brown, editor and publisher; *Bibliotheca Sacra*, Congregationalist, G. Frederick Wright, W. G. Ballantine and Frank H. Foster, editors. Churches: two Congregationalist, two Methodist, one Baptist, one Episcopal. Bank: Citizens' National, Montraville Stone, president; Charles H. Randall, cashier. Population, 1880, 3,242. School census, 1888, 1,260; George W. Waite, school superintendent.

The founders of Oberlin were not originally abolitionists, but rather favored the colonization scheme. They were Whigs in politics. About the year 1835 it received a great impulse from accessions from Lane Seminary, which institution was for the time broken up because the students there had been forbidden by the trustees to discuss the subject of slavery. Four-fifths of the Lane students in consequence left, and most of them, with Professor Morgan and Rev. Asa Mahan, also Rev. Mr. Finney, of New York city, came to Oberlin. Here was then established for their wants a theological department, and, by their suggestion, a rule adopted that all persons irrespective of color should be admitted into the seminary. This, with large donations from Arthur Tappan, of New York, and other abolitionists, enabled them to put up the necessary buildings, and placed the institution on a lasting foundation. At Oberlin the subject of immediate abolition was then freely discussed, with the result of converting the Oberlin people to the views of the seceders of Lane, so that Oberlin soon became a hive from which swarmed forth lecturers under the auspices of the American Anti-Slavery Society. Through the influence largely of Oberlin, Northern Ohio became strongly leavened with anti-slavery sentiment, finding devoted friends, bitter enemies and encountering ferocious mobs.

Oberlin was not designed as an institution for blacks. But its founders, taking the teachings of Christ as their guide, could not find any reason for their exclusion, and so they were admitted. Of the 20,000 different pupils from the beginning, 19,000 have been white. Of both sexes only sixty colored persons, thirty-two males and twenty-eight females, have completed a course.

Oberlin has always been a temperance community. Tobacco is prohibited. If used by a student, he is required to resign. No monitorial system is adopted; no grading of scholarship and no distribution of honors. For the first twenty-five years a majority of the graduates supported themselves by school-teaching and manual labor, and many now do the same. At the beginning seventy-five cents a week was paid for board in the hall, if the students dispensed with meat; twenty-five cents was added for meat twice a day. Then the entire expense of living, aside from clothing.



SLAB HALL. OBERLIN.

The beginnings of a College in the woods.

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

COLLEGE BUILDINGS, OBERLIN.

The building with a tower on the right was the only one standing in 1886.

ranged from fifty-eight to eighty-nine dollars during the forty weeks of term time. Now board can be had for three dollars per week. The average annual expense of a student, outside of clothing, etc., is about two hundred and fifty dollars.

The teaching of music, more especially sacred music, is now a prominent feature here. The number of teachers Oberlin has sent forth, as well as missionaries to foreign lands, is extraordinary, probably unequalled anywhere.

The central idea of Oberlin was as a missionary centre. In this idea not education, but religion. Christianity, as comprehensive, active, aggressive and progressive, is supreme. The Oberlin philosophy as defined by Mr. Finney was that "the foundation of moral obligation is the good of being, and that true virtue or righteousness consists in willing this good of being, including one's own, so that the whole life will be devoted to its promotion. This is the love enjoined in the Scriptures, the fulfilling of the law." In other words, the true end of life is found in doing good, and that was the principle on which Oberlin was founded. The education of youth had that as its sole aim.

Oberlin was an important station on the underground railroad, and of the multitudes of fugitives who came, not one was ever finally taken back to bondage. Every device was resorted to for their concealment and safe embarkation to Canada. Says President Fairchild in his work, "Oberlin, the Colony and the College:"

"Not to deliver to his master the servant that had escaped from his master, seemed to the people of Oberlin a solemn and pressing duty. This attitude exposed the college and the community to much reproach, and sometimes apparently to serious danger. Threats came from abroad that the college buildings should be burned. A Democratic Legislature at different times agitated the question of repealing the college charter. The fourth and last attempt was made in 1843, when the bill for repeal was indefinitely postponed in the House by a vote of thirty-six to twenty-nine.

"The people in the neighboring towns were, at the outset, not in sympathy with Oberlin in its anti-slavery position. They agreed with the rest of the world in regarding it as unmitigated fanaticism. The feeling was often bitter and intense, and an Oberlin man going out from home in any direction was liable to be assailed with bitter words; and if he ventured to lecture upon the unpopular theme, he was fortunate if he encountered words only. Of course the self-respectful part of the community would take no part in such abuse, but fellows of the baser sort felt themselves sustained by the common feeling. On the Middle Ridge road, six miles north of Oberlin, a guide-board put by the authorities stood for years, pointing the way to Oberlin, not by the ordinary index finger, but by the full-length figure of a fugitive running with all his might to reach the place. The tavern sign, four miles east, was ornamented on its Oberlin face with the representation of a fugitive slave pursued by a tiger. Where the general feeling yielded such result, not much could be expected in the way of sympathy for fugitives. But even among these people the slave-catcher had little favor. They would thwart his pursuit in every way, and shelter the fugitive if they could. Only the meanest and most mercenary could be hired to betray the victim. Now and then an official felt called upon to extend aid and comfort to the slave-hunter who claimed his service, but he could expect no toleration from his neighbors in such a course. A whole neighborhood would suddenly find themselves abolitionists upon the appearance of a slave-hunter among them, and by repeated occurrences of this kind, as much as by any other means, Lorain county and all of Northern Ohio became, at length, intensely anti-slavery in feeling and action."

It was on a Saturday afternoon in July that I approached Oberlin in the cars; the tall spires loomed up on a perfectly level country half a mile from the depot. On alighting I was accosted by an old lady, perhaps sixty years old, with a basket of fresh newspapers which she was selling. She had a refined face, and the incongruity of her vocation, with her evident cultivation, was striking as she presented a countenance aglow with its best selling-smile. I was told she had a green-house near by and cultivated flowers, and this was a diversion.

Eccentricities are to be expected in such a place as Oberlin, with its extraordinary history, which began fifty years ago, outraging popular ideas of that day on the questions of the equal claims of all men, irrespective of race, and the co-education of the sexes; and with the result of winning a topmost position in the regards of the regardful. I believe Oberlin has sent forth more female teachers to our own country, and more missionaries to foreign lands, than any other spot anywhere.

Oberlin is well spread out for the uses of its peculiar population, whose business is the capture of knowledge, and not for learning's sake, but for its use in the amelioration of human woe. The walk to the centre was through a fine avenue of homes, homes largely without fences, open to view; some with luxuriant arbor vitæ hedges. Their odor was fragrant, and grateful was the sight of plump-bodied robins hopping on the lawns.

Arrived at the centre I found a surprising

change. The newness, the crudity of the old time had vanished; but one of the buildings shown in the view of 1846 is standing. The square is an open space of some twelve acres, the college buildings mainly detached, and in scattered spots around it. These are noble structures of Amherst and LaGrange sandstone; no material can be more elegant or more substantial; the old signs of a poor and struggling institution had vanished.

A handsome soldiers' monument is there to attest the heroism of the sons of Oberlin. The foundation idea of Oberlin had conquered. Through agony, through blood, the great question, "Am I not a man, and a brother?" had been answered in the affirmative.

As I left this unique place to resume my seat in the cars, I passed a young woman of regular features, refined and thoughtful expression, although of full black complexion. She was one of the transformations of Oberlin. Its founders had got the best they could find from a very old book and applied it direct in the line of humanity, and lo!—songs of gladness for the clank of chains.

NORTH AMHERST is six miles northwest from Elyria, on the L. S. & M. S. Railroad. Newspaper: *Reporter*, Independent, H. K. Clock, editor and publisher. Churches: one Baptist, one Catholic, one Congregational, one Evangelical, one Evangelical Reformed, one Lutheran. Population in 1880, 1,542.

One of the most important quarry districts in the United States mainly lies in the counties of Lorain, Cuyahoga and Erie. The sandstone goes under the general name of Berea grit. These quarries are now mainly under the control of the Cleveland Stone Company. (See pages 525–6.) North Amherst has grown almost entirely from the development of its stone industry. "The whole northern and western part of the township, and extending in Brownhelm, may be said to fairly bristle with heavy, iron-rigged derricks, which, worked by powerful engines, swing ponderous blocks of stone from the deep, rugged-walled caverns, to the ground above, and deposit them upon railroad cars or swing them to the saw-mill and turning-lathe. Hundreds of men, assisted by the giant slave—steam—are toiling in the ledges and pits, taking out the rough stone to be modelled into shapes of grace, beauty and strength, to lend majesty to the buildings in the great marts of the world."

Vast amounts of stone have been taken out of these quarries at Amherst, Brownhelm and vicinity. The material obtained goes under the general name of the Amherst building stone, and is regarded as the best building stone upon the earth. The supply is practically inexhaustible. Estimating the thickness of the stone at an average of fifty feet—and good authorities say it must be nearer 100—the number of cubic feet in an acre would be over 2,000,000, which to quarry out would take 100 men ten years. The stone lies almost entirely above the ground, and above the drainage level, and the huge blocks sent to all parts of the United States and Canada, and even South America, are quarried without any of the obstructions found in other parts of the country. The close proximity of the great railroads gives another great advantage for transportation.

The texture of the stone is fine and homogeneous, usually without iron and with very few flaws or breaks. Its strength is equal to 10,000 pounds to the square inch, four times that of the best brick, and much stronger than the best marble or granite, and, as was illustrated in the great Chicago fire, it will resist the action of fire where limestone, marble and granite are entirely destroyed. Its durability is greater than any other sedimentary rock; being nearly pure silex it resists the erosive action of the atmosphere to a wonderful degree, equalling the very best Scotch granite.

The foregoing facts are from Jay Terrell's articles in Williams' "County History." Orton's "Geological Report" supplies the remainder.

The Amherst quarries, in Lorain county, are located in a series of ledges, which were once the shore cliffs of Lake Erie. The elevated position of these is a very great advantage, since the light and uniform color is due to the fact that this elevation produces a free drainage, and the stones have been traversed by atmospheric waters to such a degree that all processes of oxidation which are possible have been nearly completed.

An idea of the arrangement of the strata in quarries can be obtained from the following section, which is exhibited in the Holderman quarry at Amherst:

Drift material	1	to 3	feet.
Worthless shell-rock	6	" 10	"
Soft rock, for grindstones only		12	"
Building stone		3	"
Bridge stone		2	"
Grindstone		2	"
Building stone or grindstone		10	"
Building stone	4	" 7	"
Building stone or grindstone		12	"

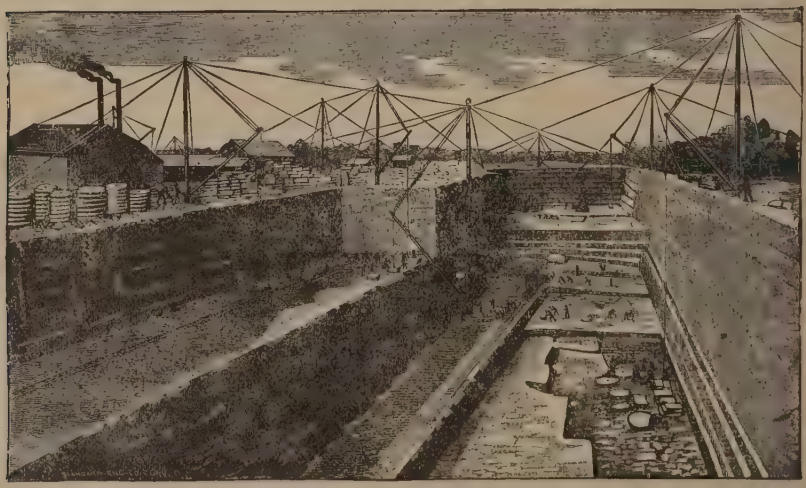
The floor of the quarry, moreover, consists of good stone, which has been drilled for twelve feet, indicating a still greater thickness of stone which could be extracted.

The other quarries of the region exhibit a

J. N. Bradford, del., Ohio State University.

CENTRAL VIEW IN WELLINGTON.

From a picture in possession of Col. Frank C. Loveland, U. S. Pension Agent, New York.



SCENE IN THE AMHERST QUARRIES.

similar diversity of material, although the arrangement is not often the same. As regards color, the stones may be divided into two classes, called buff and blue. The buff stone is above the line of perfect drainage, and in the section above given, this extends as far down as the two feet of bridge stone, forming a total depth of twenty-three to twenty-seven feet. In most of the Amherst quarries the relative amount of buff stone is greater.

As will be noted from this section, the different strata are not applicable alike to the same purposes, and the uses for which the different grades of material can be employed depend principally upon the texture and the hardness of the stone. The softest and most uniform in texture is especially applicable for certain kinds of grinding, and is used for grindstones only, and the production of these forms an important part of the quarry industry.

The stone which is especially applicable for purposes of construction is also variable; that which is of medium hardness and of uniform texture is used for building purposes or for grindstones; some is too hard or not sufficiently uniform in texture for grindstones, and is used for building purposes only; and the material, sometimes found, which is difficult to quarry and to dress, is used for bridge-building purposes only.

As regards appearances, there is much diversity in the material produced in this region. There are differences due to the diversity of textures, of colors, and of methods of stratification; yet these are seldom recognized by the casual observer. Differences in color give rise to the terms "blue" and "buff," previously referred to, and differences in methods of stratification give rise to the terms "split-rock," "spider-web," and "liver-rock." The regularly and evenly stratified stone is classified as split-rock; that in which the stratification is irregular and marked by fine, transverse and wavy lines is classified as spider-web: the homogeneous stone, which exhibits little or no stratification, is classified as liver-rock.

When first taken from the quarry it contains several per cent. of water, and as long as this is retained the stones cut easily; upon its loss they harden. The stone is extracted during only eight months of the year, since it is injured by being quarried in the winter and subjected to hard freezing while containing this quarry water. The winter months are, therefore, occupied in stripping and channelling.

Many very fine buildings, both in the United States and Canada, have been built of the so-called Amherst stone, among which may be mentioned the Canadian Parliament buildings, and most of the public buildings in Toronto; and there is no city in the Union in which stone is extensively used where examples cannot be found in which this stone is used for trimmings and ornamental work.

WELLINGTON is thirty-six miles southwest from Cleveland, fifteen miles southwest of Elyria, on the C. C. C. & I. R. R. & L. E. & W. R. R. City officers, 1888: W. R. Wean, Mayor; R. N. Goodwin, Clerk; Wm. Cushing, Jr., Treasurer; Edw. Hackett, Marshal. Newspaper: *Enterprise*, Republican, J. B. Smith, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Methodist, 1 Baptist, 1 Catholic, 1 Congregational. Bank: First National, S. S. Warner, president; R. A. Horr, cashier. Population, 1880, 1811. School census, 1888, 592; R. W. Kinnison, school superintendent.

This county is the greatest cheese-producing county in Ohio. Its annual production about enough for a pound to every man, woman and child in the State, while Wellington bears with Little Falls, New York, the reputation of being one of the two greatest cheese-producing places in the Union.

The greatest event in the history of Wellington is that widely known as

THE OBERLIN-WELLINGTON RESCUE CASE.

About the last attempt to recover a fugitive in Northern Ohio, under the fugitive slave law of 1850, occurred September 13, 1858. John Price, a fugitive slave from Kentucky, had been some time in Oberlin, when by a ruse he was seized by United States Marshal Lowe and his deputy, Samuel Davis, of Columbus, accompanied by two Kentuckians, Messrs. Mitchell and Jennings, and driven over to Wellington, eight miles, to Wadsworth's Hotel, with the design of taking him south by the first train.

There was a large crowd in Wellington, drawn by the occurrence of a fire, and soon word was received of the fact, and being joined by a large body from Oberlin, they surrounded the hotel and rescued the fugitive.

The Grand Jury of the United States District Court found bills of indictment against thirteen persons in Wellington and twenty-four in Oberlin, leading citizens, for aiding

in the rescue, and arrested them. On April 5 their cases were called at Cleveland before the United States Court, when the Wellington defendants, with a single exception (Matthew Gillet), entered a plea of *nolle contendre*, were fined each twenty dollars and costs and sent to jail for twenty-four hours.

They were, Matthew Gillet, Matthew De Wolf, Loring Wadsworth, Eli Boise, John Mandeville, Henry Niles, Walter Soules, Lewis Hines, William Siples and Abner Loveland: a son of the latter is Col. Frank C. Loveland, successor of Gen. Sigel in the highly responsible position of United States Pension Agent in New York.

Two of the Oberlin men, Simeon Bushnell and Charles H. Langston, were convicted and sentenced: Bushnell to sixty days imprisonment and a fine of six hundred dollars; Langston, a colored man, who made a strong speech for his course, was fined one hundred dollars and sentenced for twenty days. Twelve of the Oberlin men remained in the jail in Cleveland.

The prisoners on the whole had a rather enjoyable time. On the 24th of May an immense mass meeting was held at Cleveland, attended by people from all parts of Northern Ohio, to express their intense hatred of the fugitive slave law. There was great enthusiasm; an immense procession with banners marched through the streets and gathered in front of the jail. They were addressed by Joshua R. Giddings, Gov. Chase and others. The first was bold and defiant, Mr. Chase wary and circumspect; but the resolutions were decided and radical, savoring strongly of "State rights." Visitors came in throngs to see the prisoners, and letters of sympathy and funds to meet expenses poured in upon them.

Mr. Fitch, of Oberlin, one of the prisoners, had been superintendent of the Sabbath-school there for sixteen years. The children, numbering four hundred, came over in a body to visit him by invitation, and as guests of the Sabbath-school children of Plymouth Church, Cleveland. Then they filed into the jail, filling all its corridors and open spaces, when brief addresses, interspersed with music, were given.

When the prisoners were released, after an imprisonment of months, it was a day of jubilee. They were escorted from the prison to the train by several hundred citizens, headed by Hecker's band playing "Home, Sweet Home," and the firing of a hundred guns on the public square.

On their arrival at Oberlin they were escorted to the great church where, until midnight, the pent-up feeling of the people found expression in song and prayer and familiar talk over the experiences of the preceding weeks. A Cleveland administration paper that evening said: "So the government, at last, has been beaten, with law, justice and facts all on its side, and Oberlin with its rebellious higher law creed triumphant."

President James H. Fairchild, of Oberlin, describes an attempt to obtain relief during this imprisonment, by an appeal to the State Courts. Its possible consequences are of great historic interest:

"A writ of habeas corpus was granted by one of the judges of the Supreme Court, commanding the sheriff to bring Bushnell and Langston before that court, that the reason of their imprisonment might be considered. The case was ably argued before the full bench, at Columbus, for a week; but the court, three to two, declined to grant a release. This was a severe blow to the men in jail. They had counted with much confidence upon relief from that quarter. It is idle to speculate upon the possible results if a single judge had held a different opinion. Salmon P. Chase was governor at that time, and it was well understood that he would sustain a decision releasing the prisoners by all the power at his command; and the United States government was as fully committed to the execution of the fugitive-slave law. This would have placed Ohio in conflict with the general government in defence of State rights, and if the party of freedom throughout the North had rallied, as seemed probable, the war might have come in 1859, instead of 1861, with a secession of the Northern instead of the Southern States. A single vote apparently turned the scale, and after a little delay the party of freedom took possession of the government, and the party of slavery became the seceders."

There was no sufficient proof of title to John as his slave, in the claimant who issued the power of attorney, and on the 6th of July the prisoners were all released. The four men who had seized him had been indicted on the charge of kidnapping in Lorain county, became alarmed, and so, by mutual consent, all further proceedings on both sides were stopped.

Lost in the Woods.

The county history gives several instances of persons being lost in the woods at an early day. One, the case of Mrs. Terrell Tillotson, who came in 1810 with her husband and three children from Waterbury, Conn. Mr. Tillotson put up the first cabin in Ridgeville. One morning Mrs. Tillotson went to a spring some thirty rods from her cabin to get a pail of water, and then concluded to go a little farther to see how her husband was progressing with a new cabin he was building. She started, as she supposed, in the right direction, but soon became bewildered and lost in the dense woods, and could find neither husband nor home where she had left little children. After wandering about in the woods nearly all day through brush and over logs, she came by chance upon the Indian trail which led to the mouth of Black river. This she took and finally arrived at home in a wretched and terribly worn condition.

Mr. David Beebe, a neighbor of Mrs. Tillotson, was lost in the fall of 1811, and passed four days and three nights in the woods.

Early in the morning he went in search of his horses, and the day being cloudy he became lost and wandered about all day without the least idea of where he was or the direction he was going. Night overtaking, he crept into a hollow tree, and there passed a sleepless night. The next day he moved about unceasingly to discover some object he knew, but in vain, when to his great amazement in looking for a lodging place he discovered the same hollow tree in which he had passed the preceding night.

Convinced by this that he had been travelling in a circle, he adopted the plan the following day of selecting three or more trees in a range, and in this way was enabled to travel in a direct course. Another night was spent in the woods, making his bed under one of the trees selected in line. On the forenoon of the fourth day he reached the lake shore in Avon, and, making his way westward, reached the cabin of John S. Reid at the mouth of Black river. While in the woods he had subsisted on a few hickory-nuts he had carried in his pockets; but he was in a weak and almost famished condition. Every possible effort had been made to find the unfortunate man, men from adjoining towns assisting neighbors in the search. It was common then when parties gathered to search for the lost to go with horns to blow and give notice to the bewildered one. To illustrate the often lonely condition of the first settlers, when the Beebe family emigrated to Ohio Mrs. Beebe was the first white woman that Mrs. Terrell had seen in three months. They had been neighbors in Connecticut, and were so overcome at meeting that neither could for some time speak a word.

The sensation on being lost in the woods is most graphically described by Col. Charles Whittlesey in his essay, "Two Months in the Copper Region," in 1845. He had himself twice experienced it. He says it is a species of delirium. It oppresses and injures every faculty like any other intense and overwhelming emotion. Even the most experienced woodsmen, Indians and Indian guides, frequently become subjected to it, become bewildered, miscalculate their position, make false reckoning of distances, lose courage and abandon themselves to despair and to tears. He thus details the sensation:

"With the mind in a state of perplexity, the fatigue of travelling is greater than usual, and excessive fatigue in time weakens not only the power of exertion but of resolution also. The wanderer is finally overtaken with an indescribable sensation—one that must be experienced to be understood—that of LOSTNESS.

"At a moment when all his faculties, instincts and perceptions are in full demand, he finds them all confused, irregular and weak. When every physical power is required to carry him forward, his limbs seem to be yielding to the disorders of his mind. He is filled with an oppressive sense of his inefficiency, with an indefinite idea of alarm, apprehension and dismay. He reasons, but trusts to no conclusions. He decides upon the preponderance of reason and fact, and is sure to decide wrong.

"If he stumble into a trail he has passed before, even within a few hours, he does not recognize it, or if he should at last, and conclude to follow it, a fatal *lunacy* impels him to take the wrong end. His own tracks are the prints or the feet of some other man, and if the sun should at last penetrate the fogs and clouds that envelop his path, the world for a time seems to be turned end for end. The sun is out of place: perhaps to his addled brain far in the north coursing around to the south, or in the west moving towards the east. At length, like a dream, the delusion wears away, objects put on their natural dress, the sun takes up its usual track, streams run towards their mouths, the compass points to the northward; dejection and weakness give place to confidence and elasticity of mind."

SAND RIDGES.

A very interesting feature of the lake counties are the beautiful sand ridges which run through this country nearly parallel with the lake east and west. Upon these ridges the pioneer built his first cabin; upon them ran the first roads, and these were the first places cultivated, because of their light sandy soil and easy cultivation. There are three continuous sand ridges running through the county beside several local ones, and the belief is by some geologists that they are old beach lines left by the receding waters in their successive stages of rest. They vary from forty to one hundred and fifty rods in width, and are respectively three, seven and nine miles from the lake, the highest—Butternut ridge—the one farther inland, being the first formed. It has an altitude of two hundred and four feet above the lake, while North ridge, the one nearest to it and parallel, has an altitude of only from ninety to one hundred feet. Centre ridge, which formed a continuous ridge nearly if not the entire length of the lake, has an altitude of one hundred and sixty-two feet. This ridge was used as the first wagon road in the county, and was the old stage road between Buffalo and Detroit. Jay Terrell says: "The ridges were formed from the sand that was worn from the rocks by the action of water; hence these ridges are only found within the limits of the horizon of sand rock exposure. . . . The main ridges all run parallel with the lake, and hence presented a natural barrier to the drainage of the land. The water coming down from the higher lands south settled in behind these ridges, forming ponds or small lakes which, as vegetation slowly accumulated, finally became swamps. Hence are found swamps on the north side of all the ridges."

In the July number of *Silliman's Journal*, 1850, Col. Whittlesey says: "My opinion has been for a number of years that the *ridges* are not 'ancient beaches' of the lake, although some of the terraces may be. It is indispensable to a beach that its foot or water line should

be perfectly horizontal. The lake ridges are not so; and this fact, taken in connection with the external form which they assume, clearly gives them the character of *sub-marine* deposits."

There are points on this coast where there are four ridges rising in succession from the lake, as in the town of Ridgeville, Lorain county. In other places there are *three*, as from Geneva to Ashtabula; from Euclid through Painesville to Geneva, two; and from Cleveland to Euclid, one. There are places where it is difficult to trace any; and in others, as in the city of Cleveland, where there are two branches or divisions of one ridge for short distances, all about the same level and liable to terminate suddenly. The ridges are sometimes on the crest of a terrace, and sometimes lie like a highway of water-washed sand, on the gently inclined surface of a plain that descends towards the lake. From a regular and beautiful elevated roadway the ridge occasionally breaks into sand-knolls, as at Avon Centre, Lorain county; at Ohio City, near Cleveland, and at Painesville, Lake county.

BIOGRAPHY.

QUINCY ADAMS GILLMORE was born in Black River (now Lorain), Lorain county, O., February 25, 1825, and died in Brooklyn, N. Y., April 11, 1888. His early life was passed on a farm. In 1849 he graduated at West Point at the head of his class.

His first great distinction was achieved in the siege and capture of Fort Pulaski, Georgia, February 19 to April 11, 1862. As commander of the forces engaged in this siege, he boldly discarded the traditions of attack upon fortified places, and planting his breaching batteries at distances never thought of before, succeeded in less than two days' bombardment in rendering untenable a work which the most eminent engineers had, in view of its peculiar situation, pronounced impregnable.

In fact, General Gillmore's cannonade and capture of Fort Pulaski revolutionized the naval gunnery of the world, and extended his fame throughout Europe as well as America.

For this service he received the brevet of lieutenant-colonel, and was made brigadier-general of volunteers, April 28, 1862.

GENERAL Q. A. GILLMORE.

His next notable success was with the noted "Swamp Angel," a gun used in the siege of Charleston. The gun was apparently planted in the edge of the sea, but really in the shallow marsh between Morris and James islands. There a firm foundation was laid, a low breastwork put up in a circle around the gun, and one-hundred-pound shells were "dropped" into Charleston. But it was only fired thirty-six times, exploding at the last discharge. Other guns soon after did as effective work, but the "Swamp Angel" is remembered because it first proved the practicability of the method.

Later, with his (Tenth) corps, he took part in the final operations of the army on the James river. He received brevets of brigadier-general and major-general for services before Charleston, resigning his volunteer commission as major-general in December, 1865.

After the war he was engaged upon important engineering works, and his name is most intimately associated with the improvement of the harbors at Charleston and Savannah, with other like works along the Atlantic coast, and as president of the Mississippi River Commission with the great works which have been projected for the rectification of that important water-way. Outside of his military record, General Gillmore gained a high reputation by his published studies in cements and mortars, concretes and building stone, and road-making and paving, and his treatises on these subjects are regarded as of the highest authority.

ASA MAHAN was born in Vernon, N. Y., November 9, 1800. Graduated at Hamilton

College in 1824, and at Andover Theological Seminary in 1827. In 1831 he was pastor of a Presbyterian church at Cincinnati, and four years later accepted the presidency of Oberlin College, which he held for fifteen years. After leaving Oberlin he was president of Cleveland University, and later, Adrian College, Michigan. He received the degrees of D. D. and LL. D., and after 1871 resided in England. He is the author of a number of theological works.

CHARLES GRANDISON FINNEY was born in Warren, Conn., August 29, 1792, and died at Oberlin, Ohio, August 16, 1875. As a young man he began the study of law, but having been converted in 1821, was licensed to preach in the Presbyterian church. He was a very successful evangelist. In 1835 he accepted the professorship of theology at Oberlin. From 1851 to 1866 he was president of Oberlin, during which period he spent three years as a revivalist in England, and gained a very great reputation for eloquence. His "Lectures on Revivals" was translated into several foreign languages.

JOHN MERCER LANGSTON was born in Louisa county, Va., December 14, 1829. At the age of six he was emancipated from slavery. Appleton's "Cyclopædia of American Biography" says of him: "He was graduated at Oberlin in 1849, and at the theological department in 1853. After studying law he was admitted to the bar of Ohio in 1854, and practised his profession there until 1869, during which time he was clerk of several townships in Ohio, being the first colored man elected to an office of any sort by popular vote. He was also a member of the Board of Education of Oberlin. In 1869 he was called to a professorship of law in Howard University, Washington, D. C., and became dean of the faculty of the law department, and active in its organization, remaining there seven years. He was appointed by President Grant a member of the Board of Health of the District of Columbia, and was elected its secretary in 1875. In 1877–85 he was United States Minister and Consul-General in Hayti. On his return to this country he was appointed president of the Virginia Normal and Collegiate Institute in Petersburg, which office he now (1887) holds. In addition to various addresses and papers on political, biographical, literary and scientific subjects, Mr. Langston is the author of a volume of select addresses entitled 'Freedom and Citizenship,' Washington, 1883."

CHAS. CARROLL PARSONS was born in Elyria in 1838; graduated at West Point in 1861. In the war he took command of a battery, "Parsons' battery," which was famous in both Union and Confederate armies, and many stories are told of his courage and daring. In one instance he remained with his guns until dragged from them by the order of Gen. McCook.

After the war he was chief of artillery in Gen. Hancock's Indian expedition. Later he took orders in the Protestant Episcopal church. He died September 7, 1878, at Memphis, during the yellow-fever epidemic, from overwork in his heroic ministrations as nurse and clergyman.

STEVENSON BURKE, so eminent as a lawyer, jurist, president of many railways and other corporations, passed his early youth and manhood in this county, where he was admitted to the bar in 1848, and is now residing in Cleveland. From penury he fought his way to such success that few great cases have been tried in Northern Ohio within the last twenty-five years in which he has not been engaged. He possesses untiring powers of application, executive capacity, with genial, winning ways.

Lorain is on Lake Erie, at the mouth of the Black river, on the N. Y. C. & St. L. and C. L. & W. Railroads. It is eight miles from Elyria, thirty miles from Sandusky, and twenty-eight from Cleveland. City officers: Mayor, Otto Braun; Clerk, John Stack; Treasurer, T. F. Daniels; Marshal, H. Osgood; Street Commissioner, James White. Newspaper: *Lorain Times*, Independent, Thomas G. Chapman, editor. Churches: one Methodist, one Congregational, one Disciples, one German Evangelical, one German Lutheran, one Catholic, and one Baptist. Bank: First National, David Wallace, president, T. F. Daniels, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—The United Brass Co., brass goods, 310 hands; Lorain Iron Foundry, castings, 6; C. L. & W. R. R. Shops, railroad cars, 36; C. L. & W. R. R. Repair Shop, railroad repairs, 90; Lorain Lumber and Manufacturing Co., planing mill, 5; Williams, Barrows & Co., flour, etc., 6.—*State Reports, 1887.* Population, 1880, 1,595. School census, 1888, 1,059. Capital invested in manufactures, $105,000. Value of annual product, $130,000.—*Ohio Labor-Statistics, 1888.*

Lorain, as a village, is comparatively new; but, being at the mouth of Black river, the point has long been an important one. The harbor here is one of the best on the lake. For over three miles the stream exceeds a width of 200 feet, with an average depth of about fifteen feet, sufficient for the largest craft on the lake. It has long been an important point for shipbuilding. In 1836 was formed here an association called the "Black River Steamboat Association." Up

to 1876 the number of steamboats, brigs, schooners, barks and sloops built here had aggregated 125, besides many scows—beginning with the "General Huntington," built in 1819. The place was first called Black River. In 1836 the village was incorporated as Charleston, and was growing into importance as a shipping point for grain, when the Cleveland & Toledo and other railroads diverted its trade, and the place fell into ruin. In 1874 it was reincorporated under its present name, having obtained railroad connections and giving evidence of a returning life.

GRAFTON is about eight miles southeast of Elyria, on the C. C. C. & I. and C. L. & W. Railroads. It has churches: one Presbyterian, one Methodist, and one Catholic, and about 700 population.

LA GRANGE is on the C. C. C. & I. Railroad, seven miles easterly from Wellington, and has about 500 inhabitants. School census, 1888, 156.

LUCAS.

LUCAS COUNTY, named from the Hon. Robert Lucas, Governor of Ohio from 1832 to 1836, was formed in June, 1835. The surface is level, a portion of it covered by the black swamp, and the northern part a sandy soil.

Area about 440 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 67,552; in pasture, 8,659; woodland, 22,789; lying waste, 2,662; produced in wheat, 223,061 bushels; rye, 35,900; buckwheat, 3,834; oats, 338,045; barley, 14,034; corn, 582,549; broom-corn, 600 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 13,622 tons; clover hay, 5,779; flaxseed, 1,604 bushels; potatoes, 156,618 bushels; butter, 412,986 lbs.; sorghum, 766 gallons; maple sugar, 75 lbs.; honey, 4,835 lbs.; eggs, 298,618 dozen; grapes, 640,289 lbs.; wine, 25,126 gallons; apples, 90,136 bushels; peaches, 3,036; pears, 2,913; wool, 26,837 lbs.; milch cows owned, 4,968. School census, 1888, 30,401; teachers, 372. Miles of railroad track, 256.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Adams,		1,511	Spencer,		686
Amboy,	452		Springfield,	443	705
Chesterfield,	301		Swan Creek,	494	
Clinton,	353		Swanton,		658
German,	452		Sylvania,	426	1,421
Gorham,	352		Toledo (City),		50,137
Monclova,		1,031	Washington,		2,712
Oregon,	264	2,321	Waterville,	755	1,925
Port Lawrence,	2,335		Waynesfield,	1,290	2,036
Providence,	160	1,164	Wing,	145	
Richfield,	204	1,070	York,	435	
Royalton,	401				

Population of Lucas in 1840, 9,392; 1860, 25,831; 1880, 67,377, of whom 37,283 were born in Ohio; 4,263 in New York; 1,599, Pennsylvania; 762, Indiana; 237, Virginia; 225, Kentucky; 8,267, German Empire; 3,284, Ireland; 1,688, British America; 1,338, England and Wales; 419, France; 213, Scotland, and 73, Sweden and Norway. Census of 1890, 102,296.

Battle of the Fallen Timbers.

This region of country—the Maumee valley—has been the theatre of important historical incidents. The greatest event, Wayne's victory, or "the battle of Fallen Timbers," was fought August 20, 1794, within the limits of this county.

On the 28th of July, Wayne having been joined by General Scott, with 1,600 mounted Kentuckians, moved forward to the Maumee. By the 8th of August the army had arrived near the junction of the Auglaize with that stream, and commenced the erection of Fort Defiance, at that point. The Indians, having learned from a deserter of the approach of Wayne's army, hastily abandoned their headquarters at Auglaize, and thus defeated the plan of Wayne to surprise them, for which object he had cut two roads, intending to march by either. At Fort Defiance, Wayne received full information of the Indians, and the assistance they were to derive from the volunteers at Detroit and vicinity. On the 13th of August, true to the spirit of peace advised by Washington, he sent Christian Miller, who had been naturalized among the Shawanese, as a special messenger to offer terms of friendship. Impatient of delay, he moved forward, and on the 16th met Miller on his return with the message, that if the Americans would wait ten days at Grand Glaize (Fort Defiance) they—the Indians—would decide for peace or war. On the 18th the army arrived at *Roche de Bœuf*, just south of the site of Waterville, where they erected some light works as a place of deposit for their heavy baggage, which was named Fort Deposit. During the 19th the army labored at their works, and about eight o'clock on the morning of the 20th moved forward to attack the Indians, who were encamped on the bank of the Maumee, at and around a hill called "Presque Isle," about two miles south of the site of Maumee City, and four south of the British Fort Miami. From Wayne's report of the battle we make the following extract:

The legion was on the right, its flank covered by the Maumee: one brigade of mounted volunteers on the left, under Brig.-Gen. Todd, and the other in the rear, under Brig.-Gen. Barbee. A select battalion of mounted volunteers moved in front of the legion, commanded by Major Price, who was directed to keep sufficiently advanced so as to give timely notice for the troops to form in case of action, it being yet undetermined whether the Indians would decide for peace or war.

After advancing about five miles, Major Price's corps received so severe a fire from the enemy, who were secreted in the wood and high grass, as to compel them to retreat. The legion was immediately formed in two lines, principally in a close thick wood, which extended for miles on our left, and for a very considerable distance in front; the ground being covered with old fallen timber, probably occasioned by a tornado, which rendered it impracticable for the cavalry to act with effect, and afforded the enemy the most favorable covert for their mode of warfare. The savages were formed in three lines, within supporting distance of each other, and extending for near two miles at right angles with the river. I soon discovered, from the weight of the fire and extent of their lines, that the enemy were in full force in front, in possession of their favorite ground and endeavoring to turn our left flank. I therefore gave orders for the second line to advance and support the first; and directed Major-General Scott to gain and turn the right flank of the savages with the whole force of the mounted volunteers by a circuitous route; at the same time I ordered the front line to advance and charge with trailed arms, and rouse the Indians from their coverts at the point of the bayonet, and when up, to deliver a close and well-directed fire on their backs, followed by a brisk charge, so as not to give them time to load again.

I also ordered Captain Campbell, who commanded the legionary cavalry, to turn the left flank of the enemy next the river, and which afforded a favorable field for that corps to act in. All these orders were obeyed with spirit and promptitude; but such was the impetuosity of the charge by the first line of infantry, that the Indians and Canadian militia and volunteers were drove from all their coverts in so short a time that, although every possible exertion was used by the officers of the second line of the legion, and by Generals Scott, Todd and Barbee, of the mounted volunteers, to gain their proper positions, but part of each could get up in season to participate in the action; the enemy being drove, in the course of one hour, more than two miles through the thick woods already mentioned, by less than one-half their numbers. From every account the enemy amounted to two thousand combatants. The troops actually engaged against them were

short of nine hundred. This horde of savages, with their allies, abandoned themselves to flight, and dispersed with terror and dismay, leaving our victorious army in full and quiet possession of the field of battle, which terminated under the influence of the guns of the British garrison. . . .

The bravery and conduct of every officer belonging to the army, from the generals down to the ensigns, merit my highest approbation. There were, however, some whose rank and situation placed their conduct in a very conspicuous point of view, and which I observed with pleasure," and the most lively gratitude; among whom I must beg leave to mention Brigadier-General Wilkinson and Colonel Hamtramck, the commandants of the right and left wings of the legion, whose brave example inspired the troops. To those I must add the names of my faithful and gallant aides-de-camp, Captains De Butt and T. Lewis, and Lieutenant Harrison, who, with the Adjutant-General, Major Mills, rendered the most essential service by communicating my orders in every direction, and by their conduct and bravery exciting the troops to press for victory.

The loss of the enemy was more than that of the federal army. The woods were strewed for a considerable distance with the dead bodies of Indians and their white auxiliaries, the latter armed with British muskets and bayonets.

We remained three days and nights on the banks of the Maumee, in front of the field of battle, during which time all the houses and corn-fields were consumed and destroyed for a considerable distance, both above and below Fort Miami, as well as within pistol-shot of the garrison, who were compelled to remain tacit spectators to this general devastation and conflagration, among which were the houses, stores and property of Colonel McKee, the British Indian agent and principal stimulator of the war now existing between the United States and the savages.

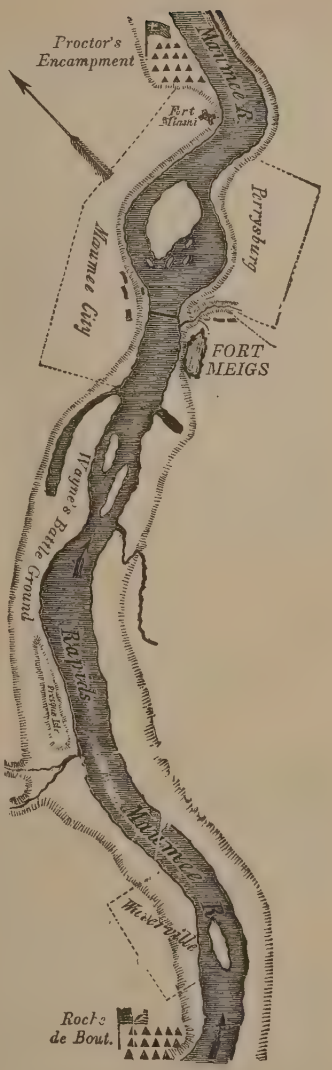
The loss of the Americans in this battle was 33 killed and 100 wounded, including 5 officers among the killed, and 19 wounded.

One of the Canadians taken in the action estimated the force of the Indians at about 1,400. He also stated that about seventy Canadians were with them, and that Col. McKee, Capt. Elliott and Simon Girty were in the field, but at a respectful distance, and near the river. When the broken remains of the Indian army were pursued under the British fort, the soldiers could scarcely be restrained from storming it. This, independent of its results in bringing on a war with Great Britain, would have been a desperate measure, as the fort mounted ten pieces of artillery, and was garrisoned by four hundred and fifty men, while Wayne had no armament proper to attack such a strongly fortified place. While the troops remained in the vicinity, there did not appear to be any communication between the garrison and the savages.

The gates were shut against them, and their rout and slaughter witnessed with apparent unconcern by the British. That the Indians were astonished at the lukewarmness of their real allies, and regarded the fort, in case of defeat, as a place of refuge, is evident from various circumstances, not the least of which was the well-known reproach of Tecumseh, in his celebrated speech to Proctor, after Perry's victory. The near approach of the troops brought forth a letter of remonstrance from Major Campbell, the British commandant, to General Wayne. A sharp correspondence ensued, but without any especial results. The morning before the army left, General Wayne, after arranging his force in such a manner as to show they were all on the alert, advanced with his numerous staff and a small body of cavalry to the glacis of the British fort, reconnoitring it with great deliberation, while the garrison were seen with lighted matches, prepared for any emergency. It is said that Wayne's party overheard one of the British subordinate officers appeal to Major Campbell for permission to fire upon the cavalcade, and avenge such an insulting parade under his majesty's guns; but that officer chided him with the abrupt exclamation, "*Be a gentleman! be a gentleman!*" On the 27th Wayne's army returned to Fort Defiance, by easy marches, laying waste the villages and corn-fields of the Indians, for about fifty miles on each side of the Maumee: this was done with the hope that the fear of famine would prove a powerful auxiliary in producing peace.

Jonathan Alder, who was at this time living with the Indians, has given in his MS. autobiography the Indian account of the battle of Fallen Timbers. He says, after describing the attack on Fort Recovery and the retreat to Defiance:

We remained here (Defiance) about two weeks, until we heard of the approach of Wayne, when we packed up our goods and started for the old English fort at the Maumee rapids. Here we prepared ourselves for battle, and sent the women and children down about three miles below the fort; and as I did not wish to fight, they sent me to Sandusky, to inform some Wyandots there of the great battle that was about to take place. I remained at Sandusky until the battle was over. The Indians did not wait more than three or four days, before Wayne made his appearance at the head of a long prairie on the river, where he halted, and waited for an opportunity to suit himself. Now the Indians are very curious about fighting; for when they know they are going into a battle they will not eat anything just previous. They say that if a man is shot in the body when he is entirely empty, there is not half as much danger of the ball passing through the bowels as when they are full. So they started the first morning without eating anything, and moving up to the end of the prairie, ranged themselves in order of battle at the edge of the timber. There they waited all day without any food, and at night returned and partook of their suppers. The second morning they again placed themselves in the same position, and again returned at night and supped. By this time they had begun to get weak from eating only once a day, and concluded they would eat breakfast before they again started. So the next morning they began to cook and eat. Some were eating, and others, who had finished, had moved forward to their stations, when Wayne's army was seen approaching. Soon as they were within gunshot, the Indians began firing upon them; but Wayne, making no halt, rushed on upon them. Only a small part of the Indians being on the ground they were obliged to give back, and finding Wayne too strong for them, attempted to retreat. Those who were on the way heard the noise and sprang to their assistance. So some were running from and others to the battle, which created great confusion. In the meantime the light horse had gone entirely around, and came in upon their rear, blowing their horns and closing in upon them. The Indians now found that they were completely surrounded, and all that could made their escape, and *the balance* were all killed, which was no small number. Among these last, with one or two exceptions, were all the Wyandots that lived at Sandusky at the time I went to inform them of the expected battle. The main body of the Indians were back nearly two miles from the battle-ground, and Wayne had taken them by surprise, and made such a slaughter among them that they were entirely discouraged, and made the best of their way to their respective homes.



PLAN ILLUSTRATING THE BATTLES OF THE MAUMEE.

Just previous to the battle of the Fallen Timbers, in August, 1794, Wayne's army was encamped at a locality called *Roche de Bœuf*, a short distance above the site of Waterville. The battle commenced at the *Presque Isle Hill*. The routed Indians were pursued to even under the guns of the British *Fort Miami*.

Fort Meigs, memorable for having sustained two sieges in the year 1813, is shown on the east side of the Maumee, with the *British batteries* on both sides of the river, and above the British fort, the position of *Proctor's encampment*. For a more full delineation of this last, see Wood County.

Explanations.—The map shows about 8 miles of the country along each side of the Maumee, including the towns of Perrysburgh, Maumee City and Waterville.

We insert below some anecdotes of the battle, the first three of which are derived from a published source, and the last second-hand from Gen. Harrison.

At the time Capt. Campbell was endeavoring to turn the left flank of the enemy three Indians, being hemmed in by the cavalry and infantry, plunged into the river and endeavored to swim to the opposite side. Two negroes of the army, on the opposite bank, concealed themselves behind a log to intercept them. When within shooting distance, one of them shot the foremost through the head. The other two took hold of him to drag him to shore, when the second negro fired and killed another. The remaining Indian being now in shoal water, endeavored to tow the dead bodies to the bank. In the meantime the first negro had reloaded, and, firing upon the survivor, mortally wounded him. On approaching them, the negroes judged from their striking resemblance and devotion that they were brothers. After scalping them they let their bodies float down the stream.

Another circumstance goes to show with what obstinacy the conflict was maintained by individuals in both armies. A soldier who had got detached a short distance from the army met a single Indian in the woods, when they attacked each other—the soldier with his bayonet, the Indian with his tomahawk. Two days after, they were found dead; the soldier with his bayonet in the body of the Indian—the Indian with his tomahawk in the head of the soldier.

Several months after the battle of Fallen Timbers a number of Potawatamie Indians arrived at Fort Wayne, where they expressed a desire to see "*The Wind*," as they called Gen. Wayne. On being asked for an explanation of the name, they replied, that at the battle of the 20th of August he was exactly like a hurricane, which drives and tears everything before it.

General Wayne was a man of most ardent impulses, and in the heat of action apt to forget that he was the general—not the soldier. When the attack on the Indians, who were concealed behind the fallen timbers, was commenced by ordering the regulars up, the late General Harrison, then aide to Wayne, being lieutenant with the title of major, addressed his superior—"General Wayne, I'm afraid you'll get into the fight yourself, and forget to give me the necessary field orders." "Perhaps I may," replied Wayne, "and if I do, recollect the standing order for the day is, charge the d——d rascals with the bayonets!"

That this Indian war was in a great measure sustained by British influence admits of ample proof. That they lent their aid in this campaign and battle is fully confirmed in the extract given from a letter from General Harrison to Hon. Thomas Chilton, dated North Bend, February 17, 1834:

That the Northwestern and Indian war was a continuation of the Revolutionary contest is susceptible of proof. The Indians in that quarter had been engaged in the first seven years of the war as the allies of Great Britain, and they had no inclination to continue it after the peace of 1783. It is to British influence that their subsequent hostilities are to be attributed. The agents of that government never ceased to stimulate their enmity against the government of the United States, and to represent the peace which had been made as a temporary truce, at the expiration of which "their great fathers would unite with them in the war, and drive the *long knives* from the lands which they had so unjustly usurped from his red children." This was the cause of the detention of the posts of Detroit, Mackinaw and Niagara so long after the treaty of 1783. The reasons assigned for so doing deceived nobody after the failure of the negotiation attempted by General Lincoln, Governor Randolph and Colonel Pickering, under British mediation voluntarily tendered.

The bare suggestion of a wish by the British authorities would have been sufficient to induce the Indians to accept the terms proposed by the American Commissioners. But at any rate the withholding the supplies with which the Indians had been previously furnished would have left no other alternative but to make peace. From that period, however, the war was no longer carried on "in disguise." Acts of open hostility were committed. In June, 1794, the Indians assembled at the Miami of the Lake, and were completely equipped out of the King's store, from the fort (a large and regularly fortified work) which had been built there in the preceding spring, for the purpose of supporting the operations of the Indians against the army of General Wayne. Nor was the assistance limited to the supply of provisions and munitions of war. On the advance of the Indians they were attended by a captain of the British army, a sergeant, and six *matrosses*, provided with fixed ammunition, suited to the calibre of two field-pieces which had been taken from General St. Clair and deposited in a creek near the scene of his defeat in 1791. Thus attended, they appeared before Fort Recovery (the advanced post of our army), on the 4th of July, 1794, and having defeated a large detachment of our troops, encamped under its walls, and would probably have succeeded in taking the fort if the guns which they expected to find had not been previously discovered and removed. In this action Captain Hartshorn, of the First Sub-legion, was wounded by the Indians, and afterwards killed in a struggle

with Captain McKee, of the British army. [It is proper to state that Captain McKee asserted that he interfered to save Hartshorn, but that he refused quarter and attempted to kill him (McKee), and would have succeeded if he had not been anticipated by his (McKee's) servant.]

Upon the advance of the American army in the following month, the British fort at the Rapids was again a point of rendezvous for the Indians. There the deficiencies in arms, ammunition and equipments were again supplied; and there they were fed with regular rations from the king's stores, consisting of flour and Irish beef, until the arrival of General Wayne with his army on the 20th of August. In the general action of that day there were two militia companies from Amherstburg and Detroit. The captain of the cutter (who was also the clerk of the court at that place) was found among the killed, and one of his privates taken prisoner. These unequivocal acts of hostility on the part of Great Britain did not pass unnoticed by our government, and although anxious to avoid a general war, the President determined that the aggression on our territory by the erection of a fortress so far within our acknowledged limits required some decisive measure.

Authority was therefore given to General Wayne to dispossess the intruders, if, in his opinion, it was necessary to the success of his operations against the Indians.

Although the qualification of this order, in its literal sense, might be opposed to its execution after the entire defeat of the Indians —the daring violation of neutrality which was professed, by the supply of food, arms and ammunition to the enemy on the very morning of the action, afforded, in the opinion of General Wayne, a sufficient justification for its being carried into effect. An accurate examination, however, of the defences of the fort, made by the general at great personal hazard, showed but too clearly that our small howitzers, which had been transported on the backs of horses, our only artillery, could make no impression upon its massive earthen parapet, while the deep fosse and frasing by which it was surrounded afforded no prospect of the success of an escalade, but at an expense of valuable lives, which the occasion did not seem to call for.

From my situation as aide-de-camp to the general-in-chief I mention these things from personal knowledge. If, then, the relation I have given is correct, *it must be admitted that the war of the Revolution continued in the western country until the peace of Greenville in* 1795.

There were some individuals on both sides who took an active part, either in the battle or its connecting events, who demand more than a passing notice. Among these were the faithful spies of Wayne, whose exploits McDonald in his sketches thus describes:

General Wayne, having a bold, vigilant and dexterous enemy to contend with, found it indispensably necessary to use the utmost caution in his movements to guard against surprise. To secure his army against the possibility of being ambuscaded, he employed a number of the best woodsmen the frontier afforded to act as spies. Captain Ephraim Kibby, one of the first settlers at Columbia, who had distinguished himself as a bold and intrepid soldier, commanded the principal part of this corps.

A very effective division of the spies was commanded by Captain William Wells. Attached to Wells' command were the following men: Robert McClellan, one of the most active men on foot that ever lived. Next to him was Henry Miller, who deserves here a passing notice. He and a younger brother, named Christopher, had been made captives by the Indians while quite young, and adopted into an Indian family. He lived with them until about 24 years of age, when, although he had adopted all their customs, he began to think of returning to his relatives among the whites. His resolution continually gaining strength by reflection, he determined to make the attempt, and endeavored to induce his brother to accompany him in his flight, but to no purpose. Christopher was young when captured; he was now a good hunter, an expert woodsman and a free and independent Indian. Henry Miller, however, escaped through the woods, and arrived safe among his friends in Kentucky. Captain Wells was familiar with Miller during his captivity, and knew that he possessed that firm intrepidity which would render him a valuable companion in time of need. To these were added Hickman, May and Thorp, all men of tried worth in Indian warfare.

Captain Wells and his four companions were confidential and privileged gentlemen in camp, who were only called upon to do duty upon very particular and interesting occasions. They were permitted a *carte blanche* among the horses of the dragoons, and when on duty always went well mounted; while the spies, commanded by Captain Kibby, went on foot and were kept constantly on the alert scouring the country in every direction.

In June, 1794, while the headquarters of the army was at Greenville, Wayne dispatched Wells with his corps, with orders to bring an Indian into the camp as prisoner. Accordingly, he proceeded cautiously with his party through the Indian country. They crossed the St. Mary's, and thence to the Auglaize, without meeting with any straggling parties of Indians. In passing up the latter they discovered a smoke, dismounted, tied up their horses and cautiously reconnoitred.

They found three Indians encamped on a high, open piece of ground, clear of brush or any undergrowth, rendering it difficult to approach them without being discovered. While reconnoitring they saw not very distant from the camp a fallen tree. They returned and went round, so as to get it between them and the Indians. The tree top being full of leaves would serve to screen them from observation. They crept forward on their hands and knees with the caution of the cat, until they reached it, when they were within seventy or eighty yards of the camp. The Indians were sitting or standing about the fire, roasting their venison, laughing and making merry antics, little dreaming that death was about stealing a march upon them. Arrived at the fallen tree, their plans were settled. McClellan, who was almost as swift of foot as a deer, was to catch the centre Indian, while Wells and Miller were to kill the other two, one shooting to the right and the other to the left. Resting the muzzles of their rifles on a log of the fallen tree, they aimed for the Indians' hearts. Whiz went the balls, and both Indians fell. Before the smoke had risen two feet, McClellan was running with uplifted tomahawk for the remaining Indian, who bounded down the river, but finding himself likely to be headed if he continued in that direction, he turned and made for the river, which at that place had a bluff bank about twenty feet high. On reaching it he sprang off into the stream and sunk to his middle in the soft mud at its bottom. McClellan came after and instantly sprang upon him, as he was wallowing and endeavoring to extricate himself from the mire. The Indian drew his knife, the other raised his tomahawk and bade him throw down his knife or he would kill him instantly. He did so, and surrendered without further opposition.

By this time Wells and his companion came to the bank, and discovered the two quietly sticking in the mud. Their prisoner being secure, they selected a place where the bank was less precipitous, went down, dragged the captive out and tied him. He was sulky and refused to speak either Indian or English. Some of the party went back for their horses, while the others washed the mud and paint from the prisoner. When cleaned he turned out to be a white man, but still refused to speak, or give any account of himself. The party scalped the two Indians whom they had shot, and then set off for headquarters. Henry Miller having some suspicions that their prisoner might possibly be his brother Christopher, whom he had left with the Indians years previous, rode up along side of him, and called him by his Indian name. At the sound he started, stared around, and eagerly inquired how he came to know his name. The mystery was soon explained. Their prisoner was indeed Christopher Miller! A mysterious providence appeared to have placed him in a situation in the camp by which his life was preserved. Had he been standing either to the right or to the left, he would inevitably have been killed, and an even chance, too, if not by his own brother. But that fate which appears to have doomed the Indian race to extinction permitted the white man to live.

When they arrived at Greenville their prisoner was placed in the guard-house. Wayne often interrogated him as to what he knew of the future intentions of the Indians. Captain Wells and his brother Henry were almost constantly with him, urging him to abandon the idea of ever again joining the Indians, and to unite with the whites. For some time he was reserved and sulky, but at length became more cheerful, and agreed that if they would release him from his confinement he would remain among them. Captain Wells and Henry Miller urged Wayne to release him, who did so, with the observation that should he deceive them and return to the enemy they would be one the stronger. He appeared pleased with his change of situation, and was mounted on a fine horse, and otherwise equipped for war. He joined the company of Wells, and continued through the war a brave and intrepid soldier.

As soon as Wells and his company had rested themselves, they were anxious for another *bout* with the red men. Time without action was irksome to such stirring spirits. Accordingly, in July they left Greenville, their number strengthened by the addition of Christopher Miller, with orders to bring in prisoners. When on these excursions they were always mounted on elegant horses, and dressed and painted in Indian style. They arrived in the country near the Auglaize, when they met a single Indian, and called upon him to surrender. Notwithstanding there were six against him, he refused, levelled his rifle, and as they approached him on horseback, fired, missed his mark and then ran. The thick underbrush enabling him to gain upon them, Christopher Miller and McClellan dismounted and pursued, and the latter soon overtook him. Upon this he turned and made a blow at McClellan with his rifle, which was parried. As it was McClellan's intention not to kill, he kept him at bay until Christopher came up, when they closed in and made him prisoner without receiving injury. They then turned about and arrived with him at Greenville. He was reported to be a Pottawatamie chief of scarcely equalled courage and prowess. As Christopher Miller had performed his part on this occasion to the entire satisfaction of the brave spirits with whom he acted, he had, as he merited, their entire confidence.

On one of Captain Wells' peregrinations through the Indian country, as he came to the bank of the St. Mary's, he discovered a family of Indians coming up the river in a canoe. He dismounted from his horse and concealed his men, while he went to the bank of the river in open view, and called to the Indians to come over. As he was dressed in Indian costume and spoke in that language, they crossed to him unsuspicious of danger. The moment the canoe struck the shore Wells heard the nicking of the cocks of his

comrades' rifles as they prepared to shoot the Indians; but who should be in the canoe but his Indian father and mother with their children! The others were now coming forward with their rifles cocked and ready to pour in a deadly fire upon this family. Wells shouted to them to desist, informing them who the Indians were, solemnly declaring that the first man who attempted to injure one of them should receive a ball in his head. "That family," said he to his men, "had fed him when hungry, clothed him when naked, and nursed him when sick, and had treated him as affectionately as their own children." This short speech moved the sympathetic hearts of his leather-hunting-shirt comrades, who entered at once into his feelings and approved of his lenity. Dropping their tomahawks and rifles, they went to the canoe and shook hands with the trembling Indians in the most friendly manner. Wells assured them they had nothing to fear; and after talking with them for some time, to dispel their anxiety he told them "that General Wayne was approaching with an overwhelming force; that the best thing the Indians could do was to make peace, and that the whites did not wish to continue the war. He urged his Indian father to keep for the future out of danger;" he then bade them farewell. They appeared grateful for his clemency, pushed off their canoe, and paddled with their utmost rapidity down stream. Captain Wells and his comrades, though perfect desperadoes in fight, upon this occasion proved that they largely possessed that gratitude and benevolence which does honor to human kind.

While Wayne's army lay at the Indian village at the confluence of the Auglaize and Maumee, building Fort Defiance, the general wishing to be informed of the intentions of the enemy, dispatched Captain Wells' party to bring in another prisoner. They consisted of Wells, McClellan, the Millers, May and Mahaffy. They proceeded cautiously down the Maumee until opposite the site of Fort Meigs, where was an Indian village. This was on the 11th of August, nine days before the battle. Wells and his party boldly rode into this town as if they had come from the British fort, and occasionally stopped and talked with the Indians in their language. The savages believed them to be Indians from a distance, who had come to take part in the expected battle. After passing through the village they met some distance from it an Indian man and woman on horseback, who were returning to town from hunting. They made them captives without resistance, and set off for Defiance.

A little after dark they came near a large encampment of Indians, merrily amusing themselves around their camp fires. Ordering their prisoners to be silent under pain of instant death, they went around the camp until they got about half a mile above it. They then held a consultation, tied and gagged their prisoners, and rode into the Indian camp with their rifles lying across the pummels of their saddles. They inquired when they had heard last of General Wayne and the movements of his army, and how soon and where the expected battle would be fought. The Indians standing about Wells and his party were very communicative, and answered the questions without any suspicions of deceit in their visitors. At length an Indian who was sitting at some distance said in an undertone in another tongue to some who were near him that he suspected these strangers had some mischief in their heads. Wells overheard it, gave the preconcerted signal, and each fired his rifle into the body of an Indian at not more than six feet distance. The moment the Indian had made the remark, he and his companions rose up with their rifles in hand, but not before each of the others had shot their man. The moment after Wells and party had fired they put spurs to their horses, lying with their breasts on the animals' necks, so as to lessen the mark to fire at, and before they had got out of the light of the camp fires the Indians had fired upon them. As McClellan lay in this position, a ball entered beneath his shoulder-blade and came out at the top of his shoulder; Wells' arm was broken by a ball, and his rifle dropped to the ground; May was chased to the smooth rock in the Maumee, where, his horse falling, he was taken prisoner.

The rest of the party escaped without injury, and rode full speed to where their prisoners were confined, and mounting them upon horses, continued their route. Wells and McClellan being severely wounded, and their march slow and painful to Defiance, a distance of about thirty miles, ere they could receive surgical aid, a messenger was dispatched to hasten to the post for a surgeon and a guard. As soon as he arrived with the tidings of the wounds and perilous situation of these heroic and faithful spies, very great sympathy was manifested. Wayne's feeling for the suffering soldier was at all times quick and sensitive. We can, then, imagine the intensity of his solicitude when informed of the sufferings and perils of his confidential and chosen band. He instantly dispatched a surgeon and a company of the swiftest dragoons to meet, assist and guard these brave fellows to headquarters, where they arrived safe, and the wounded in due time recovered.

May, who was taken prisoner, having formerly lived and ran away from the Indians, was recognized. They told him the second day before the battle: "We know you; you speak Indian language; you not content to live with us; to-morrow we take you to that tree"—pointing to a very large burr oak at the edge of the clearing near the British fort—"we will tie you up and make a mark on your breast, and we will try what Indian can shoot nearest it." Accordingly, the next day he was tied to that tree, a mark made on his breast, and his body riddled with at least fifty bullets. Thus ended poor May!

This little band of spies, during the campaign, performed more real service than any other corps of equal number belonging to the

army. They brought in at different times not less than twenty prisoners, and killed more than an equal number. As they had no rivals in the army, they aimed in each excursion to outdo their former exploits. What confidence, what self-possession was displayed by these men in their terrific encounters! To ride boldly into the enemy's camp, in full view of their blazing camp-fires, and enter into conversation with them without betraying the least appearance of trepidation and confusion, and openly commence the work of death, prove how well their souls were steeled against fear. They had come off unscathed in so many desperate conflicts that they became callous to danger.

WM. WELLS was such an extraordinary man as to deserve a fuller notice. When a child he was captured by the Indians, and became the adopted son of LITTLE TURTLE, the most eminent forest warrior and statesman of his time.

In the defeats of Harmar and St. Clair he took a distinguished part, commanding in the latter action three hundred young Indian warriors, who were posted immediately in front of the artillery, and caused such carnage among those who served it. He arranged his party behind logs and trees, immediately under the knoll on which the guns were, and thence, almost uninjured, picked off the artillerists, until, it is said, their bodies were heaped up almost to the height of their pieces. After this sanguinary affair, his forecast enabled him to anticipate the final ascendency of the whites, who would be aroused by their reverses to such exertions as must be successful with their preponderance of power, and he resolved to abandon the savages. His mode of announcing this determination was in accordance with the simple and sententious habits of a forest life. He was traversing the woods in the morning, with his adopted father, the Little Turtle, when, pointing to the heavens, he said, "When the sun reaches the meridian I leave you for the whites; and whenever you meet me in battle, you must kill me as I shall endeavor to do by you." The bonds of affection and respect which had bound these two singular and highly-gifted men together were not severed or weakened by this abrupt dereliction. Capt. Wells soon after joined Wayne's army, and by his intimacy with the wilderness, and his perfect knowledge of the Indian haunts, habits and modes of Indian warfare, became an invaluable auxiliary to the Americans. He served faithfully and fought bravely through the campaign, and at the close, when peace had restored amity between the Indians and the whites, rejoined his foster-father, the Little Turtle; and their friendship and connection was broken only by the death of the latter. When his body was found among the slain at Chicago, in August, 1812, the Indians are said to have drunk his blood, from a superstitious belief that they should thus imbibe his warlike endowments, which had been considered by them as pre-eminent.

The above paragraph respecting Wells is copied from the discourse of Henry Whiting, Esq., before the Historical Society of Michigan; that below, relating to his death, is from the MSS. of Col. John Johnston.

William Wells, interpreter for the Miamies, and whose wife was of that nation, himself uncle to Mrs. Heald, the lady of the commandant at Fort Dearborn, Chicago, went from Fort Wayne with a party of twelve or fifteen Miamies to that place, with a view of favoring the escape of the garrison to Fort Wayne. Nothing could have been more unfortunate than this, for Wells was peculiarly obnoxious to the Putawatimies, and especially to the chief, "the Black Bird," who was the leading warrior on the occasion. The Putawatimies were alone in arms against us at the time, in that part of the country. The presence of Wells was fatal to the safety of the troops; the chief Blackbird had often spoken to myself in very bitter terms against him. On the 14th of August, 1812, a council was held between the officers and the chiefs, at which it was agreed that the whole garrison with their arms, ammunition sufficient for the journey and clothing should retire unmolested to Fort Wayne, and that the garrison, with all that it contained, should be delivered up to the Indians. In the night preceding the evacuation all the powder and whiskey in the fort were thrown into a canal, communicating from the garrison to the Chicago river. The powder floated out and discovered the deception to the Indians; this greatly exasperated them and, no doubt, brought matters to a crisis. On the morning of the 15th of August the troops marched out to commence their journey, and had proceeded but a short distance when they were attacked by the Indians. Wells seeing that all was lost, and not wishing to fall into their hands, as he well knew that in that case a cruel and lingering death awaited him, wetted powder and blacked his face, as a token of defiance, mounted his horse and commenced addressing the Indians with all the opprobrious and insulting language he could think of. His purpose evidently was to induce them to dispatch him forthwith. His object was accomplished. They became so enraged at last with his taunts and jeers, that one of them shot him off his horse, and immediately pouncing upon him, cut his body open, took out his heart and eat it. The troops were massacred, the commanding officer and wife were saved. . . . Chicago means in Putawatimie, "the place of *the polecat*."

In the battle of the Fallen Timbers Wayne's army took a white man prisoner, by the name of Lasselle. Col. John Johnston says respecting him:

ANTOINE LASSELLE I well knew: this man, a Canadian, was taken prisoner at Wayne's battle, painted, dressed and disguised as an Indian. He was tried by court-martial at Roche de Bœuf, and sentenced to be hung. A gallows was erected and the execution ordered, when Col. John F. Hamtranck—a native of Canada, who joined the American standard under Montgomery, in the Revolutionary war, and was, in 1794, colonel of the 1st regiment of infantry, under Wayne—interposed and begged the life of the prisoner. Gen. Wayne afterwards granted to Lasselle license to trade at Fort Wayne, and he was there as such many years during my agency at the post. He was a man of wit and drollery, and would often clasp his neck with both hands, to show how near he had been to hanging by order of mad Anthony.

Col. Johnston also says, respecting Col. McKee and Capt. Elliott, who were both alleged to have been in the action, and were notorious enemies of the Americans in the wars in the Northwest:

MCKEE and ELLIOTT were Pennsylvanians, and the latter, I think, of Irish birth. They resided, at the commencement of the Revolutionary war, at Path Valley, Pa. A brother and a brother-in-law of mine lived in the same neighborhood; I therefore have undoubted authority for the facts. A number of tories resided in the township, McKee and Elliott being leaders. A large proportion of the inhabitants being whigs, the place became too warm to hold them. They fled to the enemy, and leagued with the Shawanese Indians in committing depredations on the frontier settlers. Both of these incendiaries had Indian wives and children, and finally their influence became so great among the savages that they were appointed agents for Indian affairs by the British government, and continued as such until their death. Matthew Elliott was an uncle, by his father's side, to the late Commodore Elliott, and had a son killed in the late war, by the Indians under Logan. [See p. 353.] On the death of McKee, his son, a half-breed, was a deputy agent in Upper Canada. He was a splendid-looking man, and married an accomplished white lady. He had too much of the Indian nature, and the marriage turned out somewhat unhappily.

In August, 1814, several letters were published in the *National Intelligencer*, from Col. McKee to Col. England, the British commandant at Detroit during the campaign of Wayne, the originals of which, the editor stated, were then in his possession. McKee was at this time superintendent of the Indians under his majesty. Some brief extracts below pile up the evidence already adduced of his hostility, and that of the English, to the Americans:

Rapids, July 5, 1794. SIR:—I send this by a party of Saginas, who returned yesterday from Fort Recovery, where the whole body of the Indians, except the Delawares, who had gone another route, *imprudently* attacked the fort on Monday, the 30th of last month. . . . Everything had been settled prior to their leaving the Fallen Timber, and it had been agreed upon to confine themselves to taking convoys and attacking at a distance from the forts, if they should have the address to entice the *enemy* out. . .

Rapids, Aug. 13, 1794. SIR:—I was honored last night with your lettter of the 11th, *and am extremely glad to find you making such exertions to supply the Indians with provisions.* . . . Scouts are sent up to view the situation of the army [Wayne's,] and WE now muster 1,000 Indians. All the Lake Indians, from Sagina downwards, should not *lose one moment in joining their brethren, as every accession of strength is an addition to their spirits.*

Maumee City in 1846.—Maumee City, the county-seat, is one hundred and twenty-four miles northwest of Columbus, and eight miles south of Toledo. It was laid out under the name of *Maumee* in 1817, by Maj. Wm. Oliver and others, within what had been the reservation of twelve miles square, at the foot of the rapids of the Maumee, granted to the Indians at the treaty of Greenville, in 1795. The town is situated at the head of navigation on the Maumee, and on the Wabash and Erie canal, opposite Perrysburg and Fort Meigs.

The river banks upon which Maumee City and its neighbor, Perrysburg, stand, are elevated near one hundred feet above the water level. Both banks, at this point, curve gracefully inward, while the river above and below is somewhat contracted, thus forming a vast amphitheatre of about two miles in length and nearly one in breadth, while a beautiful cultivated island of two hundred acres, and

several small islets embosomed in its centre, enhance a scene rich in picturesque effect.

From a very early day this was a favorite point with the Indians. As early as 1680 the French had a trading station just below the town, where, later in the spring of 1794, was built the British fort Miami, the ruins of which are still conspicuous. Part of Wayne's battle was within the limits of the town; the action commenced two or three miles south. At that point, by the road-side, is a noted rock of several tons weight, near the foot of Presque Isle Hill, where it is said an Indian chief, named Turkey Foot, rallied a few of his men and stood upon it fighting until his strength becoming exhausted from loss of blood, he fell and breathed his last. Upon it have been carved by the Indians representations of turkeys' feet, now plainly to be seen, and it is said "the early settlers of and travellers through the Maumee valley usually found small pieces of tobacco deposited on this rock, which had been placed there by the Indians as devotional acts by way of sacrifice, to appease the indignant spirit of the departed hero." During the siege of Fort Meigs, in the late war, the British encamped below the town, and erected several batteries within it, which played upon the American fort. These having been stormed and taken by Col. Dudley, on the 5th of May, 1813, that officer pushed his victory too far, and was, in turn, attacked by the enemy, who had been reinforced from below, and defeated with great slaughter on the site of the town. (See Wood County.)

The view of Maumee City, taken from the site of Fort Meigs, shows in front Maumee river and the bridge; beyond, on the left, the canal; and on the summit of the hill a small portion of the town, which is much scattered. On the right is seen the Presbyterian church, on the left the Methodist, and between, the Catholic; the Episcopal church does not appear in this view. Maumee City is a thriving town, and has an extensive water-power, which, if fully improved, would be sufficient for 250 runs of stone. It now contains sixteen dry-goods, eight grocery and three drug-stores; one or two newspaper printing-offices; four flouring, one oil and two saw-mills; one pail factory, one tannery, a wool-carding and cloth-dressing establishment, and had, in 1840, 840 inhabitants, since which it has much increased. A number of vessels, steamboats, propellers and canal boats, have been built here. A spirit of rivalry exists between the towns at the foot of the rapids, Maumee City and Perrysburg, with Toledo. While the latter has outstripped them in prosperity, there is, perhaps, but little question that if the navigation of the river was improved, Maumee City and Perrysburg would draw to themselves a vast accession of business, and be important points for the shipment and transshipment of freight. The Maumee is navigable, in its present condition, for steamboats and schooners drawing seven feet of water; but since the construction of boats of a heavier draught, it is necessary that an improvement, by excavating the channel along what is called "*the rock bar*," should be made. This bar, which is of blue limestone, commences about a mile and a half below Perrysburg. At a common stage the water upon it is about six and a half feet deep. To open a clear and unobstructed channel upon it for the largest lake boats, it has been estimated, would cost about $30,000. Government has frequently but ineffectually been petitioned to make this improvement.—*Old Edition.*

MAUMEE (formerly South Toledo) is nine miles southwest of Toledo, on the Maumee river, Miami & Erie Canal and W. St. L. & P. and T. St. L. & K. C. Railroads. City officers, 1888: James M. Wolcott, Mayor; Frank D. Crain, Clerk; John A. Mollenkopf, Treasurer; Philip Hartman, Marshal. Newspaper: *New Era*, Frank D. Crain, editor and publisher. Churches: one Presbyterian, two Methodist, one Catholic. Bank: Union Deposit, R. B. Mitchell, president, J. Henry Wyman, cashier. Population, 1880, 1,780. School census, 1888, 592. United States census, 1890, 1,645.

WAYNE'S BATTLE-GROUND.

The view shows on the left Maumee River; in front Presque Isle Hill; on the right by the road-side where the figures are standing is the noted Turkey Foot Rock.

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

HARBOR OF TOLEDO.

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

MAUMEE CITY FROM FORT MEIGS.

TOLEDO IN 1846 AND HISTORY TO THAT DATE.

TOLEDO is on the left bank of the Maumee river, and on the Wabash & Erie Canal, 134 miles northwest of Columbus, 246 by canal north of Cincinnati, about fifty south of Detroit, about 100 west of Cleveland, and thirty-three miles from Adrian, Michigan, where a railroad from Toledo intersects with the Southern Michigan Railroad. Toledo stretches along the river bank for more than a mile, and has two points at which business concentrates, called respectively the upper and the lower landing. It was originally two distinct settlements—the upper, Port Lawrence, the lower, Vistula. Between these two points Toledo is thinly settled; but at them, and particularly at the upper, the stores, warehouses and dwellings are densely packed together. The view of the harbor from the upper landing is very fine—the eye takes in a distance of several miles of the river, bounded by well-defined projecting headlands, and often showing a large number of sails, presenting not only a scene of beauty, but evidence of the extensive commerce of which this place is the centre.

Toledo covers the site of a stockade fort, called Fort Industry, erected about the year 1800, near what is now Summit street. A treaty was held in this fort with the Indians, July 4, 1805, by which the Indian title to the "fire-lands" was extinguished. Charles Jouet was United States Commissioner, and the Ottawa, Chippewa, Pottawatomie, Wyandot, Shawanee, Munsee and Delaware tribes represented by their respective chiefs. The insignificant settlements of Port Lawrence and Vistula were later formed, and have now lost their identity in Toledo, the history, present condition and prospects of which we annex, in a communication from a gentleman of the place.

In the summer of 1832, under the impetus given it by Captain Samuel Allen, from Lockport, N. Y., and Maj. Stickney, Vistula made quite a noise as a promising place for a town. People from various quarters were met by the writer in June of that year at the residence of Major Stickney. All seemed sanguine of a sudden and large growth for the new town, and many made purchases in and about it. At the same time arrangements were being made by Major Oliver and Micajah T. Williams, of Cincinnati, with Daniel O. Comstock and Stephen B. Comstock, brothers, from Lockport, for the resuscitation of Port Lawrence, at the mouth of Swan creek. The Comstocks took an interest, and became the agents for the Port Lawrence property, now known as Upper Toledo. No sales of any importance were made before 1833. In Vistula the first store was started by Mr. E. Briggs; W. J. Daniels, now a leading man, was his clerk. Soon after Flagg & Bissell opened a more extensive store of goods—probably the first good assortment for the use of white people. In 1833 not much progress was made toward building a town in Vistula or Port Lawrence. In the latter the first Toledo steamer was built, and called the "Detroit." She was of 120 tons, and commanded by Captain Baldwin, son of a sea captain of that name, who was one of the earliest settlers of Port Lawrence. The best lots in Port Lawrence, sixty feet front by 120 deep, were offered by Stephen B. Comstock for $50, coupled with a condition to make some little improvements. Four of these lots, if they were now not built upon, would sell for $5,000 each. Three of them are nearly covered by three-story brick buildings, and form the centre of business of Toledo. They are corners on Monroe and Summit streets.

In 1834 speculation in lots began, and with slight intermission continued until the spring of 1837. Mr. Edward Bissell, from Lockport, a man of enterprise and activity, became a part owner, and gave a great impetus to the growth of Vistula. Through him and the Port Lawrence owners many men of influence became interested in the new towns. Among these Judge Mason, from Livingston county, N. Y., deserves mention, as he became agent of Bissell and the chief owners, and made Vistula his residence.

In 1836 the Wabash & Erie Canal was located, having three terminations—one at Maumee, one at Toledo and one at Manhattan. Great exertions were made to induce the Commissioners to terminate it at the foot of the Rapids; and also to have it continued below, on the high bank. All the points were accommodated, and the State has had a heavy bill to foot as the consequence. In 1837 the canal was let and the contractors entered vigorously on its construction. The Commissioners held out the opinion that it would be completed in two years. Under the expectation of its early completion many of the inhabitants of Toledo, who had been brought there by the speculations of 1835 and 1836, and the business it gave, held on in order to participate in the business it was expected to furnish. The seasons of 1838 and 1839 were uncommonly sickly, not only at Toledo, but along the entire line of the canal. This kept back the work on the canal,

and it was not completed, so as to make its business sensibly felt, before the season of 1845. The Miami & Erie Canal was opened through, from river to lake, the same season, and for a time had a great rush of business through it. But it was so imperfect that great prejudice was excited against it as a channel of commerce. During the season of 1846 it was kept in good order, and recovered a portion of its lost popularity.

The productions of the south and southwest that reached Toledo by these two canals during the season of 1846 exceeded $3,000,000 in value, and more than doubled the receipts of the preceding year. The value sent up from Toledo can scarcely have been less than $5,000,000. The aggregate of breadstuffs exported exceeded 3,000,000 bushels, being greater than that of any other port around the lakes, except Cleveland, that shipped by lake. It is expected that the business of these canals this year will very nearly double that of the season of 1846. The Wabash & Erie Canal will then be extended forty-nine miles farther down the Wabash; and the country on the lines of both canals being new, is being opened to cultivation, and having the roads that bring trade to the canals every year extended farther from their borders, and made better. By position and the aid of these canals, Toledo is evidently destined to be one of the greatest of the gathering points of agricultural productions in the country. Its situation is equally favorable for the distribution over the lakes of Southern productions—sugar, tobacco, etc. The Miami & Erie Canal is the best channel for the goods destined from the Eastern cities to the great river valley below Cincinnati.

The Wabash & Erie canal, when completed to Evansville, on the Ohio, will be four hundred and sixty miles in length, and control most of the external trade of Indiana and Eastern Illinois. The Miami & Erie canal, connecting Toledo and Cincinnati, is two hundred and forty-seven miles long. This, it is believed, will one day become one of the most important canals in the world.

Within the last two years Toledo has expended near one hundred thousand dollars in grading and other permanent improvements that tend to give facility to commercial operations. Like all other towns on Lake Erie, it has suffered, during the early years of its life, from sickness; and, perhaps, it has suffered still more in its growth and prospects, from the exaggerations which public rumor has spread over the country, respecting its insalubrity. And yet it would be difficult to find a healthier-looking or a more vigorous set of men than are the first settlers of Toledo and other places on the harbor. Toledo has had sickness, but not more than Cleveland or Sandusky and Monroe, at the same period of their growth. The excavations for the canal and the grades have undoubtedly contributed to the prevalence of intermittents, which is the chief cause for complaint. Every year will witness an improvement in this respect, until, like Cleveland, it will be forgotten as a place especially fruitful of malaria, and be spoken of chiefly for the activity and the extent of its commerce, and the rapidity of its progress towards the high destiny which reflecting men have long anticipated for it.

Toledo was incorporated as a city in 1836, and has 1 Presbyterian, 1 Catholic, 1 Methodist, 1 Episcopal and 1 Lutheran church, 37 mercantile establishments—including 3 drug and 2 book stores—9 forwarding and commission houses, 2 banks, and its population is estimated at 2,400; in 1840 it had 1,322 inhabitants. A daily steamboat line connects Toledo with Buffalo, and another with Detroit. A railroad has been chartered and surveyed between Toledo and the west line of Indiana, in the direction of the Falls of Illinois, or towards Chicago.

Toledo was the centre of the military operations in the "OHIO AND MICHIGAN WAR," so called, which at the time threatened serious results, but was accompanied with so much of the ludicrous as to be usually adverted to with emotions of merriment. In the language of "an actor in the scene which he depicts" the narrative below is given:

The dispute of Ohio and Michigan, about the line of division between them, originated in this wise. The ordinance of 1787 provided for the division of the Northwestern Territory into not less than three nor more than five States; and, if into five, then the three southern were to be divided from the two northern, by a line drawn east and west through the southern point of Lake Michigan, extending eastward to the territorial line in Lake Erie. The constitution of Ohio contained a provision, that if the said line should not go so far north as the north cape of the Maumee bay, then the northern boundary of Ohio should be a line drawn from the southerly part of Lake Michigan to the north cape of the Maumee bay. With this constitution, Ohio was admitted into the Union. The line of the ordinance was an impossible line, inasmuch as it would never touch the territorial line by extending it eastward, but would, on the contrary, leave north of it a considerable portion of that part of Ohio known as the Western Reserve.

When Michigan became a Territory, the people living between the two lines—that claimed by Michigan, known as the *Fulton* line, and that claimed by Ohio, as the *Harris*

line—found it more convenient to be attached to Michigan, and agreeably to their wish, the territorial laws were extended over the disputed territory. In 1833 it appeared important that the boundary should be settled, and at the suggestion of J. W. Scott, Esq., of Toledo, Senator Tilden, of Norwalk, Ohio, brought the matter before the Legislature, which passed a resolution asking Congress to act upon the subject, for the purpose of quieting the claim of Ohio.

In 1835 the matter came before Congress, and J. Q. Adams made an elaborate report against the claim of Ohio. Through the exertions of A. Palmer, S. B. Comstock, W. P. Daniels and others, the former was immediately dispatched to Columbus, with a petition from most of the inhabitants, to the Legislature of Ohio, then in session, asking the extension of the laws of Ohio over the disputed territory. An act was soon after passed for that purpose, and the disputed territory was attached to the counties of Wood, Henry and Williams. This occasioned a counteraction on the part of Michigan. A double set of officers were created at the spring election, and war became inevitable. The inhabitants were mostly for the Ohio claim, but enough sided with Michigan to fill all the offices. These soon needed the aid of their neighbors of Monroe county, who were organized, and made some inroads under the sheriff's posse, and carried off to Monroe some of the would-be citizens of Ohio.

Thereupon, Ohio levied troops, and Governor Lucas came on at their head, early in the spring of 1835. In the meantime Governor Mason mustered troops from Michigan; and while Governor Lucas was encamped at old Fort Miami, eight miles above Toledo and four miles above the disputed territory, Mason marched into Toledo, overrun all the water-melon patches, made fowls very scarce, and demolished utterly the ice-house of Major Stickney, burst in the front door of his residence, and triumphantly carried him off a prisoner of war to Monroe.

Many amusing incidents are related of the actors in this war. Dr. Russ, of New York, was with the forces of Mason on their march from Monroe to Toledo, and gave to the writer a vivid description of the mixture of frolic and fear among the new soldiers. Reports were constantly being circulated of the great number of sharp-shooting Buckeyes who were ready, with poised rifles, to greet their arrival at Toledo, and so terror-stricken were the warriors by these stories of the wags, that nearly half of those who marched boldly from Monroe availed themselves of the bushes by the road-side to withdraw from the dangerous enterprise.

About this time appeared from the court of Washington two ambassadors, with full powers to negotiate with the belligerents, for an amicable settlement of difficulties. These were Richard Rush, of Pennsylvania, and Colonel Howard, of Maryland. They were successful in their mission, chiefly because Michigan was satisfied with the laurels won, and Ohio was willing to stand on her dignity—eight miles from the ground in dispute. At the court next holden in Wood county the prosecuting attorney presented bills of indictment against Governor Mason and divers others, in like manner offending; but the bills were thrown out by the grand jury. Thus was Ohio defeated in her resort to law, as she had before been in her passage at arms. At the next session of Congress, the matter was taken up, and able arguments in favor of Ohio were made in the House by Samuel F. Vinton, and in the Senate by Thomas Ewing. Here Ohio carried the day. Michigan, instead of the narrow strip, averaging about eight miles wide on her southern border, received as an equivalent the large peninsula between Lakes Huron, Michigan and Superior, now so well known for its rich deposit of copper and other minerals. The chief value to Ohio, of the territory in dispute, was the harbor at Toledo, formed by the mouth of the Maumee, essential, as her public men believed, to enable her to reap the benefit of the commerce made by her canals to Cincinnati and Indiana. The result has shown that they judged correctly. Toledo has proved to be the true point for the meeting of lake and canal commerce.—*Old Edition.*

TOLEDO, county-seat of Lucas, is a port of entry on the Maumee river, five miles from its mouth in Maumee bay, eight miles from the western extremity of Lake Erie, ninety-two miles west of Cleveland, fifty-three southwest of Detroit, Mich., and 120 miles northwest of Columbus. It has the finest harbor on the lakes, with nineteen miles of completed docks; is in the natural gas and oil regions; has large manufacturing and railroad interests; is a great market for lime, plaster and cement; and a shipping point for large quantities of provisions, live-stock, wheat, whiskey, iron, hides, tobacco, wool, lumber and coal. Its railroads are the C. H. & D.; C. J. & M.; C. H. V. & T.; F. & P. M.; L. S. & M. S.; M. C.; N. W. O.; T. A. A. & N. M.; T. C. & S.; W. St. L. & P.; W. & L. E.; T. S. & M., and T. & O. C. County officers, 1888: Auditor, Charles A. Vordtriede; Clerk, John P. Bronson; Commissioners, John Ryan, Warren W. Cooke, Jacob Engelhardt; Coroner, Charles F. Roulet; Infirmary Directors, George W. Reynolds, George Mack, William W. Coder; Probate Judge, Joseph W. Cummings; Prosecuting Attorney, James H. Southard; Recorder, William

V. McMaken; Sheriff, John S. Harbeck, Jr.; Surveyor, Henry W. Wilhelm; Treasurer, Horace J. Potter. City officers, 1888: J. K. Hamilton, Mayor; W. T. Walker, Auditor; George H. Cole, Clerk; Guy W. Kinney, Solicitor; Thos. R. Wickenden, Civil Engineer; William Kirby, Superintendent Infirmary; John Bayer, Street Commissioner; James McNeely, Harbor Master. Newspapers: *Bee*, Democratic, Elmer White, editor; *Blade*, Republican, Robinson Locke, editor; *Commercial*, Republican, Toledo Commercial Co., editors and publishers; *Evening News*, Independent, News Publishing Co., editors and proprietors; *Express*, German, Independent Republican, Julius Vordtriede, editor; *Freie Presse*, German, Toledo Freie Press Co., editors and publishers; *American*, Democratic, American Printing and Publishing Co., editors and publishers; *Sunday Herald and Times*, Democratic, R. Sellner & Co., editors and publishers; *Sunday Journal*, Independent, C. C. Packard, editor; *Volksfreund*, German, Democratic, E. V. E. Rausch, editor and publisher. Besides these there are about twenty other journals devoted to medicine, agriculture, railway service, fraternities, etc. Churches: in 1886 these numbered 55 and 11 missions; in many of them services were in German. Baptist, 5; Congregational, 4; Lutheran, 9; Methodist Episcopal, 13; Presbyterian, 4; Protestant Episcopal, 3; Roman Catholic, 10; United Brethren, 1; German Evangelical Reformed, 1; Christian, 1; Jewish, 1. The city has a manual training school, the "Toledo University of Arts and Trades," and a public library of 24,000 volumes. Banks: First National, V. H. Ketcham, president, S. D. Carr, cashier; Merchants' National, Reed V. Boice, president, C. C. Doolittle, cashier; Merchants' and Clerks' Savings Institution, John A. Moore, president, O. S. Bond, treasurer; Northern National, W. Cummings, president, W. A. Eggleston, cashier; Second National, George W. Davis, president, Charles F. Adams, cashier; Toledo National, Samuel L. Young, president, E. H. Van Hoesen, cashier; Toledo Savings Bank and Trust Co., Richard Mott, president, John J. Barker, cashier; Keeler, Holcomb & Co.; J. B. Ketcham, F. S. Terry, cashier; Spitzer & Co.

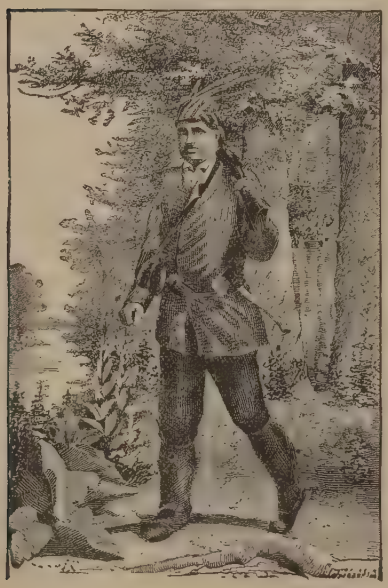
Manufactures and Employees (where numbering 40 hands and over).—The Conant Bros., furniture, 72; Witker Manufacturing Co., sash, doors and blinds, 87; W. H. H. Smith & Co., saw and lath mill, 57; Toledo Foundry and Machine Co., engines, excavators, etc., 70; Western Manufacturing Co., sash, doors and blinds, 70; The Schauss Manufacturing Co., furniture, 52; Vulcan Foundry and Machine Co., general machine work, 64; Toledo Carriage Woodwork Co., 60; Roth & Freedman, hosiery and mittens, 197; Leland, Smith & Co., 38; The B. F. Wade Co., printing and binding, 49; E. C. Shaw & Co., clothing, 53; Blade Printing and Paper Co., printing, etc., 99; The Goulet Manufacturing Co., sash, doors, etc., 45; Shaw, Kendall & Co., general machinery, etc., 156; J. L. Criswell, galvanized iron cornice, 66; The Toledo Bolt and Nut Co., bolts and nuts, 152; Diamond Planing Mill Co., sash, doors, etc., 59; William Peter, sash, doors, etc., 250; Grasser & Brand Brewing Co., lager beer, 40; H. B. Milmine & Co., foundry work, 105; George W. Thomas & Co., wheelbarrows, 37; Herbert Baker, foundry work, etc., 68; The C. H. Schroeder Co., sash, doors, etc., 82; N. Houghton Foundry and Machine Co., 33; Toledo Brewing and Malting Co., lager beer, 60; Union Manufacturing Co., sewing machines, etc., 186; B. A. Stevens, refrigerators, etc., 79; John S. Eck & Co., sash, doors, etc., 42; E. P. Breckenridge, tin packages, 110; Toledo Knitting Co., knit goods, 96; Toledo Tinware Co., tinware, 35; Buckeye Brewing Co., lager beer, 54; A. Black & Co., cloaks, 160; Toledo Moulding Co., picture frames, etc., 220; Glendon Iron Wheel Co., children's carriages, 213; C. Z. Kroh & Co., carriages, etc., 42; Toledo Cot and Wringer Manufacturing Co., cots, wringers, etc., 66; Smith Bridge Co., 90; Consolidated Rolling Stock Co., railroad cars, 71; Great Western Pin Co., pins, 41; LaDue & Moorman, oars, sculls, etc., 72; Chase, Isherwood & Co., tobacco, 50; Amos Bonner Co., brushes, 95; Toledo Bending Co., carriage woodwork, 75; Northwestern Elevator and Mill Co., flour, etc., 54; Finlay

Brewing Co., lager beer, 85; Milburn Wagon Co., carriages, etc., 632; Toledo Overall Co., pants and overalls, 72; Mitchell & Rowland Lumber Co., planing mill, 365; Wabash Railroad Shops, railroad repairs, 300; Jewel Manufacturing Co., sewing machines, etc., 93; Toledo Window Glass Co., window glass, 81; W. L. Libbey & Son Co., glassware, 165; Maumee Rolling Mill Co., rolling mill, 260.

Population in 1880, 50,137. School census, 1888, 24,413; H. W. Compton, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, $15,517,600. Value of annual product, $23,018,800.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887.* Census of 1890, 81,434.

Toledo has 134 daily passenger trains; yearly receipts of grain, 45,000,000 bushels; ditto, of lumber and staves, 459,000,000 feet; ditto, of coal, 2,500,000 tons; ditto, of iron ore, 250,000 tons, and the city has 750 manufacturing establishments.

MISCELLANIES (*Historical, Biographical, etc.*).



PETER NAVARRE.

The first known white settlers of the Maumee valley were Gabriel Godfrey and John Baptiste Beaugrand, who established a trading post at the foot of the Maumee Rapids about 1790. Other French settlers came, including La Point, Momenee and Peltier. James Carlin, a blacksmith, and his son, Squire Carlin (now of Hancock county), came from Monroe about 1807. At that time six American families were there. David Hull, a nephew of a scout of General Harrison, General Isaac Hull, resided at Maumee. Near the mouth of the Maumee river, and opposite Manhattan, a small French settlement was established about 1807. It was near to a village of Ottawa Indians, which is said to have existed from the time of the Pontiac conspiracy (1763), and the widow of Pontiac, with her son (Kan-tuck-ee-gun), and his son (Otussa), were yet there. Mesh-kee-ma, a cousin of Otussa, was a chief of the west side of the river, where he was prominent as an orator. A-bee-wa, a young chief, was poisoned, and died while young. At this time there were in this region about 8,000 Ottawas, living chiefly by fishing and hunting. Of these, the remnant, made up largely of vagabonds, were removed to the West in 1837.

No name is more prominent among the early settlers of the Maumee valley than is that of PETER NAVARRE. He was said to be a grandson of a French army officer, who visited this section in 1745. Peter was born at Detroit in 1785, where his father before him was born. In 1807, with his brother Robert, he erected a cabin near the mouth of the Maumee (east side), which continued to be his residence while he lived. Besides Canadian French he could speak the Pottawatomie Indian dialect, and partially those of other tribes. In woodcraft and Indian methods he was very skilful, while his bearing was ever that of a "born gentleman." For several years he was employed by a Detroit house in buying furs of the Miamis near Fort Wayne, Indiana, where he made the acquaintance and friendship of chief Little Turtle. The war of 1812–15 closed the fur

trade, when Peter and his three brothers—Robert, Alexis and Jaquot (James)—tendered their services to General Hull. He also besought General Hull to accept the services of the Miamis, which were declined, and they afterwards took part with the British. Before seeing active service, the Navarres were included in the surrender of General Hull, and paroled, although they denied the right to treat him as a prisoner of war, and at once took an active part for the United States; whereupon General Proctor, the British commander, offered a reward of $1,000 for Peter's head or scalp.

Until the close of the war he acted as scout for General Harrison. He used to say that the worst night he ever spent was as bearer of a despatch from General Harrison, then at Fort Meigs, to Fort Stephenson (now Fremont). Amid a thunderstorm of great fury and fall of water, he made the trip of over thirty miles through the unbroken wilderness, and the morning following delivered to General Harrison a reply. Because his name was not on an enlistment roll, the law provided no pension for his great service, but by special act of Congress his last days were made more comfortable by pecuniary relief. At the close of the war he returned to his home, near the mouth of the Maumee river, where he spent the balance of his life, dying in East Toledo, March 20, 1874, in his eighth-ninth year. For several years previous to his death he served as President of the Maumee Valley Pioneer Association.

The foregoing sketch of Peter Navarre is from Clark Waggoner's History of Toledo and Lucas County. Col. D. W. Howard (see vol. 1, page 662) has given us the following sketch of another interesting character in the person of Uncle Pete Manor.

Uncle Pete Manor was one of the last representatives of his class, the French trader, now only found in the northern and northwestern wilds of Upper Canada. When quite a young man he entered the employ of the Northwestern Fur Company, then carrying on the fur trade with the Indian tribes of the Northwest. This trade was a very laborious and to some extent a dangerous one, and none were employed but the most robust and intelligent of their class. Goods were transported by bark canoes and on the backs of men for hundreds of miles, and in the winter season on snow-shoes, over fields of ice and snow, to the far regions of the Lake of the Woods and Hudson's bay.

Mr. Manor served several years in this lucrative trade, but left it about the breaking out of the war of 1812, came to the Maumee, opened a trading-house and commenced the fur trade with the tribes in this region, consisting of Pottawattamies, Ottawas, Shawnees, Delawares and Miamies.

I simply desire to give in this sketch the character of this good and brave man—for he was both good and brave. His trading-house was located under the hill on the Maumee just east of the Claflin Paper Mill in Maumee City, and immediately on the trail travelled by the Indians when passing up and down the river.

During the early days of the war of 1812 Uncle Peter proved his bravery and his kindness to his fellow-men. There were a number of white families settled on the south side of the river, near Fort Meigs, the Spaffords, Capt. Pratt and his family, Wilkinson and some others, who had not heeded the warning of Uncle Peter to take their families to a place of safety, for the Indians were many of them friendly to the British, and it was only a question of time when they would strike the white settlers. Finally, one evening, just at dark, an Indian scout, a friend of Manor, made his appearance at the cabin of Uncle Peter, and after feasting on Uncle Peter's venison and hominy, and smoking his tobacco, told him in an Indian's quiet way, that in four days 1,000 Pottawattamies would be there to scalp the pale-faces, and would come to see him, but, as he was the Indian's friend and had been made a chief and adopted into the tribe, that he and his family would be safe.

Uncle Peter had been looking for this news for some time, and as soon as the Indian scout had rolled himself in his blanket and gone to sleep, he crossed the river in the dark, and notified the white settlers to leave that night, for the Indians would surely come.

But after all he could urge of the necessity of leaving at once they did not go. On the morning of the fourth day, at daylight, the friendly scout made his reappearance at the cabin of Manor, and told him that the Indians would be there at ten o'clock, pointing to the place where the sun would be at that hour. Manor was anxious, knowing that all would be massacred that could be found when the Indians should arrive. He urged his wife to feed the scout bountifully, while he made an excuse to the Indian and hurriedly crossed the river, arousing his still sleeping neighbors, many of whom were women and children, who joined Manor in entreaties to fly at once.

They succeeded in getting started a little after sunrise, their route running through the Black Swamp in the direction of Fort Findlay and passing through a small prairie, where Manor and others had been cutting hay.

The chiefs at once demanded to know where the white men were, and were told that they had been gone several days. A chief drew his tomahawk and demanded of Manor to tell the truth or he should die. Manor knew the Indian well and knew that

Constructed by Rev. Henry Bushnell, A. M., for his *History of Granville*.

he did not jest, and if they found out that the whites had just gone he would not be spared. His situation was critical in the extreme, for the Indian scouts just come in from the south side of the river had seen the fresh tracks of the cattle and wagons of the flying refuges. As quick as thought Manor pointed to the fresh-mown hay in his stack, and said that the tracks they saw were those of his men drawing hay, and after consulting with the scouts this explanation seemed to satisfy the chiefs, who did not follow the helpless families, but contented themselves with feasting on beef and green corn. They killed the cattle and destroyed the crops of Manor, as well as those of the other settlers, and burned most of the houses, plundered his store and took his ponies; in fact, plundered and destroyed everything within reach, but did not molest Manor or his family.

After the war closed a petition was signed by all who had lost property by this raid, and the Government paid them for their losses. Strange as it may seem, after risking his life and the loss of all his property to save them, Mr. Manor was not requested to sign the petition for redress, and, in fact, knew nothing of it until long after (as I have heard him relate the circumstances many times), and he never received one cent for all his risk and loss.

The Indians, more generous than the whites, gave Uncle Peter a section and a half (nine hundred and sixty acres) of land for his many kindnesses to them. This grant was located at the head of the Rapids, most of which was very fine land; it also covered a splendid and valuable water-power, which is now well improved.

Mr. Manor laid out the village of Providence, and it was at one time, during the flourishing days of the canal, a lively business place, but the decline of the canal destroyed its business. Fire and the cholera of 1850–52 destroyed the town and its inhabitants, and to-day there is but one house, the old brick residence of Uncle Peter, standing to mark the spot of this once flourishing village.

Uncle Peter lies buried on the farm, taking his last long sleep in the bosom of this historic soil. I shall ever remember the kind-hearted Frenchman for his universal deeds of kindness to our family and the settlers in the dark days of the early pioneers. His wife was equally noble and generous with himself, and was a great help to the women of the pioneers. She, too, has been dead many years.

Uncle Peter and his good wife left quite a large family, the eldest, Frank Manor, now living on the old grant at the Rapids; John J. Manor, in the city of Toledo; the daughter in Defiance; one son, Joseph, a farmer in Indiana, near Fort Wayne; and two sons in California, Alexander and Louis, Alexander being a large wheat farmer of that State.

Legend of Roche de Bœuf.

The following legend of the Roche de Bœuf, was told by Peter Manor, the celebrated Indian scout and guide. Evidences of its truth are found in the many relics and skeletons found in this vicinity:

"At the time when the plum, thorn-apple and wild grape were the only products, and long prior to the advent of the pale-faces, the Ottawas were camped here, engaged in their games and pastimes, as was usual when not clad in war-paint and on the lookout for an enemy. One of the young tribe, engaged in playing on Roche de Bœuf (Rock in the River), fell over the precipice and was instantly killed. The dusky husband, on his return from the council fires, on being informed of the fate of his prospective successor, at once sent the mother in search of her papoose, by pushing her over the rocky sides into the shallow waters of the Maumee. Her next-of-kin, according to Indian law, executed the murdering husband, and was in turn executed in the same manner, until the frantic passions were checked by the arrival of the principal chiefs of the tribe. This sudden outburst cost the tribe nearly two-thirds of its members, whose bodies were taken from the river and buried with full Indian honors the next day."

The Great Drouth of 1838.

One of the greatest drouths in the history of the State was that which occurred in the summer of 1838, in that area south of the lake bounded by the rivers Raisin and Huron. No rain fell from May until the middle of October; disease was never so prevalent as during that year and the mortality was very great. Some peculiar natural phenomena occurred which have been recorded by Dr. Daniel Drake.

"All the smaller streams throughout the whole region were exhausted and their beds became dusty. Wild animals of every kind found in that region collected on the banks of the larger rivers, and even approached the towns. Deer and raccoons were numerous between Toledo and Maumee City; quails passed over the town plat; and frogs of the shallow and sedgy waters of the old bed of Swan creek, now dried up, migrated in countless numbers through the streets of Toledo to the Maumee river. The wet prairies of the interior were dried, and the grass of the dried ones withered; the marshes and pools of the post-tertiary

uplands, even those of the Black Swamp, from the Maumee to the Sandusky river, were evaporated, their bottoms cracked open from the shrinking, the leaves of many of the trees growing in them perished, and, in some instances, the trees themselves were killed."

Pioneer Railroad of the West.

In the winter of 1832–33 Dr. Samuel O. Comstock projected the "Pioneer Railroad of the West," viz.: the Erie & Kalamazoo. The charter was granted by the State of Michigan "on the ground that it was a mere fanciful object, out of which could come no harm, and it would greatly please the Comstocks of Toledo." The company was organized in 1835, and the next year the road was built to Adrian, Edw. Bissell, of Toledo, and George Crane, of Adrian, being the most active agents in locating and constructing the road. The original plan was to use oak rails four inches square and draw the cars by horses, but before the road was completed it was decided to lay "strap-rail" and use steam-power. The "strap-rails" were iron five-eighths of an inch thick and two-and-a-half inches wide, fastened to the wooden rail with spikes.

The road opened for business in the Fall of 1836 with horse-power. The passenger rate from Toledo to Adrian (thirty-three miles) was $1.50, with fifty pounds of baggage allowed. Freight charges were fifty cents per hundred and a trip and a half was made every twenty-four hours. In June, 1837, the first locomotive was put on the route, and the following October a contract was made with the United States Government for carrying the mails. The rate of speed at this time was less than ten miles per hour, but it was confidently stated that a speed of twenty miles per hour could be attained. This same year "the accommodations of the road were increased by the arrival of a new passenger car of pretty, though singular and fanciful model." It was called the "Pleasure Car."

The "Pleasure Car" shown in the picture was about the size of a street railway car of the present day. When full it held twenty-four passengers, eight in each compartment. The lower middle door opened from a place for stowing baggage.

The original projectors of the road had an experience not unknown at the present day, for, after fighting great obstacles and placing the road in good running condition, they were levied upon by the sheriff in June, 1842, and the road subsequently became a part of the Michigan Southern system.

Value of Ohio Railroads.

The history of transportation in Ohio is marked by three eras: the first, that of the stage-coach and freight-wagon; the second, the canal; the third, the railroad. The opening of the canals at once brought a wonderful improvement in the material progress of the State. The introduction of railroads was more gradual, but vastly more important in its effects.

The first railroad chartered and constructed in the State of Ohio was the Mad River & Lake Erie (Sandusky to Dayton). Its charter was granted in 1832, and the road opened to Bellevue (16 miles) in 1839; and through to Dayton in 1844.

The first road constructed in Ohio was the Erie and Kalamazoo, under a charter from the State of Michigan, and opened from Toledo to Adrian, Mich., in 1836.

Since then the railroad system of Ohio has developed until, in 1889, there is within the State a total of 10,144 miles of track, valued at $101,273,801.

As an illustration of the far-reaching beneficial results accruing from railroads, we quote from an excellent address on the "History of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway," which was delivered in 1887 before the Civil Engineers' Club of Cleveland.

Mr. C. P. Leland, the author of the address, is the Auditor of the L. S. & M. S. R. R., and during the thirty years he has been connected with this road has given much study and research to the history of the development of railroads in this country. He says:

"When next you hire an express-wagon to haul a load of stuff a mile, paying therefor a dollar, which is cheap enough, just remember this fact, that the average pay received by this road in 1886 for transporting one hundred tons one mile (about six large car-loads) was sixty-four cents. Small as this was, it was nine cents more than the average of 1885.

"What was the result of this slight improvement which hurt nobody? It was the signal of the dawn of better times, after the long night of depression, and, instantly, fires were started in idle rolling mills, locomotive and car works, and every industry in this great land, even gas and oil and real estate booms, felt the improvement in the trade barometer. This little improvement gave the long-suffering four thousand stockholders of the L. S. & M. S. R. R. a little dividend of two per cent., or a million dollars, to be poured into the arteries of trade.

"As this road operates only a little more than one per cent. of the railroad mileage of the United States, I leave it to your imagination to estimate the aggregate benefit of a little more pay for this mighty torrent of freight. . . .

"There are on the pay-rolls of the L. S. & M. S. R. R. the names of 10,400

THE PIONEER RAILROAD OF THE WEST

men, among whom were distributed $510,000 in March. Then there is another large army of men working for the company indirectly—making steel rails, building locomotives and cars, mining the 1,250 tons of coal consumed every day, and manufacturing the many supplies used. It is safe to say that one-tenth of the large population of the United States gain a livelihood by working for railroads, either directly or indirectly.

"The introduction of the Bessemer steel rails brought about a great reduction in the rates for freight; the rate for 1887 being but thirty per cent. of the rate for 1886, and every dollar of this benefit has been enjoyed by the consumer and not by the railroads.

"The L. S. & M. S. R. R. earned in 1886 $15,859,455, and it has averaged for seventeen years $16,006,161 per annum. Now, it is my opinion, after considerable thought and research, that the aggregate earnings of all the craft trading upon this great chain of lakes, from the St. Lawrence to the heads of Lake Superior and Lake Michigan, never in the most prosperous year enjoyed earned ten million dollars, which is considerably less than this road earned from freight alone in 1866, even at the low rates I have given."

Memorial Building.

The Soldiers' Memorial Association was organized in 1879, for the purpose of securing the erection of some suitable memorial to the memory of the soldiers who lost their lives in the Civil War.

It was resolved to erect a building, the first of its kind in the country, to be

Toledo Soldiers' Memorial Building.

not only a beautiful memorial to the honored dead, but of material benefit to the city.

The corner-stone of the building was laid with Masonic ceremonies on July 4, 1883. The means necessary for the construction of the building were largely voluntary contributions from the citizens of Toledo, but there not being a sufficient amount raised to properly complete the work, it was turned over to the city in June, 1884, and city bonds issued to the sum of $30,000 to provide for its completion.

The building was formally opened with appropriate ceremonies on Washinton's Birthday (February 22), 1886. At the close of the ceremonies it was dedicated by Mayor Forbes, in the following words: "On behalf of the citizens of Toledo, I hereby dedicate this building to the honor of the soldiers and sailors of Lucas county in the late war, and in memory of those who gave up their lives in the maintenance of our country, and to be the home of the military of our city forever. And may the God of battles smile auspiciously upon this memento of patriotism and loyalty."

Memorial Hall is situated on the corner of Adams and Ontario streets, in the heart of the city. It is constructed of brick with Berea stone trimmings. Internally the building is arranged to meet the requirements of a Memorial Hall and military establishment. The basement is set apart for artillery and infantry companies. On the upper floors are the headquarters of the Memorial Association, the Library, Memorial and Memorial Annex Halls; also, on the third story, a large Military Hall, 64 by 103 feet, with reception-rooms and side-rooms for companies. This room is the largest and finest assembly and drill hall in the State.

The cost of the building complete, exclusive of site, was $65,000.

Morrison Remick Waite was born in Lyme, Conn., November 29, 1816, and died in Washington, D. C., March 23, 1888. He was descended from a long line of eminent jurists; his Pilgrim ancestor was a son of one of the judges who condemned King Charles I. His father was a Justice of the Supreme Court of Connecticut. Morrison R. graduated at Yale in 1837, a classmate of William M. Evarts and Samuel J. Tilden. He first studied law in his father's office, but emigrated to Maumee City, Ohio, in 1839; was admitted to the bar and formed a partnership with Samuel M. Young. In 1849–50 he was a member of the Legislature. In 1850 he removed to Toledo, and three years later the

firm of Young & Waite was dissolved, and Mr. Waite formed a partnership with his younger brother Richard.

His studious habits, sincere love for his profession, legal acumen, upright character and quiet, unostentatious manner, won for him a leading position at the Ohio bar. His assertions on questions of law were said to be indisputable. Before the days of the Republican party he was a Whig, but on the organization of the former he became a staunch Republican and remained one through life. After his defeat in 1862 as Representative for Congress, he would not accept candidacy for office, although repeatedly offered State and Federal positions.

The first position in which his abilities attracted the attention of the whole country, was that of counsel for the United States in the tribunal of arbitration which met at Geneva in 1871–72. He was associated in the matter with Caleb Cushing and William M. Evarts, and their skill terminated the difficulty arising out of the civil war between the United States and the United Kingdom.

In 1874, while presiding over the Ohio Constitutional Convention, he was nominated to the high office of Chief Justice of the United States. A telegram was brought to Rufus King, a member of the convention, who arose and read the announcement of Mr. Waite's appointment, whereupon the convention burst into vociferous applause. The nomination was unanimously confirmed, and on March 4, 1874, Justice Waite took the oath of office and at once entered upon its duties.

This nomination was brought about on the occasion of President Grant's visit to Toledo, when Mr. Waite made the address of welcome to Grant. This address was so full of good sense, and so free from adulation, that Grant was delighted with it. He had been pleased with Waite's action at Geneva, and he knew Waite to be a man of the utmost probity and no political aspirations. He extended his inquiries, and concluded that he was the man to be appointed Chief Justice of the United States, and sent in his name to the Senate. Waite accepted it, and the country gained by his act.

The most important of Justice Waite's decisions were in the civil rights cases, 1878; polygamy cases, 1879; the constitutional amendments, 1880, and three decisions in 1881. These were—one regarding the power of removal by the President, one on polygamy cases, and one on the Virginia bond case. In 1883 two important decisions were given, covering the civil rights act. In 1884 came the decision in the Alabama claims, the legal tender act, and the Virginia claim cases. The decision in the noted Chicago anarchist case attracted considerable attention from the interest attaching to their execution. The last of Justice Waite's most important decisions was in the Bell telephone case.

The degree of LL. D. was conferred upon him by Yale and by Kenyon in 1874, and by Ohio University in 1879. "Appleton's Cyclopædia of American Biography" describes his person as follows: "Chief Justice Waite was of medium height, broad-shouldered, compactly built and erect. His step was light and firm, and all his movements were quick and decisive. His well-poised, classically shaped head was massive and thickly covered with handsome grayish hair. His manners were graceful and winning, but unassuming. He was one of the most genial of men, and his whole bearing commanded instant respect. His private character was singularly pure and noble. Judge Waite was a member of the Protestant Episcopal church and a regular attendant on its services."

James Barrett Steedman was born of Scotch descent in Northumberland county, Pa., July 29, 1817, and died at Toledo, Ohio, October 18, 1883. At the age of fifteen he entered the printing office of the Lewisburg *Democrat*. A few years later he came West and acquired control of the *Northwestern Democrat*, at Napoleon, Ohio. He also engaged in contract work, and gave proofs of great executive ability in the construction, in connection with General Gibson, of the Toledo, Wabash & Western Railroad. In 1847–48 he was a member of the Ohio Legislature. In 1849 he was one of the "argonauts of '49" going to California, but returned to Ohio shortly after.

In 1857 he was Public Printer under Buchanan's administration, and in 1860 was a delegate to the Charleston National Democratic Convention.

At the outbreak of the war he became colonel of the Fourth Ohio Regiment. He was promoted brigadier-general, July 17, 1862, for valuable services at Perryville. In July, 1863, he was given command of the First Division of the Reserve Corps of the Army of the Cumberland. For his services at the battle of Chickamauga he was promoted major-general, July 24, 1864. The following account of these services is quoted from the Toledo *Blade*:

"But it was at the battle of Chickamauga that General Steedman's true character as a general and a commander shines out. His division was posted at "Red House bridge," over the Chickamauga river, and he was ordered to 'hold it at all hazards.' The battle commenced; he knew there was no enemy in front; he also knew that Thomas was hard pressed. Longstreet's corps, from Richmond, had reinforced Bragg's army, and early on that Sunday morning in September the battle was renewed with fierce and relentless ardor. The right and left of the Union forces were both broken and flying from the field. Rosecrans had given up all hope of reorganizing the disordered forces. Gen. Thomas and his brave Fourteenth corps, though driven from the position they occupied early in the morning, had rallied and stood like a wall of fire repelling assault after assault of the whole rebel line. But they were worn by the force of superior numbers and their ammunition was almost exhausted. To this field

Steedman marched his men by the sound of cannon and no other guide. He came just in time to turn a defeat into a glorious victory. The news that Steedman had come to the rescue inspired the worn-out, half-dispirited veterans with fresh ardor and courage.

"It was at a critical moment in this engagement that Steedman ordered his men to advance in the teeth of a tempest of bullets. His men hesitated. Up he rode to the color-sergeant and, grasping the flag, shouted, 'Go back if you like, boys, but the colors can't go back with you.' Onward he spurred his horse into the thickest of the fight. The column at once closed up, grew firm, and the soldiers charged with a hearty cheer, sweeping everything before them.

"Then and there the soldier boys gave him the title of 'Old Chickamauga.' His conduct called forth the warmest admiration and eulogy, and led to his promotion to the rank of major-general.

"General Steedman took active and prominent part in the campaign of Atlanta, and when Sherman started out on the 'march to the sea,' Steedman was left in command of the 'district of Etowah.' At the battle of Nashville General Steedman displayed his usual dash and vigor. On the next day he aided General Woods in storming Overton Hill."

He resigned from the army July 19, 1866, after serving as provisional governor of Georgia, and was appointed collector of internal revenue at New Orleans. Later he returned to Ohio and was elected to the State Senate in 1879. He was elected chief of police in Toledo in May, 1883; was editor and owner of the Toledo *Democrat*.

A fine monument to his memory was unveiled in Toledo May 26, 1887—a gift to the city from his life-long friend, Colonel William J. Finlay.

The credit for ordering General Steedman's movement at Chickamauga is sometimes given to General Gordon Granger; but undoubted testimony proves that to General Steedman, and to him alone, does this honor belong.

General H. V. Boynton, in a letter to the Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette*, written at the time of the unveiling of the Steedman monument, said:

"Every soldier who knew General Steedman, whether present or absent, will unite with those at Toledo who are to do suitable honor to his memory. No better soldier went into the field. No city in the land has more reason to be proud of the valorous deeds which any one of their citizens performed under the flag. Others rose to higher rank, and, in the ordinary sense, achieved greater renown; but within the limits which were given him to serve, none was more active, none more alert, none more daring, none more successful, none more worthy of remembrance for soldierly bearing and for soldierly deeds, than he.

"It was worth a lifetime of the ordinary emotions of these quiet days to see him at the head of his troops in action. No one ever saw him elsewhere when they were engaged. In energetic action and reckless daring he was the John Logan of the Ohio troops."

A few years after the close of the war General DePeyster asked General Thomas, "Who was the best division commander you had under you, most trustworthy, most efficient?" Thomas answered, "Steedman."

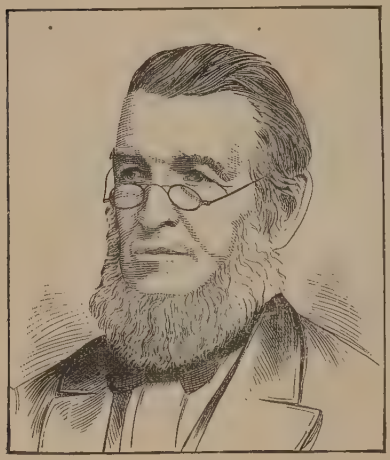
Besides General Steedman, Toledo furnished a number of most efficient officers for the Union cause. Prominent among these are General JOHN W. FULLER, who was born in England, came to this country when five years of age, and during the war gave such valuable service that at its close he had attained the rank of brevet major-general, well earned by very gallant service. From 1874 to 1878 he served as Collector of Customs at Toledo. ISAAC R. SHERWOOD enlisted as a private the day after President Lincoln's call for voluteers. His faithful service brought repeated promotion, until, at the close of the war, he was mustered out with rank of brigadier-general. A notice of his talented wife, Kate B. Sherwood, will be found in the chapter of the county of her birth, Mahoning. CHARLES W. HILL rendered valuable service early in the war in West Virginia, and, as adjutant-general under Governor Tod, most efficiently organized Ohio's volunteer forces. Through injustice on the part of General McClellan he did not receive, until 1865, his well-deserved promotion of major-general. CHARLES L. YOUNG was said to have been the youngest man in the Union army in command of a regiment. He was a very gallant officer. At Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864, in response to a call for volunteers, these three only answered, viz., General J. H. Hobart Ward, Assistant Inspector-General Young, and Assistant Adjutant-General Ayres (of General Mott's staff), and galloped upon the breastworks at the "bloody angle." Generals Ward and Young returned; Ayres fell, riddled with bullets. His wife, Mrs. Young, has been actively engaged in various benevolent and charitable works.

JESSE WAKEMAN SCOTT was born in Ridgefield, Conn., in 1789, and died at Toledo in 1874. He was the earliest journalist of this region. In 1833, while engaged in the practice of the law, he started the pioneer paper of the Maumee valley—the *Miami of the Lake*, that then being the appellation of the Maumee river. In 1844 he first made Toledo his residence, and for years edited the *Toledo Blade*. As early as 1828, while living in the South, he formed his views upon the ultimate results of population and trade in respect to interior cities, and especially his belief that the future great city of the world would be found, not on the seaboard, but in the interior. This belief led him to emigrate, and finally to settle in Toledo, which he felt was to be the Great City of the Future. And this conviction he promulgated through life, thereby attracting wide-spread notice from

JAS. B. STEEDMAN,
General U. S. V.

MORRISON R. WAITE,
Chief Justice U. S. Supreme Court.

the boldness of his statement and the ability with which he presented facts in its support. In his day, Mr. Scott was a great power in all



J. W. SCOTT.

matters appertaining to the public welfare. He supplied some original material for the first edition of this work. His son, Frank J. Scott, is a literary gentleman, a resident of Toledo. He is the author of an elegantly illustrated work, published by the Appletons, on the art of beautifying suburban homes.

DAVID ROSS LOCKE was born in Vestal, N. Y., September 20, 1833, and died in Toledo, February 15, 1888. He learned the printer's trade in the office of the Cortland *Democrat*. As a travelling journeyman printer he drifted from point to point. From 1852 to 1860, he was connected, either as reporter, editor or publisher, with the Plymouth *Advertiser*, Bucyrus *Journal*, Mansfield *Herald*, Bellefontaine *Republican* and Findlay *Jeffersonian*. It was while editor of the latter that he commenced the development of the character of Petroleum Vesuvius Nasby," a whiskey-drinking, illiterate Kentucky politician who wanted to be postmaster, and desired the perpetuation of slavery. The first letter appeared in the *Jeffersonian*, April 21, 1861; later they were continued in the *Toledo Blade*, of which Mr. Locke became proprietor and editor.

These political satires sprang at once into tremendous popularity. They were copied into newspapers everywhere, quoted in speeches, read around camp-fires of Union armies and exercised an enormous influence in holding public opinion in the north in favor of a vigorous prosecution of the war. Secretary Boutwell declared in a speech at Cooper Union, New York, at the close of the war, that the success of the Union arms was due to three causes—"the army, the navy and the Nasby letters."

Among other publications of Mr. Locke are "Ekkoes from Kentucky," "About Ben Adhem," "Struggles of P. V. Nasby," "Swingin' Round the Cirkle," "A Paper City," and "Nasby in Exile," the latter written during an extended trip in Europe.

JAMES MONROE ASHLEY was born in Pennsylvania, November 14, 1824; entered the drug business in Toledo in 1851, but was burned out in 1857, without insurance. He had studied law and been admitted to the bar, and in 1856 was a delegate to the National Republican Convention which nominated Fremont. Turning his attention to politics, he was for five successive terms elected to Congress, serving from 1859 to 1869. He was an active supporter of Lincoln's administration, strongly opposed to slavery and early in proposing reconstruction measures.

In 1869 he was appointed by President Grant Governor of Montana Territory. Later, he returned to Toledo, where he practised law. He achieved a reputation as a fine public speaker and politician.

CLARK WAGGONER, journalist and historian, was born in Milan in 1820; was educated at what Dr. Franklin termed the "Poor Boy's College," the printing-office, and as a trophy of his life-work shows fifty bound volumes of newspapers of which he was publisher and editor. They cover an aggregate of thirty-five years, and include twelve years of weekly and twenty-three years of daily journals: among them are the *Blade* and the *Commercial*. In the administration of Mr. Hayes he was appointed Collector of Internal Revenue for this district. Through his efforts largely, and against strong opposition, the public schools of Toledo were opened to colored children. Mr. Waggoner's last achievement is a history of Toledo and Lucas county, a work of immense labor, wherein is embraced much valuable historic material that otherwise would have been lost.

SYLVANIA is ten miles northwest of Toledo, on the L. S. & M. S. R. R. Population, 1880, 523. School census, 1888, 138.

WHITEHOUSE is seventeen miles southwest of Toledo, on the W., St. L. & P. R. R. Population, 1880, 554. School census, 1888, 158.

RICHARD MOTT was born of Quaker parentage at Mamaroneck, N. Y., in July, 1804, and died in Toledo, O., January 22, 1888. At sixteen he began school teaching to put himself through college, but failed in this, and in 1824 accepted a clerkship in the Bank

of New York. In 1836 he removed to Toledo, where he engaged in the commission and grain business until 1860. He built the first grain warehouse in Toledo. He had charge of the large landed interests of Gov. Washington Hunt and the Hicks family; was president from March, 1838, to April, 1839, of the pioneer railroad of the West (Erie and Kalamazoo). In 1844 he was elected Mayor of Toledo and re-elected in 1846; was a member of Congress for two terms, from 1854 to 1858, when he declined a renomination and retired from active participation in politics.

His inclinations were for literary pursuits. He was a man of high intellectual attainments and averse to active participation in political and official life. Until 1848 he was in sympathy with the principles of the Democratic party, but his strong Anti-Slavery sentiments carried him into the Free-Soil party, in which he became an active worker.

His pronounced views and unwavering allegiance to the Anti-Slavery cause led to his being classed by Southern slave-holders with Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Horace Greeley and other Abolitionists by placing a price on his life.

In early life he began to take an interest in the Woman's Rights reform movement, and Mrs. Lucretia Mott, the illustrious wife of his elder brother, found in him a hopeful and encouraging coadjutor. In 1869, on the formation in Toledo of an association for the political enfranchisement of women, Mr. Mott tendered the association a permanent home in his Fort Industry Block.

Mr. Mott had been so largely identified with the social, moral, educational and humanitarian interests of Toledo that his name and labors have been important factors in almost every enterprise that in a long term of years have inured to the welfare and progress of his fellow-citizens. At the time of his decease he was probably the most venerated character of the Maumee valley.

JOHN S. KOUNTZ was born in Richfield Centre, Lucas county, O., March 25, 1846. At fifteen and a half years of age he enlisted as a drummer-boy in the 37th O. V. I. In the army he showed great courage; in one instance, at the imminent risk of his own life, he rescued from drowning a soldier who had broken through the ice of the Kanawha river. He took part in a number of battles. In the charge at Mission Ridge he was hit in the thigh by an English explosive ball, rendering necessary amputation of the limb.

When at Mission Ridge the order came to charge the enemy's works the boy, Kountz, threw away his drum, and seizing a musket from one of the slain, charged with the men and fell under the enemy's works. This incident furnished the subject of a descriptive poem from Mrs. Kate B. Sherwood, entitled "The Drummer-boy of Mission Ridge," of which we annex two verses:

He pressed to the front our lad so leal and
the works were almost won;
A moment more, and our flags had swung
o'er muzzle of murderous gun;
But a raking fire had swept the van, and he
fell 'mid the wounded and the slain,
With his wee wan face turned up to Him
who feeleth His children's pain.

. . . . . .

O glory of Mission Ridge! stream on like
the roseate light of morn,
On the sons that now are living, on the sons
that are yet unborn!
And cheers for our comrades living, and
tears as they pass away,—
And three times three for the Drummer-boy,
who fought at the front that day!

At the age of twenty-five he was elected county treasurer, and later recorder. Retiring from political life in 1877, he entered the fire insurance and real estate business.

He has ardently devoted himself to the interests of the Grand Army of the Republic,

JOHN S. KOUNTZ,
The Drummer-Boy of Mission Ridge.

occupying various positions with such marked efficiency that in July, 1884, he was chosen its Commander-in-Chief, being the *only private soldier* who has been called to that eminent position.

He was one of the originators of the Soldiers' Memorial Building in Toledo, and has occupied many positions of trust.

Of Gen. Kountz it has been justly said: "He is a man of fine natural abilities, energetic and industrious, and most faithful in the discharge of any duty assigned to him. In his Grand Army work he has few equals and no superiors. It was his work as Commander of the Department of Ohio that gave the organization its great impetus in this State, and started it on its upward march to become the banner department of the order. As Commander-in-Chief his work was equally as great."

MADISON.

MADISON COUNTY was organized in March, 1810, and named from James Madison, the fourth President of the United States. The soil is clayey, and the surface level. Almost one-third of the surface is prairie land. It is largely a stock-raising county.

Area about 470 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 106,169; in pasture, 97,489; woodland, 19,118; produced in wheat, 429,299 bushels; rye, 2,763; buckwheat, 755; oats, 103,205; barley, 720; corn, 2,288,745; broom corn, 34,000 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 20,910 tons; clover hay, 3,083; potatoes, 19,544 bushels; butter, 377,235 lbs.; cheese, 600; sorghum, 474 gallons; maple sugar, 300 lbs.; honey, 3,752 lbs.; eggs, 460,915 dozen; grapes, 18,100 lbs.; wine, 50 gallons; apples, 3,565 bushels; peaches, 334; pears, 383; wool, 362,386 lbs.; milch cows owned, 4,540; stallions, 108. School census, 1888, 6,046; teachers, 169. Miles of railroad track, 53.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Canaan,	607	896	Paint,		1,429
Darby,	466	1,126	Pike,	529	548
Deer Creek,	345	910	Pleasant,	936	1,433
Fairfield,	505	1,653	Range,	820	1,884
Jefferson,		2,301	Somerford,	761	958
Monroe,	385	650	Stokes,	770	1,285
Oak Run,		613	Union,	1,350	4,443

Population of Madison in 1820 was 4,799; 1830, 6,191; 1840, 9,025; 1860, 13,015; 1880, 20,129, of whom 16,398 were born in Ohio; 754, Virginia; 397, Pennsylvania; 273, Kentucky; 196, New York; 90, Indiana; 917, Ireland; 195, German Empire; 103, England and Wales; 37, British America; 11, Scotland; 7, France. Census of 1890, 20,057.

This county is a high table land between the Miami and Scioto rivers. The railroad surveys show London to be 389 feet higher than Columbus. Early in the century about half the surface was covered with water. Ponds were numerous, the resort of cranes, ducks and other water-fowl. The land was then considered worthless; by cleaning and draining it has become highly valuable.

About half the county is clay soil. Sheep, swine and bulls are largely raised. Formerly the farms were very large, going sometimes into thousands of acres. By deaths and the subsequent divisions of estates they are rapidly diminishing. The larger farms are generally sub-let to tenants, largely Irish, who are generally thrifty.

Deer Creek, in this county, was so called by the Indians, because of the many deer that used to frequent it to eat the moss that grew plentifully upon its banks. It was considered by the Indians the best hunting-ground for deer in this whole region of country.

The first court in this county was held in a cabin, Judge Thompson, of Chillicothe, presiding. The grand jury retired to deliberate to an oak and hazel thicket that stood near. The principal business, for the first year or two, was to try men for fighting.

London in 1846.—London, the county-seat, is twenty-five miles westerly from Columbus. It was laid off in 1810 or '11, as seat of justice, by Patrick McLene, by order of the commissioners; and by the autumn of 1812 had six or eight

families. The view shows on the left the court house, and in the distance the academy. London contains 1 Presbyterian and 1 Methodist church, a classical academy, 1 newspaper printing office, 8 stores, and by the census of 1840 its population was 297.—*Old Edition.*

London, county-seat of Madison, twenty-five miles west of Columbus, and ninety-five miles northeast of Cincinnati, is on the P. C. & St. L. and I. B. & W. Railroads. The county is a rich agricultural district, and London is a wheat-shipping centre and famous for its cattle sales.

County Officers, 1888: Auditor, William C. Ward; Clerk, M. Francler Dunn; Commissioners, William E. Beals, Alfred C. Willett, John P. Bowers; Coroner, Daniel T. Fox; Infirmary Directors, Patrick McGuire, James C. Peck, Valentine Wilson, Jr.; Probate Judge, Oliver P. Crabb; Prosecuting Attorney, Corwin Locke; Recorder, Samuel Trumper; Sheriff, John T. Vent; Surveyor, William Reeder; Treasurer, William M. Jones. City Officers, 1888: Geo. H. Hamilton, Mayor; W. M. Ferguson, Clerk; Charles Maguire, Marshal; John E. Lotspiech, Chief Fire Department. Newspapers: *Enterprise*, Republican, John Wallace, editor; *Madison County Democrat*, Democratic, M. L. Bryan, editor and publisher; *Times*, Republican, Carson & Gunsaulus, editors and publishers; *Vigilant*, Prohibitionist, F. A. Taylor, editor. Churches: 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Baptist, 1 Presbyterian, 1 African Methodist Episcopal, 1 Catholic, 1 Episcopal and 1 Lutheran. Banks: Central, Thos. J. Stutson, president, William Farrar, cashier; London Exchange, Robert Boyd, president, A. C. Watson, cashier; Madison National, Stephen Watson, president, B. F. Clark, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—G. W. Shank, handles, 32 hands; J. B. Vanwagner, grain elevator, 3; F. Placier, flour and feed, 5; Wm. M. Jones & Sons, carriages and buggies, 12; William Holland, carriages and buggies, 17; E. R. Florence, washing machines, etc., 7; E. J. Gould, doors, sash, etc., 6.—*State Report, 1888.* Population in 1880, 3,067. School census, 1888, 1,048; school superintendent, J. W. MacKinnon. Capital invested in industrial establishments. $49,000. Census, 1890, 3,292.

The London Live-Stock Sales.

By Hon. John F. Locke.

The live-stock sales at London, Madison county, Ohio, have justly obtained a wide distinction throughout the Central and Western States among cattle and horse-dealers. For many years prior to 1856 Madison county had been especially a grazing country, where large herds of cattle were raised and shipped to the Eastern markets. There were many large farms, and all their owners were engaged, more or less, in raising, buying and selling cattle. Early in the year 1856 a few of the leading cattle-dealers met in London for the purpose of arranging for monthly sales to occur in London, where buyers and sellers could more conveniently be brought together, and purchases and sales be more easily effected. It was agreed to hold the first sale on the first Tuesday in March, 1856, and thereafter on the first Tuesday of each and every month.

The first sale was accordingly held on the first Tuesday of March, 1856, and they have continued as regularly as the first Tuesday of the month came, from that day until the present, a period of over thirty years. But four sales have been missed—the July sale, 1863, when the "fall of Vicksburg" was celebrated; the October sale, 1863, being election day, and a very exciting one, being in the celebrated Vallandigham campaign; the July sale, 1865, being the Fourth of July, in celebration of the "downfall of the rebellion," and the September sale, 1868, on account of the "cattle plague." The sales were begun without organization, and have continued to run without organization or officers ever since. They have been controlled by no ring, and in no interests but the interests of buyers and purchasers alike.

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

VIEW IN LONDON.

The Court-House is shown on the left, and the Academy on the right in the distance.

O. C. Hale, Photo., London, 1887.

VIEW IN LONDON.

The Court-House is on the left, on the site of that above.

The method of their operations is simple. On the day before the sale, and often on the day of the sale, various droves of cattle may be seen coming on the several roads to London. Those brought the day before are kept in lots and fed over night, ready for the sale the next day. About 10 o'clock of the day of sale from two to three thousand people have assembled on the streets to witness the sales, see each other and transact business, and do trading which has been put off until "Salesday." This crowd is unusually orderly, and is about the same every salesday, regardless of the weather or other events. The public square near the Court-house is the market place. A drove of cattle is driven into the square, and the auctioneer announces the number, age and weight of the cattle, and bidding begins and continues until they are sold to the highest bidder at so much per head.

The cattle are then driven out, delivered to the buyer by the seller, and another drove is sold in the same way. Often three or four droves are being sold at the same time, and the hue and cry of the noisy auctioneers is strange and amusing to one unfamiliar with it.

The chief auctioneer is John C. Bridgman, a man with a strong frame, loud voice, a good judge of cattle and a keen trader, and who, because of his especial qualifications and large experience, is without doubt the best auctioneer of live-stock in the whole country. He has been constantly at the business for over a quarter of a century, and has sold under the hammer at public auction more cattle than any other man living or dead.

These sales have been remarkably successful, and have become an established and permanent institution peculiar to Madison county. Attempts have been made to imitate them in various parts of the State and the West, but without success, except in Paris, Ky., where there exists its only rival. The chief causes of their success are not attributable to any particular efforts of men, or a set of men, but to the fortunate situation and favorable conditions of Madison county for the establishment and growth of this institution, so especially its own. Madison county lies in the centre of the great blue-grass region of Ohio. This favorite and celebrated territory includes about half of the counties adjoining, and on the dividing ridge between the Scioto and Little Miami rivers.

Its soil is particularly well adapted for the production of the rich and nutritious blue-grass so necessary in producing the very best quality of live-stock of all kinds. Its farms are mostly unusually large, affording an extensive range for herds of cattle. Most of our farmers keep a few cattle, and many of them keep very large herds. There are over two hundred farms in the county containing from four hundred to four thousand acres. There are two or three sections or neighborhoods in the county containing from twenty to thirty thousand acres in one body owned by ten or twelve men.

Cattle brought to this market can always find a buyer who is prepared to buy a herd and turn them at once to graze upon his pastures. In counties where the farms are small the farmer is not prepared to accommodate but a few cattle. This is one reason of success here. Cattle are regularly brought here from all parts of the State, and frequently from Michigan, Indiana, Illinois and other States. They find ready purchasers at the highest market price. The cattle consist mostly of one, two and three-year-old steers, sometimes a few heifers, but never any fat or shipping cattle. These stock cattle are purchased by the large grazers, turned upon their pastures, fattened and shipped to New York, Boston and Liverpool. The cattle sold at these sales by no means represent the amount or number of cattle sold in the county. The fat cattle sold and shipped from here annually equal, if not exceed in value, those sold at the monthly sales.

The number of cattle sales and the amount of the annual sales have been gradually on the increase, until within the last few years, when the cattle trade has been dull throughout the country.

The following table shows the number of cattle sold each year, and the amount

of sales each year, for the last thirty years, ending March, 1886. There are only nine sales in 1856 and six in 1886 reported and included in this table:

Year.	No. of stock sold.	Amount of sales.	Year.	No. of stock sold.	Amount of sales.
1856	993	$ 31,762.50	1873	5,886	$292,640.22
1857	4,704	105,753.68	1874	5,016	215,895.54
1858	3,109	61,335.44	1875	5,997	266,482.52
1859	3,684	94,648.96	1876	3,121	128,861.22
1860	3,644	92,549.54	1877	6,350	279,690.13
1861	2,591	47,292.81	1878	6,282	239,664.33
1862	3,429	58,886.57	1879	7,344	243,563.56
1863	2,943	51,013.51	1880	6,391	247,657.37
1864	1,720	53,146.77	1881	6,812	315,707.26
1865	2,052	81,446.41	1882	7,259	341,582.96
1866	2,793	147,439.48	1883	5,354	279,123.99
1867	3,586	175,080.34	1884	4,299	208,010.77
1868	5,514	229,467.00	1885	3,644	178,094.14
1869	5,930	328,994.15	1886	2,400	111,374.54
1870	5,480	300,962.94			
1871	5,734	189,255.60	30 years	145,416	$5,813,902.25
1872	11,145	425,506.90			

The following table shows the number of different kinds of stock sold during the thirty years, and the average price per head:

Number.	Kind of stock.	Average price per head.
240	Four-year-olds	$ 64.53
29,460	Three-year-olds	49.04
57,441	Two-year-olds	39.20
32,414	One-year-olds	25.33
1,428	Two-year heifers	27.38
1,893	One-year heifers	21.12
2,404	Calves	14.92
1,734	Dry and fat cows	32.93
1,087	Milch cows	36.69
103	Bulls	47.21
1,248	Yokes of oxen	134.54
130,452	Total cattle.	
7,717	Sheep	3.12
417	Mules	87.51
6,830	Horses	118.73
145,416		

During the early years of sales almost all kinds of live-stock were sold, but now there are chiefly only cattle and horses. Mules were sold at almost every sale until after the war, since which but few are ever offered in the market. Sheep were also sold until 1868, since which time none have been offered.

During the first ten years of the sales but few horses are reported as sold, but since the war the sale of horses has been largely on the increase, and prices are better. This is undoubtedly owing to the fact that a demand for larger draft horses for use in the East has made their production more general. Several car-loads of horses are sold and shipped from here each sale-day.

John M. Roberts has reported these sales for the *Democrat* for many years, and it is from his reports that the report herein given is compiled. In years to come these reports will be valuable in enabling a correct history of this institution to be written.

There is no indication that the sales will cease, nor is there any good reason why they should. They have accomplished well the purpose intended, and have reflected great credit upon Madison county, and all feel a just pride in them.

On my original tour there was then living on the Big Darby, in Canaan township, JONATHAN ALDER, who, when a boy in the Revolutionary war, was taken captive by the Indians and lived with them many years. He had dictated to his son Henry the history of his captivity. It comprised about one hundred MSS. pages, and I copied from it all that was of value.

Jonathan Alder died three years later. He looked like an Indian, and though

not rich he lived in comfort and was much respected. His name appears among the first juries of Madison county, and his neighbors said he was a very kindly man, "honest as the sun."

We are indebted to Dr. J. N. Beach, of West Jefferson, who saw him when he was a child of five years, for the following facts, after which comes our original account:

Jonathan Alder is buried at Foster Chapel cemetery, Jefferson township, Madison county, four miles north of the village of West Jefferson. His grave is marked by a plain slab, four and a half by two feet in size, on which is the inscription as given below.

His cabin stands one mile north of the cemetery, opposite the residence of his grandson, Seth Alder, in the southwest angle formed by the crossing of the east pike by the Lucas pike. An addition, larger than the original cabin, has been built on the east side. This cabin was first built about two hundred yards east of its present location, or a little east of the present family residence. It was removed to its present location by a son of Mr. Alder and the addition made for residence purposes. I think there is no doubt but that the west half of the present structure located in the angle of the roads is the original Alder cabin, and presents much the same appearance as when it stood farther east when first built.

During his residence with the Indians, he spent one winter in a cabin on the east bank of Darby creek, just opposite where he is buried, on the farm now owned by Knowlton Bailey. While here he became disabled in some way in one of his feet, entirely incapacitating him from hunting, the only means he had for subsistence, and in consequence was reduced to almost a starving condition. Fortunately, however, two Indian boys happened to stumble upon his camp just at a time when the question of food was becoming a serious one, and more fortunately the cry of a deer being torn by the wolves was just then heard. The boys sprang out to take a hand in the struggle, but Mr. Alder said, "Boys, wait until the deer quits crying and then we will be sure of some venison." The deer became quiet, when the boys went out and, driving off the wolves, soon returned with the carcase.

JONATHAN ALDER.

BORN

Sept. 17, 1773,

Taken by the INDIANS, 1781;

Returned to his Mother in 1805.

DIED

Jan. 30, 1849,

AGED

About 76 years.

INSCRIPTION ON THE GRAVE OF JONATHAN ALDER.

CAPTIVITY AND LIFE OF JONATHAN ALDER AMONG THE INDIANS.

Jonathan Alder was born in New Jersey, about eight miles from Philadelphia, September 17, 1773. When at about the age of seven years his parents removed to Wythe county, Va., and his father soon after died.

In the succeeding March (1782), while out with his brother David, hunting for a mare and her colt, he was taken prisoner by a small party of Indians. His brother, on the first alarm, ran, and was pursued by some of the party. "At length," says Alder, "I saw them returning, leading my brother, while one was holding the handle of a spear, that he had thrown at him and run into his body. As they approached, one of them stepped up and grasped him around the body, while another pulled out the spear. I observed some flesh on the end of it, which looked white, which I supposed came from his entrails. I moved to him and inquired if he was hurt, and he replied that he was. These were the last words that passed between us. At that moment he turned pale and began to sink, and I was hurried on, and shortly after saw one of the barbarous wretches coming up with the scalp of my brother in his hand, shaking off the blood."

The Indians also having taken a prisoner, a Mrs. Martin, a neighbor to the Alders, with her young child, aged about four or five years, retreated towards their towns. Their route lay through the woods to the Big Sandy, down that stream to the Ohio, which they crossed, and from thence went overland to the Scioto, near Chillicothe, and so on to a Mingo village on Mad river.

Finding the child of Mrs. Martin burdensome, they soon killed and scalped it. The last member of her family was now destroyed, and she screamed in agony of grief. Upon this one of the Indians caught her by her hair, and drawing the edge of his knife across her forehead, cried, "sculp! sculp!" with the hope of stilling her cries. But, indifferent to life, she continued her screams, when they procured some switches and whipped her until she was silent. The next day, young Alder having not risen, through fatigue, from eating, at the moment the word was given, saw, as his face was to the north, the shadow of a man's arm with an uplifted tomahawk. He turned, and there stood an Indian, ready for the fatal blow. Upon this he let down his arm and commenced feeling of his head. He afterwards told Alder it had been his intention to have killed him; but, as he turned he looked so smiling and pleasant that he could not strike, and on feeling of his head and noticing that his hair was very black, the thought struck him, that if he could only get him to his tribe he would make a good Indian; but that all that saved his life was the color of his hair.

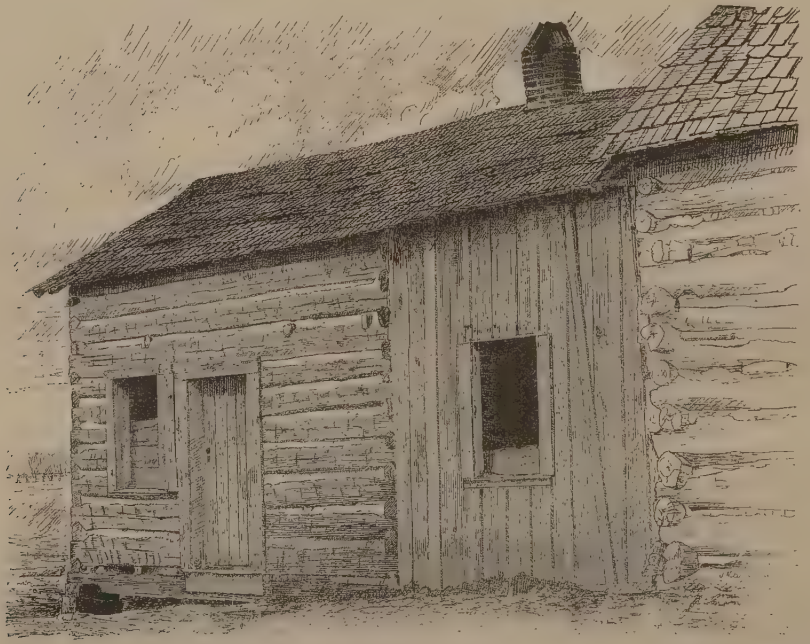
After they crossed the Ohio they killed a bear, and remained four days to dry the meat for packing, and to fry out the oil, which last they put in the intestines, having first turned and cleaned them.

The village to which Alder was taken belonged to the Mingo tribe, and was on the north side of Mad river, which we should judge was somewhere within or near the limits of what is now Logan county. As he entered he was obliged to run the gauntlet, formed by young children armed with switches. He passed through this ordeal with little or no injury, and was adopted into an Indian family. His Indian mother thoroughly washed him with soap and warm water with herbs in it, previous to dressing him in the Indian costume, consisting of a calico shirt, breech-clout, leggings and moccasons. The family having thus converted him into an Indian, were much pleased with their new member. But Jonathan was at first very homesick, thinking of his mother and brothers. Everything was strange about him; he was unable to speak a word of their language; their food disagreed with him; and, childlike, he used to go out daily for more than a month, and sit under a large walnut tree near the village, and cry for hours at a time over his deplorable situation. His Indian father was a chief of the Mingo tribe, named Succohanos; his Indian mother was named Whinecheoh, and their daughters respectively answered to the good old English names of Mary, Hannah and Sally. Succohanos and Whinecheo were old people, and had lost a son, in whose place they had adopted Jonathan. They took pity on the little fellow, and did their best to comfort him, telling him that he would one day be restored to his mother and brothers. He says of them, "They could not have used their own son better, for which they shall always be held in most grateful remembrance by me." His Indian sister, Sally, however, treated him "like a slave," and when out of humor, applied to him, in the Indian tongue, the unladylike epithet of "onorary [mean], lousy prisoner!" Jonathan for a time lived with Mary, who had become the wife of the chief, Col. Lewis (see Logan County). "In the fall of the year," says he, "the Indians would generally collect at our camp, evenings, to talk over their hunting expeditions. I would sit up to listen to their stories, and frequently fell asleep just where I was sitting. After they left, Mary would fix my bed, and, with Col. Lewis, would carefully take me up and carry me to it. On these occasions they would often say—supposing me to be asleep—'Poor fellow! we have sat up too long for him, and he has fallen asleep on the cold ground;' and then how softly would they lay me down and cover me up! Oh! never have I, nor can I, express the affection I had for these two persons."

Jonathan, with other boys, went into Mad river to bathe, and on one occasion came near drowning. He was taken out senseless, and some time elapsed ere he recovered. He says, "I remember, after I got over my strangle, I became very sleepy, and I thought I could draw my breath as well as ever. Being overcome with drowsiness, I laid down to sleep, which was the last I remember. The act of drowning is nothing, but the coming to life is distressing. The boys, after they had brought me to, gave me a silver buckle as an inducement not to tell the old folks of the occurrence, for fear they would not let me come with them again; and so the affair was kept secret."

When Alder had learned to speak the Indian language he became more contented. He says: "I would have lived very happy, if I could have had health; but for three or four years I was subject to very severe attacks of fever and ague. Their diet went very hard with me for a long time. Their chief living was meat and hominy; but we rarely had bread, and very little salt, which was extremely scarce and dear, as well as milk and butter. Honey and sugar were plentiful, and used a great deal in their cooking, as well as on their food."

When he was old enough he was given an old English musket, and told that he must go out and learn to hunt. So he used to follow along the water-courses, where mud turtles were plenty, and commenced his first essay upon them. He generally aimed under them, as they lay basking on the rocks; and when he struck the stones, they flew sometimes several feet in the air, which afforded



O. C. Hale, Photo., London, 1887.

CABIN OF JONATHAN ALDER.

Alder was taken captive in youth by the Indians and lived with them many years.

great sport for the youthful marksman. Occasionally he killed a wild turkey, or a raccoon; and when he returned to the village with his game generally received high praise for his skill—the Indians telling him he would make "a great hunter one of these days."

We cannot, within our assigned limits, give all of the incidents and anecdotes related by Alder, or anything like a connected history of his life among the Indians. In the June after he was taken occurred Crawford's defeat. He describes the anxiety of the squaws while the men were gone to the battle, and their joy on their returning with scalps and other trophies of the victory. He defends Simon Girty from the charge of being the instigator of the burning of Crawford, and states that he could not have saved his life because he had no influence in the Delaware tribe, whose prisoner Crawford was. Alder was dwelling at the Mackachack towns (see Logan County) when they were destroyed by Logan in 1786; was in the attack on Fort Recovery in 1794 (see Mercer County), and went on an expedition into "Kaintucky to steal horses" from the settlers.

Alder remained with the Indians until after Wayne's treaty, in 1795. He was urged by them to be present on the occasion, to obtain a reservation of land, which was to be given to each of the prisoners; but, ignorant of its importance, he neglected going, and lost the land. Peace having been restored, Alder says, "I could now lie down without fear, and rise up and shake hands with both the Indian and the white man."

The summer after the treaty, while living on Big Darby, Lucas Sullivant (see p. 610) made his appearance in that region, surveying land, and soon became on terms of intimacy with Alder, who related to him a history of his life, and generously gave him the piece of land on which he dwelt; but there being some little difficulty about the title, Alder did not contest, and so lost it.

When the settlers first made their appearance on the Darby, Alder could scarcely speak a word of English. He was then about 24 years of age, fifteen of which he had passed with the Indians. Two of the settlers kindly taught him to converse in English. He had taken up with a squaw for a wife some time previous, and now began to farm like the whites. He kept hogs, cows and horses; sold milk and butter to the Indians, horses and pork to the whites, and accumulated property. He soon was able to hire white laborers, and being dissatisfied with his squaw—a cross, peevish woman—wished to put her aside, get a wife from among the settlers, and live like them. Thoughts, too, of his mother and brothers, began to obtrude, and the more he reflected, his desire strengthened to know if they were living, and to see them once more. He made inquiries for them, but was at a loss to know how to begin, being ignorant of the name of even the State in which they were. When talking one day with John Moore, a companion of his, the latter questioned him where he was from. Alder replied that he was taken prisoner somewhere near a place called Greenbriar, and that his people lived by a lead mine, to which he frequently used to go to see the hands dig ore. Moore then asked him if he could recollect the names of any of his neighbors. After a little reflection he replied, "Yes! a family of Gulions that lived close by us." Upon this, Moore dropped his head, as if lost in thought, and muttered to himself, "Gulion! Gulion!" and then raising up, replied, "My father and myself were out in that country, and we stopped at their house over one night, and if your people are living I can find them."

Mr. Moore after this went to Wythe county and inquired for the family of Alder; but without success, as they had removed from their former residence. He put up advertisements in various places, stating the facts, and where Alder was to be found, and then returned. Alder now abandoned all hopes of finding his family, supposing them to be dead. Some time after he and Moore were at Franklinton, where he was informed that there was a letter for him in the postoffice. It was from his brother Paul, stating that one of the advertisements was put up within six miles of him, and that he got it the next day. It contained the joyful news that his mother and brothers were alive.

Alder, in making preparations to start for Virginia, agreed to separate from his Indian wife, divide the property equally, and take and leave her with her own people at Sandusky. But some difficulty occurred in satisfying her. He gave her all the cows, fourteen in number, worth $20 each, seven horses and much other property, reserving to himself only two horses and the swine. Besides these was a small box, about six inches long, four inches wide and four deep, filled with silver, amounting probably to about $200, which he intended to take, to make an equal division. But to this she objected, saying the box was hers before marriage, and she would not only have it, but all it contained. Alder says, "I saw I could not get it without making a fuss, and probably having a fight, and told her that if she would promise never to trouble nor come back to me, she might have it; to which she agreed."

Moore accompanied him to his brother's house, as he was unaccustomed to travel among the whites. They arrived there on horseback at noon, the Sunday after New

Year's. They walked up to the house and requested to have their horses fed, and pretending they were entire strangers, inquired who lived there. "I had concluded," said Alder, "not to make myself known for some time, and eyed my brother very close, but did not recollect his features. I had always thought I should have recognized my mother by a mole on her face. In the corner sat an old lady who I supposed was her, although I could not tell, for when I was taken by the Indians her head was as black as a crow, and now it was almost perfectly white. Two young women were present, who eyed me very close, and I heard one of them whisper to the other, 'He looks very much like Mark' (my brother). I saw they were about to discover me, and accordingly turned my chair around to my brother, and said, 'You say your name is Alder?' 'Yes,' he replied, 'my name is Paul Alder.' 'Well,' I rejoined, 'my name is Alder too.' Now it is hardly necessary to describe our feelings at that time; but they were very different from those I had when I was taken prisoner, and saw the Indian coming with my brother's scalp in his hand, shaking off the blood.

"When I told my brother that my name was Alder, he rose to shake hands with me, so overjoyed that he could scarcely utter a word, and my old mother ran, threw her arms around me, while tears rolled down her cheeks. The first words she spoke, after she grasped me in her arms, were, 'How you have grown!' and then she told me of a dream she had. Says she, 'I dreamed that you had come to see me, and that you was a little *onorary* [mean] looking fellow, and I would not own you for my son; but now I find I was mistaken, that it is entirely the reverse, and I am proud to own you for my son.' I told her I could remind her of a few circumstances that she would recollect, that took place before I was made captive. I then related various things, among which was that the negroes, on passing our house on Saturday evenings, to spend Sunday with their wives, would beg pumpkins of her, and get her to roast them for them against their return on Monday morning. She recollected these circumstances, and said she had now no doubt of my being her son. We passed the balance of the day in agreeable conversation, and I related to them the history of my captivity, my fears and doubts, of my grief and misery the first year after I was taken. My brothers at this time were all married, and Mark and John had moved from there. They were sent for and came to see me; but my half-brother John had moved so far that I never got to see him at all."

This county was first settled by the whites in 1796. In the fall of 1795 Benjamin Springer came from Kentucky, selected some land about a mile north of Amity, on the west bank of Big Darby, which stream was named by the Indians from a Wyandot chief named Darby, who for a long time resided upon it, near the line of this and Union counties. Springer having made a clearing and built a cabin, moved his family to the place in the spring of 1796. The next year William Lapin, Joshua and James Ewing, settled in the same neighborhood. The last-named is now living.

Springer settled near Alder, and taught him the English language, which much endeared the latter to him. He reciprocated this benefit, by not only supplying him with meat, but others of the early settlers, who, had it not been for him, would have been in danger of starvation. He also, on different occasions, saved some of the settlers from being killed by the Indians.

In 1800 Mr. Joshua Ewing brought four sheep to his place, which were strange animals to the Indians. One day an Indian was passing by, when the dog of the latter caught one of the sheep, and Ewing shot him. The Indian would have shot Ewing in retaliation, had not Alder, who was present, with much difficulty prevailed upon him to refrain.

On the outbreak of hostilities in 1812 the Indian chiefs held a council and sent a deputation to Alder, to learn which side to espouse, saying that the British wished them to go and fight for them, holding out the promise that in such case they would support their families. He advised them to remain at first neutral, and told them they need not be afraid of the Americans harming their women and children. They followed Alder's advice, for a while remained neutral, and eventually became warm friends of the Americans.

PLAIN CITY is eighteen miles northeast of London, at the Union county line, and on the C. St. L. & P. R. R. It is the main business point for the rich farms on Darby plains. Newspaper: *Dealer*, Independent, J. H. Zimmerman, editor, C. W. Horn, proprietor. Churches: one Methodist, one Presbyterian, and one

Universalist. Banks: Farmers', Z. T. Lewis, president, C. F. Morgan, cas...er; Plain City, Alvah Smith, president, C. B. Smith, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—W. I. Ballinger & Sons, flour, etc., 5 hands; Andrew & Koehler, grain elevator, 4; E. H. Dry, carriages and buggies, 6; Barlow, Kent & Co., furniture, 32; McCune & Beard, lumber, etc., 7; Beach & Dominy, flooring, siding, etc., 4; K. L. Wood, wrapping paper, 23.—*Ohio State Report, 1888.* Population in 1880, 665. School census, 1888, 294. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, $68,000. Value of annual product, $137,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

West Jefferson is ten miles northeast of London, and fourteen miles west of Columbus, on the P. C. & St. L. R. R. Bank: Commercial, Gregg & Colliver, J. B. Hill, cashier. Population, 1880, 720. School census 1888, 253. At an early day a block-house was built on the east bank of the Little Darby, about twenty rods south of where the national road crosses the creek, near the village.

Mount Sterling is fifteen miles southeast of London, on the C. & C. M. R. R. Newspaper: *Tribune,* Independent, J. W. Hanawalt, editor and publisher. Churches: one Presbyterian, one Methodist, and one Christian. Bank: Farmers', William McCafferty, president, J. G. Loufbourrow, cashier. Population, 1880, 482. School census, 1888, 244; L. W. Sheppard, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, $80,300. Value of annual product, $150,500.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887.*

Midway is eleven miles south of London. Postoffice is Sedalia. Population, 1880, 284. School census, 1888, 128.

Somerford is five miles northeast of London. Population, 1880, 323.

South Solon is eighteen miles southwest of London, on the O. S. R. R. Newspaper: *Standard,* Independent, J. C. Morrow, editor and publisher. Population, 1880, 262.

MAHONING.

MAHONING COUNTY was formed from Trumbull and Columbia, March 1, 1846. It derived its name from Mahoning river. The name Mahoning is, according to Heckwelder, derived from either the Indian word *Mahoni*, signifying "a lick," or *Mahonink*, "at the lick." The surface is rolling and the soil finely adapted to wheat and corn. Large quantities of the finer qualities of wool are raised. The valley of the Mahoning abounds in excellent bituminous coal, which is well adapted to the smelting of iron ore. There are fifteen townships in the county; the five southernmost, viz., Smith, Goshen, Green, Beaver and Springfield, originally formed part of Columbiana, and the others the southern part of Trumbull, the last of which are within the Western Reserve. Area about 420 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 105,207; in pasture, 70,454; woodland, 33,881; lying waste, 2,076; produced in wheat, 181,007 bushels; rye, 3,359; buckwheat, 995; oats, 501,949; barley, 1,489; corn, 469,737; broom corn, 300 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 36,623 tons; clover hay, 9,610; flax, 51,600 lbs. fibre; potatoes, 95,773 bushels; tobacco, 100 lbs.; butter, 695,277; cheese, 79,450; sorghum, 637 gallons; maple syrup, 33,942; honey, 19,649 lbs.; eggs, 371,039 dozen; grapes, 20,265 lbs.; wine, 267 gallons; apples, 188,271 bushels; peaches, 16,413; pears, 3,335; wool, 251,921 lbs.; milch cows owned, 7,521.—*Ohio State Report, 1888.*

Coal mined in this county, 231,035 tons, employing 496 miners and 71 outside employees; iron ore, 13,779; fire clay, 400 tons; limestone, 53,627 tons burned for fluxing, 14,000 cubic feet of dimension stone.—*Ohio Mining Statistics, 1888.*

School census, 1888, 16,908; teachers, 336; miles of railroad track, 168.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Austintown,	1,245	2,502	Green,	3,212	1,794
Beaver,	1,973	2,150	Jackson,	1,124	948
Berlin,	1,284	862	Milton,	1,277	688
Boardman,	933	906	Poland,	1,561	2,512
Canfield,	1,280	1,528	Smith,	2,029	1,941
Coitsville,	1,016	1,231	Springfield,	1,994	2,474
Ellsworth,	988	715	Youngstown,	999	15,435
Goshen,	1,397	1,445			

Population of Mahoning in 1840, 21,712; 1860, 25,894; 1880, 42,871; of whom 26,672 were born in Ohio; 5,418, Pennsylvania; 593, New York; 311, Virginia; 93, Indiana; 56, Kentucky; 3,280, England and Wales; 2,494, Ireland; 1,471, German Empire; 705, Scotland; 280, British America; 65, France, and 90 in Sweden and Norway. Census, 1890, 55,979.

In our original edition we said, "The following sketch from a resident of the county not only describes interesting incidents in the life of one of the first settlers on the Reserve, but gives facts of importance connected with the history of this region."

Col. JAMES HILLMAN, of Youngstown, was one of the pioneers of the West, and rendered essential service to the early settlers of the Western Reserve. He is still living, and at the age of eighty-four enjoys good health and spirits, and walks with as much elasticity of step as most men thirty years younger. He was born in Northampton, Pa., and in 1784 was a soldier under General Harmar, and was discharged at Fort McIntosh, at Beaver town, on the Ohio in August, 1785, after the treaty with the Indians.

His acquaintance with the country now known as the Western Reserve commenced in the spring of 1786, at which time he entered into the service of Duncan & Wilson,

of Pittsburg. They were engaged in forwarding goods and provisions upon packhorses across the country to the mouth of the Cuyahoga (now Cleveland), thence to be shipped on the schooner Mackinaw to Detroit. During the summer of 1786 he made six trips—the caravan consisting of ten men and ninety horses. They usually crossed the Big Beaver, four miles below the mouth of the Shenango, thence up the left bank of the Mahoning, crossing it about three miles above the village of Youngstown, thence by way of the Salt Springs, in the township of Weathersfield, through Milton and Ravenna, crossing the Cuyahoga at the mouth of Breakneck, and again at the mouth of Tinker's creek, in Bedford, and thence down the river to its mouth, where they erected a log hut for the safe-keeping of their goods, which was the first house built in Cleveland.

At the mouth of Tinker's creek were a few houses built by the Moravian missionaries. They were then vacant, the Indians having occupied them one year only, previous to their removal to the Tuscarawas river. These and three or four cabins at the Salt Springs were the only buildings erected by the whites between the Ohio river and Lake Erie. Those at the Salt Springs were erected for the accommodation of persons sent there to make salt, and the tenants were dispossessed during the summer of 1785, by order of General Harmar. During this year, 1786, Kribs, who was left in one of the cabins to take care of goods belonging to Duncan & Wilson, was murdered by the Indians, and his body was found by Hillman's party, shockingly mangled by the wolves. During the same season James Morrow and Sam Simerson, returning from Sandusky, were killed by the Indians at Eagle creek, west of Cleveland. Mr. Hillman was married in 1786, and in 1788 settled at Beaver town, where Duncan & Wilson had a store for the purpose of trading with the Indians.

From 1788 to 1796 Mr. Hillman resided in Pittsburg, and traded with the Indians in Ohio, principally on the Reserve, bringing his goods in canoes up the Mahoning. His intercourse with the Indians during these eight years, and before, afforded him the opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of their language and gaining their confidence, both of which he obtained, and by means of which he was enabled afterwards to be of great service to the early settlers of the Reserve.

In 1796, when returning from one of his trading expeditions alone in his canoe, down the Mahoning river, he discovered a smoke on the bank near the present site of the village of Youngstown, and on proceeding to the spot he found Mr. Young (the proprietor of the township), who, with Mr. Wolcott, had just arrived to make a survey of his lands. The cargo of Mr. Hillman was not entirely disposed of, there remaining among other things some whisky, the price of which was to the Indians one dollar a quart in the currency of the country—a deerskin being a legal tender for one dollar and a doeskin half a dollar. Mr. Young proposed purchasing a quart, and having a frolic on its contents during the evening, and insisted upon paying Hillman his customary price for it. Hillman urged that inasmuch as they were strangers in the country, and just arrived upon his territory, civility required him to furnish the means of the entertainment. He, however, yielded to Mr. Young, who immediately took the deerskin he had spread for his bed (the only one he had), and paid for his quart of whisky. His descendants in the State of New York, in relating the hardships of their ancestors, have not forgotten that Judge Young exchanged his *bed* for a quart of whisky.

Mr. Hillman remained with them a few days, when they accompanied him to Beaver town, to celebrate the Fourth of July, and Mr. H. was induced to return and commence the settlement of the town by building a house. This was about the first settlement made on the Western Reserve. In the fall of 1797 Mr. Brown and another person came on. It was during this season that Uriah Holmes of Litchfield county, Conn., and Titus Hayes arrived in Youngstown the same day, both having started from Connecticut on the same day, the one taking the route through the State of New York, via Buffalo, and the other through Pennsylvania.

The settlement of the country proceeded prosperously until the murder of the two Indians, Captain George and Spotted John, at the Salt Springs, by McMahon and Story. This affair had nearly proved fatal to the settlements, and probably would but for the efforts of Mr. Hillman. The next day after the murder, for such it undoubtedly was, Colonel Hillman, with Mr. Young and the late Judge Pease, of Warren, who had just arrived, went to the Salt Springs with a view of pacifying the Indians; but they had gone, not however without having buried the bodies of their murdered companions. Colonel Hillman and others expected trouble, and in order to show the Indians that the whites did not sanction the act, judged it advisable to take McMahon and Story prisoners; which they accordingly did the same day at Warren. Colonel H. had McMahon in custody, but Story, who was guarded by John Lane, escaped during the night. On the next day McMahon was brought to Youngstown, the settlers resolving to send him to Pittsburg, to be kept in confinement until he could be tried.

The affairs of the settlement were at that time in a critical and alarming state, so much so that all of the inhabitants, both of Youngstown and Warren, packed up their goods and were upon the point of removing from the country, as they had every reason to apprehend that the Indians would take speedy vengeance. It was at this juncture that the firmness and good sense of Colonel Hillman was the means of saving the infant settlement from destruction. He advised sending a deputation to the Indians then encamped on the Mahoning, near where Judge Price's

mills now stand, and endeavor to avert the threatened danger. It was an undertaking imminently hazardous. Few men would have dared to go, and it is quite certain no other man in the settlement would have had any chance of success. He was acquainted with their language, and knew their principal men, and was aware that in his trading intercourse with them he had acquired their confidence, and therefore felt no fear. Although urged to do so, he would not take any weapon of defence, but, accompanied by one Randall, started very early the next morning on his hazardous enterprise, and came in sight of the Indians before sunrise. The Indians, seventeen in number, were asleep, each with his gun and powder-horn resting upon a forked stick at his head. Being in advance of Randall he came within three rods of them before he was discovered. A squaw was the only one awake. She immediately gave the alarm, which started every warrior to his feet with gun in hand. But seeing Colonel H. and his companion riding into their encampment without arms, and unsuspicious of treachery or harm, they dropped their guns and immediately gathered around their visitors.

Onondaigua George, the principal man or chief, knew Hillman, and the late murder became the subject of a very earnest conversation; the chief exhibiting much feeling while talking about it. Hillman told him frankly the object of his visit, and talked freely of the affair, condemning McMahon and assuring him that McMahon was then on his way to Pittsburg, and should stand a trial for the murder he had committed. Nothing could be done, however, until Capt. Peters should arrive with his braves. They were then encamped farther up the river, near the present site of Deerfield, and were expected to arrive that day, a message having been sent for that purpose.

In the course of the day they came. The countenance of Capt. Peters, as soon as he saw a white man present, scowled with hatred, revenge and defiance. Hillman endeavored to pacify him, but with little effect. During the interview, a conversation was had between Captains George and Peters in the Seneca language, in which Capt. Peters endeavored to persuade the other that they ought to kill Hillman and Randall, and before the whites could unite in defence dispatch them in detail. But Capt. George would not agree to it, unwilling that Hillman, to whom he had conceived a liking, should be killed. It was not known to either that Hillman was acquainted with the Seneca language, in which this conversation was held; he was, however, and it may be conceived with what interest he listened to it. Hillman succeeded after several attempts in drawing Capt. Peters aside, and offered him a considerable sum, if he would go to Cuyahoga on some business for the whites. This *bribe*, it seems, had its desired effect. The Indians retired a short distance and held a consultation, during which Randall became so much alarmed that he proposed that each should take his horse and endeavor to make his escape. Hillman would not go, but observing that the Indians had left their guns leaning upon two trees near by told Randall to station himself, and if, on their return, one of their number should be painted black (which Hillman knew was their custom when one was to be killed) then each should seize upon the guns and sell his life as dearly as possible.

After a long time, however, they returned; Capt. Peters holding up a wampum belt with three strings, and saying that they had agreed to hold a council with the whites, on condition that *three* things should be done, as their wampum indicated. 1st, that George Foulk should act as interpreter; 2d, that the council should be held within six days; and, 3d, that McMahon should be kept until the council. These things being agreed to, Hillman and Randall returned the same day to Youngstown, where they found all the inhabitants assembled, waiting in anxious suspense to learn the result of the expedition, and every preparation made for a sudden flight, in case it should have proved unsuccessful. Great was their joy on seeing Hillman and his companion arrive in safety, and telling what had been done.

The inhabitants immediately set themselves about making the necessary preparations for the council. On the day appointed, two Indians made their appearance, and were conducted by Mr. Hillman to the place prepared to hold their council. After the ceremony of smoking, commenced the speeches, and it was generally conceded that Capt. Peters had the best of the argument, and throughout the whole of the consultation showed a decided superiority over the whites opposed to him, in adroitness and force of argument, although our people had appointed three of their best men for that purpose (the late Judge Pease, of Warren, and Gov. Huntington being of the number), all of whom had prepared themselves for this encounter with Indian shrewdness. The result of the council was satisfactory to both parties; that McMahon should be tried by a jury of his own color, according to the laws of his own country. There were about three hundred people present at the council, among whom was Mr. Hudson, of Portage county, and Mr. Ely, of Deerfield. Thus was tranquillity restored, mainly through the instrumentality of Mr. Hillman, a service which was so highly appreciated by Ephraim Root, the agent of the Connecticut Land Company, that he agreed on the part of the company that he would give him one hundred acres of land; the promise, however, was never redeemed.

Soon after, McMahon was sent by order of Gov. St. Clair, under a strong guard, to abide his trial at a special court ordered for that purpose, to be held in Youngstown by the Judges, Return J. Meigs and Benjamin Ives. Gilman, Backus & Tod were attorneys for the people; and Mr. Simple, John S. Edwards and Benjamin Tappan for the pris-

oner. The court was attended by persons from a great distance, and it was generally believed that many had come with a determination to rescue McMahon, in case he should be found guilty. He was, however, acquitted, principally upon the testimony of one Knox, who swore that McMahon *retreated* a step or two before he fired, which probably was not true, and was not believed by those who had visited the spot on the day after the affair. Capt. Peters was upon the bench during the whole trial, and was satisfied that he had received a fair trial, and should, according to the laws of the whites, have been acquitted. As soon as Knox swore that McMahon *retreated* before he fired, Capt. Peters gave a characteristic "ugh," and whispered to Judge Meigs that the jury would acquit the prisoner.

Thus terminated this critical affair, after which the settlement increased with great rapidity, and Col. Hillman from that time has enjoyed the confidence and respect of his fellow-citizens, twice expressed in electing him sheriff, under the territorial government, and in various other ways, and still lives respected and beloved by all.

Youngstown in 1846.—Youngstown is the largest and most flourishing town in Mahoning county, beautifully situated on the north bank of the Mahoning river, sixty-five miles from Pittsburg, Penn., nine miles from Canfield, the seat of justice for the county of Mahoning, fourteen from Warren, the county-seat of Trumbull county, thirty from Ravenna, Portage county, and twenty-seven from New Lisbon, Columbiana county. It contains about 1,200 inhabitants, has 12 mercantile stores, 3 warehouses for receiving and forwarding goods and produce on the canal; 4 churches—1 Presbyterian, 1 Episcopal Methodist, 1 Protestant Methodist and 1 Disciples. The Pennsylvania and Ohio Canal passes through the village, and the products of the surrounding country are sent here for shipment. Few places in Ohio are more beautifully situated; few have greater facilities for manufacturing, or bid fairer to become places of wealth and importance.

Bituminous coal and iron ore abound in the immediate vicinity of the village and along the line of the canal, adequate, it is believed, to the wants of a large manufacturing place. Several of the coal banks are already opened and successfully and profitably worked. The mines of the Hon. David Tod furnish about one hundred tons of coal per day, and those of Crawford, Camp & Co. about sixty, all of which have hitherto found a ready market at Cleveland for steamboat fuel. It has recently been ascertained that the coal in the valley of the Mahoning is well adapted in its raw state to the smelting of iron ore, and three furnaces similar to the English and Scotch furnaces, each capable of producing from sixty to one hundred tons of pig-metal per week, have been erected in the township, and near to the village. A large rolling-mill has been erected in the village, at which is made the various sizes of bar, rod and hoop iron; also sheet iron, nails and spikes. The "Youngstown Iron Company" and the "Eagle Iron and Steel Company" contemplate the erection of machinery for the purpose of making the T and H rails; and it is more than probable that the various railroads now projected in Ohio and the adjoining States will be supplied with rails from this point. In addition to the above, there is quite a number of small manufacturing establishments for making tin-ware, cloth, axes, wagons, buggies, etc., etc. The amount of capital invested in the manufacturing of iron is probably $200,000.

The view given was taken from the southeast, a few hundred yards to the left of the road leading to Pittsburg, and near the residence of Mr. Homer Hine, shown on the right. In front appears the canal and Mahoning river: on the left the rolling-mill of the Youngstown Iron Company. In the distance a part of the town is shown; the spires seen are respectively, commencing on the right, those of the Presbyterian, Disciples and Episcopal Methodist churches; near, on the left of the last named, appears the Protestant Methodist church.—*Old Edition.*

YOUNGSTOWN, county-seat of Mahoning, is on the Mahoning river, midway between Pittsburg and Cleveland, sixty-eight miles from each and about one hundred and fifty miles northeast of Columbus. It is located in a rich coal and iron region, is a manufacturing and railroad centre, being the first point

west of New York city where the three great Western trunk lines meet, viz.: L. S. & M. S., N. Y. P. & O., and P. Ft. W. & C.; besides these there are the P. P. & F. and P. & L. E.

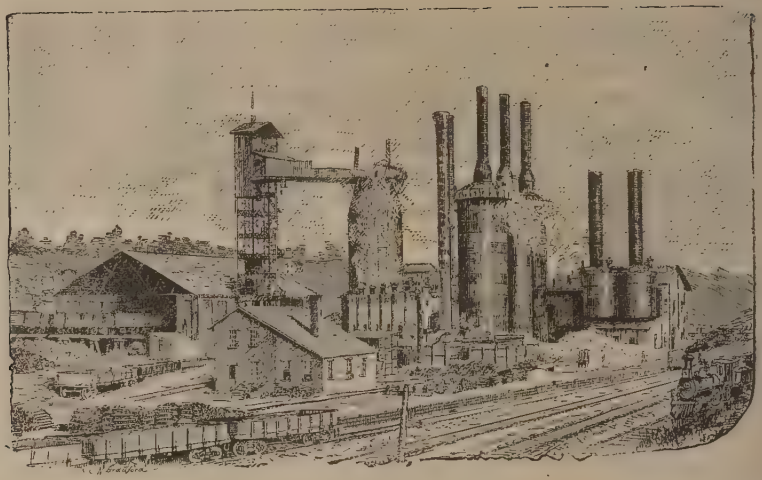
County Officers in 1888: Auditor, Thomas E. Davey; Clerk, Zebulon P. Curry; Commissioners, Frank White, Louis Gluck, David T. Moore; Coroner, C. Carlos Booth; Infirmary Directors, Nelson K. Gunder, Cyrus Rhodes, Obadiah Peters; Probate Judge, Elliott M. Wilson; Prosecuting Attorney, Disney Rogers; Recorder, Abram S. McCurley; Sheriff, Samuel O. Ewing; Surveyor, Edwin D. Haseltine; Treasurers, George W. Caufield, John W. Smith. City Officers in 1888: Sam'l A. Steele, Mayor; Jno. M. Webb, Clerk; Wm. A. McLaine, Solicitor; Wm. A. Williams, Marshal; Jas. M. Reno, Civil Engineer; John Gibson, Street Commissioner; Geo. W. Caufield, Treasurer; Wm. H. Moore, Chief Fire Department. Newspapers: *Telegram*, Republican, Youngstown Printing Co., editors and publishers; *Rundschau*, German Independent, Wm. F. Magg, editor and publisher; *Vindicator*, Democratic, Webb & Magg, editors and publishers; *Mining World*, Mining, Mining World Co., editors and publishers. Churches: 3 Episcopal, 1 German Evangelical, 1 Congregational, 2 Presbyterian, 1 United Presbyterian, 2 Jewish, 2 Methodist Episcopal, 1 German Reformed, 1 African Methodist Episcopal, 2 Lutheran, 2 Catholic, 1 Welsh Congregational, 1 Disciples and 3 Baptist. Banks: Commercial National, C. H. Andrews, president, Mason Evans, cashier; First National, Robt. McCurdy, president, Wm. H. Baldwin, cashier; Mahoning National, H. O. Bonnell, president, J. H. McEwen, cashier; Second National, Henry Tod, president, Henry M. Garlick, cashier; Wick Bros. & Co., Thos. H. Wilson, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—Brown, Bonnell & Co., merchant iron, 1,870 hands; The Arms Bell Co., bolts and nuts, 182; Enterprise Boiler Works, steam boilers, etc., 26; William B. Pollock & Co., steam boilers, etc., 55; William Tod & Co., engines, etc., 92; The Youngstown Carriage Manufacturing Co., carriages, etc., 93; Heller Bros., doors, sash, etc., 16; The Lloyd-Booth Co., foundry and machine work, 41; Homer Baldwin, flour, etc., 10; George Turner, iron fencing, 3; Youngstown Stamping Co., tin-ware, 102; George Dingledy, planing-mill, 32; Forsyth Scale Co., U. S. standard scales, 23; A. S. Williams, sash, doors, etc., 4; Hem Rod Furnace, pig-iron, 60; Youngstown Lumber Co., planing-mill, 13; Youngstown Stove Manufacturing Co., stoves, 30; Youngstown Rolling Mill Co., merchant iron, 425; Cartwright, McCurdy & Co., merchant iron, 635; John Smith's Sons, ale, beer, etc., 20; Youngstown Steam Laundry, laundrying, 12; Brier Hill Iron and Coal Co., pig-iron, 175; Youngstown Steel Co., washed iron, 50; Homer Baldwin, flour, etc., 12; Mahoning Valley Iron Co., merchant iron, 1,255; American Tube and Iron Co., wrought iron pipes, etc., 421.—*State Report, 1888.* Population in 1880, 15,435. School census, 1888, 8,084. F. Treudly, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, $5,554,500. Value of annual product, $8,968,760. Census, 1890, 33,220.

In the history of Mahoning county, Mr. David Loveland gives a sketch of the beginning of the manufacture of iron in the Mahoning valley, an industry which has created a city almost continuous for a score of miles along the stream.

It was commenced by two brothers, James and Daniel Heaton, men of enterprising and experimenting disposition. In 1805 or 1806 they erected a furnace on Yellow Creek, near Mahoning river, about five miles southeast of Youngstown, which soon went into active operation. Connected with and belonging to the furnace proper were about one hundred acres of well-timbered land which supplied the charcoal and much of the ore for the works. It was called the *Heaton* furnace. The "blast" was produced by an apparatus of peculiar construction and was similar in principle to that produced by the column of water of the early furnaces.

After this furnace had been in operation for some time, James Heaton transferred his interest to his brother Daniel, and built the second furnace in this valley

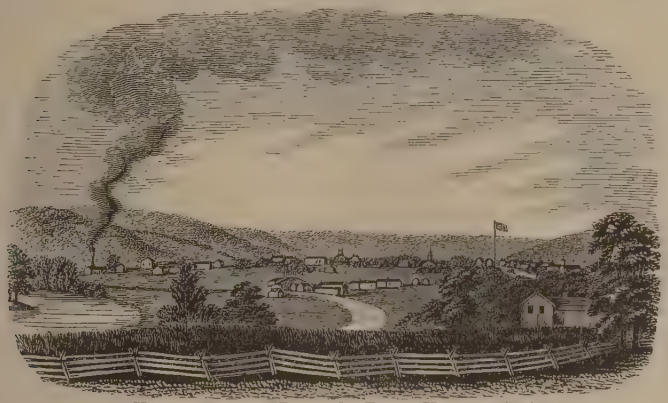


BRIER HILL FURNACE.

Meacham & Sabine, Photo., 1890.

YOUNGSTOWN, 1890.

at Niles. Daniel continued at the *old works*, and manufactured considerable iron, much of it consisting of stoves, large kettles, and other castings, the appearance of which would be rude for these times. About this time a third furnace was built on Yellow creek by Robert Montgomery, about half a mile below the old Heaton furnace. Both furnaces went to ruin after the year 1812.



YOUNGSTOWN. (*Drawn by Henry Howe in* 1846.)

Youngstown is the name of both city and township. The name is from John Young. On April 9, 1800, the Connecticut Land Company sold the township to him. According to tradition he had located in the township about 1797.

He made a plot of the town that year. It was recorded August 19, 1802, with the date and name of "Youngstown, 1797." John Young was born at Peterboro, New Hampshire, March 8, 1755; was married to Mary Stone White, the daughter of Hugh White, the founder of Whitesboro, November 23, 1801.

Brier Hill, so long famed as the place of the Tod family, is two miles northwest of the centre of the city. In this summer (1890) the city limits were extended so as to include it. At Brier Hill are three blast-furnaces, which were erected by Gov. Tod, and are still owned and operated by his family. They have what is called a wash-metal plant where the pig-iron is resmelted, put through a process that relieves it almost entirely of the phosphorus, which is very injurious in making steel.

COAL-MINING IN MAHONING COUNTY.

The system of mining in Mahoning valley, owing to the conditions under which the coal was deposited, is peculiar and curious. The coal, which is the lower bed of the State series, is subject to sudden changes of level, and is found disposed in long, narrow and serpentine basins and troughs. The low ground in a coal bed is called a swamp by the miner, and, owing to the structure of the swamps found in these mines, peculiar mining skill is required to guide and direct the subterranean excavations.

The cost of opening and equipping a mine in this region often exceeds $20,000, but the money usually is soon refunded. The mines have been more profitable than those of any other region in Ohio, owing partly to their proximity to Cleveland and Lake Erie, but largely to the superior quality of the coal. Some of the mines, however, are losing concerns, owing to a variety of causes, one of which is the too abundant flow of water. The mine of the Leadville Coal Company, situated three miles west of Youngstown, is an instance of this kind.

Difficulties of Shaft-Sinking.—The work of sinking this shaft was one of the most difficult and costly ever encountered in the United States, mainly by reason of the flow of water. The time occupied in sinking, including several long stoppages, was about two years and six months. The shaft was let by contract to three separate parties; to the first at $20 per foot, the second at $35, and the third at $50 a foot, but each in turn threw up their contracts.

Messrs. Wicks & Wells (the owners) now concluded to sink the shaft by day-work, personally superintending the operations. Pumping machinery was introduced capable of discharging 3,000 gallons of water per minute, but at the depth of 110 feet a large crevice in the rock was struck, from which the water rushed with such force as to throw the drill high up in the shaft and all the pumps were overpowered. They were all withdrawn and the shaft filled with water.

Powerful Pumping.—After some weeks of stoppage all the pumps were again set to work, and the water pumped out down to the point where the pressure of the water and the power of the pumps were balanced. All the pumps were run to their fullest capacity for four weeks, discharging 3,000 gallons a minute, in the hope of emptying, or at least controlling, the feeders of water; but no impression was made. A very powerful pump, equal to the combined force of the six already in use, was procured. With this the water was mastered, but it became necessary to close up the crevice in the rock. This was done by filling with wooden blocks, well wedged in and caulked, and the water was finally shut off and controlled. The work of getting below the crevice was a labor of unparalleled difficulty and danger. The workmen, suspended in buckets, and having scarcely room to turn around among the multitude of pumps, labored heroically, though drenched with water, which shot in great streams across the shaft. During the whole undertaking not a single accident occurred. The closing up of the crevice reduced the flow of water to 500 gallons per minute, and no further difficulty was experienced until the coal was reached.

In sinking this shaft six thirty-feet boilers, with thirty-six inch head, were used. The cost of the work, including the necessary supplies for sinking, was $71,837, and the whole depth of the shaft was but 187 feet.

Pumps again Overpowered.—As the vast volume of water encountered in sinking was dammed back over the heads of the miners, its liberation by a fall of the roof was only a question of time. Fifteen thousand square yards had not been excavated till the waters broke into the workings. All the miners escaped in safety, but the pumps were soon overpowered, and the shaft, with all its subterranean excavations, was again flooded. The mine remained idle for five years.

The Mine Changes Owners.—In the spring of 1880 the Leadville Coal Company was organized, which bought out Wicks & Wells, the owners and projectors of the enterprise.

New and more powerful pumping machinery was put in place, and the water was lowered to a depth of 136 feet, when the accidental dropping of a wedge into one of the pumps stopped operations, and the shaft again filled with water.

Narrow Escape.—In a few days the work of pumping was again resumed, and six weeks later the mine was pumped dry, and the miners, after an absence of five years, ventured down the shaft and commenced mining operations. The mine having but one opening, and the excavations that had been made requiring a second opening, as provided in the mining law of the State, an escape-shaft or travelling-way was sunk into the mine, for the egress of miners in case of accident to the hoisting-shaft. This travelling-way was completed only two days when the wooden structure covering and surrounding the hoisting-shaft caught fire from a spark from the smoke-stack, and was burned to the ground. The miners found safe egress through the second outlet or travelling-way; had there been but one opening, every soul underground at the time of the fire would have speedily and inevitably perished.

Persistent Enterprise.—The fire, which occurred on the 21st of August, 1881, having destroyed all the buildings covering and surrounding the shaft, and disabled the hoisting and pumping machinery, all the subterranean excavations were again filled with water. The company at once commenced rebuilding the works and repairing the machinery, and on the 15th of October following the pumps were again started up, and a month later the mine was once more pumped dry. There is an excitement in mining unknown, perhaps, to any other industry; hence, all the misfortunes of this ill-fated mine have not in the least daunted the courage of the mine-owners, or alarmed the fearless spirit of the miners, and work was resumed with the same degree of cheerfulness as in the beginning of the enterprise. The foregoing account is abridged from Dr. Orton's "Geological Report of 1884."

DAVID TOD, the second of Ohio's War Governors, was born in Youngstown, February 21, 1805, and died there November 13, 1868. He was the son of Governor Tod, an eminent man who was born in Connecticut, graduated at Yale, and emigrated to the Northwest Territory in 1800. He was Secretary of the Territory under Governor St. Clair; was a State Senator after the organization of the State of Ohio. He served as Judge of the Supreme Court from 1806 to 1809, and occupied other important positions. He rendered gallant service in the war of 1812 at Fort Meigs, serving as a lieutenant-colonel.

David Tod was admitted to the bar in 1827. As a lawyer he was very successful, and commencing penniless, he soon accumulated a fortune by his talents and industry. He had a strong love of politics and was an able campaign speaker. In 1838 he was elected as a Democrat to the State Senate; in 1840 gained great reputation as an orator while canvassing the State for Van Buren. In 1844 he was the Democratic candidate for Governor, being defeated by 1,000 votes; from 1847 to 1852 he was United States Minister to Brazil, under President Polk's administration; returning to the United States he rendered very effective service in the campaign resulting in the election of Presi-

dent Pierce; in 1860 he was a delegate to the Charleston Convention, was chosen vice-president of that body, and presided over it when the Southern wing of the party withdrew.

Whitelaw Reid says in "Ohio in the War:" "The executive and business talents of Mr. Tod were conspicuously evidenced as the President of the Cleveland & Mahoning Railroad, the construction of which he was one of the first to advocate, and with whose success he became identified. To Mr. Tod, more than any other man, belongs the honor of inaugurating the steps which led to the development of the vast coal mines of the Mahoning valley.

"Before and after the meeting of the Peace Congress at Washington in February, Mr. Tod warmly advocated the peace measures, and the exhausting of every honorable means, rather than that the South should inaugurate civil war. But from the moment the flag was shot down at Sumter he threw off all party trammels and was among the first public men in the State who took the stump advocating the vigorous prosecution of the war till every rebel was cut off or surrendered. From that moment, with voice and with material aid, he contributed his support to the national government. Beside subscribing immediately $1,000 to the war fund of his township, he furnished Company B, Captain Hollingsworth, Nineteenth Regiment, Youngstown, their first uniforms."

In 1861 he was nominated for Governor of Ohio by the Republicans, and elected by a majority of 55,000.

His administration during the most trying years of the war was zealous, painstaking and efficient. His continued efforts for recruiting the army, his fatherly care and sympathy with Ohio soldiers in the field and their families at home; his vigorous measures to repel invasions of the State, are the distinguishing features of an able administration. "Ohio in the War" closes an account of it with the following words: "He made some mistakes of undue vigor, and some of his operations entailed expenses not wholly necessary. But he was zealous, industrious and specially watchful for the welfare of the troops, faithful in season and out of season. He was at the head of the State in the darkest hours through which she passed. He left her affairs in good order, her contributions to the nation fully made up, her duties to her soldier sons jealously watched, and her honor untarnished."

After the close of his term of service he retired to his farm known as "Brier Hill," near Youngstown, which formerly belonged to his father, and which he repurchased after he began to accumulate property, from those who had come into its possession. As a boy, David Tod was always ready for fun, and many amusing anecdotes are told of his pranks. We give the following from the "Pioneer History of Geauga County:" "On one winter day, when a deep cut had been shovelled through a snow-bank to give access to the school-house. Tod led some of his schoolmates to fill the cut with wood, so that when the schoolmaster returned from dinner he was obliged to climb the pile to get to the school-house." On another occasion he played a decidedly practical joke on "Uncle John" Ford, the father of Governor Seabury Ford. John Ford was an eccentric genius of much sterling worth. "The spirit of humor overflowed with him, and when Brooks Bradley drove the cows up the lane at night, they would dash back past him, heads and tails high in air, and run clear to the woods. Brooks, as he chased back after the frightened cattle, did not see 'Uncle John's' old hat down in front of his bent form, shaking out from behind a stump in that lane." He played some trick on David Tod, afterwards Governor of Ohio. David sawed the top bar over which "Uncle John" leaned when he poured the swill to his pigs. "Dave" and his companions watched the next time "Uncle John" fed, and when well on the bar it broke, and he fell, with pail and contents, among the hogs. A suppressed laugh from an adjoining fence corner hinted to "Uncle John" how it happened; but he climbed from the mess and said nothing. He saw only one thing in Tod that he called "mean."

ELISHA WHITTLESEY was born in Washington, Conn., October 19, 1783, and died in Washington City, January 7, 1863. He was brought up on a farm, studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1805. He removed to Canfield, O., in June, 1806. During the war of 1812 he rose to the rank of Brigade-Major and Inspector under Gen. Perkins, and was for a time aid and private secretary to Gen. Harrison. On one occasion he was sent with a despatch from Gen. Harrison on the Maumee to the Governor at Chillicothe, a distance of one hundred and sixty miles, part of it through the Black Swamp and regions invested with hostile Indians; it was a perilous undertaking but he accomplished it faithfully.

In 1820–21 he was a member of the Ohio Legislature. He served in Congress continuously from 1823 to 1838, when he resigned. His scrupulous honesty is evidenced by the fact that during this service he would receive no pay when absent from his seat on private business.

He was one of the founders of the Whig party; was appointed by President Harrison in 1841 auditor of the post-office department, resigning in 1843. In 1849 was appointed by President Taylor first comptroller of the treasury, from which office he was removed by President Buchanan, but reappointed by President Lincoln in 1861 and held office until his death.

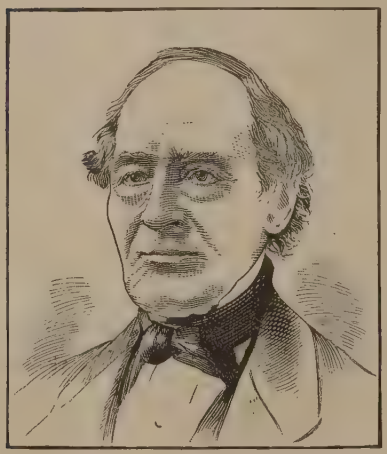
As comptroller he was painstaking, watchful and efficient; his whole time and study were directed to the public good. In 1847 he was appointed general agent of the Washington National Monument Association, resigning in 1849, but was shortly afterwards called upon to manage its affairs as president,

which he did until 1855, contributing greatly to the success of that enterprise. He was a staunch supporter of Christian doctrines and enterprises, and throughout all his life his conduct was governed by the highest principles. The distinguished Col. Chas. Whittlesey was his nephew, and it was his pride that he was his nephew, such was the exalted character of the uncle.

For many years he kept a diary of current events, a journal or autobiography, which ought to be compiled and given to the public.

JOHN M. EDWARDS was born in New Haven, Conn., in 1805. He was great-grandson of Jonathan Edwards, the great theologian, and son of Henry W. Edwards, a Governor of Connecticut and United States Senator. He was a graduate of Yale, practised law for a number of years in New Haven and made extensive visits through the South in the interest of the estate of his uncle, Eli Whitney, the inventor of the cotton gin.

Later, together with a number of young men from Connecticut, he visited the Connecticut Western Reserve in Ohio, in which his father, Governor Edwards, had considerable possessions through Pierpont Edwards, who was one of the original proprietors. Most of these young men remained in the Western Reserve and helped form that highly intellectual community of which Garfield, Giddings, Wade, Tod and Whittlesey were representatives. Mr. Edwards had many important positions and was connected with various newspaper enterprises during his life and was one of the founders of the first newspaper published in the Mahoning Valley. He wrote frequently for publication, principally on historical subjects. He was the leading spirit of the Mahoning Valley Historical Society and collected a large amount of valuable information concerning the early history of Ohio and its people. He was a deeply studious man and a learned and able lawyer. He died suddenly at his residence in Youngstown, December 8, 1886, aged 81 years.



FATHER.
JUDGE JAMES BROWNLEE.

DAUGHTER.
KATE BROWNLEE SHERWOOD.

KATE BROWNLEE SHERWOOD, the poetess of patriotism, is the daughter of Judge James Brownlee, of Poland, where she was born. While yet in her "teens," in 1859, she was married with Gen. Isaac R. Sherwood and early became associated with him in journalistic work, writing items, reading proofs, and then sometimes

> With dainty fingers deftly picked,
> Their clean-cut faces ranged in telling lines,
> The magic type that talks to all the world.

As a school-girl in Poland she had shown fine literary capacity, and if there is

anything that could have given added brightness and breadth to her intellect it was just this employment of journalistic work, coming, too, just at the opening of the stupendous events of the great civil war.

Her youthful husband enlisted and the old Covenanters' blood in her veins became heated by the spirit of intense patriotism, which soon found expression in patriotic verse, which has thrilled multitudes and started many a glistening tear.

Her soldier lyrics have been printed in different languages, found a prized place in varied volumes: one, solely her own, "Camp Fire and Memorial Poems." These have been recited on every platform in the Union where the veterans of 1861–65 have had a part, particularly "Drummer Boy of Mission Ridge," "Forever and Forever," "The Old Flag," etc.

"Forever and Forever" recalls with lifelike vividness the opening scenes of the war. It thus begins:

When men forsook their shops and homes, and stood with troubled faces,
From morn till night, from night till morn in dusky market spaces;
When women watched beside their babes in anguish half resisted
Until the husky message came, "*God keep you, I've enlisted!*"

When all day long the drums were rolled in hateful exultation,
And fife and bugle stung with pain the pulses of the Nation;
When woman's hand formed every star that flashed on field of glory,
When woman's tears were stitched along each stripe in jeweled story—

What said we then? "*Go forth, brave hearts! Go where the bullets rattle!*
For us to plan, for us to pray, for you to toil and battle!
Ours to uphold, yours to defend, the compact none can sever,
And sacred be your name and fame forever and forever."

"The Old Flag" no true American can hear without a thrill. Its closing verse is especially fine, and in the coming higher and still higher glory of the nation, multitudes yet unborn in their love for it will regret that their fathers who fought were not with those who fought to save it. We give its closing verse:

O flag of our fathers! O flag of our sons! O flag of a world's desire!
Through the night and the light, through the fright and the fight, through the smoke and the cloud and the fire,
There are arms to defend, there are hearts to befriend, there are souls to bear up from the pall,
While thy cluster of stars broodeth over the wars that justice and mercy befall!
There are breasts that will clasp it, when tattered and torn, there are prayers to brood like a dove,
There are fingers to fashion it fold unto fold, and hands that will wave it above,
While the *rub-a-dub, dub, dub, rub-a-dub, dub*, is beating the marches of Love!

Mrs. Sherwood has ennobled her life by constant active public duties in behalf of those who suffered from the war; as chairman National Pension and Relief Committee, Woman's Relief Corps (auxiliary to the Grand Army of the Republic); chairman Ohio Soldiers' and Sailors' Home Committee Department of Ohio; editor woman's department *National Tribune*, Washington, etc. Perhaps her proudest moment was when she was invited by the ex-Confederate Committee to write that *poetical bond* of Union for North and South, to be read at the ceremony of the unveiling of the Albert Sydney Johnston equestrian statue in New Orleans. This event took place April 6, 1887, and her poem delighted alike the Blue and the Gray; and well it might, breathing, as it did, the spirit of unity and fraternity, as these two verses alone evince:

Now five and twenty years are gone, and lo! to-day they come
The Blue and Gray in proud array, with throbbing fife and drum;
But not as rivals, not as foes, as brothers reconciled
To twine love's fragrant roses where the thorns of hate grew wild.

* * * * * * * * *

O, veterans of the Blue and Gray who fought on Shiloh field,
The purposes of God are true, his judgments stand revealed;
The pangs of war have rent the veil and lo his high decree:
One heart, one hope, one destiny, one flag from sea to sea!

The object of this monument was not as an insignia of regret that the cause was lost, but as a memorial of the splendid heroism of its soldiers: and all honor that sentiment. In the case of Albert Sidney Johnston, he, although born in the South, was the son of a Litchfield county, Conn., country physician, and his heart was not in the Lost Cause. He loved the Union, and witnessed "with unalloyed grief the culmination of the irresistible conflict." Could his spirit have been present, it would doubtless have responded, "Yes, 'The Union forever and forever; one heart, one hope, one destiny, one flag from sea to sea.'"

Among Mrs. Sherwood's varied poems is one historical, "The Pioneers of the Mahoning Valley," read at the meeting of the Pioneers at Youngstown, September 10, 1877. It begins at the beginning, when the "sturdy Yankee came," and marks the changes in the valley to our day and in thirty-three verses. Among them are these three, which certainly, to use an expression General Grant once used to compliment Grace Greenwood upon her "California Letters," as Grace herself told us, are "pretty reading:"

The axes ring, the clearings spread,
The cornfields wimple in the sun,
The cabin walls are overspread
With trophies of the trap and gun.

And from the hearths of glowing logs
The children's shouts begin to ring;
Or in the lanes and through the fogs
They carry water from the spring.

Stout rosy boys and girls are they
Whose heads scarce touch the dripping boughs;
Who learned their first philosophy
While *driving home the lagging cows.*

After listening to her poem, and especially these closing verses, we do not doubt that the old folk from their hearts exclaimed, "Yea, verily, have we not a goodly heritage? and see, our cows have come home!"

O sweet Mahoning, like a queen
Set crowned and dowered in the West,
The wealth of kingdoms gleams between
Thy jeweled brow and jeweled breast.

O valley where the panting forge
Has stirred the bosom of the world,
Till lo! on every hillside gorge
The flags of labor are unfurled.

O valley rich in fertile plain,
In mighty forest proud and tall,
In waving fields of corn and grain,
In ferny glen and waterfall!

O valley rich in sturdy toil,
In all that makes a people great,
We hail thee Queen of Buckeye soil,
And fling our challenge to the State.

We hail thee queen whose beauty won
Our fathers in their golden years;
A shout for greater days begun,
A sigh for sleeping pioneers.

Judge JAMES BROWNLEE, of Poland, was born February, 1801, at the family homestead of Torfoot, near Glasgow, Scotland, where for many generations had resided his ancestors, who on both sides distinguished themselves in the ranks of the White Flag of the Covenant. He inherited from them a vigorous constitution, a clear, strong, well-balanced mind, a buoyant temperament, a kindly, affable manner, an inflexible will, strict integrity, and that rare appreciation of the humorous, with large hope, which ever blunts the stings of adversity. His physical endowments were equally commanding, with fine, clear-cut features, dark, expressive eye, so that when he appeared at Youngstown in

the fall of 1827, the young Scotchman met with a most cordial welcome from the pioneers of Mahoning.

Developing when at school into a youth of unusual ability, his father had designed him for a professional career; but that was not his choice. In 1830 his father and family followed him to America, when his father bought the beautiful tract of land at the junction of Yellow creek and Mahoning, building a handsome homestead thereon, where all the family resided until 1840, when Judge Brownlee was married to Miss Rebecca Mullin, of Bedford Springs, Pa. Shortly after his father died, and the judge built a new residence on the hilltop overlooking the river, where his three children were born, the first now Mrs. Kate Brownlee Sherwood.

For his first thirty years in this country Judge Brownlee was engaged chiefly in the buying and selling of cattle, purchasing yearly thousands and thousands of cows and beeves for the great markets of the West and East. He was always active in politics, an enthusiastic and ardent Whig; but while acting with the Whigs, he astonished the Abolitionists by attending an indignation meeting held at Canfield against the passage of the fugitive slave law, when he drew up a resolution so audacious that the others of the committee feared to adopt it, it seeming treasonable. He offered it personally, and it was carried in a whirl of enthusiasm. It was:

RESOLVED, *That come life, come death, come fine or imprisonment, we will neither aid nor abet the capture of a fugitive slave; but on the contrary will harbor and feed, clothe and assist, and give him a practical God-speed toward liberty.*

In the stirring times of the war he was so active in the forming of companies and recruiting without commission or remuneration, that Governor Tod sent him a "squirrel hunter's" discharge, as an appreciation of hearty services.

Judge Brownlee held many positions of public and private trust, among others that of Assessor of Internal Revenue at Youngstown. For years he held his life in jeopardy, having repeatedly heard the bullets whistling around his head when obliged to visit certain localities—still remembered for their opposition to the war and the operations of the revenue system. He died January 20, 1879. He was a staunch Presbyterian, and his friends were numbered among the rich and the poor, who found in him that faith and charity which make the whole world kin.

Canfield in 1846.—Canfield, the county-seat, is 166 miles northeast of Columbus and sixteen south of Warren. It is on the main stage road from Cleveland to Pittsburg, on a gentle elevation. It is a neat, pleasant village, embowered in trees and shrubbery, among which the Lombardy poplar stands conspicuous. It contained in 1846 three stores, a newspaper printing-office, one Presbyterian, one Episcopal, one Methodist, one Congregational, and one Lutheran church, and about 300 people. Since then the county buildings have been erected, and from being made the county-seat, it will probably, by the time this reaches the eye of the reader, have nearly doubled in population and business importance.—*Old Edition.*

Poland in 1846.—Poland is eight miles from Canfield, on Yellow creek, a branch of the Mahoning. It is one of the neatest villages in the State. The dwellings are usually painted white, and have an air of comfort. Considerable business centres here from the surrounding country, which is fertile. In the vicinity are coal and iron ore of an excellent quality. Limestone of a very superior kind abounds in the township; it is burned and largely exported for building purposes and manure. Poland contains five stores, one Presbyterian and one Methodist church, an academy, an iron foundry, one grist, one saw, one oil and one clothing mill, and about 100 dwellings.—*Old Edition.*

Snakes.—In a tamarack and cranberry swamp in this vicinity "are found large numbers of a small black or very dark brown rattlesnake, about twelve or fourteen inches in length, and of a proportionate thickness. They have usually three or four rattles. This species seem to be confined to the tamarack swamps, and are found nowhere else but in their vicinities, wandering in the summer months a short distance only from their borders. When lying basking in the sun, they resemble a short, broken, dirty stick or twig, being generally discolored with mud, over which they are frequently moving. Their bite is not very venomous, yet they are much dreaded by the neighboring people. Their habitations are retired and unfrequented, so that few persons are ever bitten. The Indian name for this snake is *Massasauga.*"—*Old Edition.*

A Wedding Incident.—Poland township is the southeastern township of the Western Reserve, but not that of the county, the southernmost tier of townships having been taken from Columbiana county. Jonathan Fowler and family came into it May 20, 1799, and were its first white settlers. About the year 1800 occurred the first marriage, between John Blackburn and Nancy Bryan. There being no one legally authorized to marry them, Judge Kirtland agreed to assume the responsibility by using his Episcopal prayer-book. About seventy persons were present. A stool was placed in front of the judge, and upon it a white cover. On this the judge placed his book, when some one proposed that they take a drink all around before the ceremony. To this all agreed, it seeming eminently the proper thing to do. How long a time this occupied is not stated, or how many drinks they took. But when the judge had taken his "one or more," as the case might have been, and was ready for tying the knot, lo! that Episcopal prayer-book had disappeared—could not be found. In this dilemma the judge said they must get along without it, and asked Nancy if she was willing to take John for a loving husband, and she said "yes;" and asked John if he was willing to take Nancy for a loving wife, and he said "yes;" and—that was about all there was of it. And thus ended what was probably the first wedding on the Western Reserve—with whisky or without whisky.

CANFIELD is twenty-two miles by rail, ten miles by road southwest of Youngstown; is on the N. Y. P. & O. Railroad (N. & N. L. Branch). It is the seat of the Northeastern Normal College. City officers, 1888: S. K. Crooks, Mayor; S. W. Brainard, Clerk; Hosea Hoover, Treasurer; C. W. Wehr, Street Commissioner; Eli Rhodes, Marshal. Newspaper: *Mahoning Dispatch*, Independent, Fowler & Son, editors and publishers. Churches: one Presbyterian, one Methodist Episcopal, one Disciples, one German Lutheran and one Congregational. Bank: Van Hyning & Co., Hosea Hoover, president, G. W. Brainerd, cashier. Population, 1880, 650. School census, 1888, 196.

POLAND is six miles southeast of Youngstown, on the Beaver river. Bank: Farmers' Deposit and Saving, R. L. Walker, president, Clark Stough, cashier. Population in 1880, 452. School census, 1888, 206.

PETERSBURG is fifteen miles southeast of Youngstown. It has one newspaper, the *Petersburg Press*, E. E. Stone, editor. Churches: one Methodist Episcopal, one Evangelical Lutheran, one Presbyterian. School census, 1888, 162.

LOWELLVILLE is eight miles southeast of Youngstown, on the Ohio Canal and A. & P., P. & W., and P. & L. E. Railroads. School census, 1888, 241.

WASHINGTONVILLE is sixteen miles southwest from Youngstown, part in Columbiana and part in Mahoning county. It is on the N. & N. L. Branch of the N. Y. P. & O. Railroad. School census, 1888, 122.

MARION.

MARION COUNTY was organized March 1, 1824, and named from General Francis Marion, of South Carolina, a partisan officer of the Revolution. The surface is level, except on the extreme east. The Sandusky plain, which is prairie land, covers that part of the county north of Marion and west of the Whetstone, and is well adapted to grazing: the remaining part, comprising about two-thirds of the surface, is best adapted to wheat. The soil is fertile. The principal farm-crops are corn, wheat and grass, a large proportion of the prairie land being appropriated to grazing: much live-stock and wool is produced in the county.

Area about 430 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 118,256; in pasture, 48,900; woodland, 29,570; lying waste, 913; produced in wheat, 367,801 bushels; rye, 1,188; buckwheat, 446; oats, 400,809; barley, 3,201; corn, 1,193,790; broom-corn, 200 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 18,492 tons; clover hay, 7,412; flaxseed, 1,788 bushels; potatoes, 42,267; tobacco, 104 lbs.; butter, 437,341; sorghum, 1,256 gallons; maple sugar, 3,647 lbs.; honey, 4,005; eggs, 679,743 dozen; grapes, 7,775 lbs.; wine, 179 gallons; sweet potatoes, 95 bushels; apples, 75,221; peaches, 355; pears, 619; wool, 323,938 lbs.; milch cows owned, 5,066. School census, 1888, 7,299; teachers, 279. Miles of railroad track, 161.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Big Island,	554	1,226	Morven,	976	
Bowling Green,	324	1,219	Pleasant,	1,414	1,188
Canaan,	1,027		Prospect,		1,724
Claridon,	1,084	1,771	Richland,	1,138	1,210
Gilead,	1,150		Salt Rock,	607	551
Grand,	605	485	Scott,	854	553
Grand Prairie,	716	485	Tully,	870	878
Green Camp,	361	1,362	Waldo,		997
Marion,	1,638	5,151	Washington,	880	
Montgomery,	552	1,765			

Population of Marion in 1830, 6,558; 1840, 18,352; 1860, 15,490; 1880, 20,565, of whom 16,332 were born in Ohio; 1,057, Pennsylvania; 268, New York; 202, Virginia; 133, Indiana; 33, Kentucky; 1,017, German Empire; 450, Ireland; 193, England and Wales; 69, British America; 16, Scotland, and 16, France. Census, 1890, 24,727.

Soil, Surface, Climate and Wind.—This county is on the broad watershed between Lake Erie and the Ohio, about fifty miles south of the west end of the lake. It is watered by the Scioto and its affluents, and by affluents of the Little Sandusky and Tymochtee. It is mostly flat and has a black prairie soil, and its streams are but from four to six feet below the level of the land. Good gravel for road-making is found in the south part and potters' clay abounds. Good building stone is quarried. The winters seldom keep the ground frozen, and from November to April there is a continual strife for mastery between the cold zone of the north and the hot of the south. Its yearly average of thermometer is 50°1; 2° warmer than Cleveland and 2° to 5° colder than Cincinnati. The average depth of rain, including snow as melted, is forty inches; on the lake shore, thirty-three inches; Cincinnati, forty-six inches. From May to October the average temperature is delightful. Hail storms and hurricanes seldom occur. In June, 1835, a frost killed the wheat and the young leaves of the forests. In

1855 there was frost every month. In 1824 the famous tornado which arose near West Liberty, Logan county, destroyed a number of buildings in Bellefontaine, carrying bits of shingle and clothing into Big Island township, a distance of thirty miles; it there wrestled with the big forest, lost its breath and succumbed. Another tornado, the year after, began in Scott township and extended beyond New Haven, in Huron county, going northeast, making sad havoc. The cabin of one "old Jake Stateler" was in its track; he was alone, saw it coming, pulled up a puncheon from the floor and darted under. When he crawled out his cabin had vanished and a clearing made through the forest of a quarter of a mile wide. He was astonished, but being alone "there was no use of talking."

By the treaty concluded at the foot of the Maumee rapids, September 29, 1817, Lewis Cass and Duncan McArthur being commissioners on the part of the United States, there was granted to the Delaware Indians a reservation of three miles square, on or near the northern boundary of this county, and adjoining the Wyandot reservation of twelve miles square. This reservation was to be equally divided among the following persons: Captain Pipe, Zeshauau or James Armstrong, Mahautoo or John Armstrong, Sanoudoyeasquaw or Silas Armstrong, Teorow or Black Raccoon, Hawdorouwatistie or Billy Montour, Buck Wheat, William Dondee, Thomas Lyons, Johnny Cake, Captain Wolf, Isaac and John Hill, Tishatahoones or Widow Armstrong, Ayenucere, Hoomaurou or John Ming, and Youdorast. Some of these Indians had lived at Jeromeville, in Ashland and Greentown, in Richland county, which last village was burnt by the whites early in the late war. By the treaty concluded at Little Sandusky, August 3, 1829, John McElvain being United States commissioner, the Delawares ceded this reservation to the United States for $3,000, and removed west of the Mississippi.—*Old Edition.*

Marion in 1846.—Marion, the county-seat, is forty-four miles north of Columbus. It was laid out in 1821 by Eber Baker and Alexander Holmes, who were proprietors of the soil. It is compactly built; the view, taken in front of the Marion hotel, shows one of the principal streets: the court-house appears on the left, the *Mirror* office on the right, and Berry's hill in the distance. General Harrison passed through this region in the late war, and encamped with his troops just south of the site of the village, on the edge of the prairie, at a place known as "Jacob's well." The town is improving steadily, and has some fine brick buildings: it contains 1 Presbyterian, 1 Methodist and 1 German church, an academy, 2 newspaper printing offices, 15 dry goods, 1 drug and 5 grocery stores, 1 saw, 1 fulling, oil and carding mill, and about 800 inhabitants; in 1840 it had a population of 570.—*Old Edition.*

MARION, county-seat of Marion, about forty miles north of Columbus, is the centre of a fine agricultural and grazing country. It is on the N. Y. P. & O., C. C. C. & I., C. H. V. & T. and C. & A. Railroads, and is noted for its extensive quarries and lime-kilns.

County Officers, 1888: Auditor, William L. Clark; Clerk, Harry R. Young; Commissioners, Isaac A. Merchant, William L. Raub, Phillip Loyer; Coroner, James A. McMurray; Infirmary Directors, Horace W. Riley, Zaccheus W. Hipsher, Jacob D. Lust; Probate Judge, John H. Criswell; Prosecuting Attorney, Daniel R. Crissinger; Recorder, Charles Harraman; Sheriff, Patrick Kelly; Surveyor, James W. Scott; Treasurer, George W. Cook. City officers, 1888: C. P. Galley, Mayor; A. L. Clark, Clerk; Chas. Meyers, Treasurer; W. E. Schofield, Solicitor; John Welsch, Street Commissioner; John Cunningham, Surveyor; Charles Buenneke, Marshal. Newspapers: *Star*, Independent, W. G. Harding, editor; *Independent*, Republican, George Crawford, editor; *Democratic Mirror*, Democratic, Ned Thatcher, editor. Churches: 2 Methodist, 1 Catholic, 3 Albright, 2 Lutheran, 1 African Methodist Episcopal, 2 Baptist, 1 Episcopal, 1 United Baptist, 1 German Reformed, and 1 Presbyterian. Banks: Fahey's, Timothy Fahey, president, A. C. Edmondson, cashier; Farmers', Robert Kerr,

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

VIEW IN MARION.

Wm. H. Moore, Photo., Marion, 1887.

VIEW IN MARION.

president, J. J. Hane, cashier; Marion County, James S. Reed, president, R. H. Johnson, cashier; Marion Deposit, T. P. Wallace, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—F. Dale, staves and headings, 13 hands; Marion Malleable Iron Co., 50; Bryan & Prendergast, planing mill work, 20; B. J. Camp, turning and scroll sawing, 3; Reiber Flouring Mill Co., 3; Marion Steam Shovel Co., 80; Gregory & Sears, flour, meal and feed, 6; Huber Manufacturing Co., traction engines, etc., 179; Huber Manufacturing Co., boilers, 34; Marion Manufacturing Co., thrashers, hullers, etc., 41; Linsley & Lawrence, flooring, siding, etc., 6.—*State Reports, 1888.* Population in 1880, 3,899. School census, 1888, 1,655; A. G. Crouse, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, $443,200. Value of annual product, $854,500.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887.* Census, 1890, 8,327.

The most interesting object in Marion is the SOLDIERS' MEMORIAL CHAPEL, inasmuch as it is an ever-pleasing object-lesson to inculcate patriotism. It was dedicated August 22, 1888. It is all stone, marble, slate and iron—no wood except the doors. Twenty-eight hundred names of soldiers are inscribed on marble tablets within its enclosure, giving company, regiment, etc.

The War of 1812 led to a large knowledge of this county, several "war roads" passing directly through it to the seat of war. The most clearly defined was that up the Scioto, by a spot now in Pleasant township called "Rocky Point." This was a favorite camping-ground, possessing a fine spring of water around magnificent forests, filled with game. An encampment of troops under General Green at Rocky Point gave rise to the name "Green's Camp," now become Green Camp township; while "Jacob's Well," on a hill near Marion, is a spot where General Harrison also paused. Up to 1812 but few attempts were made to invade the country still reserved to the Indians, except as the restless hunters and traders sought the fine game reserves of the plains for meat or peltries. The bee-hunters, a venturesome, vagabondish set, who preferred to "line" a "bee-tree" to any other pursuit, brought back rich treasures of sweets that the wild bees had stored in the woods along the borders of the plains, beyond the line of settlement. Their trail came in eastward from Knox, or up the valley of the Scioto from Delaware.

The first tract of land entered within the confines of Marion county, north of the treaty line, was by Mr. G. H. Griswold, of Worthington, a teamster for government, and it comprised the fractional section at Rocky Point. He was a man of sagacity, and he had become "captivated with the beauty of the valley and the second bottom lands. The river sweeping in comes through arches of overhanging maples; the immense walnut, oak, and other hard woods that attained here their finest development; the plentiful game supplies; the springs and runs all seemed to make an ideal tract." South of the treaty lines, the first settlements were made between the years 1805 and 1814, in Waldo and Prospect townships, by the Brudiges, Drakes, Wyatts, Ephraim Markley, Evan Evans, etc. It is not known for certain who was the first settler in Marion. Eber Baker, who laid it out, came here in 1821. He influenced the commissioners to select it as the county-seat in 1822. There were rival claims, but when decided upon the few settlers here got up a great jollification, and having no artillery, bored holes in several oak trees, and putting in powder, shattered some of them to fragments. The first structure put up after this was a double log-cabin, built by Mr. Baker, which, with additions, became the first tavern. In 1825 the place had three taverns, three stores, and seventeen families. The tavern rates were six and a quarter cents a lodging, twice that—or a "York shilling"—for a horse's feed, and thrice that for a meal. To movers, emigrants passing through for farther West, a large discount was made from these prices.

Old-Time Style of Doing Business.—How the business of the place was conducted before the era of railroads, Mr. J. S. Reed, in the "County History," thus states:

"The first stores opened in Marion were branches from other towns, unless the Holmes firm formed an exception. The village was laid out in 1822. In 1824, when the county was organized, there were three stores, three taverns, and several workshops and cabins. The stocks of goods were small and consisted of whisky, tobacco, powder and lead, cotton cloth and calico. These were the staples, and there was no money in the country. Every one wanted to buy, but no one had anything to pay with. Coon, mink and deerskins were legal tender, and great quantities of them were gathered in by traders. Credit was given freely to the people, and as a large part of them were transient and single, there were

many flittings, and loans were about equal to gains. Occasionally an exceptionally mean transaction was advertised, and the office of Judge Lynch was threatened in plain terms by the people, to deter a repetition of similar outrages.

"With slow growth the village made its way up to 1839. Goods were sold at enormous prices, and credits were the rule. But little money entered into trade. Very few made both ends meet; no one made anything beyond a living. As an illustration of the independence of the old *regime* merchants, we mention an instance that occurred on the lot now occupied by Moore's grocery, where Joel D. Butler kept a store. Butler came from Delaware and established a branch store for a firm in that place. Everything was kept neatly in place, and no crowd could induce him to wrinkle and tumble his goods. A lady came in one day and was a little hard to please, as ladies are, once in a while, now-a-days. After what would be called a brief showing by modern clerks, Butler left the lady, came round the counter, filled and lit his pipe, and sat down, saying, 'You don't want a d——d thing, and you had better clear out, the sooner the better.' With all his brusqueness the man managed to own his store, and the room next north, which he afterwards sold to J. S. Reed & Co., who occupied it for a long term of years. He did, however, fail, having adhered to old methods of business until he used himself up in the unequal contest. He took money of the farmers, paid them interest by the year, kept no regular account of his indebtedness, made no provision for payment, and by and by, when his creditors called for money, failed.

"About this time a Yankee merchant opened out, and cut down the old system, by selling for cash at small profits. The old traders, who had taken up the business without training, were shocked. Every effort was made to drive off the Yankee, but in vain; he had come to stay. Gradually the business of the county changed into better shape. Farmers prospered, for they saved half their expense; merchants prospered, for they ceased to lose their profits in bad debts. In place of stocks of goods amounting to $2,000 or $3,000, stocks of $20,000 or more began to be common.

"It was a great undertaking to get off the wheat taken in for goods during the winter, and to sell and reinvest in goods, and get them back into store again. There were so many changes in value, so many expenses and risks, that but few merchants succeeded. The statistics of Marion county mercantile business establish failure as the rule, and success as the exception.

"The long string of covered wagons, frequently fifty in one line, loaded with grain for the lakes, each with bed and lunch-box, which slowly and patiently toiled over the long distance, with its night encampment, its camp fires and pleasant group of story-tellers have disappeared, and are now known only by tradition. The old-fashioned store, with its scant stock of staples; its handy whisky-bottle and tin cup; its ample daybook and its ledger; its quaint salesman with few words and plain dress, and meagre pay; its fearful prices with Noah's ark fashions; all these have gone to the death to be seen no more! Young America with its 'make or bust;' its plate-glass windows; its expensive, fashionable goods; dandy-dressed clerks, diamonds and lavish salary, and the woman of the period, equal in fashionable extravagance; all these have come in, and the cost and expense of the modern machine would have shocked the old-timer and driven him to suicide."

A Stage Coach Journey Across Ohio in 1834.

About the year 1834 a deputation was sent by the Congregational Union of Great Britain on a visit to America. It consisted of Rev. Messrs. Read and Matthewson. Mr. Read published their experiences of travel under the title of "Visit to American Churches." He rode, without his companion, across the State from Sandusky, which he reached by boat from Buffalo, and passed through Marion on his way to Cincinnati. The observations of an intelligent gentleman and an accomplished descriptive writer at that early date render his narrative unusually instructive. As the county was then largely a wilderness and he passed through the grand solemn forests and by the cabins of the new-comers in the little clearings, his account makes a profound woodsy impression upon the reader:

In the middle of the day we reached Sandusky. It has not more than seven or eight hundred inhabitants; but it is, nevertheless, a city with its corporate rights and officers.

Sandusky Described.—It is truly a city in a forest; for the large stumps of the original pines are still standing in the main street, and over the spots that have been cleared for settlement, the new wood is springing up with amazing vigor, as if to defy the hand of man. I went to the best inn in the town. It had been better had it been cleaner. It was, however, welcome to me, as a heavy thunder-storm was just beginning to put forth its tremendous power. I congratulated myself on my safety, but my confidence was quickly moderated, for the rain soon found its way within the house and came spattering down the walls of the room in strange style. By-the-bye, few things seem to be water-proof here.

A second time, my luggage soaked through. I had placed it *under* the upper deck of the vessel as a place of perfect security, but a searching rain came on in the night, the deck leaked and my portmanteau suffered. However, I had made up my mind in starting not to be disturbed by anything that might be injured, lost, or stolen on the way—a precaution that had certainly more wisdom in it than I was aware of—for without it I might have had a pretty good share of disturbance. Already, much was injured, and some was stolen; of the future I could not speak, but if things went on in the same promising manner I had the prospect of being returned to New York in a coatless, shirtless and very bootless condition.

There are two places of worship here: one for the Presbyterians and the other for the Episcopal Methodists. The first is without a minister, and neither of them in a very flourishing state. They stand on the green sward; they are about thirty feet square and for want of paint have a worn and dirty aspect. The good people here reverse the Dutch proverb: it is not "paint costs nothing," but "wood costs nothing," and they act accordingly. They will, however, improve with the town, and at present they offer accommodation enough for its wants, but half the adult population certainly go nowhere.

Rough People.—Indeed, the state of religious and moral feeling was evidently very low here; and I heard more swearing and saw more Sabbath-breaking than I had before witnessed. There were many *groceries*, as they call themselves here; *groggeries*, as their enemies call them; and they were all full. Manners, which are consequent on religion and morality, were proportionally affected. I felt that I was introduced to a new state of things which demanded my best attention.

Stage Coach Experience.—Having rested here over the Sabbath, I arranged to leave by coach early in the morning for Columbus. I rose, therefore, at two. Soon after I had risen the bar-agent came to say that the coach was ready and would start in ten minutes. As the rain had made the roads bad this was rather an ominous as well as untimely intimation, so I went down to take my place. I had no sooner begun to enter the coach than splash went my foot in mud and water. I exclaimed with surprise. "Soon be dry, sir," was the reply, while he withdrew the light, that I might not explore the cause of complaint. The fact was that the vehicle, like the hotel and the steamboat, was not water-tight, and the rain had found an entrance.

There was, indeed, in this coach, as in most others, a provision in the bottom—of holes—to let off both water and dirt; but here the dirt had become mud and thickened about the orifices so as to prevent escape. I found I was the only passenger; the morning was damp and chilly; the state of the coach added to the sensation, and I eagerly looked about for some means of protection. I drew up the wooden windows—out of five small panes of glass in the sashes three were broken. I endeavored to secure the curtains; two of them had most of the ties broken and flapped in one's face. I could see nothing; everywhere I could feel the wind draw in upon me; and as for sounds, I had the call of the driver, the screeching of the wheels and the song of the bull-frog for my entertainment.

But the worst of my solitary situation was to come. All that had been intimated about bad roads now came upon me. They were not only bad, they were intolerable; they were rather like a stony ditch than a road. The horses on the first stages could only walk most of the way; we were frequently in up to the axle-tree, and I had no sooner recovered from a terrible plunge on one side than there came another in the opposite direction. I was literally thrown about like a ball. Let me dismiss the subject of bad roads for this journey by stating, in illustration, that with an empty coach and four horses, we were seven hours in going twenty-three miles; and that we were twenty-eight hours in getting to Columbus, a distance of one hundred and ten miles. Yet this line of conveyance was advertised as a "splendid line, equal to any in the States."

Russell's Tavern.—At six o'clock we arrived at Russell's tavern, where we were to take breakfast. This is a nice inn; in good order, very clean, and the best provision. There was an abundant supply, but most of it was prepared with butter and the frying-pan; still there were good coffee and eggs, and delightful bread. Most of the family and the driver sat down at table, and the two daughters of our host waited on us. Mr. Russell, as is commonly the case in such districts, made the occupation of innkeeper subsidiary to that of farming. You commanded the whole of his farm from the door, and it was really a fine picture, the young crops blooming and promising in the midst of the desert.

Pious Family.—From the good manners of this family, and from the good husbandry and respectable carriage of the father, I hoped to find a regard for religion here. I turned to the rack of the bar and found there three books; they were, the Gazetteer of Ohio, Popular Geography and the Bible; they all denoted intelligence; the last was the most used.

The Grand Prairie.—Things now began to mend with me; daylight had come; the atmosphere was getting warm and bland. I had the benefit of a good breakfast; the road was in some measure improved; it was possible to look abroad and everything was inviting attention. We were now passing over what is called the Grand Prairie, and the prairies of this Western country are conspicuous among its phenomena. The first impression did not please me so much as I expected. It rather interests by its singularity than otherwise. If there be any other source of interest it may be found in its expansion over a wide region.

Land here is worth about two dollars and a

half per acre; and you may get a piece of five acres, cleared, and a good eight-railed fence round it for fifty dollars.

German Settlers.—Most of the recent settlers along this road seem to be Germans. We passed a little settlement of eight families who had arrived this season. The log-house is the only description of house in these new and scattered settlements. I passed one occupied by a doctor of medicine, and another tenanted by two bachelors, one of them being a judge.

Grandeur of the Forests.—The most interesting sight to me was the forest. It now appeared in all its pristine state and grandeur, tall, magnificent, boundless. I had been somewhat disappointed in not finding vegetation develop itself in larger forms in New England than with us; but there was no place for disappointment here. I shall fail, however, to give you the impression it makes on one. Did it arise from height, or figure, or grouping, it might readily be conveyed to you; but it arises chiefly from combination. You must see in it all the stages of growth, decay, dissolution and regeneration; you must see it pressing on you and overshadowing you by its silent forms, and at other times spreading itself before you like a natural park; you must see that all the clearances made by the human hand bear no higher relation to it than does a mountain to the globe; you must travel in it in *solitariness*, hour after hour, and day after day, frequently gazing on it with solemn delight, and occasionally casting the eye round in search of some pause, some end without finding any, before you can fully understand the impression. Men say there is nothing in America to give you the sense of antiquity, and they mean that, as there are no works of art to produce this effect, there can be nothing else. You cannot think that I would depreciate what they mean to extol; but I hope you will sympathize with me when I say that I have met with nothing among the most venerable forms of art which impresses you so thoroughly with the idea of indefinite distance and endless continuity of antiquity shrouded in all its mystery of solitude, illimitable and eternal.

The Clearances, too, which appeared in this ride, were on so small a scale as to strengthen this impression, and to convey a distinct impression of their own. On them the vast trees of the forest had been girdled, to prevent the foliage from appearing to overshadow the ground; and the land at their feet was grubbed up and sown with corn, which was expanding on the surface in all its luxuriance. The thin stems of Indian-corn were strangely contrasted with the huge trunks of the pine and oak, and the verdant surface below was as strangely opposed to the skeleton trees towering above, spreading out their leafless arms to the warm sun and the refreshing rains, and doing it in vain. Life and desolation were never brought closer together.

About noon we arrived at a little town and stopped at an inn, which was announced as the dining-place. My very early breakfast, and my violent exercise, had not indisposed me for dinner. The dinner was a very poor affair. The chief dish was ham fried in butter—originally hard, and the harder for frying. I tried to get my teeth through it, and failed. There remained bread, cheese and cranberries; and of these I made my repast. While here, a German woman, one of the recent settlers, passed by on her way home. Her husband had taken the fever and died. She had come to buy a coffin for him, and other articles of domestic use at the same time. She was now walking home beside the man who bore the coffin; and with her other purchases under her arm. This was a sad specimen either of German phlegm or of the hardening effect of poverty.

Mormon Emigrants.—Here, also, was a set of Mormonites, passing through to the "Far West." They are among the most deluded fanatics. A gentleman inquired of one of them, why they left their own country? "Oh," he said, "there is ruin coming on it." "How do you know?" "It was revealed to me." "How was it revealed to you?" "I saw five letters in the sky." "Indeed! what were they?" "F-A-M-I-N," was the reply; a reply which created much ridicule and some profanity.

Passengers Aboard.—We now took in three persons who were going on to Marion. One was a colonel, though in mind, manners and appearance among the plainest of men; another was a lawyer and magistrate; the third was a considerable farmer.

All of them, by their station and avocation, ought to have been gentlemen; but if just terms are to be applied to them, they must be the opposite of this. To me they were always civil; but among themselves they were evidently accustomed to blasphemous and corrupt conversation. The colonel, who had admitted himself to be a Methodist, was the best, and sought to impose restraints on himself and companions; but he gained very little credit for them. I was grieved and disappointed; for I had met with nothing so bad. What I had witnessed at Sandusky was from a different and lower class of persons; but here were the first three men in respectable life with whom I had met in this State; and these put promiscuously before me—and all bad. It was necessary to guard against a hasty and prejudiced conclusion.

Marion.—On reaching Marion I was released from my unpleasant companions. I had to travel through most of the night; but no refreshment was provided. I joined in a meal that was nearly closed by another party, and prepared to go forward at the call of the driver. I soon found I was to be in different circumstances. We were nine persons and a child, within. Of course, after having been tossed about in an empty coach all day, like a boat on the ocean, I was not unwilling to have the prospect of sitting steadily in my corner; but when I got fairly pinned inside, knees and feet, the hard seat and the harder

ribs of the coach began to search out my bruises, and I was still a sufferer. However, there were now some qualifying considerations. The road was improving, and with it the scenery. I had come for fifty miles over a dead flat, with only one inclination, and that not greater than the pitch of Ludgate hill; the land was now finely undulated. My company, too, though there was something too much of it, was not objectionable; some of it was pleasing.

There were among them the lady of a judge and her daughter. The mother was affable and fond of conversation. She was glad we had such agreeable society in the stage, as "that did not always happen." She talked freely on many subjects, and sometimes as became a judge's lady of refinement and education; but she did it in broken grammar, and in happy ignorance that it was broken. As the night shut in, she, without the least embarrassment, struck up and sang off, very fairly, "Home, Sweet Home." This was all unasked, and before strangers; yet none were surprised but myself. I name this merely as a point of manners. The lady herself was unquestionably modest, intelligent, and, as I think, pious.

Delaware.—At nearly 1 o'clock we arrived at Delaware. Here I was promised a night's rest. You shall judge whether that promise was kept or broken. There was no refreshment of any kind prepared or offered; so we demanded our lights to retire. The judge's lady and daughter were shown into a closet, called a room. There was no fastening to the door, and she protested that she would not use it. I insisted that it was not proper treatment. All the amendment that could be gained was a proposition "to fetch a nail, and she could nail herself in, and be snug enough."

I was shown into a similar closet. There were no dressing accommodations. I required them, and was told that those things were *in common* below. I refused to use them; and at length, by showing a little firmness and a little kindness, obtained soap, bowl and towel. I dressed. By this time it was nearly 2 o'clock. I was to be called at half-past 2; and I threw myself on the bed to try to sleep with the soothing impression that I must awake in half an hour.

Worthington.—At half-past 2, I was summoned, and having put myself in readiness, and paid for a *night's lodging*, I was again on my way. The day broke on us pleasantly, and the country was very beautiful. We forded the Whetstone, a lively river, which ornamented the ride. We passed through Worthington, a smart town, prettily placed, and having a good college, and arrived at Columbus, the capital, at 9 o'clock.

Columbus has a good location in the heart of the State. It contains about 4,000 persons, and is in a very advancing condition. This indeed is true of all the settlements in this State, and you will hardly think it can be otherwise when I inform you that forty years ago there were only 500 persons in the whole territory, and that now there are about a million.

The inn at which we stopped is the rendezvous of the stages. Among others there were two ready to start for Cincinnati. On seeking to engage my place the inquiry was, "Which will you go by, sir? the fast or slow line?" Weary as I was of the slow line, I exclaimed, "Oh, the fast line, certainly!" I quickly found myself enclosed in a good coach, carrying the mail, and only six persons inside. In this journey we had but three.

Rough Travelling.—In demanding to go by the fast line I was not aware of all the effects of my choice. It is certainly a delightful thing to move with some rapidity over a good road; but on a bad road, with stubborn springs, it is really terrible. For miles out of Columbus the road is shamefully bad; and as our horses were kept on a trot, however slow, I was not only tumbled and shaken as on the previous day, but so jarred and jolted as to threaten serious mischief. Instead, therefore, of finding a lounge, or sleep, as I had hoped, in this comfortable coach, I was obliged to be on the alert for every jerk. And after all I could do, my teeth were jarred, my hat was many times thrown from my head, and all my bruises bruised over again. It was really an amusement to see us laboring to keep our places.

Jefferson.—About noon we paused at the town called Jefferson. We were to wait half an hour; there would be no other chance of dinner; but there were no signs of dinner here. However, I had been on very short supplies for the last twenty-four hours, and considered it my duty to eat if I could. I applied to the good woman of the inn, and in a very short time she placed venison, fruit-tarts and tea before me; all very clean and the venison excellent. It was a refreshing repast, and the demand on my purse was only twenty-five cents.

"How long have you been here?" I said to my hostess, who stood by me fanning the dishes to keep off the flies. "Only came last fall, sir." "How old is this town?" "Twenty-three months, sir—then the first house was built."

There are now about 500 persons settled here, and there are three good hotels. There is something very striking in these rapid movements of life and civilization in the heart of the forest.

Noble Forests.—On leaving Jefferson we plunged again into the forest, and towards evening we got on the greensward or natural road. This was mostly good and uncut, and we bowled along in serpentine lines, so as to clear the stumps with much freedom. The scenery now, even for the forest, was becoming unusually grand. It repeatedly broke away from you, so as to accumulate the objects in the picture, and to furnish all the beauties of light, shade and perspective. The trees, too, were mostly oak, and of finest growth. Their noble stems ran up some hundred feet above you, and were beautifully

feathered with verdant foliage. There, they ran off in the distance, park-like, but grander far, in admirable grouping, forming avenues, galleries and recesses, redolent with solemn loveliness; and here, they stood before you like the thousand pillars of one vast imperishable temple for the worship of the Great Invisible. Well might our stout forefathers choose the primitive forests for their sanctuaries. All that art has done in our finest Gothic structures is but a poor, poor imitation!

Yellow Springs and Springfield.—I passed in this day's ride the Yellow Springs and Springfield. The former is a watering-place. There is a fine spring of chalybeate and an establishment capable of receiving from 150 to 200 visitors; it is resorted to for the purposes of health, hunting and fishing. Springfield is a flourishing town, built among the handsome hills that abound in this vicinity. It is one of the cleanest, brightest, and most inviting that I have seen. But all the habitations were as nothing compared with the forest. I had been travelling through it for two days and nights, and still it was the same. Now, you came to a woodsman's hut in the solitudes; now to a farm; and now to a village, by courtesy called a town or a city; but it was still the forest. You drove on for miles through it unbroken; then you came to a small clearance and a young settlement; and then again you plunged into the wide, everlasting forest to be with nature and with God. This night I had also to travel and, weary as I was, I was kept quite on the alert.

A Thunderstorm.—I had longed to witness a storm in the forest, and this was to happen earlier than my anticipations. The day had been hot, but fine; the night came on sultry, close and silent. The beautiful fire-flies appeared in abundance; summer lightning began to flash across the heavens. All this time clouds were moving from every part of the circumference to the centre of the sky. At length they formed a heavy, dense, black canopy over our heads, leaving the horizon clear and bright. The lightnings, which at first appeared to have no centre, had now consolidated their forces behind this immense cloud, and were playing round its whole circle with great magnificence and brilliancy; continually the prodigious cloud was getting larger and darker, and descending nearer to us, so as powerfully to awaken expectation. The splendid coruscations which played round its margin now ceased and all was still. In an instant the forked lightning broke from the very centre of the cloud; the thunder, deep and loud, shook the earth, and rolled and pealed through the heavens; the heavy rain dashed in unbroken channels to the ground, and the mighty winds burst forth in their fury and roared and groaned among the giant trees of the wood. There were we, in the deep forest and in the deep night and in the midst of a storm such as I had never witnessed. Oh, it was grand! God's own voice in God's own temple! Never did I see so much of the poetic truth and beauty of that admirable ode, "The voice of the Lord," etc. It ceased as suddenly as it began. The winds which bore the cloud away left all behind calm; and the fire-fly, which had been eclipsed or affrighted, reappeared and sparkled over us in the profound darkness, and presently the stars of a higher sphere looked forth benignantly on the lower elements and all was peace.

Lebanon.—The early morning found me still travelling, and getting seriously unwell. I thought I must have remained at Lebanon, a town about twenty miles from Cincinnati, to sicken and suffer without a friend; and then all the loneliness of my situation came over me. The stage halted here an hour; this allowed me some time to recover, and I resolved, if it were possible, to go forward to what I might regard as a resting-place.

Happily, everything was now improving. The road was not unworthy of MacAdam, and we bowled over it at the rate of nine miles an hour. The country was covered with hills, finely wooded, and all about them were spread farms, in a handsome and thriving state of cultivation. Many ornamental cottages now appeared, and the whole suburbs put on a cheerful and beautiful aspect. At last we drove into the Western metropolis. I had travelled three days and three nights, and was so wearied, bruised and hurt that I could not, with comfort, sit, lie, or walk. The remainder of this day I spent in my chamber.

Cincinnati is really worthy to be styled a city, and it is a city "born in a day and in the wilderness." It has a population of 30,000 persons, and is not more than thirty-six years old. Its streets are composed of transverse lines; the straight lines are broken by the undulating surface of the ground; the surrounding hills stand up beautifully at the head of all the streets, and the Ohio runs off finely at its feet. There are several good streets; some enlivened by business, and others ornamented by comfortable dwellings and the spreading acacia, but there are no very striking objects.

Some of the churches are good, but not remarkable, except the old Presbyterian church in the main street, which is large and Dutch-built, with a brick face, with two brick towers projecting on it, which towers have turrets as heavy as themselves, and which turrets are chiefly remarkable for two dials which exactly agree. When I saw them they both wanted three minutes to six, and I doubt not if I could see them now they still want just three minutes to six. Besides this there is, as it is called, "Trollope's Folly," an erection in which that lady, thus complimented, exhausted her means and certainly did not show her taste.

I was struck by the number of barbers' shops and groceries, or grog-shops; it should seem that no man here shaves himself, and that temperance has not yet fulfilled its commission. I believe there are not less than two hundred grog-stores in Cincinnati.

CALEDONIA is nine miles northeast of Marion, on the C. C. C. & I. and N. Y. P. & O. Railroads. Newspaper: *Argus*, Independent, A. D. Fulton, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Universalist, 1 Methodist Episcopal and 1 Presbyterian. Bank: Caledonia Deposit, William Rowse, president, C. H. Rowse, cashier. Population, 1880, 627. School census, 1888, 250.

LA RUE is fourteen miles west of Marion, on the Scioto river and C. C. C. & I. R. R. Newspaper: *News*, Independent, S. C. Koons, editor and publisher. Population, 1880, 614. School census, 1888, 242.

PROSPECT is ten miles south of Marion, on the C. H. V. & T. R. R. and Scioto river. Newspapers: *Advance*, Independent, Clowes & Pettit, editors and publishers; *Monitor*, Independent, S. W. Van Winkle, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Presbyterian, 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Baptist, 1 German Reformed and 1 Lutheran. Banks: Citizens', F. C. Freeman, president, Joseph Cratty, cashier; Prospect, B. K. Herbster, president, George W. Cook, cashier. Population, 1880, 600. School census, 1888, 262. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, $10,000. Value of annual product, $9,500.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

NEW BLOOMINGTON, in the western part of the county. Population, 1880, 271. School census, 1888, 150.

WALDO, seven miles southeast of Marion, on the west branch of the Olentangy river. Population, 1880, 248. School census, 1888, 51.

GREEN CAMP is six miles southwest of Marion, on the Scioto river and N. Y. P. & O. R. R. Population, 1880, 312. School census, 1888, 117.

THREE LOCUSTS is a post-office and village at the junction of the C. C. C. & I., P. & O. and O. C. in the northeast part of the county. The village was platted in 1881. Mr. John M. Baker, who owned the first house built here, applied to the Department at Washington to have a post-office here and named "Baker." On their refusal to give this name, some of the citizens assembled under the friendly shade of a beautiful group of three locusts that were standing there, for it was a hot summer's day, and, while discussing the matter, one of them looking up was seized with an inspiring thought and said, "Why not call it 'Three Locusts?'" The suggestion was acted upon and Mr. Baker became the first postmaster of the only Three Locusts on the globe.

Big Island township got its name from a big grove in the midst of prairie land.

MEDINA.

MEDINA COUNTY was formed February 18, 1812, "from that part of the Reserve west of the 11th range, south of the numbers 5, and east of the 20th range, and attached to Portage county until organized." It was organized in April, 1818. The county was settled principally from Connecticut, though within the last few years there has been a considerable accession of Germans. The surface is generally rolling, with much bottom land of easy tillage; the soil is principally clay and gravelly loam—the clayey portion scantily watered, the gravelly abundantly. The soil is better adapted to grass than grain.

Area about 400 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were, 103,232; in pasture, 80,523; woodland, 34,475; lying waste, 427; produced in wheat, 391,559 bushels; rye, 641; buckwheat, 54; oats, 647,262; barley, 414; corn, 447,268; broom-corn, 3,240 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 26,527 tons; clover hay, 14,785; flax, 362,664 lbs. fibre; potatoes, 68,019 bushels; tobacco, 87,311 lbs.; butter, 847,995; cheese, 860,715; maple sugar, 92,162; honey, 17,140; eggs, 472,338 dozen; grapes, 5,200 pounds; wine, 5 gallons; sweet potatoes, 20 bushels; apples, 71,504; peaches, 4,807; pears, 1,160; wool, 241,748 pounds; milch cows owned, 8,826. Ohio mining statistics, 1888: Coal mined, 198,452 tons; employing 370 miners and 43 outside employees. School census, 1888, 6,572; teachers, 273. Miles of railroad track, 48.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Brunswick,	1,110	943	Liverpool,	1,502	1,339
Chatham,	555	1,006	Medina,	1,435	1,849
Granger,	954	1,008	Montville,	915	1,304
Guilford,	1,402	1,872	Sharon,	1,314	1,195
Harrisville,	1,256	1,382	Spencer,	551	898
Hinckley,	1,287	962	Wadsworth,	1,481	2,837
Homer,	660	863	Westfield,	1,031	1,045
La Fayette,	938	1,105	York,	782	992
Litchfield,	787	853			

Population of Medina in 1820 was 3,090; 1830, 7,560; 1840, 18,360; 1860, 22,517; 1880, 21,543, of whom 15,111 were born in Ohio; 1,805, Pennsylvania; 1,379, New York; 68, Kentucky; 57, Virginia; 18, Indiana; 590, England and Wales; 587, German Empire; 144, British America; 125, Ireland; 66, Scotland; and 39, France. Census, 1890, 21,742.

The first regular settlement in the county was made at Harrisville, on the 14th of February, 1811, by Joseph Harris, Esq., who removed from Randolph, Portage county, with his family, consisting of his wife and one child. The nearest white people were at Wooster, seventeen miles distant.

The first trail made through the county north, toward the lake, was from Wooster, a short time after the declaration of war with Great Britain. The party consisted of George Poe (son of Adam, the Indian fighter), Joseph H. Larwill (a famous surveyor of Wayne county), and Roswell M. Mason. They carried their provision in packs, and laid out the first night on their blankets in the open air, on the south side of "the big swamp." It was amusing, as they lay, to listen to the howling of the wolves, and hear the raccoons catch frogs and devour them, making, in their mastication, a peculiar and inimitable noise, which sounded loud in the stillness of the night. In the course of the evening they heard bells of cattle north of them, and in the morning discovered the settlement of Mr. Harris. From thence they proceeded down to the falls of Black river, at what

is now Elyria, and at the mouth of the stream found a settler, named Read, whose habitation, excepting that of Mr. Harris, was the only one between there and Wooster.

In the June following Mr. Harris's arrival he was joined by Russell Burr and George Burr and family, direct from Litchfield, Conn. In the summer after, on the breaking out of the war, Messrs. Harris and Burr removed their families for a few months to Portage county, from fear of the Indians, and returned themselves in October to Harrisville. The following winter provision was carried from the Middlebury mills, by the residence of Judge Harris, to Fort Stephenson, his cabin being the last on the route. The season is adverted to by the old settlers as "the cold winter." Snow lay to the depth of eighteen inches, from the 1st of January to the 27th of February, during which the air was so cold that it did not diminish an inch in depth during the whole time.

An Indian trail from Sandusky to the Tuscarawas passed by the residence of Mr. Harris. It was a narrow, hard-trodden bridle-path. In the fall the Indians came upon it from the west to this region, remained through the winter to hunt and returned in the spring, their horses laden with furs, jerked venison and bear's oil, the last an extensive article of trade. The horses were loose and followed each other in single file. It was not uncommon to see a single hunter returning with as many as twenty horses laden with his winter's work and usually accompanied by his squaw and papooses, all mounted. The Indians often built their wigwams in this vicinity, near water, frequently a dozen within a few rods. They were usually made of split logs or poles covered with bark. Some of the chiefs had theirs made of flags, which they rolled up and carried with them. The Indians were generally very friendly with the settlers, and it was rare to find one deficient in mental acuteness.

In the fall of the same year that Mr. Harris settled at Harrisville, William Litey, a native of Ireland, with his family, settled in Bath township, on or near the border of Portage county. In the winter of 1815, after the close of the war, the settlements began to increase. Among the early settlers are recollected the names of Esquire Van Heinen, Zenas Hamilton, Rufus Ferris, James Moore, the Ingersolls, Jones, Sibleys, Friezes, Roots, Demings, Warner, Hoyt, Dean and Durham.

Medina in 1846.—Medina, the county-seat, is on the stage road from Cleveland to Columbus, twenty-eight miles from the first and one hundred and seventeen from the latter. It was originally called Mecca—and is so marked on the early maps of Ohio—from the Arabian city famous as the birth-place of Mahomet. It was afterwards changed to its present name, being the seventh place on the globe of that name. The others are, *Medina*, a town of Arabia Deserta, celebrated as the burial-place of Mahomet; *Medina*, the capital of the kingdom of Woolly, West Africa; *Medina*, a town and fort on the island of Bahrein, near the Arabian shore of the Persian gulf; *Medina*, a town in Estremadura, Spain; *Medina*, Orleans county, N. Y., and *Medina*, Lenawee county, Michigan.

On the organization of the county in 1818, the first court was held in a barn, now standing half a mile north of the court-house. The village was laid out that year, and the next season a few settlers moved in. The township had been previously partially settled. In 1813 Zenas Hamilton moved into the central part with his family, from Danbury, Conn. His nearest neighbor was some eight or ten miles distant. Shortly after came the families of Rufus Ferris, Timothy Doane, Lathrop Seymour, James Moore, Isaac Barnes, Joseph Northrop, Friend Ives, Abijah Mann, James Palmer, William Painter, Frederick Appleton, etc., etc.

Rev. Roger Searle, an Episcopalian, was the first clergyman, and the first church was in the eastern part of the township where was then the most population. It was a log structure, erected in 1817. One morning all the materials

were standing, forming a part of the forest, and in the afternoon Rev. Mr. Searle preached a sermon in the finished church.*

From an early day religious worship in some form was held in the township on the Sabbath. The men brought their families to "meeting" in ox-teams, in which they generally had an axe and an auger to mend their carts in case of accidents, the roads being very bad. The first wedding was in March, 1818, at which the whole settlement were present. When the ceremony and rejoicings were over each man lighted his flambeau of hickory bark and made his way home through the forest. The early settlers got their meal ground at a log-mill at Middlebury; although but about twenty miles distant, the journey there and back occupied five days. They had only ox-teams, and the rough roads they cut through the woods, after being passed over a few times, became impassable from mud, compelling them to continually open new ones.

Owing to the want of a market the products of agriculture were very low. Thousands of bushels of wheat could at one time be bought for less than twenty-five cents per bushel, and cases occurred where ten bushels were offered for a single pound of tea, and refused. As an example: Mr. Joel Blakeslee, of Medina, about the year 1822, sowed fifty-five acres in wheat, which he could only sell by bartering with his neighbors. He fed out most of it in bundles to his cattle and swine. All that he managed to dispose of for cash was a small quantity sold to a traveller, at 12½ cents per bushel, as feed for his horse. Other products were in proportion. One man brought an ox-wagon filled with corn from Granger, eight miles distant, which he gladly exchanged for three yards of satinet for a pair of pantaloons. It was not until the opening of the Erie canal that the settlers had a market. From that time the course of prosperity has been onward. The early settlers, after wearing out their woollen pantaloons, were obliged to have them seated and kneed with buckskin, in which attire they attended church. It was almost impossible to raise wool, in consequence of the abundance of wolves, who destroyed the sheep.

The view given on the annexed page of the public square in Medina was taken from the steps of the new court-house; the old court-house and the Baptist church are seen on the right. The village contains 1 Presbyterian, 1 Episcopal, 1 Baptist, 1 Free Will Baptist, 1 Methodist and 1 Universalist church, 7 dry goods, 5 grocery, 1 book and 2 apothecary stores, 1 newspaper printing office, 1 woollen and 1 axe factory, 1 flouring mill, 1 furnace, and had, in 1840, 655 inhabitants, since which it has increased.—*Old Edition.*

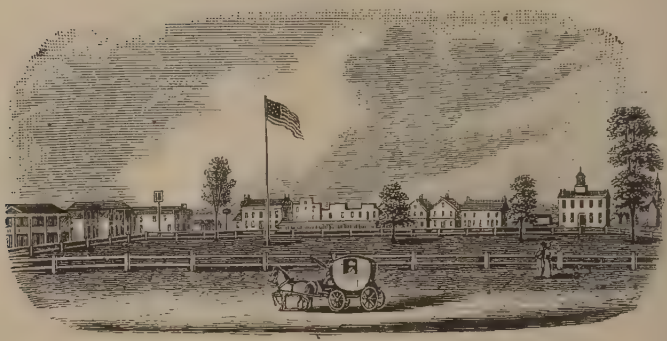
MEDINA, county-seat of Medina, twenty-eight miles southwest of Cleveland, about one hundred miles northeast of Columbus, is the centre of a farming region, the principal products of which are grain, butter and cheese. It is on the C. L. & W. R. R.

County Officers, 1888: Auditor, Alfred L. Corman; Clerk, Nicholas Van Epp; Commissioners, Richard Freeman, John Pearson, Noah N. Yoder; Coroner, Aaron Sanders; Infirmary Directors, William F. Nye, Henry Mills, Samuel B. Curtis; Probate Judge, John T. Graves; Prosecuting Attorney, Jesse W. Seymour; Recorder, Jacob Long; Sheriff, Norman P. Nichols; Surveyor, Amos D. Sheldon; Treasurer, Joseph Hebel. City officers, 1888: F. O. Phillips, Mayor; Hiram Goodwin, Clerk; Wm. F. Sipher, Treasurer; Frank Heath, Solicitor; John Esdate, Street Commissioner; S. Frazier, Marshal. Newspapers: *Medina County Gazette and News*, Republican, Green & Neil, editors and publishers; *Sentinel*, Democrat, M. L. Dorman, editor and publisher; *Gleanings in Bee Culture*, A. I. Root, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Congregational, 1 Episcopal,

* Father Finley, in his autobiography published by the Methodist Book Concern in 1853, states, "Mr. Howe, in his History of Ohio, says: 'The first sermon preached in Medina township was by an Episcopal clergyman,' but it was a fact that Mr. (John C.) Brooke had preached there the year before, and had a regular preaching place."

"How doth the busy bee
Improve each shining hour!".

BEE-HIVE FACTORY, MEDINA.



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

PUBLIC SQUARE, MEDINA.

A. G. Erwin, Photo., Medina, 1887.

PUBLIC SQUARE, MEDINA.

1 Methodist, 1 Disciples, 1 Baptist, 1 Catholic. Bank: Phœnix National, J. H. Albro, president, R. M. McDowell, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—B. H. Brown & Co., planing mill, 14 hands; A. B. Bishop, carriages and wagons, 6; George Weber & Co., stove hollow-ware, 25; A. I. Root, bee supplies, 96; Medina Carriage Co., carriages and wagons, 4; Hickox Brothers, planing mill, 3; O. C. Shepard, flour and feed, 3.—*State Report, 1888.* Population in 1880, 1,484. School census, 1888, 505; J. R. Kennan, school superintendent. Census, 1890, 2,073.

Medina has an extensive bee culture interest, combining the cultivation of bees with the manufacture of implements connected therewith. Its beginnings and growth are related in the catalogue of A. I. Root, whose immense establishment covers nearly three acres of land. The grounds are beautifully laid out with shrubbery and vines, and contain nearly one thousand hives of bees. Says Mr. Root:

In 1865 a swarm of bees chanced to pass overhead where I was working. A fellow-workman asked what I would give for them. I answered, "A dollar," little dreaming that he would succeed in getting them. To my astonishment, he returned with the swarm. With this as a nucleus of what is now a large business, I began the study of bees in earnest. In spite of the fact that some of my good friends assured me that "bees didn't pay any more," and in spite of the usual blunders of a beginner, my apiary began to increase, and my enthusiasm developed into the unmistakable "bee-fever." In 1867 from 20 stocks I took the first thousand pounds of honey ever taken with an extractor, and increased to 35. In 1869 I extracted 6,162 pounds of honey from 48 colonies, and sold the product at 25 cents per pound. As the hives then in use were ill adapted for the extractor, I saw no other way than to manufacture the implements I recommended.

The sale of supplies gradually developed into a very extensive business, until at the present time this establishment's capacity is about 1,000 hives per day, besides a large amount of other work. A newspaper is published devoted to bee culture interests, and the shipments during the busy season sometimes aggregate a car-load and a half by freight and a car-load of express matter per day. It is the largest establishment of the kind in the Union.

We are indebted to Captain Milton P. Peirce for several valuable articles upon early events in the history of this region which here follow. The first is upon the "GREAT HINCKLEY HUNT," which he originally published in the *American Field*, of Chicago, January 4, 1890. It is reproduced, together with the engraving, which, of itself, is an oddity, inasmuch as the artist represents the Western Reserve farmers going hunting in dressing gowns and with such countenances as one might have found among the bogs of the Emerald Isle, but then there is compensation in the natural aspect of the bears, wolves, panthers, turkeys, etc.

Probably the most successful well-managed hunt for wild game ever known in this country occurred December 24, 1818, in the county of Medina, Ohio. Several accounts of the matter were published many years ago, but quite imperfect, particularly in introductory matter.

The first settlement of the Western Reserve was made at Cleveland, and a large portion of the tract was sold by townships, each five miles square, to numerous wealthy residents of Massachusetts and Connecticut. Many of these parties gave their own names to townships owned by them. Judge Hinckley, of Northampton, Mass., owned three townships, one of which took his name. This is the northeast township of Medina county, and the centre of the township is about fifteen miles due south from the city of Cleveland. It was heavily timbered, and this forest was full of game, embracing bears, deer, wolves, panthers, turkeys and a great variety of smaller game. It was settled mainly by Massachusetts and Connecticut people, mostly agriculturists. Comparatively few of these people had a penchant for hunting, but those who did were never excelled as hunters. They had the best of arms and knew how to use them.

The writer of this sketch was born in the Green Mountain range, in Western Massachusetts, and, being left an orphan at an early age, was brought by relatives to the Western Reserve while a small boy, over fifty years ago. Immense quantities of game were still left, but before I was large enough to manage a rifle the bears and wolves were gone. But I had an opportunity to shoot a few deer and many wild turkeys. I never lost an opportunity to spend an evening with

some of the old hunters, many of whom still lived in the region, and I never tired hearing them relate their hunting experiences. The more notable of these is as vividly impressed upon my memory as it was the next day after hearing it. I knew several of those who participated in the celebrated Hinckley hunt, and particularly one man who was one season a "month hand" upon our farm, and a thoroughly reliable man. This man was about twenty years of age at the time of the hunt and remembered the details vividly. In the different accounts of the hunt which I heard from the lips of the participators, as well as those which I have read, there has been but little variation, and that caused by the fact that at the commencement of the "drive" these men were on different lines, five miles apart, and the incidents naturally varied somewhat.

It is proper to state here that these New England settlers were thoroughly accustomed to raising sheep while in their native States, and they very naturally desired to engage in the industry at their new homes, but were seriously embarrassed by reason of the superabundance of wolves. Their pig-pens were also frequently raided by bears. I can myself remember when over one hundred sheep were killed by wolves in one night, upon a few farms in our immediate neighborhood, our own flock suffering. And I vividly remember that my thumbs and fingers subsequently suffered from "pulling the wool" from the same sheep. In the early days of sheep-raising upon the "Reserve," quite a number of hunts were organized, in which quite large tracts of forest were surrounded by the settlers and many bears, wolves and deer were killed. Quite a number of persons were also wounded by careless firing of guns, and one or more killed.

Judge Hinckley made no effort to dispose of the lands in the township bearing his name for some years, and each of the adjoining townships had, by 1818, gained a good many settlers who cleared numerous tracts of land. Hinckley was still an unbroken, virgin forest of the heaviest timber, and became a harbor for large game which devastated the surrounding settlements. It was not unusual for a settler to lose his entire little flock of sheep in a single night, even though penned within the shadow of his buildings. Finally, late in the fall of 1818, quite a number of meetings were held in the townships surrounding Hinckley, to make arrangements for a war of extermination upon the bears and wolves. Committees were appointed, and the various committees met for consultation, and made arrangements for a grand hunt which should embrace the entire township of Hinckley and forest lands adjacent thereto. Four captains were appointed, one of whom had supreme command of the entire battalion. Surveyors blazed a line of trees upon a circle half a mile around the centre of the township. The programme, which was advertised in various ways so that it was fully known for twenty miles in every direction around Hinckley, was as follows: The drive was to take place on December 24. Able-bodied men and large boys joining in the hunt were to assemble as follows: Those from Cleveland, Newburg and Royalton and adjacent neighborhoods, on the north line of the township of Hinckley. Those from Brecksville, Richfield and adjacent neighborhoods, on the east line. Those from Bath, Granger and adjacent neighborhoods, on the south line. Those from Medina, Brunswick, Liverpool and adjacent neighborhoods, on the west line. All were instructed to be on the ground at sunrise.

As the last war with Great Britain had closed only three years before, there were plenty of officers who understood the handling of such bodies of men. Most families also had serviceable muskets, such as the laws of their respective States had required each able-bodied man between the ages of eighteen and forty-five to own. But still, there were not sufficient firearms to go round. Bayonets were mounted upon poles, butcher-knives and improvised lances were similarly mounted, and some carried axes, while many carried hatchets and butcher-knives in waist belts. It should be understood that the virgin forests of that region were of large timber, few with limbs nearer than thirty feet from the ground, and as there was but little underbrush in the forest, it was practicable to drive a team with sled, wherever there were no streams to interfere. Many of those from a distance came on sleds, and some reached the ground on the evening of December 23. Nearly six hundred men and large boys were on the lines at sunrise, eager for a start, for a few deer and turkeys had been killed before reaching the lines, and many had been driven in.

Soon after sunrise the commanding officer gave the words, "All ready!" The words were loudly repeated around the lines to the right, and came round to the starting point in just forty seconds, showing a good organization. Many of the boys and some of the men were provided with horns and conch-shells, and most of them with sonorous voices. The signal to start was by the horns, shouts, etc. The captains and their assistants along each line kept their lines properly spaced (like skirmishers) and each line made its share of noise. In a few moments deer began to show themselves along all the lines, but were quickly fired upon. Many escaped, but about one hundred had been killed before the half-mile limit had been reached; also, a few turkeys.

By previous arrangement, a general halt was made at the line of blazed trees, half a mile from the centre of the township. There was occasionally a large fallen tree, the top of which afforded hiding-places for the bears and deer. All such within the circle were subsequently found to be occupied by these animals, too much frightened to show fight. Quite a number of dogs had been led by boys and men who did not have firearms. Deer were to be seen running in every direction within the circle, and occasionally a bear or

THE GREAT HINCKLEY HUNT, DEC. 24, 1818.

wolf. The dogs, at a given signal, were released and soon created great commotion within the circle. The frightened deer made constant attempts to break through the cordon of men and boys, but most of them were shot upon nearing the circle. The officers constantly cautioned the men not to fire, except toward the centre. Finally, after the fire had slackened materially and upon a given signal, the most experienced hunters, previously selected, advanced toward the centre with orders to kill all the bears and wolves, if they could without endangering each other or those in the lines. They soon succeeded in killing most of those animals within the circle. Then, upon signal, the hunters climbed trees in order to make plunging shots and not endanger those in the circular line, who were ordered to advance upon the centre without firing, except after an animal had succeeded in passing through the line. A stream, now frozen over and with high banks, was soon reached by a portion of the line. An excellent hiding-place was afforded by this stream, and bears, wolves, deer and turkeys were found under the edge of its banks. As plunging shots could be safely fired here, a lively rattle of musketry took place, and most of the game there hidden was killed. The hunters in the central trees were now kept busy, and many with muskets and ammunition joined them as the line doubled and trebled in ranks by concentration. Finally, late in the afternoon the slaughter ceased, as the game was all killed. Most of the turkeys saved themselves by dint of their wings, but several were killed; one was killed by a farmer with a long-handled hay-fork, as it flew low over his head. Several deer were killed with bayonets, pikes, hay-forks, etc., while jumping over the heads of those forming the circle.

Orders were then given to each line to return and bring all the game into the centre. The boys and old men had kept the teams well up to the lines, and these were brought into requisition where necessary. The first work in order was the gathering and scalping of the wolves, for their scalps had a fixed cash value (a $15 bounty, according to legend), and a trustworthy man was started with these (with horse and sled), to purchase sundry supplies. He returned before dark, and found over 400 men awaiting his coming. Over fifty of the men and most of the boys had returned home to do the chores. The game had all been collected at the centre and counted. A large bear had been dressed and prepared for a barbecue, and was being roasted when the man returned with the supplies. Said supplies were quickly set upon one head while the other head was as quickly knocked in with an ax. Tin cups were brought into requisition with surprising rapidity. Soon the fat was dripping copiously from the roasting bear, and one of the lively men, rendered extra frisky perhaps by the cheering nature of the supplies just partaken of, cut off a large chunk of the fat and run a muck through the crowd, oiling scores of faces in a hasty attempt to oil hair and whiskers. Bears' oil was known to be specially beneficial for both hair and whiskers, and several others who had already tested its efficacy for a few minutes also sliced off lumps of the fat and showed a willingness to let all share in the benefits of the high-toned unguent. Within a very brief space of time every person in the crowd knew how it was himself, and every face glistened in the glare of the fires now blazing around the camp, for it had by this time become a full-fledged camp for the night. Those who came prepared to stay all night had ample supplies of cakes, bread, salt, etc., and, with an ample supply of bear and venison meat, enjoyed a rare game feast as well as a night of hilarity seldom experienced, even during the lifetime of the average frontiersman. All accounts agree that, among that entire party, not one became intoxicated, but the old survivors (and there are several still living) say it was because of the honest whisky made in those days.

A beautiful Christmas morning dawned upon the jolly campers, who were soon visited by numerous parties from surrounding settlements, and some even from twenty or more miles away, who had come to see the game and to spend a jolly Christmas, make acquaintances among neighboring settlers, and have a rare time generally. And they scored a decided success.

A committee was appointed to make an equitable division of the game, which they did among the four parties forming the four lines that surrounded the township the previous morning. The few deer which were killed outside the township lines, while the parties were coming to their respective lines in the early morning, were not brought in, but were taken on the return home by those who killed them. An accurate enumeration of the game collected at the centre resulted as follows: seventeen wolves, twenty-one bears, 300 deer. The few turkeys killed were not taken into account, they being taken home by parties returning the first night. A few foxes and coons were killed, but were not taken into account. When a part of the line reached the frozen stream where the large accumulation of game was hiding, a load of buckshot fired from a musket at a glancing angle happened to be in range of a man at a considerable distance away, and he received a buckshot in the shoulder and another in the leg, both flesh wounds, painful but not dangerous. There was no other casualty whatever.

During the past fifty years the writer has read sufficient hunting literature to form several large volumes, and doubts whether there has ever been recorded so successful a hunt in America, or one so well planned and managed.

Mode of Clearing Off the Virgin Forests.

When the hardy sons of New England reached the Western Reserve they were confronted by dense forests of gigantic timber, of which the land had to be cleared before it could be cultivated. The first work after locating the farm was to clear away a few trees and build a cabin. Once established therein, the herculean task of clearing the forest commenced. Although inured to hard work, but few of these settlers had had much experience in clearing off virgin forests, and trees were cut one at a time, the brush and limbs piled into huge heaps, trunks cut into logging lengths, and the land thus cleared sown with grain. It sometimes took a single man from three to four weeks to chop down a single acre of hard-wooded forest.

Soon after the grain had been harvested and during a dry spell the brush and log heaps were fired. The brush heaps were soon consumed, but the log heaps required weeks of laborious attendance unless the weather remained dry. The logs required constant rolling together and re-piling, which was heavy and dirty work.

The second year some attempt was made to plow between the stumps and break off such roots as were sufficiently rotted. These were piled, and when dried were burned. The second crops were generally corn, with sufficient potatoes for family use.

After fifteen or twenty acres had been cleared as described, a different plan was generally adopted, namely, that of "slashing." This was a more rapid and cheaper plan, but required an expert to manage it successfully.

Slashing Described.—The slasher carefully studied his field of operations to ascertain which side the prevailing winds would strike with the greatest force. He then examined the trees, especially their tops, to learn whether they were bushy or not. Depending now upon his judgment as to the width of the strip which he can surely embrace in his "windrow," he commences on the leeward side of the tract, chopping the trees perhaps half, one-third, or one-fourth off at the stump, the amount of chip or "kerf" taken out depending upon the inclination of the tree. Continuing backward toward the windward side of the tract, he thus cuts notches of greater or less depth in all the trees over a tract of about thirty feet in width, deepening the notches as he approaches the windward side of the tract. These notches are cut so that in falling the trees will incline toward the middle of the strip.

If, upon finishing the notching of the entire strip, the wind is favorable, the last large tree selected for a "starter" is felled against its next neighbor in line, which in turn falls against its neighbor, and so on until a terrific crashing is inaugurated which commands the instant attention of every living thing in sight or hearing. The indescribable crashing may continue for some minutes, if the tract is a long one. The noise is appalling, and only equalled by that of a terrific cyclone sweeping through an immense forest. When all is still, a marvellous change has come over the scene. Where a few minutes before stood a wide expanse of virgin forest, a mighty swath has been cut as though some giant reaper had been mowing the forest as a farmer does his grain. Rising several feet above the earth, there appears a prodigious abatis, which would arrest the onset of the mightiest army. In this manner the slashing progresses, strip by strip, until the entire tract lays in windrows. The brief time required to slash a given tract seems incredible to those who are not familiar with this branch of forest pioneer work. Two slashers, accustomed to working together, will fell more than double the area of forest that either one can alone. Good workmen will average about one acre per day, if the timber is heavy—and the heavier the better. Two workmen can in company slash twenty acres in nine days.

It was rarely that an expert slasher could be induced to undertake less than ten acres; certainly not without a materially increased price, because it would be impossible to slash five acres in half the time required to slash ten acres.

Slashings are usually allowed to lay two or three years, when, during a dry spell of weather and with a favorable wind, they are fired. If the tract is a large one, several men and boys commence firing simultaneously. After the fire has done its work, the remaining trunks of trees are cut into logging lengths. This is sometimes done with the axe, and sometimes they are "niggered" off.

Niggering consists in laying large poles or small logs crosswise on top of the large logs, and kindling a fire at the junction. Although the fire soon burns off the pole or upper log, it also eats rapidly into the under log. When the upper one is nearly off, it is slipped along a foot or more, and the process is repeated. By "sawing" the upper piece in the burned kerf of the lower one, the charred portions are rubbed off, and the fire takes hold with renewed activity, rapidly cutting off the lower log. One experienced man can attend to quite a large area, and nigger off faster than the best chopper could do the same work with an axe.

Logging-Bees.—After settlements were well established it was the custom to hold "logging-bees" in most neighborhoods. These were occasions for rare fun. A keg of whiskey was usually the leading factor in these "bees."

The women of the household prepared large baskets of fried cakes and old-time gingerbread, such as none but Yankee women knew how to make. All the men, boys and ox-teams of the neighborhood were assembled in the logging-field, and divided into "teams." A logging-team consisted of a yoke of oxen, their driver, two "lever men," and two boys to handle the chain and assist with levers. A first-class logging-bee had two captains, who chose sides, the field was divided and a choice settled by flipping a penny. The captain winning the choice gave the word, and the work commenced in earnest. The captains selected the points for the log heaps, preferably where several logs could be piled without hauling. The teamster sought the nearest log, and as he turned his team to the proper end, one of the chain-boys carried the end of the chain to the end of the log, where the other boy seized it three or four feet from the end, and the two drew it under the log, which had already been raised sufficiently for the purpose by the two lever men. The chain was quickly "hitched," and the team as quickly started for the pile. The lever men had properly placed the "skids" before leaving the pile, and by the time the boys had the chain unfastened the lever men had the log rolling to its position on the pile. The large logs were systematically laid at the bottom, the captains keeping a sharp eye out for every possible advantage.

Jollities.—By the time the whiskey had passed around two or three times, the charcoal blacking began, especially upon the faces of all. Not a white spot was permitted to remain on man or boy. Even the white spots on the oxen were carefully backened. It was a part of the program to test the capacity of each side for making a noise. All was bluster and commotion. Even the sluggish oxen entered into the spirit of the occasion and frequently snapped strong chains when their log chanced to strike a root or other obstruction. There were generally among the lever men a few of the strolling, rough element of frontiersmen, who scented every logging-bee in their region. They filled themselves with whiskey and sometimes a fight was the result, but on the Reserve there was generally a constable or justice, or both, present at the gatherings, and fighting was promptly supressed. The "bee" usually wound up with such recreation as wrestling, jumping and rifle-shooting. The quantity of logs piled at these bees would appear incredible to any one who had never witnessed the operations.

Potash establishments were generally located in most of the considerable settlements, and as soon as the log-heaps were burned, the ashes were gathered and leached and the lye boiled down to crude potash, thus creating a staple article of commerce.

Clearing off Stumps.—After all the fatiguing work heretofore described, the ground was not in proper condition for the plough. Stumps had to be cleared out and this took years. The smaller ones from time to time were pulled out and burned, but the large, deep-rooted ones were allowed to decay or burned during a dry spell and the roots ploughed out when sufficiently decayed. After the year 1900 but few persons will be left on the Reserve who can form an adequate conception of the years of toil required to clear the forests from that vast fertile area.

Some years elapsed before crops of grass could be secured. Little progress was made in "dairying," now such an important industry on the Western Reserve. The plan essentially as described by Mr. Pelton had to suffice for the pioneer stock. Mr. Pelton was one of the early settlers in Litchfield, Medina county, and once told me how he managed his cattle. He got a better start with cattle than most of the neighboring settlers, as he drove from the East several head of young cattle with two or three milch cows for immediate use. The first year they lived almost entirely in the woods, but such trees as bore tender shoots relished by the cattle were almost daily felled for them to feed upon. The straw from the first crop of grain was carefully stacked by the cabin and surrounded by an open fence which would permit the cattle to get their heads between the poles and barely reach the straw. A little brine was now sprinkled upon the straw and the cattle allowed to get a good taste of it. In the meantime fresh trees were felled at the edge of the clearing, and the dogs were let loose and the cattle driven to the newly felled trees. One by one they would steal back to the straw stack, to be again dogged back to their browse. The pole fence was from time to time moved closer to the stack to enable the cattle to *steal* the straw. These operations were repeated while the straw lasted, "and the cattle kept fat." With the possible exception of the last clause this was literally true.

Getting Mails and Supplies for the Pioneers.

One of the men who often related incidents of the Hinckley Hunt was quite fond of relating the experiences of the early settlers of that part of Medina county where he first settled. The settlement was about thirty miles from Cleveland, which was the nearest post-office, as well as the nearest point where supplies of any kind could be obtained. The men of the settlement took turns in going to Cleveland regularly each week for mails, medicines and such light supplies as were indispensable. An air-line route had been established by surveyors and trees well blazed marked the track.

The trips were made on foot. A large haversack was used for carrying the mail and supplies. This, with a rifle, comprised the outfit of the weekly messenger. Upon one occasion, when this informant took his turn, he had the then solitary Cleveland gunsmith change the old-fashioned percussion "pill" lock to the then new "cap" lock, as unscrupulous dealers were in the habit of mixing mustard or turnip-seed with the little percussion pills, which they so nearly resembled that it was impossible to detect the cheat. The result was that much game was lost and much vexation caused by mis-fires. Upon the trip in question, when the messenger was about half-way to Cleveland, he discovered that he was being gradually surrounded by a very large drove of wild hogs, immense numbers of which then roamed through the forests of that region.

Discovering a large fallen tree ahead which had turned up by the roots, he hastened to and climbed upon the same, perching upon the high roots some fifteen feet above the ground. He was not a moment too soon, for the hogs had closed around him and some of the old boars, with their tusks protruding from their villanous jaws and the froth dripping from their mouths, attempted to climb up the roots upon which he was perched. He lost no time upon firing upon them whenever he could fire his rifle, which he had to snap eight or ten times for each discharge, because of the preponderance of seeds among his percussion pills.

However, he killed a dangerous boar at each discharge. As each one fell, with a slight squeal of distress, the others would go and smell the blood, actually placing their ugly snouts to the bullet-hole. They at once began to utter a peculiarly ominous grunt and one by one withdrew from the scene and the messenger hastened forward, reaching Cleveland at a late hour. Early next morning he had the lock of his rifle altered, provided himself with proper ammunition, and with his mail and other supplies (medicines, etc.), started on his return trip, hoping to have a little more experience with the wild hogs. He reached the scene of the previous day's episode and counted the result of the same, finding sixteen dead boars, but no live ones about, nor did he see any except a few at a distance.

The Great Competing Sleigh-Rides of the Winter of 1855 and 1856 of Summit, Cuyahoga and Medina Counties.

The following completes the series of articles by Mr. Peirce, from details largely supplied by Hon. Thomas Palmer, of Lafayette, this county. The event at the time created interest, not only the leading newspapers in our country giving full accounts, but those of Europe. The London *Times*, among them, it is said, chronicled it as one of the novelties in the line of amusement the Western Yankees had originated.

During the winter of 1855 and 1856 there were about one hundred days of almost continuous sleighing throughout Northern Ohio. In February the people of Solon township, Cuyahoga county, organized a sleigh ride consisting of seven four-horse teams, and drove to Akron, Summit county. It seems that there had already been several smaller parties there from Medina and several other counties, and it was understood that the Solon party intended to eclipse any previous party, for among other decorations used by them was a small cotton flag (33 x 55 inches) painted with the regulation number of stars and stripes, and containing in addition a profile with thumb to the nose and fingers extended.

This was interpreted by the people of the townships through which the party passed as a banter and invitation to take the flag if they could muster a larger party; indeed, an Akron paper published an evidently authorized challenge to that effect. The people of the township of Twinsburg, through which the Solon party drove, concluded that they could easily capture the flag, and upon trial mustered fourteen four-horse teams and went to Solon. The flag was gracefully surrendered to them and was carried to Twinsburg. The people of Royalton, Cuyahoga county, concluded that the flag must come back to their county. They rallied thirty-eight four-horse teams and appeared at Twinsburg, when the flag was duly surrendered to them. The matter now became a county affair; Cuyahoga, Summit and Medina entering into the competition.

The competing delegation met at Richfield, Summit county (which township adjoins both Cuyahoga and Medina counties), on the 14th day of March. Medina had 144 four-horse teams, Cuyahoga had 151, and Summit, 171; in all 466 four-horse teams and sleighs, each containing an average of fourteen persons, total, 6,524, and 1,864 horses. In addition to these there were a large number of single sleighs with their loads, which did not enter into the count. In each party were a number of brass bands, for in those days nearly every township in that part of the Reserve had a brass band. Of course, Summit captured the flag and took it to Akron. As the competition had been mostly between Cuyahoga and Summit counties, the Medina delegation upon their return trip decided that the correct thing would be to have the flag removed into Medina county, and four days later (March

18, 1856,) they appeared at Akron about noon with 182 four-horse teams, and one team of four mules.

They carried a great number of banners and devices, and were accompanied by numerous brass bands. They were received by the citizens of Akron with extravagant demonstrations, including the ringing of bells, firing of cannon and uproarious cheers. Word was passed back from the head of the line to the last load, which commenced cheering, and the cheers came swelling back up the line, and were taken up by the rapidly congregating citizens until the town was in one deafening roar of human voices. The flag was presented to the delegation by President Peirce, of Hudson College, with appropriate remarks, which were responded to by Charles E. Bostwick, chief marshal of the delegation. Two songs, composed expressly for the occasion, were then sung, after which refreshments were served, and the delegation returned to Medina county with the flag, probably the largest and most joyous party of the kind ever assembled. No accident occurred, and, like the Hinckley Hunt, no one got drunk.

BIOGRAPHY.

BURKE AARON HINSDALE, educator, was born in Wadsworth, this county, March 31, 1837. He was a pupil of James A. Garfield, in Hiram College, and from 1870 to 1882 was its president, and then four years Superintendent of the Public Schools of Cleveland. He is the author of various books, religious, historical, educational, and edited the "Life and Works of James A. Garfield," of whom he was a strong personal friend and admirer.

RUSSELL A. ALGER—Soldier.

EDITH M. THOMAS—Poetess.

General RUSSELL A. ALGER, ex-Governor of Michigan and ex-Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, and the Republican party of Michigan's favorite candidate in 1888 for the Presidency, is a native of this county, and here he passed his early years. The family graveyard is at West Richfield, a short distance east of the Hinckley line in Summit county, where rest the remains of his parents and oldest sister. A beautiful monument stands there, erected to their memory by the illustrious son and brother.

WILLIAM T. COGGESHALL, journalist, at one period resided in Wadsworth, where, in 1851, his daughter Jessie was born. He was born in Lewistown, Pa., and in 1841, then 17 years old, came to Ohio and connected himself with the Cin-

cinnati *Gazette*, published *The Genius of the West* in 1854–1856, and was State Librarian in 1856–1862. In the beginning of the war he was appointed aid to Governor Dennison, with the rank of colonel. In 1865 he took charge of the *Ohio State Journal*, at Columbus. In 1866 he was appointed United States Minister to Ecuador, hoping that his declining health, brought on by exprosure when on secret service in the war time, might be restored by the pure air of Quito; but he died the next year. He wrote much for magazines, published various books —the one, perhaps, of most lasting value, was "Poets and Poetry of the West," Columbus, 1860. He was a man of cheerful temperament, companionable and loving.

EDITH M. THOMAS, poetess, was born in Chatham, August 12, 1854, daughter of a successful and talented teacher. She was educated at Geneva, Ohio, Normal Institute, where, until recently, many years of her life have been passed. Now New York city is her home. She has contributed largely to the "Century," and other first-class magazines, and has published, in book form, "A New Year's Masque and Other Poems" (Boston, 1855); "The Round Year" (1866), and "Lyrics and Sonnets" (1887). She is deemed by many of the Eastern critics as, in that higher class of poetry, the subjective, with few peers. Her poems touch the finer chords as from the song of a spirit unseen, and grow into fuller appreciation by familiarity. R. H. Stoddard calls her "an American Keats," and as "possessing the greatest gift any poet can have—*quality*." These specimens illustrate her power:

EXILES.

They both are exiles; he who sailed
Great circles of the day and night,
Until the vapory bank unveiled
A land of palm-trees fair to sight.

They both are exiles; she who still
Seems to herself to watch, ashore,
The wind, too fain, his canvas fill,
The sunset burning close before.

He has no sight of Saxon face,
He hears a language harsh and strange;
She has not left her native place,
Yet all has undergone a change.

They both are exiles; nor have they
The same stars shining in their skies;
His nightfall is her dawn of day,
His day springs westward from her eyes.

Each says apart,—There is no land
So far, so vastly desolate,
But, had we sought it hand in hand,
We both had blessed the driving fate.

THE HOUR GLASS.

Time is no rushing torrent, dark and hoarse,
As thou hast heard from bards and sages old;
Sit here with me (wouldst thou the truth behold)
And watch the current hour run out its course.

See how without uproar or sullen force
Glides the slim, shadowy rill of atom gold,
Which, when the last slow guileful grain is told,
Forever is returned unto its source!

This is Time's stream, by whose repeated fall
Unnumbered fond ones, since the world was new,
Loitered as we, unwarned of doom the while;
Wouldst think so slender stream could cover all?
But as we speak, some eddy draws us too—
Meseems dim grow thine eyes and dim thy smile.

FRAILTY'S SHIELD.

Look what arms the fenceless wield.—
Frailest things have frailty's shield!
Cockle-boat outrides the gale
That has shred the frigate's sail;
Curlew skims the breaker's crest;
Swings the oriole in its nest;
Flower a single summer bred
Lightly lifts its jaunty head
When is past the storm whose stroke
Laid the pride of centuried oak;
Where with fire the soil was bathed
The white trefoil springs unscathed.

Frailest things have frailty's shield:
Here a fly in amber sealed;
There a bauble, tossed aside
Under ancient lava-tide,
Meets the musing delver's gaze.
Time the king's memorial lays,
Touching it with sportive staff,
But spares Erotion's epitaph.

Frailest things have frailty's shield,
Guarded by a charm concealed;
So the gaunt and ravening wild
Softens towards the weaning child,
And along the giddy steep
Safe one glideth, blind with sleep.

Art thou mighty?—Challenged Fate
Chooseth thee for wrestling mate!
Art thou feeble?—Fate disarmed,
Turning, leaveth thee unharmed.
Thou that bendest shall not break;
Smiling in the tempest's wake,
Thou shalt rise, and see around
How the strong ones strew the ground;
Saving lightness thou didst wield,—
Frailest things have frailty's shield!

WADSWORTH is eleven miles southeast of Medina, on the N. Y., P. & O. Railroad. Newspapers: *Banner*, Independent, James E. Cory, editor and publisher; *Enterprise*, Independent, John A. Clark, editor and publisher. Churches: one Methodist Episcopal, one Evangelical Lutheran, one Reformed, one Disciples, one Congregational, one Baptist, one Colored Baptist, one Church of God. Bank: Wadsworth, C. N. Lyman, president, J. K. Durling, cashier. Population, 1880, 1,219. School census, 1888, 698; Arthur Powell, school superintendent. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, $29,700; value of annual product, $31,000.—(*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*) The famous Garfield ejectors and injectors are made here. It is in a rich farming region, with abundance of coal on the east.

SEVILLE is ten miles south of Medina, on the C. L. & W. Railroad. Newspaper: *Times*, Independent, C. C. Day, editor and publisher. Bank: Exchange (Wideman, Shaw & Co.), F. P. Wideman, cashier. Population, 1880, 589. School census, 1888, 186.

LIVERPOOL is on the Rocky river, nine miles northwest of Medina. Population, 1880, 198.

LODI is eleven miles southwest of Medina, on the W. & L. E. Railroad. Newspaper: *Review*, Independent, H. E. Bassett, editor and publisher. Churches: one Methodist Episcopal and one Congregational. Bank: Exchange, John Taylor, president, A. B. Taylor, cashier. School census, 1888, 134.

CHIPPEWA LAKE is on the C. L. & W. Railroad, five miles southerly from Medina. There is a hamlet with an United Brethren church, express and telegraph office. The lake is nearly two miles long, half as broad, and in places sixty feet deep. The lake is a popular summer resort for fishing and boating. A small steamer plies on its waters. There are there a hotel and pleasure grounds, where campers stretch their tents.

MEIGS.

MEIGS COUNTY, named from Return J. Meigs, elected Governor of Ohio in 1810, was formed from Gallia and Athens, April 1, 1819, and the courts were directed "to be temporarily held at the meeting-house in Salisbury township." The surface is broken and hilly. In the west, a portion of the soil is a dark, sandy loam, but the general character of the soil is clayey.

Area about 400 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 59,039; in pasture, 95,062; woodland, 44,112; lying waste, 2,825; produced in wheat, 165,436 bushels; rye, 1,298; buckwheat, 269; oats, 73,338; barley, 1,032; corn, 313,447; broom-corn, 2,000 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 15,986 tons; clover hay, 821; potatoes, 66,966 bushels; butter, 407,854 lbs.; cheese, 7,410; sorghum, 4,050 gallons; maple syrup, 740; honey, 6,377 lbs.; eggs, 365,060 dozen; grapes, 9,360 lbs.; wine, 90 gallons; sweet potatoes, 1,384 bushels; apples, 31,659; peaches, 11,584; pears, 501; wool, 273,023 lbs.; milch cows owned, 4,255. Ohio mining statistics, 1888: Coal mined, 242,483 tons; employing 501 miners and 144 outside employees. School census, 1888, 10,157; teachers, 274. Miles of railroad track, 30.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Bedford,	566	1,720	Orange,	836	922
Chester,	1,479	1,752	Rutland,	1,412	2,340
Columbia,	674	1,116	Salem,	940	1,668
Lebanon,	621	2,020	Salisbury,	1,507	10,992
Letart,	640	1,365	Scipio,	941	1,720
Olive,	746	2,244	Sutton,	1,099	4,466

Population of Meigs in 1820, 4,480; 1830, 6,159; 1840, 11,455; 1860, 26,534; 1880, 32,325, of whom 24,481 were born in Ohio; 1,554, Virginia; 1,101, Pennsylvania; 230, New York; 118, Kentucky; 88, Indiana; 1,148 German Empire; 780, England and Wales; 178, Ireland; 69, Scotland; 30, France; and 26, British America. Census, 1890, 29,813.

The mouth of the Shade river, which empties into the Ohio in the upper part of the county, is a gloomy, rocky place, formerly called the "Devil's Hole." The Indians, returning from their murderous incursions into Western Virginia, were accustomed to cross the Ohio at that point with their prisoners and plunder, and follow up the valley of Shade river on their way to their towns on the Scioto.

The first settlers of the county were principally of New England origin, and emigrated from Washington county, which lies above. From one of these, now (1846) residing in the county, we have received a communication illustrating pioneer life:

People who have spent their lives in an old settled country can form but a faint idea of the privations and hardships endured by the pioneers of our new, flourishing and prosperous State. When I look on Ohio as it is, and think what it was in 1802, when I first settled here, I am struck with astonishment and can hardly credit my own senses. When I emigrated I was a young man, without any property, trade or profession, entirely dependent on my industry for a living. I purchased sixty acres of new land on credit, two-and-a-half miles from any house or road, and built a camp of poles seven by four feet, and five high, with three sides, and a fire in front. I furnished myself with a loaf of bread, a piece of pickled pork, some potatoes, borrowed a frying-pan and commenced housekeeping. I was not hindered from my work by company; for the first week I did not see a living soul, but, to make amends for the want of it, I had every night a most glorious concert of wolves and owls. I soon (like Adam) saw the necessity of a helpmate and persuaded a young woman to tie her destiny to mine. I built a log-house twenty feet

square—quite aristocratic in those days—and moved into it. I was fortunate enough to possess a jack-knife: with that I made a wooden knife and two wooden forks, which answered admirably for us to eat with. A bedstead was wanted; I took two round poles for the posts, inserted a pole in them for a side-rail, and two other poles were inserted for the end pieces, the ends of which were put in the logs of the house—some puncheons were then split and laid from the side-rail to the crevice between the logs of the house, which formed a substantial bed-cord, on which we laid our straw bed—the only bed we had—on which we slept as soundly and woke as happy as Albert and Victoria.

In process of time, a yard-and-a-half of calico was wanted; I started on foot through the woods ten miles to Marietta to procure it; but, alas! when I arrived there I found that, in the absence of both money and credit, the calico was not to be obtained. The dilemma was a serious one, and how to escape I could not devise; but I had no sooner informed my wife of my failure, than she suggested that I had a pair of thin pantaloons, which I could very well spare, that would make quite a decent frock; the pants were cut up, the frock made, and in due time the child was dressed.

The long winter evenings were rather tedious, and in order to make them pass more smoothly, by great exertion I purchased a share in the Belpre library, six miles distant. From this I promised myself much entertainment, but another obstacle presented itself—I had no candles; however, the woods afforded plenty of pine knots—with these I made torches by which I could read, though I nearly spoiled my eyes. Many a night have I passed in this manner till twelve or one o'clock reading to my wife, while she was hatchelling, carding or spinning. Time rolled on, the payments for my land became due, and money, at that time in Ohio, was a *cash article;* however, I did not despair. I bought a few steers; some I bartered for, and others I got on credit—my credit having somewhat improved since the calico expedition—slung a knapsack on my back and started alone with my cattle for Romney, on the Potomac, where I sold them, then travelled on to Litchfield, Connecticut, paid for my land and had just $1 left to bear my expenses home, six hundred miles distant. Before I returned I worked and procured fifty cents in cash; with this and my dollar I commenced my journey homeward. I laid out my dollar for cheap haircombs, and these, with a little Yankee pleasantry, kept me very comfortably at the private houses where I stopped till I got to Owego, on the Susquehanna, where I had a power of attorney to collect some money for a neighbor in Ohio.

I might proceed and enumerate scenes without number similar to the above, which have passed under my own observation, or have been related to me by those whose veracity I have no reason to doubt; but from what I have written you will be able to perceive that the path of the pioneer is not strewed with roses, and that the comforts which many of our inhabitants now enjoy have not been obtained without persevering exertions, industry and economy. What, let me ask, would the young people of the present day think of their future prospects, were they now to be placed in a similar situation to mine in 1803? How would the young miss taken from the fashionable, modern parlor, covered with Brussels carpets, and ornamented with pianos, mirrors, etc., etc., manage her spinning-wheel in a log-cabin, on a puncheon floor, with no furniture except, perhaps, a bake-oven and a splint broom?—*Old Edition.*

TRAVELLING NOTES.

The pioneer, who in 1846, supplied me with the foregoing sketch of his experiences also supplied me with what follows upon the early history of Pomeroy, and at this late day here give him credit. He was Amos Dunham, then an old man, and he was my host while here. Originally from Connecticut, he had that marked pronunciation then almost universal in the rustic regions of New England, which has disappeared entirely from every place—a sort of indescribable singing nasal tone, an inheritance from their ancestors in the rustic regions of Old England. Mr. Dunham possessed good native shrewdness and I recall his memory with pleasure. Would like much once more to hear some of that old-style talk with its odd expressions and drawling, lingering tones, the speech of other days. But nobody living can display this now departed accomplishment of the fathers —"more's the pity."

"Old times have gone, old manners changed;
A stranger fills the Scottish throne."

Pomeroy in 1846.—Pomeroy, the county-seat, is on the Ohio river, seventy-six miles in a direct line southeast of Columbus, eighty below Marietta, and two hundred and thirty-four above Cincinnati. It is situated on a narrow strip of ground from twenty to thirty rods wide, under a lofty and steep hill, in the midst

of wild and romantic scenery. It contains one Episcopal, one Methodist, one German Lutheran, and one Presbyterian church; a newspaper printing office, one flouring and two saw mills, two foundries, two carding machines, one machine shop, ten mercantile stores, and about 1,600 inhabitants. It is a very flourishing town, deriving its importance principally from the coal mines situated here. We give below, in the language of a correspondent, an historical sketch of the village, with some notice of the coal mines.

The first settler within the limits of Pomeroy was Mr. Nathaniel Clark, who came about the year 1816. The first coal bank opened in Pomeroy was in 1819, by David Bradshaw. Bentley took 1,200 bushels of coal to Louisville, and sold it for twenty-five cents a bushel, which was the first coal exported from Pomeroy. As early as 1805 or 6 there had been an attempt at exporting coal from Coalport by Hoover & Cashell, but it proved unprofitable, and was abandoned after sending off one small load. About 1820 John Knight rented a large quantity of coal land from Gen. Putnam, at $20 a year, and commenced working the mines. On the 15th of July, 1825, Samuel Grant entered eighty acres and Josiah Dill one hundred and sixty acres of Congress land, which lies in the upper part of Pomeroy. Subsequently, Mr. Dill laid out a few town lots on his land, but it did not improve to any extent until the Pomeroy improvement commenced, in 1833. In 1827 a post-office was established here, called Nyesville, and Nial Nye appointed postmaster. In 1840 the town was incorporated, and in June, 1841, made the county-seat.

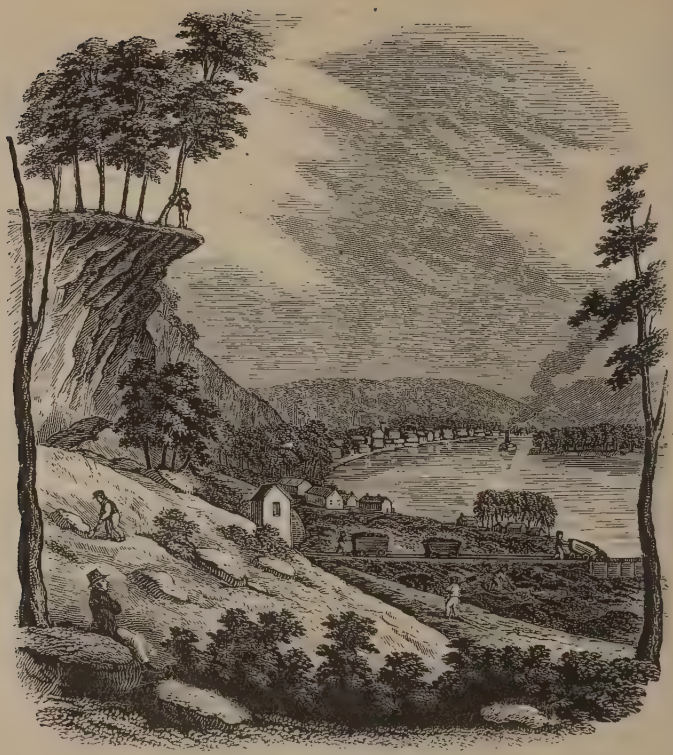
In the spring of 1804 Samuel W. Pomeroy, an enterprising merchant of Boston, Massachusetts, purchased of Elbridge Gerry, one of the original proprietors in the Ohio Company, a full share of land in said company's purchase, the fraction of said share (262 acres) lying in the now town of Pomeroy. In 1832 Mr. Pomeroy put 1,000 bushels of coal into boxes and shipped them on a flat boat for New Orleans, to be sent round to Boston: but the boat foundered before it left Coalport, and the expedition failed. In 1833 Mr. Pomeroy having purchased most of the coal land on the river for four miles, formed a company, consisting of himself, his two sons, Samuel W. Pomeroy, Jr., and C. R. Pomeroy, and his sons-in-law, V. B. Horton and C. W. Dabney, under the firm of Pomeroy, Sons & Co., and began mining on a large scale. They built a steam saw-mill, and commenced building houses for themselves and their workmen. In 1834 they moved on, at which time there were twelve families in the town. In 1835 they built the steam tow-boat Condor, which could tow from four to six loaded boats or barges, and will tow back from eight to twelve empty boats at a trip. It takes a week to perform a trip to Cincinnati and back, and she consumes 2,000 bushels of coal each trip. The company employ about twenty-five boats or barges, that carry from 2,000 to 11,000 bushels of coal, each averaging, perhaps, 4,000 bushels. The number of hands employed is about 200, and the number of bushels dug yearly about two millions; in addition to this, several individuals are engaged in the coal business on a small scale. Five steamboats have been built in this place by the Pomeroy company.

The mining of coal is mostly done at Coalport, one mile below the corporation line. Here the company have laid out a town and been at great expense to prepare everything necessary for mining and exporting coal; the railways are so constructed that the loaded car descending to the river draws up the empty one.

Immediately below Coalport is the town of Middleport, lately laid out by Philip Jones, which already contains several stores, and is building up fast. Adjoining Middleport is Sheffield, a pleasant town, which bids fair to become a place of business. In all probability the time is not far distant when the towns of Pomeroy, Coalport, Middleport and Sheffield will be one continuous village.

About the year 1791 or 2 Capt. Hamilton Carr, a noted spy in the service of the United States, in his excursions through these parts discovered an enormous sycamore tree below the mouth of Carr's run, near where Murdock & Nye's mill now stands, which was subsequently occupied as a dwelling-house. Capt. Whitlock, of Coalport, informs me that he himself measured that tree and found the hollow to be eighteen feet in diameter. Capt. Whitlock further states, that as late as 1821 he took dinner from the top of a sugar-tree stump, in a log-house near where the court-house now stands, the only table the people had in the house.

The view shown in the engraving was taken at the mines at Coalport, nearly two miles below the main village of Pomeroy. Here horizontal shafts are run into the hill, at an elevation of more than one hundred feet above the river bed. The coal is carried out in cars on railways, and successively emptied from the cars on one grade to that below, and so on until the last cars in turn empty into the boats on the river, by which it is carried to market. The mining is conducted in



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

POMEROY FROM THE COAL MINES.

C. F. Feiger, Photo., Pomeroy, 1886.

POMEROY FROM THE OHIO RIVER.

a systematic manner, and most of those employed are natives of Wales, familiar with mining from youth.

Dr. S. P. Hildreth, in the twenty-ninth volume of Silliman's Journal, writes:

"The coal strata dips to the north two or three feet in a hundred yards, requiring drains to free them from the water when opened on the south side of the hill. Above the coal is a deposit of shale and ash-colored marly clay, of eight or ten feet in thickness, which forms the roof of the mines—superincumbent on which is a deposit of stratified sand rock, rather coarse-grained, of nearly one hundred feet in thickness. The shale abounds in fine fossil plants. In mining the coal, gunpowder is extensively used, a small charge throwing out large masses of coal. This coal being of the black slaty structure, abounds in bituminous matter and burns very freely; its specific gravity is 1.27. Twenty grains of the coarse powder decompose one hundred grains of nitrate of potash, which will give to this coal nearly sixty per cent. of charcoal. It must, therefore, be valuable for the manufacture of coke, an article that must ultimately be brought into use in the numerous furnaces along the great iron deposit, a few miles south and west of this place. It is a curious fact that the coal deposits are very thin and rare near the Ohio river, from Pipe's creek, fifteen miles below Wheeling, to Carr's run, in this county. As the main coal dips under the Ohio at both these places, the inference is that the coal lies below the surface and could readily be reached by a shaft, first ascertaining its distance from the surface by the operation of boring."—*Old Edition.*

POMEROY, county-seat of Meigs, is 220 miles above Cincinnati, on the Ohio river, about eighty-five miles southeast of Columbus, at the terminus of the C. H. V. & T. Railroad, also on the K. & O. Railroad. The surrounding country is rich in coal and salt. There are two factories here for the manufacture of bromine from salt. County officers, 1888: Auditor, J. N. Rathburn; Clerk, H. C. Fish; Commissioners, S. D. Webb, George Frecker, John N. Hayman; Coroner, J. B. Scott; Infirmary Directors, John Alkire, John Short, Thomas H. Gold; Probate Judge, Lewis Paine; Prosecuting Attorney, John H. Lochery; Recorder, Marion Cline; Sheriff, George Titus; Surveyor, M. H. Watkins; Treasurers, George P. Stout, Robert Dyke. City officers, 1888: A. B. Donally, Mayor; William H. Huntley, Clerk; George B. Stout, Treasurer; Thomas Wheatley, Marshal; M. L. Shrader, Street Commissioner. Newspapers: *Democrat*, Independent, C. I. Barker, editor and publisher; *Telegraph*, Republican, E. S. Trussell, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Episcopal, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Methodist, 2 Colored Methodist, 1 Baptist, 1 Colored Baptist, 1 German Catholic, 1 German Methodist, 2 German Lutheran, 2 German Presbyterian, 1 Welsh Presbyterian, 1 Welsh Congregational, 2 Welsh Baptist. Banks: First City, T. A. Plants, president, George W. Plants, cashier; Pomeroy National, H. S. Horton, president, John McQuigg, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—Excelsior Salt Works, 50 hands; Roller Mill Brewing Co., 12; Buckeye Salt Co., 40; Coal Ridge Salt Co., 60; Gever & Newton, flour, etc., 10; Sugar Run Mill, flour, etc., 5; Pfarr & Genheimer, flooring, etc., 4; John S. Davis & Son, doors, sash, etc., 10; the *Telegraph*, printing, 8; J. C. Probst & Son, furniture, 34; McKnight & Fisher, wagons and buggies, 5; Pomeroy Machine Co., engines, etc., 10.—*State Report, 1888.* Population, 1880, 5,560. School census, 1888, 1,745; Morris Bowers, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, $445,500; value of annual product, $494,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887.* United States census, 1890, 4,726.

BIOGRAPHY.

VALENTINE B. HORTON, who died at Pomeroy, January, 1888, at the age of 86 years, was a native of Windsor, Vt. He was educated for the law, practised two years in Cincinnati, and then came to Pomeroy, where he engaged for the remainder of his life in mining and manufacturing. He did probably more than any other person to develop the coal, salt and iron industries of this region. He was a member of the Ohio Constitutional Convention in 1850; represented the Republicans in Congress two terms, and in the last (the Thirty-seventh) was on the Committee of Ways and Means; was a delegate in 1861 to the Peace Congress in Washington; for over forty years was a trustee of

the State University, and five times a member of the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States. Financial reverses marred his declining years, much to the regret of people in this entire region of Ohio, wherein no man that ever lived was more beloved and respected. His name was a synonym for uprightness and humanity.

One of his daughters is the wife of Gen. John Pope, another of Gen. M. F. Force, while a son, SAMUEL DANA HORTON, born at Pomeroy, January 16, 1844, educated at Harvard and Berlin, has attained a world-wide reputation by his monetary works. In 1876 he published a treatise on "Silver and Gold, and their Relation to the Problem of Resumption," the first of a series of works advocating the settlement of the silver question by a joint action of nations. This policy was adopted by Congress, and he has been identified with its advancement in Europe as delegate to the International Monetary Conferences of 1878 and 1881, as an author.

TRAVELLING NOTES.

"What's in a name?" Pomeroy. Divide the syllables and you have *Pome*—apple, *roy*—King; *i. e.*, *Apple King*. Pomeroy is a unique spot, fruitful in interest, and requires the pen of genius to adequately describe. Failing to find such we use our own:

Pomeroy is the most prominent spot on either of two strings of mining villages; one string on the Ohio side of the river and the other directly opposite on the West Virginia side. On the Virginia side, beginning at the down-river end, they are: West Columbia, Newcastle, Clifton, Mason City, Valley City, Hartford City and New Haven. On the Ohio side, beginning also at the lower end, are: Middleport, Pomeroy, Minersville and Syracuse. Each string is about ten miles long.

On the Ohio side the hills mostly so encroach upon the river that it leaves but little room for buildings. The adjoining engraving illustrates this, from my pencil sketch, taken in 1846, from a point then called Coalport, now Middleport. Ascend the hill in the rear of Pomeroy and you will see it is at the north point of a bend in the river, the river coming from the south and going to the south, one to your right, the other to your left. Looking to the north inland you will find a ravine there and then another hill. Behind that is another hill and then another ravine, with a third hill and another ravine, and so on I know not how far, in repetition as the crests and hollows of the ocean waves.

The Coal Mines go into the hills at an average of seventy to eighty feet above the Ohio. Below the coal is soapstone and fire-clay, above the coal is a layer of slate and sandstone. The coal veins are about four and a half feet thick, and dip about thirty feet to the mile, a little to the south of east. Each mine has a main passage, then it is mined right and left in parallels, the excavations leaving squares of coal, like streets and squares of a city. As a last thing the squares, or rather blocks, of coal are taken away, leaving only enough coal for pillars as supports for the roof of the mine wherever such are required. Here some of the main passages go in through the river hill, cross the ravine, enter the second hill inland, go through that, cross a second ravine still farther north, enter a third hill, a distance of two miles. They are still lengthening their lines, and, I am told, can penetrate miles farther. The coal is brought out on tramways by mules and horses. This vein of coal is so inferior to that from Pittsburg, and in some other places, that Pomeroy coal has lost its old-time importance, and the industry here is at this time depressed.

At Minersville they are working two mines from the surface down, which strikes a lower and stronger vein; one of the shafts is eighty-seven feet deep. Both at Middleport and Syracuse the valley is so wide that the people entirely live in front of the hills. Not so at Pomeroy and Minersville. Part dwell in the gaps of ravines of the hills, called "runs" because little streams run through them. At Pomeroy the people obtain their home comforts in places respectively named Sugar Run, Kerr's Run, Nailor's Run and Monkey Run; at Minersville the runs are known as Dutchtown and Welshtown, in accordance with the transatlantic origin of their inhabitants. The slopes of the ravines to the right and left are gradual and grass and forest clad, while the hills face the river in precipitous cliffs. The dwellings perched on the summits above the ravines have grand outlooks up and down the river. The business places and salt works are on the narrow strip of land fronting the ravines and cliffs.

These towns have a dingy, gloomy aspect. The buildings that front the river are generally brown, and black as so many charcoal bins. The very ground you tread is hard and black with coal débris. Numerous smoke-

stacks belch forth clouds of smoke, mingled with the lighter clouds of steam.

My Second Visit.—It was towards the sunset of a day in March when I came into Pomeroy for the second time after the lapse of forty years from the first. On the summits of the cliffs the trees stood as black skeleton forms clear cut against the sky. The lights and shadows were long and strong over all the varied objects of hill and valley. There were dingy-looking, gloomy buildings, rising clouds of smoke from huge smoke-stacks mingled with bursts of steam, precipitous cliffs, winding river, opening ravines, where the sun burst through and tipped every element of gloom in streamers of light, and finally, perched high up in the ravines, were the humble cottages of the miners, bathed in floods of golden light from the low down sun. Nature wore a weird, strange aspect, and my emotions were in consonance with the scene.

But Humanity was there. Humanity ever interests. I had come among a people who delved in the interior of the earth that we on the outside might be warmed and do our grumbling before blazing, winter-defying fires, and say, "O Lord, who can stand Thy cold?" But there was one comforting reflection. While these men were doomed to spend their days down in the bowels of the earth, often in bent, constrained attitudes, picking by dim lamplight at walls of coal, love lightened the task as their thoughts went forth to wife and little ones in the cottages out in the blessed sunlight, high on the hills. And to them, also, how sweet must seem their homes when on each recurring morning, as they go forth to their honest labor, the morning sun greets them with its blessing light and opens to their vision beneath and around a landscape of hill, plain, valley and river of wondrous beauty. And then many of them have another comfort. Down in the valley are more than a score of churches, where they oft go, where hope gladdens their hearts, and they feel the day is coming when they shall lay down the pick and delve no more.

Salt Industry.—In the year 1850 a new industry came for this region, the manufacture of salt, when the first salt well was opened at Pomeroy.

The wells are from 1,000 to 1,200 feet in depth, and the water is pumped by steam. Including both sides of the river are eighteen salt furnaces, and the production of salt is about equally divided between the two. The daily production is about 3,600 barrels; value, $2,188. Each furnace has its cooper shops, where the barrels are made. The hoop-poles are of hickory, and come from West Virginia. The staves are of swamp elm, from the Black Swamp region of Northwest Ohio. The barrels cost twenty-two cents each. A barrel of salt, salt inclusive, wholesales at seventy cents, and weighs 280 pounds.

I entered the packing-houses where the salt is piled in bins; to the eye looking exactly like huge snow heaps, and in marked contrast to the smoke-hued walls against which it lay. The employees in the salt works are mainly German, the miners Welsh and German. On the West Virginia side the American element is the strongest.

Salt Roller.—Cattle require salt as much as human beings. The oft neglect by farmers to give it to them is a cruelty without excuse. A salesman travelling here showed to me a new device, an invention for the cattle to help themselves. It was a roller coated with salt, about a foot long, two and a half inches in diameter, with frame-work, to which above were two roof boards, like the roof of a house, to shed the rain. It is fastened in a manger, on a fence or a tree in the field. The cattle go up and, licking on the under side, it revolves under the tongue. They soon learn its use. When the salt on a roller is gone it is replaced by another roller in the same frame-work. The rollers are sold at $1.50 per dozen.

Discourse on Salt.

Salt is a necessity; its consumption enormous. Multiply by thirty-seven the number of men, women and children in the United States, and the resultant will be the number of pounds used therein by man, beast, and in the arts.

Its praises might be on every tongue—the tongue of man, the tongue of beast. With the thought of salt is a multitude of associations. Let us present a few, as Scriptural, Monumental and Admonitory, Gastronomical, Humorous, Poetical, Sublime, etc.

Scriptural.—"Ye are the salt of the earth," thus illustrating saving virtue.

Monumental and Admonitory.—Lot's wife converted into a pillar to serve as a guide to the travelling public and a warning to the insatiable curiosity of woman.

Gastronomical.—Yes, everywhere. Without it, who would go for an egg? How are the ice-cream people to make their delicious concoctions? How about sending Biddy, the cook, down cellar to the pork barrel? And without any regard to pork, where, without salt, would be the attraction in beans? One especial bean, however, there was that will ever have an historical attraction, the particular bean the planting of which led to the sudden demise of the giant, slain by Jack, the giant-killer.

Humorous.—The expression on the desiring youngster's face on being told how, with the requisite pinch of fresh salt, he may catch the bird! Then the comical, triumphant expression on the face of Christopher Columbus, who, having shown how to stand an egg on its end, reached for the salt and ate that egg, as he naturally must have done, though History just that moment was called off and forgot to record it.

Poetical.—The tear glistening in the eye of Pity ere it is exhaled to the skies. When it is exhaled it mingles with the other vapors of cloudland, helps out the sunset glories whereupon some imaginative youth gazing aloft grows enthusiastic, when lo, a poet is born.

Sublime.—The ocean that girts the earth around, heaving its ponderous waves on high under the wild fury of a mighty tempest. Like the tear it is saline. So saline is it that Jack Tars who go down to the sea in ships, when they grow old, and rheumatism, it may be, gets in her grip on their aged bones, we term "Old Salts."

It is when those rheumatic, gouty twinges seize upon old "sea legs" that the eye of pity drops one of her most sympathetic glistening globules.

Ere you move into a new house just sprinkle the floor with salt, next take in a broom and a Bible, then, in accordance with an old belief, good luck will abide with you and your household; bursts of laughter and tears of joy be your portion.

There is much in salt—one "may think of it—dream of it—and will find no end to it, while all creation, with the apple king inclusive, will say 'aye.'"

And to this all the light little ocean wavelets, as in succession they run and kiss every shore the whole world around, will merrily laugh and sing, "So mote it be."

John Morgan's Raid.

John Morgan's raid came to grief in this county, and to its final demise in Columbiana, for the details of which see page 453. The battle of Buffington's Island took place in a direct line about thirteen miles from Pomeroy, but by the windings of the river full thirty miles. The Ohio twists and curly-cues more around the borders of Meigs than any other county of Ohio. The following account of some of the operations in this county is from a correspondent of full reliability for accuracy:

When the Confederate General, John Morgan, closely pursued by the Federal cavalry, entered Meigs county, heading for one of the several fording places in the Ohio river above and below the towns of Middleport and Pomeroy, he met serious opposition from the local militia, who, unlike their neighbors of the counties first raided, knew of his movements in time to plan for resistance.

It was the fortune of two Middleport companies O. N. G.—one of infantry commanded by Captain R. B. Wilson, Lieutenants O. P. Skinner and Samuel Grant; the other of artillery, Captain John Schreiner, the two numbering about 120 men—to render service so valuable that it should find a place in history. With other organizations these companies were ordered to rendezvous at Marietta. On the very night of their arrival in camp came tidings of the enemy's approach to their own town and they at once asked for orders to return to the defence of their homes. With but little delay they were put aboard a steamer and by daylight the following morning had disembarked and were several miles out on the roads by which Morgan was approaching. The show of resistance was sufficient to turn him aside and he moved off up the river toward Buffington's Island, where, on the following day, the Federal cavalry overhauled him and scattered his forces. Information reached Capt. Wilson that one detachment would undertake to cross the Ohio at a shoal place several miles above Pomeroy, and reinforced by about twenty men, under Daniel Davis of that city, he immediately marched to intercept the fugitives, reaching the point late in the evening.

William Grant, George Womeldorff and James Waddell, three of the most reliable men of the command, were directed to find a point well up the road from which they could observe the approach and estimate the number of the enemy, and by an agreed signal advise headquarters of the facts ascertained.

The "artillery" consisted of an old gun that had been used for celebrating the Fourth of July, which, loaded with spikes and pieces of chain, "commanded" for several hundred yards a straight piece of road flanked on one side by timber where part of our men were concealed, and on the other side by a creek with steep banks. Scarcely had the dispositions been made when the enemy appeared. William Grant and his comrades, assisted by the darkness, avoided the approaching raiders, who, a few moments later, ran upon the picket commanded by Lieut. Samuel Grant and surrendered without much resistance. They were marched to Pomeroy and placed under guard in the court-house to be turned over as prisoners of war, sixty-eight enlisted men and seven officers.

Scarcely had the company been relieved of these prisoners when tidings came that Morgan's main force was moving down the river along the roads running back of the towns and would probably attempt a crossing at Cheshire or Eight-Mile Island, below Middleport, where there was a good ford at the low stage of water then prevailing. At the Pomeroy wharf lay V. B. Horton's side-wheel tow-boat, the Condor, a low, fierce-looking, long-nosed craft, with suggestive holes in her wheel-house, but very inoffensive. The old gun before referred to was conspicuously placed on her bow, after which the vessel steamed away toward Cheshire, reaching the landing place at the head of the island just as the first daring rider of Morgan's cavalry forced his horse into the Ohio to try the ford. The river bank down to the

water's edge was lined with the raiders waiting to make the crossing as soon as this pioneer had pointed out the way. He was beyond range and succeeded in reaching the shore and escaping. But as the old Condor "rounded to" above on the West Virginia shore there was a scampering up the opposite bank, which apprised us that she had been mistaken for one of the government gunboats, and the time thus gained enabled the Middleporters to secure positions on the bank of the river commanding both the upper and lower fords, which, as Morgan had no artillery, they could have held against his entire force. He made no further attempt to cross and an hour later the Union cavalry reached the scene on the Ohio side. It is said that Morgan actually surrendered there but escaped in the darkness that night with his main body, and led the Union troops another race up through Athens and Morgan counties until finally captured and landed in the Ohio Penitentiary. But for that brave company of militia he would have escaped through West Virginia.

As stated by Captain Wilson the success of his company was largely due to the activity and zeal of his first sergeant, who was the only experienced officer in the command, and who gave him the benefit of knowledge gained from actual service in the field. That sergeant is still living, and widely known as the Rev. Dr. Earl Cranston, now of the "Western Methodist Book Concern."

A Pomeroy company, commanded by Capt. Cyrus Grant, also did excellent work by getting in the raiders' way just at such times and in such places as to make him think the "regulars" had reached the river ahead of him.

MIDDLEPORT is on the Ohio river, just below Pomeroy, at the terminus of the C. H. V. & T. R. R. and on the K. & O. R. R. City officers, 1888: C. Downing, Mayor; Wm. L. McMaster, Clerk; Wm. M. Hartinger, Treasurer; Chas. Hobbs, Marshal; Geo. B. Skinner, Street Commissioner. Newspapers: *Herald*, Republican, W. C. Russell, editor; *Meigs County Republican*, Independent, J. W. Dumble, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Presbyterian, 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Christian, 1 Universalist, 1 New Church, 1 Free Will Baptist, 1 Colored Baptist, 1 Colored Methodist. Bank: Exchange (Moore & Co.), F. L. Moore, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—The German Furniture Co., 82 hands; Ohio Machine Co., 22; Standard Nail and Iron Co., iron, steel, etc., 500; Middleport Flour Co., 12; Garrett, McManigal & Co., building brick, etc., 25; S. D. Webb, flooring, etc., 3.—*Ohio State Report, 1888.* Population, 1880, 3,032. School census, 1888, 854. Capital invested in industrial establishments, $162,500. Value of annual product, $208,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887.*

MINERSVILLE is just above and adjoining Pomeroy, on the Ohio, and has salt furnaces, extensive coal mines, and 1 Welsh Congregational, 1 Welsh Presbyterian and 1 Methodist church.

SYRACUSE is on the Ohio river, four and a half miles above Pomeroy, nearly adjoining Minersville. Its population is largely Welsh. It has 1 Welsh Congregational, 1 Presbyterian and 1 Methodist church. Its industries are salt and coal, one of the shafts going down perpendicularly eighty-seven feet. School census, 1888, 402.

RACINE is on the Ohio river, ten miles above Pomeroy. Newspaper: *Tribune*, Republican, W. G. Sibley, editor and publisher. Population, 1880, 453. School census, 1888, 246.

CHESTER, anciently the county-seat, and which in 1840 had 273 population, is eight miles northeast of Pomeroy, on Shade river.

MERCER.

MERCER COUNTY was formed from old Indian Territory April 1, 1820. The land is one great flat plain, and while in the forest state wet, when cleared and drained very fertile and well adapted to grass, small grain and Indian corn, which is its great production. Area about 470 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 140,633; in pasture, 12,023; woodland, 73,384; lying waste, 4,154; produced in wheat, 364,235 bushels; rye, 2,733; buckwheat, 667; oats, 632,537; barley, 12,881; corn, 1,287,610; meadow hay, 15,343 tons; clover hay, 8,334; flaxseed, 726 bushels; potatoes, 51,636; tobacco, 1,000 lbs.; butter, 415,750; cheese, 150; sorghum, 14,110 gallons; maple syrup, 121; honey, 4,806 lbs.; eggs, 634,737 dozen; grapes, 8,300 lbs.; wine, 1,387 gallons; sweet potatoes, 42 bushels; apples, 14,558; peaches, 20; pears, 145; wool, 29,184 lbs.; milch cows owned, 6,931.—*Ohio State Report, 1888.*

School census, 1888, 9,269; teachers, 183. Miles of railroad track, 86.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Black Creek,	340	1,441	Jefferson,	368	2,406
Butler,	178	1,595	Liberty,		1,196
Centre,	1,059	1,456	Marion,	1,141	1,933
Dublin,	705	2,027	Recovery,	298	1,272
Franklin,		1,015	Salem,	579	1,820
German,	1,499		St. Mary's,	1,515	
Gibson,		1,462	Union,	566	
Granville,	339	1,616	Washington,	214	1,384
Hopewell,		1,185	Wayne,	377	

GENERAL HUGH MERCER.

Population of Mercer in 1830, 1,737; 1840, 8,277; 1860, 14,104; 1880, 21,808, of whom 17,882 were born in Ohio; 586, Indiana; 451, Pennsylvania; 154, Virginia; 93, Kentucky; 87, New York; 1,773, German Empire; 105, Ireland; 62, France; 42, England and Wales; 27, British America, and 19 in Scotland. Census, 1890, 27,220.

This county was named from General Hugh Mercer, who fell at the battle of Princeton, fought January 3, 1777. He was born in the city of Aberdeen, Scotland, about the year 1720; he was educated there at the University; he held the position of assistant surgeon in the army of Prince Charles Edward in the year 1745; in 1747 settled near what is now Mercersburg, Pa.; was wounded in Braddock's expedition; at the outbreak of the Revolution was practising medicine at Fredericksburg, Va.; in 1776, by request of Washington, was made brigadier-general; led the column of attack at Trenton; while rallying his men at Princeton was felled by a

blow from a musket, and, refusing to surrender, was bayonetted five times, and died some days afterwards in great agony. His funeral in the city of Philadelphia was attended by 30,000 people. Congress provided for the education of his youngest son, and the St. Andrew's Society of Philadelphia reared to his memory a monument on Laurel Hill.

St. Clair's Defeat.

This county has been the theatre of a most important event in the early history of the West—St. Clair's defeat. It took place on the southwest corner of the county, within two or three miles of the Indiana line.

The great object of St. Clair's campaign was to establish a military post at the Miami village, at the junction of the St. Mary and St. Joseph, at what is now Fort Wayne, Ind., with intermediate posts of communication between it and Fort Washington, to awe and curb the Indians in that quarter, as the only preventive of future hostilities.

Acting under his instructions, St. Clair proceeded to organize his army. At the close of April (1791) he was at Pittsburg, to which point troops and munitions of war were being forwarded. On the 15th of May he reached Fort Washington, but owing to various hindrances, among which was the mismanagement of the quartermaster's department, the troops, instead of being in readiness to start upon the expedition by the 1st of August, as was anticipated, were not prepared until many weeks later. From Fort Washington the troops were advanced to Ludlow's station, six miles distant. Here the army continued until September 17th, when, being 2,300 strong, exclusive of militia, they moved forward to a point upon the Great Miami, where they built Fort Hamilton. From thence they moved forty-four miles farther, and built Fort Jefferson, which they left on the 24th of October, and began their toilsome march through the wilderness. We copy below from the notes of Judge Burnet:

During this time a body of the militia, amounting to 300, deserted and returned to their homes. The supplies for the army being still in the rear, and the general entertaining fears that the deserters might meet and seize them for their own use, determined, very reluctantly, to send back the first regiment for the double purpose of bringing up the provisions and, if possible, of overtaking and arresting some of the deserters.

Having made that arrangement, the army resumed its march, and, on the 3d of November, arrived at a creek running to the southwest, which was supposed to be the St. Mary's, one of the principal branches of the Maumee, but was afterwards ascertained to be a branch of the Wabash. It being then late in the afternoon, and the army much fatigued by a laborious march, they were encamped on a commanding piece of ground, having the creek in front.

It was the intention of the general to occupy that position till the first regiment, with the provisions, should come up. He proposed on the next day to commence a work of defence, agreeably to a plan concerted between himself and Major Ferguson, but he was not permitted to do either; for, on the next morning, November 4th, half an hour before sunrise, the men having been just dismissed from parade, an attack was made on the militia posted in front, who gave way and rushed back into camp, throwing the army into a state of disorder, from which it could not be recovered, as the Indians followed close at their heels. They were, however, checked a short time by the fire of the first line, but immediately a very heavy fire was commenced on that line, and in a few minutes it was extended to the second.

In each case the great weight of the fire was directed to the centre, where the artillery was placed, from which the men were frequently driven with great slaughter. In that emergency resort was had to the bayonet. Colonel Darke was ordered to make the charge with a part of the second line, which order was executed with great spirit. The Indians instantly gave way, and were driven back several hundred yards, but for want of a sufficient number of riflemen to preserve the advantage gained, the enemy soon renewed their attack, and the American troops in turn were forced to give way.

At that instant the Indians entered the American camp on the left, having forced back the troops stationed at that point. Another charge was then ordered and made by the battalions of Majors Butler and Clark with great success. Several other charges were afterwards made, and always with equal effect. These attacks, however, were attended with a heavy loss of men, and particularly of officers. In the charge made by the second regiment Major Butler was dangerously wounded, and every officer of that regiment

fell, except three, one of whom was shot through the body. The artillery being silenced, and all the officers belonging to it killed, but Captain Ford, who was dangerously wounded, and half the army having fallen, it became necessary to gain the road, if possible, and make a retreat.

For that purpose a successful charge was made on the enemy, as if to turn their right flank, but in reality to gain the road, which was effected. The militia then commenced a retreat, followed by the United States troops, Major Clark with his battalion covering the rear. The retreat, as might be expected, soon became a flight. The camp was abandoned, and so was the artillery, for the want of horses to remove it. The men threw away their arms and accoutrements, even after the pursuit had ceased, which was not continued for more than four miles. The road was almost covered with these articles for a great distance.

All the horses of the general were killed and he was mounted on a broken-down packhorse that could scarcely be forced out of a walk. It was, therefore, impossible for him to get forward in person, to command a halt, till regularity could be restored, and the orders which he dispatched by others for that purpose were wholly unattended to. The rout continued to Fort Jefferson, where they arrived about dark, twenty-seven miles from the battle-ground. The retreat began at half-past nine in the morning, and as the battle commenced half an hour before sunrise, it must have lasted three hours, during which time, with only one exception, the troops behaved with great bravery. This fact accounts for the immense slaughter which took place.

Among the killed were Major-General Butler, Colonel Oldham, Major Ferguson, Major Hart and Major Clark. Among the wounded were Colonel Sargeant, the adjutant-general, Colonel Darke, Colonel Gibson, Major Butler and Viscount Malartie, who served in the character of an aid. In addition to these, the list of officers killed contained the names of Captains Bradford, Phelon, Kirkwood, Price, Van Swearingen, Tipton, Purdy, Smith, Piatt, Gaither, Crebbs and Newman; Lieutenants Spear, Warren, Boyd, McMath, Burgess, Kelso, Read, Little, Hopper and Lickins; also, Ensigns Cobb, Balch, Chase, Turner, Wilson, Brooks, Beatty and Purdy; also, Quartermasters Reynolds and Ward, Adjt. Anderson and Doc. Grasson. And in addition to the wounded officers whose names are mentioned above the official list contains the names of Captains Doyle, Truman, Ford, Buchanan, Darke, and Hough; also of Lieutenants Greaton, Davidson, DeButts, Price, Morgan, McCrea, Lysle and Thompson; also Adjutants Whistler and Crawford, and Ensign Bines.

The melancholy result of that disastrous day was felt and lamented by all who had sympathy for private distress or public misfortune.

The only charge alleged by the general against his army was want of discipline, which they could not have acquired during the short time they had been in the service. That defect rendered it impossible, when they were thrown into confusion to restore them again to order, and is the chief reason why the loss fell so heavily on the officers. They were compelled to expose themselves in an unusual degree in their efforts to rally the men and remedy the want of discipline. In that duty the general set the example, though worn down by sickness and suffering under a painful disease. It was alleged by the officers that the Indians far outnumbered the American troops. That conclusion was drawn, in part, from the fact that they outflanked and attacked the American lines with great force, at the same time, on every side.

When the fugitives arrived at Fort Jefferson, they found the first regiment, which was just returning from the service on which it had been sent, without either overtaking the deserters or meeting the convoy of provisions. The absence of that regiment at the time of the battle was believed by some to be the cause of the defeat. They supposed that had it been present the Indians would have been defeated, or would not have ventured an attack at the time they made it; but General St. Clair expressed great doubt on that subject. He seemed to think it uncertain, judging from the superior number of the enemy, whether he ought to consider the absence of that corps from the field of action as fortunate or otherwise. On the whole, he seemed to think it fortunate, as he very much doubted whether, if it had been in the action, the fortune of the day would have been changed; and if it had not, the triumph of the enemy would have been more complete, and the country would have been left destitute of the means of defence.

As soon as the troops reached Fort Jefferson, it became a question whether they ought to continue at that place or return to Fort Washington. For the purpose of determining that question, the general called on the surviving field officers, to wit: Col. Darke, Major Hamtramck, Maj. Zeigler, and Maj. Gaither, and also the Adjutant-General, Col. Sargeant, for their advice, as to what would be the proper course to be pursued under existing circumstances. After discussing the subject they reported it to be their unanimous opinion, that the troops could not be accommodated in the fort; that they could not be supplied with provisions at that place; and as it was known that there were provisions on the road, at the distance of one or two marches, it would be proper, without loss of time, to proceed and meet them. That advice was adopted, and the army put in motion at ten o'clock and marched all night. On the succeeding day they met a quantity of flour, and on the day after a drove of cattle, which having been disposed of as the wants of the troops required, the march was continued to Fort Washington.

The loss sustained by the country from the fall of so many gallant officers and men was most seriously regretted. Gen. Butler and

Maj. Ferguson were spoken of with peculiar interest. The public feeling was, however, in some measure alleviated by the fact that those brave men, officers and privates, fell covered with honor, in defending the cause of their country.

The principal complaint made by the commander-in-chief was, that some of his orders, of great consequence, given to Col. Oldham over night, were not executed; and that some very material intelligence, communicated by Capt. Hough to Gen. Butler, in the course of the night before the action, was not imparted to him; and that he did not hear of it till his arrival at Fort Washington.

It is important to the fame of the commanding general that in consequence of the almost treasonable negligence of the agents of government, whose duty it was to furnish supplies, the army had been for many days on short allowance, and were so at the time of the battle. That fact had made it indispensably necessary either to retreat or send back the first regiment, which was the flower of the army, to bring up the provisions and military stores. The latter alternative was chosen, and in the absence of that corps the attack was made.

In regard to the negligence charged on the War Department, it is a well-authenticated fact, that boxes and packages were so carelessly put up and marked, that during the action a box was opened marked "flints," which was found to contain gun-locks. Several mistakes of the same character were discovered as for example, a keg of powder marked "for the infantry" was found to be damaged cannon-powder, that could scarcely be ignited.

Under all these disadvantages it was generally believed by candid, intelligent men that the commanding general was not justly liable to much censure, if any. With one exception, at the commencement of the action, the troops behaved with great bravery. They maintained their ground for three tedious hours, in one uninterrupted conflict with a superior force; nor did they attempt to leave the field till it was covered with the bodies of their companions, nor until further efforts were unavailing and a retreat was ordered.

The general, less anxious for himself than for others, was the last to leave the ground after the retreat had been ordered. For some time after the disaster he was universally censured, but when a thorough investigation had been made by a committee of Congress, of which Mr. Giles, of Virginia, was the chairman, it was found that the campaign had been conducted with skill and personal bravery; and that the defeat was chiefly owing to the want of discipline in the militia, and to the negligence of those whose duty it was to procure and forward the provisions and military stores necessary for the expedition.

After the publication of that report, the Secretary of War, believing himself to be injured, addressed a letter to Congress, complaining that injustice had been done him by the committee; in consequence of which the report was recommitted to the same committee, who, after hearing the statements and explanations of the Secretary and reconsidering the whole matter, reaffirmed their first report.

This defeat of St. Clair drew upon his head, from one part of the country to the other, "one loud and merciless outcry of abuse and even detestation." Many a general, with far less bravery and military skill, has, when successful, been applauded by the unthinking multitude with vehement acclamations. The following, derived from the narrative of his campaign, shows that he deserved a better fate:

During the engagement Gen. St. Clair and Gen. Butler were continually going up and down the lines; as one went up one, the other went down the opposite. St. Clair was so severely afflicted with the gout as to be unable to mount or dismount a horse without assistance. He had four horses for his use; they had been turned out to feed over night and were brought in before the action. The first he attempted to mount was a young horse, and the firing alarmed him so much that he was unable to accomplish it, although there were three or four people assisting him. He had just moved him to a place where he could have some advantage of the ground, when the horse was shot through the head, and the boy holding him through the arm. A second horse was brought and the furniture of the first disengaged and put on him; but at the moment it was done the horse and servant who held him were killed. The general then ordered the third horse to be got ready and follow him to the left of the front line, which by that time was warmly engaged, and set off on foot to the point designated. However, the man and horse were never heard of afterward, and were supposed to have both been killed. Gen. St. Clair's fourth horse was killed under the Count de Malartie, one of his aids, whose horse had died on the march.

On the day of the battle St. Clair was not in his uniform; he wore a coarse cappo coat and a three-cornered hat. He had a long queue and large locks, very gray, flowing beneath his beaver. Early in the action, when near the artillery, a ball grazed the side of his face and cut off a portion of one of his locks. It is said that during the action eight balls passed through his clothes and hat. After

his horses were killed he exerted himself on foot for a considerable time during the action with a degree of alertness that surprised everybody who saw him. After being on foot some time, and when nearly exhausted, a pack horse was brought to him. This he rode during the remainder of the day, although he could scarcely prick him out of a walk. Had he not been furnished with a horse, although unhurt, he must have remained on the field.

During the action Gen. St. Clair exerted himself with a courage and presence of mind worthy of the best fortune. He was personally present at the first charge made upon the enemy with the bayonet and gave the order to Col. Darke. When the enemy first entered the camp by the left flank, he led the troops that drove them back, and when a retreat became indispensable, he put himself at the head of the troops which broke through the enemy and opened the way for the rest and then remained in the rear, making every exertion in his power to obtain a party to cover the retreat; but the panic was so great that his exertions were of but little avail. In the height of the action a few of the men crowded around the fires in the centre of the camp. St. Clair was seen drawing his pistols and threatening some of them, and ordering them to turn out and repel the enemy.

Fowler's Story of the Battle.

In commenting upon his honorable acquittal of all blame by the committee of Congress appointed to inquire into the causes of the failure of the expedition, Judge Marshall, in his Life of Washington, remarks, with his usual felicity of manner, "More satisfactory testimony in favor of St. Clair is furnished by the circumstance that he still retained the undiminished esteem and good opinion of President Washington."

To the foregoing description of the battle we extract from the narrative of Major Jacob Fowler, now (1846) living in Covington, Ky., his own personal experience in the events of that fatal day. Mr. Cist, in his *Advertiser*, in which it was published, says: "There was hardly a battle fought in the early struggles with the Indians in which Mr. Fowler did not participate. He is now (July, 1844) at the age of eighty—his eye has not waxed dim, nor his natural force abated. He can still pick off a squirrel with his rifle at one hundred yards distance. He can walk as firmly and as fast as most men at fifty, and I cannot perceive a gray hair in his head. His mind and memory are as vigorous as his physical functions."

Excepting in a single instance, St. Clair kept out no scouting parties during his march, and we should have been completely surprised by the attack when it was made, if it had not been that volunteer scouting parties from the militia were out on the evening before and the constant discharge of rifles throughout the night warned us to prepare for the event. The militia were encamped about a quarter of a mile in front of the residue of the army, so as to receive, as they did, the first shock of the attack, which was made a little after daybreak. The camp was on the bank of a small creek, one of the heads of the Wabash river, the ground nearly level and covered with a heavy growth of timber. As surveyor, I drew the pay and rations of a subaltern, but, as an old hunter, was not disposed to trust myself among the Indians without my rifle. Indeed, I found it very serviceable during the march, the army being upon not more than half rations the whole campaign.

My stock of bullets becoming pretty low from hunting, as soon as it was daylight that morning I started for the militia camp to get a ladle for running some more, when I found that the battle had begun, and met the militia running in to the main body of troops. I hailed one of the Kentuckians, who I found had been disabled in the right wrist by a bullet, asking him if he had balls to spare. He told me to take out his pouch and divide with him. I poured out a double handful and put back what I supposed was the half, and was about to leave him, when he said, "Stop, you had better count them." It was no time for laughing, but I could hardly resist the impulse to laugh, the idea was so ludicrous of counting a handful of bullets when they were about to be so plenty as to be had for the picking up by those who should be lucky enough to escape with their lives. "If we get through this day's scrape, my dear fellow," said I, "I will return you twice as many." But I never saw him again, and suppose he shared the fate that befell many a gallant spirit on that day. I owe the bullets, at any rate, at this moment.

On returning to the lines I found the engagement begun. One of Capt. Piatt's men lay near the spot I had left, shot through the belly. I saw an Indian behind a small tree, not twenty steps off, just outside the regular lines. He was loading his piece, squatting down as much as possible to screen himself. I drew sight at his butt and shot him through; he dropped, and as soon as I

had fired I retreated into our lines to reload my rifle. Finding the fire had really ceased at this point, I ran to the rear line, where I met Col. Darke leading his men to a charge. These were of the six months levies. I followed with my rifle. The Indians were driven by this movement clear out of sight, and the colonel called a halt and rallied his men, who were about three hundred in number. As an experienced woodsman and hunter, I claimed the privilege of suggesting to the colonel that were we then stood—there being a pile of trees blown out of root—would form an excellent breastwork, being of length sufficient to protect the whole force, and that we might yet need it; I judged by the shouting and firing that the Indians behind us had closed up the gap we had made in charging, and told the colonel so. "Now, if we return and charge on these Indians on our rear, we shall have them with their backs on us, and will no doubt be able to give a good account of them." "Lead the way, then," said he, and rode to the rear to march the whole body forward. We then charged on the Indians, but they were so thick we could do nothing with them. In a few minutes they were around us and we found ourselves alongside of the army baggage and the artillery, which they had been taking possession of. I then took a tree and after firing twelve or fourteen times, two or three rods being my farthest shot, I discovered that many of those I had struck were not brought down, as I had not sufficient experience to know I must shoot them in the hip to bring them down. As to the regulars, with their muskets, and in their unprotected state, it was little better than firing at random.

By this time there were about thirty men of Col. Darke's command left standing, the rest being all shot down and lying around us, either killed or wounded. I ran to the colonel, who was in the thickest of it, waving his sword to encourage his men, and told him we should all be down in five minutes more if we did not charge on them. "Charge, then!" said he to the little line that remained, and they did so. Fortunately, the army had charged on the other side at the same time, which put the Indians, for the moment, to flight. I had been partially sheltered by a small tree, but a couple of Indians, who had taken a larger one, both fired at me at once, and feeling the steam of their guns at my belly, I supposed myself cut to pieces. But no harm had been done, and I brought my piece to my side and fired, without aiming at the one that stood his ground, the fellow being so close to me that I could hardly miss him. I shot him through the hips, and while he was crawling away on all fours Col. Darke, who had dismounted and stood close by me, made at him with his sword and struck his head off. By this time the cock of my riflelock had worn loose and gave me much trouble; meeting with an acquaintance from Cincinnati, named McClure, who had no gun of his own, but picked up one from a militia man, I told him my difficulty. "There is a first-rate rifle," said he, pointing to one at a distance. I ran and got it, having ascertained that my bullets would fit it.

Here I met Captain J. S. Gano, who was unarmed, and handing to him the rifle I went into battle with, I observed to him that we were defeated, and would have to make our own escape as speedily as possible; that if we got off, we should need the rifles for subsistence in the woods. The battle still raged, and at one spot might be seen a party of soldiers gathered together, having nothing to do but to present mere marks for the enemy. They appeared stupefied and bewildered with the danger. At another spot the soldiers had broken into the marquees of the officers, eating the breakfast from which those had been called into the battle. It must be remembered that neither officers nor men had eaten anything the whole morning. Some of the men were shot down in the very act of eating. Just where I stood there were no Indians visible, although their rifle-balls were striking all around. At last I saw an Indian break for a tree about forty yards off, behind which he loaded and fired four times, bringing down his man at every fire, and with such quickness as to give me no chance to take sight in the intervals of his firing. At length I got a range of two inches inside his backbone, and blazed away; down he fell, and I saw no more of him.

A short time after I heard the cry given by St. Clair and his adjutant-sergeant to charge to the road, which was accordingly done. I ran across the army to where I had left my relative, Captain Piatt, and told him that the army was broken up and in full retreat. "Don't say so," he replied: "you will discourage my men, and I can't believe it." I persisted a short time, when, finding him obstinate, I said, "If you will rush on your fate, in God's name do it." I then ran off towards the rear of the army, which was making off rapidly.

Piatt called after me, saying, "Wait for me." It was of no use to stop, for by this time the savages were in full chase and hardly twenty yards behind me. Being uncommonly active in those days, I soon got from the rear to front of the troops, although I had great trouble to avoid the bayonets which the men had thrown off in the retreat, with the sharp points towards their pursuers.

It has been stated that the Indians followed us thirty miles; but this is not true, and my duty as surveyor having led me to mark the miles every day as we proceeded on our march out, it was easy to ascertain how far we were pursued. The Indians, after every other fire, fell back to load their rifles, and gained lost time by running on afresh. . . . Even during the last charge of Colonel Darke, the bodies of the dead and dying were around us, and the freshly-scalped heads were reeking with smoke, and in the heavy morning frost looked like so many pumpkins through a cornfield in December. It was on the 4th of November, and the day was severely cold for the season. My fingers became so

benumbed at times that I had to take the bullets in my mouth and load from it, while I had the wiping-stick in my hand to force them down.

PLAN OF ST. CLAIR'S BATTLE-FIELD.

References.—A. High ground, on which the militia were encamped at the commencement of the action. B. C. Encampment of the main army. D. Retreat of the militia at the beginning of the battle. E. St. Clair's trace, on which the defeated army retreated. F. Place where General Butler and other officers were buried. G. Trail to Girty's Town, on the river St. Mary's, at what is now the village of St. Mary's. H. Site of Fort Recovery, built by Wayne; the line of Darke and Mercer runs within a few rods of the site of the fort. I. Place where a brass cannon was found buried in 1830; it is on the bottom where the Indians were three times driven to the highland with the bayonet.

McDOWELL'S STORY.

The map of the battle-ground is from the survey of Mr. John S. Houston, of Celina. The localities * were pointed out to him by Mr. McDowell, who was in the action, and is now living near Recovery. In a letter dated Celina, March 20, 1847, Mr. Houston gives me some notes of a conversation with Mr. McDowell:

Mr. McDowell states that on the morning of the battle he and several others had just gone out to look after and guard their horses, when suddenly they heard the most hideous yells from the opposite side of the river, with discharges of musketry. He instantly rushed to camp, found his regiment preparing for action, joined them, and was with the party who so gallantly charged the enemy in the bottom. On the retreat he was among those who defended the rear, and kept the enemy in check for several miles. The ground was covered with a slushy snow, which much retarded their progress; and, after a while, many of them were so dispirited and hungry —having eaten no breakfast—that they threw down their arms and made the best of their way, pell-mell, among the retreating crowd. About this time Mr. McDowell saw a female carrying her infant, a year old. She was so tired that she was about to fall by the wayside, when he took the child and carried it

* The references A and D were not on the map; neither was the high ground on the east side of the river, which we have placed on it from personal recollection.—*H. H.*

some distance. Afterwards, to save her own life, the woman threw away the child in the snow. The Indians took it up, carried it to the Sandusky towns, and raised it.* Soon after this McDowell overtook a youth, some eighteen years old, wounded in the leg, hobbling along, and dispirited. He gave him a drink of spirits and a little bread (he himself had not had time to eat), which refreshed and encouraged him. Soon after a pony came dashing by. This McDowell caught, and mounting the youth upon it, he safely reached the fort.

At Stillwater creek, twelve miles from the battle-ground, the Indians, who were no longer numerous, left them and returned to share their booty. "Oh!" said an old squaw who died many years ago on the St. Mary's, "my arm that night was weary scalping white man."

Some years ago—said the old man to me—and here his cheeks were moistened with tears—I was travelling in Kentucky to visit a sister I had not seen in many years, when I arrived at Georgetown, and entered my name on the ledger with the place of my residence—Recovery, O.

After I had been sitting some time at ease before a comfortable fire, a gentleman who had noticed the entry of my name and residence, opened a friendly conversation about the place and country. He soon remarked that he was at the defeat of St. Clair, and that if it had not been for the assistance of a young man of Butler's regiment, he would have been there yet.

After a few more questions and replies both parties recognized each other. The gentleman was the youth who had been shot, on the retreat, and whose life—as previously stated—was saved by the interposition of McDowell. At this discovery their surprise and consequent mutual attachment may be imagined. The gentleman insisted upon taking him to his house and introducing him to his wife and daughters. He had become wealthy by merchandising, and, on parting with McDowell, gave him a new suit of clothes and other presents, which he has carefully preserved to this day.

Heroism and Agility of Kennan.

McClung, in his "Sketches of Western Adventure," relates some anecdotes, showing the heroism and activity of a young man who was in this action:

The late William Kennan, of Fleming county, at that time a young man of eighteen, was attached to the corps of rangers who accompanied the regular force. He had long been remarkable for strength and activity. In the course of the march from Fort Washington he had repeated opportunities of testing his astonishing powers in that respect, and was universally admitted to be the swiftest runner of the light corps. On the evening preceding the action his corps had been advanced, as already observed, a few hundred yards in front of the first line of infantry, in order to give seasonable notice of the enemy's approach. Just as day was dawning he observed about thirty Indians within 100 yards of the guards' fire, advancing cautiously toward the spot where he stood, together with about twenty rangers, the rest being considerably in the rear.

Supposing it to be a mere scouting party, as usual, and not superior in number to the rangers, he sprang forward a few paces in order to shelter himself in a spot of peculiarly rank grass, and firing with a quick aim upon the foremost Indian, he instantly fell flat upon his face, and proceeded with all possible rapidity to reload his gun, not doubting for a moment but that the rangers would maintain their position and support him. The Indians, however, rushed forward in such overwhelming masses that the rangers were compelled to fly with precipitation, leaving young Kennan in total ignorance of his danger. Fortunately the captain of his company had observed him when he threw himself into the grass, and suddenly shouted aloud, "Run, Kennan! or you are a dead man!" He instantly sprang to his feet and beheld Indians within ten feet of him, while his company was already more than 100 yards in front.

Not a moment was to be lost. He darted off with every muscle strained to its utmost, and was pursued by a dozen of the enemy with loud yells. He at first pressed straight forward to the usual fording-place in the creek, which ran between the rangers and the main army; but several Indians who had passed him before he rose from the grass threw themselves in the way and completely cut him off from the rest. By the most powerful exertions he had thrown the whole body of pursuers behind him, with the exception of one chief (probably Messhawa), who displayed a swiftness and perseverance equal to his own. In the circuit which Kennan was obliged to take the race continued for more than 400 yards. The distance between them was about eighteen feet, which Kennan could not increase nor his adversary diminish. Each for the time put his whole soul into the race.

Kennan, as far as he was able, kept his eye upon the motions of his pursuer, lest he should throw the tomahawk, which he held aloft in a menacing attitude, and at length, finding that no other Indian was immediately at hand, he determined to try the mettle of

* It is stated in some accounts that about fifty, and in others, that nearly 200 women were killed in the action and flight.—*H. H.*

his pursuer in a different manner, and felt for his tomahawk in order to turn at bay. It had escaped from its sheath, however, while he lay in the grass, and his hair had almost lifted the cap from his head when he saw himself totally disarmed. As he had slackened his pace for a moment the Indian was almost in reach of him when he recommenced the race; but the idea of being without arms lent wings to his feet, and, for the first time, he saw himself gaining ground. He had watched the motions of his pursuer too closely, however, to pay proper attention to the nature of the ground before him, and he suddenly found himself in front of a large tree which had been blown down, and upon which brush and other impediments lay to the height of eight or nine feet.

The Indian (who heretofore had not uttered the slightest sound) now gave a short, quick yell, as if secure of his victim. Kennan had not a moment to deliberate. He must clear the impediment at a leap or perish. Putting his whole soul into the effort. he bounded into the air with a power which astonished himself, and clearing limbs, brush and everything else, alighted in perfect safety upon the other side. A loud yell of astonishment burst from the band of pursuers, not one of whom had the hardihood to attempt the same feat. Kennan, as may be readily imagined, had no leisure to enjoy his triumph, but dashing into the bed of the creek (upon the banks of which his feat had been performed), where the high banks would shield him from the fire of the enemy, he ran up the stream until a convenient place offered for crossing, and rejoined the rangers in the rear of the encampment, panting from the fatigue of exertions which have seldom been surpassed. No breathing time was allowed him, however. The attack instantly commenced, and, as we have already observed, was maintained for three hours with unabated fury.

When the retreat commenced, Kennan was attached to Maj. Clarke's battalion, and had the dangerous service of protecting the rear. This corps quickly lost its commander, and was completely disorganized. Kennan was among the hindmost when the fight commenced, but exerting those same powers which had saved him in the morning, he quickly gained the front, passing several horsemen in the flight. Here he beheld a private in his own company, an intimate acquaintance, lying upon the ground with his thigh broken, and in tones of the most piercing distress, implored each horseman who hurried by to take him up behind him. As soon as he beheld Kennan coming up on foot, he stretched out his arms and called aloud upon him to save him. Notwithstanding the imminent peril of the moment, his friend could not reject so passionate an appeal, but seizing him in his arms he placed him upon his back and ran in that manner for several hundred yards. Horseman after horseman passed them, all of whom refused to relieve him of his burden.

At length the enemy was gaining upon him so fast that Kennan saw their death certain unless he relinquished his burden. He accordingly told his friend that he had used every possible exertion to save his life, but in vain; that he must relax his hold around his neck or they would both perish. The unhappy wretch, heedless of every remonstrance, still clung convulsively to his back, and impeded his exertions until the foremost of the enemy (armed with tomahawks alone) were within twenty yards of them. Kennan then drew his knife from its sheath and cut the fingers of his companion, thus compelling him to relinquish his hold. The unhappy man rolled upon the ground in utter helplessness. and Kennan beheld him tomahawked before he had gone thirty yards. Relieved from his burden, he darted forward with an activity which once more brought him to the van. Here again he was compelled to neglect his own safety in order to attend to that of others.

The late Governor Madison, of Kentucky, who afterwards commanded the corps which defended themselves so honorably at Raisin, a man who united the most amiable temper to the most unconquerable courage, was at that time a subaltern in St. Clair's army, and being a man of infirm constitution, was totally exhausted by the exertions of the morning and was now sitting down calmly upon a log, awaiting the approach of his enemies. Kennan hastily accosted him and inquired the cause of his delay. Madison, pointing to a wound which had bled profusely, replied that he was unable to walk any further, and had no horse. Kennan instantly ran back to a spot where he had seen an exhausted horse grazing, caught him without difficulty, and having assisted Madison to mount, walked by his side until they were out of danger. Fortunately, the pursuit soon ceased, as the plunder of the camp presented irresistible attractions to the enemy. The friendship thus formed between these two young men endured without interruption through life. Mr. Kennan never entirely recovered from the immense exertions which he was compelled to make during this unfortunate expedition. He settled in Fleming county, and continued for many years a leading member of the Baptist church. He died in 1827.

The number of Indians engaged in this action can never be ascertained with any degree of certainty. They have been variously estimated from 1,000 to 3,000.

Col. John Johnston, long an Indian agent in this region, and whose opportunities for forming a correct opinion on this subject are worthy of consideration, in a communication

to us (1846), says: "The number of Indians at the defeat of St. Clair, must have been large. At that time game was plenty and any number could be conveniently subsisted. Wells, one of our interpreters, was there with and fought for the enemy. To use his own language, he tomahawked and scalped the wounded, dying and dead, until he was unable to raise his arm. The principal tribes in the battle were the Delawares, Shawanese, Wyandots, Miamies and Ottawas, with some Chippewas and Putawatimes. The precise number of the whole I had no accurate means of knowing; it could not be less than 2,000."

The following song is not the best of poetry, but it has frequently been sung with sad emotion, and is worthy of preservation as a relic of olden time:

SAINCLAIRE'S DEFEAT.

'Twas November the fourth, in the year of ninety-one,
We had a sore engagement near to Fort Jefferson;
Sinclaire was our commander, which may remembered be,
For there we left nine hundred men in t' West'n Ter'tory.

At Bunker's Hill and Quebeck, where many a hero fell,
Likewise at Long Island, (it is I the truth can tell,)
But such a dreadful carnage may I never see again
As hap'ned near St. Mary's, upon the river plain.

Our army was attacked just as the day did dawn,
And soon were overpowered and driven from the lawn.
They killed Major *Ouldham*, *Levin* and *Briggs* likewise,
And horrid yells of sav'ges resounded through the skies.

Major *Butler* was wounded in the very second fire;
His manly bosom swell'd with rage when forc'd to retire;
And as he lay in anguish, nor scarcely could he see,
Exclaim'd, "Ye hounds of hell, O! revenged I will be."

We had not been long broken when General *Butler* found
Himself so badly wounded, was forced to quit the ground.
"My God!" says he, "what shall we do, we're wounded every man?
Go charge them, valiant heroes, and beat them if you can."

He leaned his back against a tree, and there resigned his breath,
And like a valiant soldier sunk in the arms of death;
When blessed angels did await, his spirit to convey;
And unto the celestial fields he quickly bent his way.

We charg'd again with courage firm, but soon again gave ground,
The war-whoop then redoubled, as did the foes around.
They killed Major *Ferguson*, which caused his men to cry,
"Our only safety is in flight, or fighting here to die."

"Stand to your guns," says valiant *Ford*, "let's die upon them here
Before we let the sav'ges know we ever harbored fear."
Our cannon-balls exhausted, and artill'ry-men all slain,
Obliged were our musketmen the en'my to sustain.

Yet three hours more we fought them, and then were forc'd to yield,
When three hundred bloody warriors lay stretch'd upon the field.
Says Colonel *Gibson* to his men, "My boys, be not dismay'd;
I'm sure that true Virginians were never yet afraid.

Ten thousand deaths I'd rather die, than they should gain the field!"
With that he got a fatal shot, which caused him to yield.
Says Major *Clark*, "My heroes, I can here no longer stand,
We'll strive to form in order, and retreat the best we can."

The word, Retreat, being pass'd around, there was a dismal cry,
Then helter-skelter through the woods, like wolves and sheep they fly.
This well-appointed army, who but a day before,
Defied and braved all danger, had like a cloud pass'd o'er.

Alas! the dying and wounded, how dreadful was the thought,
To the tomahawk and scalping-knife, in mis'ry are brought.
Some had a thigh and some an arm broke on the field that day,
Who writhed in torments at the stake, to close the dire affray.

To mention our brave officers, is what I wish to do;
No sons of Mars e'er fought more brave, or with more courage true.
To Captain *Bradford* I belonged, in his artillery.
He fell that day amongst the slain; a valiant man was he.

Some time after the defeat of St. Clair, Wilkinson, who had succeeded him in the command of Fort Washington, ordered an expedition to visit the battle-ground. Capt. Buntin, who was with the party, afterwards addressed a letter to St. Clair, from which we make an extract:

In my opinion, those unfortunate men who fell into the enemy's hands with life were used with the greatest torture, having their limbs torn off; and the women have been treated with the most indecent cruelty, having stakes as thick as a person's arm driven through their bodies. The first I observed when burying the dead; and the latter was discovered by Col. Sargent and Dr. Brown. We found three whole carriages; the other five were so much damaged that they were rendered useless. By the general's orders pits were dug in different places, and all the dead bodies that were exposed to view or could be conveniently found (the snow being very deep) were buried. During this time there were sundry parties detached, some for our safety and others in examining the course of the creek; and some distance in advance of the ground occupied by the militia, they found a large camp, not less than three-quarters of a mile long, which was supposed to be that of the Indians the night before the action. We remained on the field that night, and next morning fixed geared horses to the carriages and moved for Fort Jefferson. . . . As there is little reason to believe that the enemy have carried off the cannon, it is the received opinion that they were either buried or thrown into the creek, and I think the latter the most probable; but as it was frozen over with thick ice, and that covered with a deep snow, it was impossible to make a search with any prospect of success. In a former part of this letter I have mentioned the camp occupied by the enemy the night before the action; had Col. Oldham been able to have complied with your orders on that evening things at this day might have worn a different aspect.

Mr. McDowell, previously mentioned, was one of those who visited the battle-ground.

He states that although the bodies were much abused and stripped of all of value they recognized and interred them in four large graves. Gen. Butler was found in the shattered remains of his tent. After he was wounded he was borne to the tent, and while two surgeons were dressing his wounds a ball struck one of them in the hip. At this instant, an Indian, who was determined to have the scalp of Butler, rushed in and while attempting to scalp him, was shot by the dying surgeon.

In December, 1793, Gen. Wayne, having arrived with his army at Greenville, sent forward a detachment to the spot of St. Clair's defeat.

They arrived on the ground on Christmas day and pitched their tents on the battle-ground. When the men went to lie down in their tents at night they had to scrape the bones together and carry them out to make their beds. The next day holes were dug and the bones remaining above ground were buried, six hundred skulls being found among them. The flesh was entirely off the bones, and in many cases the sinews yet held them together. After this melancholy duty was performed a fortification was built and named FORT RECOVERY, in commemoration of its being recovered from the Indians, who had possession of the ground in 1791. On the completion of the fort one company of artillery and one of riflemen were left, while the rest returned to Greenville.

ATTACK ON FORT RECOVERY.

The site of St. Clair's battle became the scene of a sanguinary affair in the summer of 1794, while Wayne's army was encamped at Greenville, of which Burnet's Notes give the best description we have seen.

On the 30th of June a very severe and bloody battle was fought under the walls of Fort Recovery between a detachment of American troops, consisting of ninety riflemen and fifty dragoons, commanded by Major McMahon, and a very numerous body of Indians and British, who at the same instant rushed on the detachment, and assailed the fort on every side with great fury. They were repulsed with a heavy loss, but again rallied and renewed the attack, keeping up a heavy and constant fire during the whole day, which was returned with spirit and effect by the garrison.

The succeeding night was foggy and dark and gave the Indians an opportunity of carrying off their dead by torch-light, which occasionally drew a fire from the garrison. They, however, succeeded so well that there were but eight or ten bodies left on the ground, which were too near the garrison to be approached. On the next morning, McMahon's detachment having entered the fort, the enemy renewed the attack and continued it with great desperation during the day, but were ultimately compelled to retreat from the same field on which they had been proudly victorious on the 4th of November, 1791.

The expectation of the assailants must have been to surprise the post, and carry it by storm, for they could not possibly have received intelligence of the movement of the escort under Major McMahon, which only marched from Greenville on the morning preceding, and on the same evening deposited in Fort Recovery the supplies it had convoyed. That occurrence could not, therefore, have led to the movement of the savages.

Judging from the extent of their encampment, and their line of march, in seventeen columns, forming a wide and extended front, and from other circumstances, it was believed their numbers could not have been less than from 1,500 to 2,000 warriors. It was also believed that they were in want of provisions, as they had killed and eaten a number of pack-horses in their encampment the evening after the assault, and also at their encampment on their return, seven miles from Recovery, where they remained two nights, having been much encumbered with their dead and wounded.

From the official return of Major Mills, adjutant-general of the army, it appears that twenty-two officers and non-commissioned officers were killed, and thirty wounded. Among the former were Major McMahon, Capt. Hartshorn and Lieut. Craig: and among the wounded, Capt. Taylor of the dragoons and Lieut. Darke of the legion. Capt. Gibson, who commanded the fort, behaved with great gallantry, and received the thanks of the commander-in-chief, as did every officer and soldier of the garrison and the escort who were engaged in that most gallant and successful defence.

Immediately after the enemy had retreated it was ascertained that their loss had been very heavy; but the full extent of it was not known till it was disclosed at the treaty of Greenville. References were made to that battle by several of the chiefs in council, from which it was manifest that they had not even then ceased to mourn the distressing losses sustained on that occasion. Having made the attack with a determination to carry the fort or perish in the attempt, they exposed their persons in an unusual degree, and of course a large number of the bravest of their chiefs and warriors perished before they abandoned the enterprise.

From the facts afterwards communicated to the general it was satisfactorily ascertained that there were a considerable number of British soldiers and Detroit militia engaged with the savages on that occasion. A few days previous to that affair the general had sent out three small parties of Chickasaw and Choctaw Indians, to take prisoners for the purpose of obtaining information. One of those parties returned to Greenville on the 28th, and reported that they had fallen in with a large body of Indians at Girty's Town (crossing of the St. Mary's), on the evening of the 27th of June, apparently bending their course towards Chillicothe, on the Miami; and that there were a great many white men with them. The two other parties followed the trail of the hostile Indians, and were in sight when the assault on the post commenced. They affirm, one and all, that there were a large number of armed white men, with painted faces, whom they frequently heard conversing in English, and encouraging the Indians to persevere; and that there were also three British officers, dressed in scarlet, who appeared to be men of distinction from the great attention and respect which were paid to them. These persons kept at a distance in the rear of the assailants. Another strong, corroborating proof that there were British soldiers and militia in the assault, is that a number of ounce-balls and buckshot were found lodged in the block-houses and stockades of the fort; and that others were picked up on the ground, fired at such a distance as not to have momentum sufficient to enter the logs.

It was supposed that the British engaged in the attack expected to find the artillery that was lost on the fatal 4th of November, which had been hid in the ground and covered with logs by the Indians in the vicinity of the battle-field. This inference was supported by the fact that during the conflict they were seen turning over logs and examining different places in the neighborhood, as if searching for something. There were many reasons for believing that they depended on that artillery to aid in the reduction of the fort; but fortunately most of it had been previously found by its legitimate owners, and was then employed in its defence.

James Neill, a pack-horse man in the American service, who was taken prisoner by the Indians during the attack, and tied to a stump about half a mile from the fort, after

his return stated to the general that the enemy lost a great number in killed and wounded; that while he was at the stump he saw about twenty of their dead and a great many wounded carried off. He understood there were 1,500 Indians and white men in the attack; and on their return to the Miami the Indians stated that no men ever fought better than they did at Recovery; and that their party lost twice as many men in that attack as they did at St. Clair's defeat.

Jonathan Alder, who was then living with the Indians, gives in his manuscript autobiography an account of the attack on the fort. He states that Simon Girty was in the action, and that one of the American officers was killed by Thomas McKee, a son of the British agent, Col. Alexander McKee. We have room but for a single extract, showing the risk the Indians encountered to bring off their wounded.

In the morning, when we arose, an old Indian addressed us, saying, "We last night went out to take the fort by surprise, and lost several of our men killed and wounded. There is one wounded man lying near the fort who must be brought away, for it would be an eternal shame and scandal to the tribe to allow him to fall into the hands of the whites to be massacred. I wish to know who will volunteer to go and bring him away." Big Turtle, who knew where he lay, answered that he would go; but as no one else volunteered, the old Indian pointed out several of us successively, myself among the number, saying that we must accompany Big Turtle. Upon this we rose up without a word and started. As soon as we came into the edge of the cleared ground those in the fort began shooting at us. We then ran crooked, from one tree to another, the bullets in the meanwhile flying about us like hail. At length, while standing behind a big tree, Big Turtle ordered us not to stop any more, but run in a straight line, as we were only giving them time to load—that those foremost in going should have the liberty of first returning. He then pointed out the wounded man, and we started in a straight line through a shower of bullets. When we reached him we were within sixty yards of the fort. We all seized him and retreated for our lives, first dodging from one side and then to the other, until out of danger. None of us were wounded but Big Turtle. A ball grazed his thigh and a number of bullets passed through his hunting shirt that hung loose. When we picked up the wounded man his shirt flew up, and I saw that he was shot in the belly. It was green all around the bullet holes, and I concluded that we were risking our lives for a dead man.

A small village, now (1846) containing a few houses only, was laid off on the site of St. Clair's defeat, in 1836, by Larkin and McDaniels. It is twenty-three miles north of Greenville. Many relics of the battle have been discovered—muskets, swords, tomahawks, scalping knives, cannon balls, grape and musket shot, etc. Among the bones found is that of a skull, now in possession of Mr. William McDaniels, showing the marks of a bullet, a tomahawk and a scalping knife. St. Clair lost several cannon, all of which but *one* were subsequently recovered by Wayne. This was long known to be missing, and about a dozen years since was discovered buried in the mud near the mouth of the creek. It is now in possession of an artillery company in Cincinnati. When the low ground in the valley of the river was cleared, several years since, a large quantity of bullets and grape shot were found in the bodies of trees, from twenty to thirty feet above the ground, from which it seems that the troops and artillery, having been stationed on high ground, fired over the enemy. On burning the trees the lead melting ran down their trunks, discoloring them so much as to be perceived at a considerable distance.

The remains of Major McMahon and his companions, who fell at the time of the attack on the fort, were buried within its walls. Some years since their bones were disinterred and reburied with the honors of war, in one coffin, in the village graveyard. McMahon was known from the size of his bones. He was about 6 feet 6 inches in height. A bullet hole was in his skull, the ball having entered his temple and come out at the back of his head. He was originally from near the Mingo bottom, just below Steubenville. He was a famous Indian fighter and captain, and classed by the borderers on the upper Ohio with Brady and the Wetzels.—*Old Edition.*

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

THE MERCER COUNTY RESERVOIR.

Said to be the largest artificial lake on the globe.

Ford Lewis, Photo., Celina, 1890.

STREET VIEW IN CELINA.

A church in course of construction is shown on the left, the Court-House on the right, the Reservoir in the distance.

CELINA, county-seat of Mercer, on the Wabash river, 100 miles southwest of Toledo, about 100 miles north of Cincinnati, and about ninety miles northwest of Columbus, is on the L. E. & W., C. J. & M., and T., St. L. & K. C. Railroads; is also on the Grand Reservoir, ten miles long—the largest artificial lake in the United States, covering 17,000 acres with an average depth of ten feet. County officers, 1888: Auditor, Theophilus G. Touvelle; Clerk, Henry Lennartz; Commissioners, John H. Siebert, Peter Haubert, Christian Fanger; Coroner, Theodore G. McDonald; Infirmary Directors, Charles F. Lutz, Philip Heiby, David Overly; Probate Judge, Stafford S. Scranton; Prosecuting Attorney, Byron M. Clendening; Recorder, William C. Snyder; Sheriff, James F. Timmonds; Surveyor, Justin M. DeFord; Treasurer, Samuel A. Nickerson. City officers, 1888: Joseph May, Mayor; Charles Gable, Clerk; H. F. Juneman, Treasurer; George H. Houser, Marshal. Newspapers: *Der Mercer County Bote*, German, Democratic, William Stelzer, editor and publisher; *Mercer County Observer*, Republican, Jameson & Ross, editors and publishers; *Mercer County Standard*, Democratic, A. P. Snyder, editor and publisher. Churches: one Catholic, one Lutheran, one Presbyterian, one United Brethren, one Methodist. Banks: Citizens', Chr. Schunck, president, J. W. DeFord, cashier; Godfrey & Milligan.

Manufactures and Employees.—Krenning Woollen Mills, blankets, etc., 10 hands; Celina Machine Works, machine shop, 7; W. B. Nimmons, barrel heads, 45; W. H. Beery, flour and feed, 4; Timmonds & Estry, doors, sash, etc., 6; A. Wykoff & Son, carriages, etc., 10; Celina City Mills, flour, etc., 3.—*Ohio State Report, 1888.* Population, 1880, 1,346. School census, 1888, 752; George S. Harter, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, $79,525. Value of annual product, $132,500.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.* Census, 1890, 2,684.

Celina is steadily prospering; its manufactures are chiefly wood, as are those of northwestern Ohio generally. The centre and south part of the county is a rich gas field, while north of Celina extends the oil territory. Celina is a Democratic stronghold. It has furnished the Ohio Legislature with two Democratic speakers of the House in the persons of ex-Congressman F. C. Le Blond and Hon. A. D. Marsh, while Hon. Thomas Jefferson Godfrey in 1868 was president of the Senate, and in 1869 was on the Democratic ticket for lieutenant-governor, with George H. Pendleton as candidate for governor; he was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1873–1874, and on the judiciary committee. He takes much interest in education, and has for years been a trustee of the State University. The German Catholic element is strong in Celina, and, indeed, in the new northwest of Ohio generally, and it makes a thrifty, upright, industrious body of pioneers, intensely patriotic and well adapted to cope with a wilderness condition.

The old county-seat was St. Mary's, described on page 302, where stood the old fort St. Mary's, built by Wayne. Col. John Johnston gave us this account of the last commander of that fort, Capt. John Whistler, who appears to have been a remarkable man.

He was a soldier from his youth, came to America in Burgoyne's army, and was taken prisoner at Saratoga. He remained afterwards in the United States, entered the Western army under St. Clair, and survived the disastrous defeat of November, 1791, at which he acted as sergeant. In 1793 an order came from the war office, purporting that any non-commissioned officer who should raise twenty-five recruits would receive the commission of an ensign. He succeeded in this way in obtaining the office, from which he rose to a captaincy, and commanded in succession Forts St. Mary's, Wayne and Dearborn, at Chicago. He built the latter without the aid of a horse or ox; the timber and materials were all hauled by the labor of the soldiers, their commander always at their head assisting. He could recruit more men and perform more labor than any other officer in the army. Age and hard service at length broke him down. He retired from the line of the army and received the appointment of military storekeeper at St. Louis, where he died about 1826.

By the formation of Auglaise county in 1848, St. Mary's was embodied in it, although Celina, then as now, was the county-seat. It had but few inhabitants. Celina was surveyed and laid out by James Watson Riley, for himself, Rufus W. Stearnes, Robert Linzer, 2d, and Peter Aughenbaugh, joint proprietors of the land, and the plat recorded September 8, 1834. The name Celina was given after that of Salina, N. Y., because, like that place, it stood at the head of a lake. The name was changed in spelling from "Sa" to "Ce," to prevent confusion of post-offices. The town slowly got a start, and when the Harrison campaign ensued in 1840, the county officers had removed here from St. Mary's, and got domiciled in log huts, and the court-house had received its roof.

After the excitement of the Harrison campaign was over, a chopping frolic or "bee" was held to cut down the timber on the town site, and give the sun a chance to dry up the mud. So, on a beautiful Indian summer day about seventy experienced choppers from all the country round came to Celina with their sharp, glistening axes; women, too, came with them to do their cooking; and, after a great day of work, they partook of a generous supper of substantials, and then ensued a grand dance, kept up by many until daylight did appear. When they cleared the woods they adopted the method described on page 468.

TRAVELLING NOTES.

This is Thursday evening, December 9, and I am in Celina, county-seat of Mercer, and the southernmost of the wild counties of Ohio on the Indiana line. I got here by rail from Paulding near sunset, in a freight train with a caboose attached, and through the woods nearly all the way. This entire wild region of woods and swamps of Northwestern Ohio fill one with an indescribable emotion of coming greatness from its great fertility when cleared and drained. In the meanwhile its wood crop yields full reward for manly toil.

Celina, with its effeminate, soft-sounding name, is small and has the aspect of newness as though the place itself was but newly arrived. From its name we should look for a refined and gentle population. Its main street is very broad, and I walked in the beautiful crisp air and in the bright moon to its foot where lies the great artificial lake. Boys and girls were there skating—their glad voices rang on the air.

Lines of fish-houses are on the banks. The old picture which I took in 1846 of the lake was at the St. Mary's end, ten miles east. In it are shown dead forests standing in the water. These now have disappeared everywhere and in their places stand decayed and decaying stumps, projecting a few inches above the water, their many miles of black heads showing where the forests had been a singular appearance for the surface of the lake. Under the water the wood is preserved from decay by its continuous immersion. By the rise and fall of the water the exposed part of the stumps decay. The decayed vegetable matter when the water is low fills the air with a horrible odor, which I am told is some summers so sickening as to almost drive the people away. In time this will be remedied by a systematic clearing away of the stumps, or sawing them off below the lowest water-line.

Several small islands are in the lake, one of which—Eagle's Island—is the abode of a professional fisherman; another is a pleasure resort for pic-nic parties, hunting and fishing, which is reached by a small steamer and various other boats. The fish are largely caught by nets, as black and rock bass, catfish, roach, bull heads, ring perch, etc. During the spring and autumn of each year wild fowl gather here in large and incredible numbers, and as a fishing and hunting resort it is very attractive, and large parties come here for that purpose from all parts of the State.

It is now nine o'clock and I am in the depot at Celina, and make this note: "In a few minutes shall start South." It has been a clear, glorious, sunny winter day; no overcoat wanted. Mere existence has been joyous. The sun has set bright over a dead level forest country and the full moon risen huge in the East. But the train is approaching; its big head-light looms up in the distance, seeming to say, "I'm coming to bear you on your way." Slow, stumbling "Old Pomp" has had his day.

The father of Celina was James Watson Riley. He was the son of Captain

James Riley, the once Arab captive, whose history is given in Van Wert county. The son was born in 1804, in Middletown, Connecticut, and came with his family to Ohio when quite young. The inscription on his monument in Celina is annexed:

In Heaven Rest.

Sacred to the Memory of our Father,

JAMES WATSON RILEY.

DIED

January, 1870.

AGED

65 years, 10 months and 11 days.

There never lived a better husband, a kinder father,

a truer friend.

He was a somewhat tall, wiry man of great energy and push, whom I gratefully remember, he having supplied me with valuable material for my original edition. The inscription on his monument is a model. One feels it is true; an emanation from a loving heart. Better than all titles, and all honors, and all material possessions, is it, to deserve such an epitaph.

His life, was, however, great, because given to developing the swamp region of the State, and he was the proprietor of the towns of Van Wert, Paulding and Celina, all county-seats, which he surveyed and founded. His ambition was to enter the wilderness, carve out villages which should serve as centres for young prospering communities. To have been the creator of three county-seats is an extraordinary honor, not, we think, paralleled anywhere.

Public office sought him; at one time he was Register of the United States Land Office. He was an ardent Whig in the old Tippecanoe times and made a strong contest for Congress in opposition to Hon. Wm. Sawyer. The district was hopelessly Democratic, but by stumping it he reduced Mr. Sawyer's majority from 2,500 to 1,000.

Sawyer represented this Congressional district from 1845 to 1849, and he got fastened upon him the epithet of "Sausage." And this was the way of it: Wm. E. Robinson, the waggish reporter "Richelieu," of the *New York Tribune*, had given a comic description of the Hon. Wm. Sawyer's bringing on to the floor of Congress a cold lunch, and spreading it on his desk and partaking of it with a gusto in the presence of his fellow-members while in session.

Cold sausage, as described, was the principle article of the *menu*. The Democratic majority expelled Mr. Robinson, but he came back some years later and took his seat, not this time in the reporter's gallery, but on the floor of the House, right among the Democrats, as the Democratic member from the

Brooklyn, New York, district. Mr. Sawyer was ever after known as "Sausage Sawyer." It was a cruel epithet to apply to a worthy man.

Robinson was a red-headed North of Ireland man, educated in this country; his college mates called him "Jack." He oozed with fun; couldn't help it; was born that way. This made him, in his youthful days, a favorite on the Whig platform, to which he was always called with vociferous yells and stampings. We once saw him mount the orating stage, throw his hat, an old soft, white hat which he had under his arm, at his feet and make a comic apostrophe to it as an opening to more fun. Jack we believe and hope is yet living, and if living must have opened this very day with a good joke, possibly may have lunched on cold sausage. The last we saw of Jack was fourteen years ago; he was on a public platform as a companion to Dr. John G. Holland, the poet. His red hair had bleached to a dull white and stood out huge and bushy in all directions, which gave to him a sage and venerable aspect.

Slang epithets and fancy names, we believe, are universal. Public men are especially favored. Napoleon the First was dubbed by his soldiers "Little Corporal," and Wellington travelled as the "Iron Duke." Coming to our own country, Andrew Jackson was "Old Hickory;" Martin Van Buren, the "Little Magician;" Thomas Benton, "Old Bullion;" John Quincy Adams, the "Old Man Eloquent;" Daniel Webster, the "God-like Webster" and "Black Dan;" General Winfield Scott, "Fuss and Feathers;" Henry Clay, "Mill Boy of the Slashes" and "Cooney;" Mr. Blaine, the "Plumed Knight;" and General Butler, "Spoons."

Coming to Ohio we find General W. H. Harrison was a "Granny;" Thomas Corwin, a "Wagon Boy;" Gov. Wood, "Tall Chief of the Cuyahogas;" Hon. Samuel Medary, "War Horse of the Democracy;" Gov. Allen, "Chinese Gong" and "Fog Horn," from his tremendous voice, and then having used in a speech the sentence, "Earthquake of indignation," became "Earthquake Allen;" Mr. Ewing was "Solitude Ewing," from a speech in the Senate when, speaking of the disastrous effects of the removal of the deposits from the United States Bank by General Jackson, he had said: "Our canals have become a solitude, and the lake a desert waste of waters." This term solitude is poetical, having in it the element of pleasing melancholy. Possibly, in using it Mr. Ewing may have been reading "Zimmerman on Solitude." If he had lived to our time it might have been Algers' "Genius of Solitude," which last we can commend to all thoughtful souls who have aspirations for indulgence in "pleasing melancholy."

Coming to the war period and later, "Old Stars" stood for the astronomer, General Ormsby Knight Mitchell. He had pointed his telescope so much aloft to see what Jupiter and its travelling moons were doing, his soldiers thought "Old Stars" was a good fit. "Uncle Billy" is a term of endearment for Sherman. As they use it the old veterans feel drawn closer to the General, their hearts beating in unison. They realize in the time of trouble he had a brother's love, was ready to share his last cracker with them as he is now to welcome them and their wives and daughters, greeting the latter sometimes with the fraternal kiss; "for of such is," etc. "Little Breeches" for a while was Mr. Foraker's designation, growing out of his youthful experience; like the breeches it had no permanence, soon was worn out and cast away; but Judge Thurman remains "Honest," while "King Bob" yet wears the crown.

In private life nicknames are endless. Our Indians appear to have none other. "Fool Dog" designated a Sioux chief. Said a department commander of the army to us: "Fool Dog was as good a man as I ever knew; he was exceedingly fond of me. Yes, I think Fool Dog would have died for me." Every reader must remember some of his schoolmates that had eccentric appellations. One I had was known as "Scoopendiver Bill." How he got it I never knew; but I did of another, "Boots." His father had sent him with his boots for the mending; the lad drew them over his own boots, and shuffling past the school-house when his mates were out at play, they filled the air with the cry of "Boots! boots! boots!" The epithet "Boots" became a permanent fixture. His real name passed into oblivion, his schoolmates never using any other than "Boots." He is yet living, but being aged it must be as "*Old Boots.*"

The Mercer County Reservoir.

The largest artificial lake, it is said, on the globe, is formed by the reservoir supplying the St. Mary's feeder of the Miami extension canal, from which it is situated three miles west. The reservoir is about nine miles long and from two to four broad. It is on the summit, between the Ohio and the lakes. About one-half in its natural state was a prairie, and the remainder a forest. It was formed by raising two walls of earth, from ten to twenty-five feet high, called respectively the East and West embankment, the first of which is about two miles and the last near four in length. These walls, with the elevation of the ground to the north and south, form a huge basin to retain the water.

The reservoir was commenced in 1837 and completed in 1845, at an expense of several hundred thousand dollars. The west embankment was completed in 1843. The water filled in at the upper end to the depth of several feet, but as the ground rose gradually to the east it overflowed for several miles to the depth of a few inches only. This vast body of water thus exposed to the powerful rays of the sun, would, if allowed to have remained, have bred pestilence through the adjacent country. Moreover, whole farms that belonged to individuals, yet unpaid for by the State, were completely submerged. Under these circumstances, about one hundred and fifty residents of the county turned out with spades and shovels and by two days of industry tore a passage for the water through the embankment. It cost several thousand dollars to repair the damage. Among those concerned in this affair were persons high in official station and respectability, some of whom here for the first time blistered their hands at manual labor. They were all liable to the State law making the despoiling of public works a penitentiary offence, but a grand jury could not be found in Mercer to find a bill of indictment.

The Legislature, by a joint resolution, passed in 1837, resolved that no reservoir should be made for public canals without the timber being first cleared; it was unheeded by officers in charge of this work. The trees were only girdled and thus thousands of acres of most valuable timber that would have been of great value to the Commonwealth in building of bridges and other constructions on the public works wantonly wasted.

The view of the reservoir was taken from the east embankment, and presents a singular scene. In front are dead trees and stumps scattered about, and roofs of deserted cabins rising from the water. Beyond a cluster of green prairie grass waves in the rippling waters, while to the right and left thousands of acres of dead forest trees, with no sign of life but a few scattered willows bending in the water, combine to give an air of wintry desolation to the scene. The reservoir abounds in fish and wild fowl, while innumerable frogs make the air vocal with their bellowings. The water is only a few feet deep, and in storms the waves dash up six or eight feet and foam like an ocean in miniature. A few years since a steamer twenty-five feet in length, called the "Seventy-six," with a boiler of seventy gallons capacity, a pipe four feet in height, and commanded by Captain Gustavus Darnold, plied on its waters.

The foregoing account of the reservoir is from our original edition. The *Mercer County Standard* of April, 1871, has a fuller description, from which we take some items:

Justin Hamilton, of Mercer county, introduced a resolution into the Legislature, which was unanimously adopted: "That no water should be let into the reservoir before the same should be cleared of timber and the parties paid for this land." The Legislature appropriated $20,000 for this purpose, but it was squandered by the officers and land speculators.

When the water was let in, growing crops of wheat belonging to various owners and other farm property were submerged. The people, indignant, held a public meeting at Celina, May 3, 1843; chose Samuel Ruckman, County Commissioner, President, and sent Benjamin Linzee to Piqua to lay their grievances, with an address, before the head of the Board of Public Works, Messrs. Spencer and Ramsey, etc., who returned the sneering answer, "*Help yourselves if you can.*"

On the 12th the meeting returned Mr. Linzee to Piqua with the answer, that if they did not pay for the land and let off the water, they would cut the bank on the 15th. The reply came back, "*The Piqua Guards will be with you and rout you on that day.*"

At seven o'clock on the morning of the 15th more than one hundred citizens, with shovels, spades and wheel-barrows, were on the spot. The place selected was the strongest on the bank in the old Beaver channel, and, careful not to damage the State, the dirt was wheeled back on the bank on each side. Next day at noon the cutting was complete, and was dug six feet below the level of the lake with a flimsy breastwork to hold back the water.

When the tools were taken out and all ready, Samuel Ruckman said, "Who will start the water?" "I," said John Sunday;" "I," said Henry Linzee, and in a moment the meandering waters were hurling down fifty yards below the bank. It was six weeks before the water subsided.

Warrants were issued for all engaged in the work, and this included all the county officers, judges, sheriffs, clerks, auditor, etc. As stated the grand jury refused to find a bill and it cost the State $17,000 to repair the damage.

John W. Erwin, the old canal engineer, in a recent newspaper publication, states: This reservoir often feeds sixty miles or more of canal and discharges into the Maumee, at Defiance, 3,000 cubic feet of water per minute, after having been used over a fall of thirty-five feet for hydraulic purpose. The water which escapes at the west bank of the Grand Reservoir (by the Wabash river) finds its

way into the Gulf of Mexico, and that which escapes at the east end finds its way into the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

In *our original* edition we made the following statement in regard to a colony of colored people which amounted to several hundred persons: They live principally by agriculture, and own extensive tracts of land in the townships of Granville, Franklin and Mercer. They bear a good reputation for morality, and manifest a laudable desire for mental improvement. This settlement was founded by the exertions of Mr. Augustus Wattles, a native of Connecticut, who, instead

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

EMLEN INSTITUTE.

of merely theorizing upon the evils which prevent the moral and mental advancement of the colored race, has acted in their behalf with a philanthropic, Christian-like zeal that evinces he has their real good at heart. The history of this settlement is given in the annexed extract of a letter from him.

My early education, as you well know, would naturally lead me to look upon learning and good morals as of infinite importance in a land of liberty. In the winter of 1833–4 I providentially became acquainted with the colored population of Cincinnati, and found about 4,000 totally ignorant of everything calculated to make good citizens. Most of them had been slaves, shut out from every avenue of moral and mental improvement. I started a school for them and kept it up with two hundred pupils for two years. I then proposed to the colored people to move into the country and purchase land, and remove from these contaminating influences which had so long crushed them in our cities and villages. They promised to do so, provided I would accompany them and teach school. I travelled through Canada, Michigan and Indiana looking for a suitable location, and finally settled here, thinking this place contained more natural advantages than any other unoccupied country within my knowledge. In 1835 I made the first purchase for colored people in this county. In about three years they owned not far from 30,000 acres. I had travelled into almost every neighborhood of colored people in the State and laid before them the benefits of a permanent home for themselves and of education for their children. In my first journey through the State I established, by the assistance and co-operation of abolitionists, twenty-five schools for colored children. I collected of the colored people such money as they had to spare and entered land for them. Many, who had no money, afterwards succeeded in raising some and brought it to me. With this I bought land for them.

I purchased for myself one hundred and ninety acres of land to establish a manual labor school for colored boys. I had sustained a school on it, at my own expense, till the 11th of November, 1842. Being in Philadelphia the winter before I became acquainted with the trustees of the late Samuel Emlen, of New Jersey, a Friend. He left by his will $20,000 for the "support and education in school learning and the mechanic arts and agriculture such colored boys, of African and Indian descent, whose parents would give them up to the institute." We united our means and they purchased my farm and appointed me the superintendent of the establishment, which they call the Emlen Institute.

In 1846 Judge Leigh, of Virginia, purchased 3,200 acres of land in this settlement for the freed slaves of John Randolph, of Roanoke. These arrived in the summer of 1846 to the number of about four hundred, but were forcibly prevented from making a settlement by a portion of the inhabitants of the county. Since then acts of hostility have been commenced against the people of this settlement, and threats of greater held out if they do not abandon their lands and homes.—*Old Edition.*

From a statement in the county history issued in 1882 we see that a part of the Randolph negroes succeeded in effecting a settlement at Montezuma, Franklin township, just south of the reservoir.

FORT RECOVERY is on the south bank of the Wabash river, one and a half miles east of the Indiana State line, fifteen miles southwest of Celina, on the L. E. & W. R. R. Newspapers: *News*, Independent, Charles L. Patchell, editor and publisher; *Times*, Democratic, A. Sutherland, editor and publisher. Churches: one Catholic, one Methodist, one Congregational, one Christian, one Lutheran. Bank: G. R. McDaniel. School census, 1888, 347; D. W. K. Martin, school superintendent.

Fort Recovery is in the midst of a great gas field. On Wednesday, March 28, 1887, the first well was struck. It was well named "Mad Anthony." It came with a mighty roar at only a depth of five hundred and ten feet. "Hats went up, cheers rang out" and, writes one, "the glad light of happiness, enthusiasm and prosperity shone in the eyes of our people. The test shows two millions of cubic feet daily from this well alone."

The great event at this place was the defeat of St. Clair, already largely detailed. Since the issue of our original account in 1847, Fort Recovery has been the scene of a reminder of that sad day, here detailed.

BURIAL OF THE REMAINS OF THE SLAIN.

In July, 1851, after heavy rains had washed off the earth, a discovery of a human skull in the streets of Recovery near the site of the old fort led to a further search, when the skeletons of some sixty persons were exhumed well preserved. It was resolved to reinter them with suitable ceremonies. They were placed in thirteen different coffins, representing the thirteen States of the Union at the time of the battle. The bones showed variously marks of the bullet, tomahawk and scalping-knife.

On a fine day, September 10, ensued the ceremony of the burial of the slain of St. Clair's army. The crowd was immense, and the procession was formed under charge of General James Watson Riley and aids. One hundred and four pall-bearers from different counties headed the procession in charge of the coffins, and were followed by soldiers, ladies and citizens generally, forming a column a mile long, while marching to the stand, in full view of the battle-ground, when Judge Bellamy Storer delivered an eloquent address in his fervid, patriotic style. On the close of the proceedings the procession moved to the village burying-ground, and the thirteen coffins deposited in one grave just sixty years after the battle.

SHANE'S CROSSING is eleven miles north of Celina, on the southern division of the T. D. & B. and C. J. & M. Railroads. Newspaper: *Free Press*, D. C. Kinder, editor and publisher. Bank: Farmers'. Population, 1880, 404. School census, 1888, 308.

Historically this is an interesting spot. It is on the south bank of St. Mary's river. Originally it was on or near the site of the Indian village *Old Town*. This was an old trading post held and conducted by the Indians prior to the war of 1812, and named from Anthony Shane, a half-breed Indian trader. At this spot Wayne's army crossed going north, and the spot eventually became known as Shane's Crossing. The United States granted a reservation here to Shane and he laid out a town on his land June 23, 1820; it was recorded at Greenville under the name of Shanesville, which it retained until 1866, when it was incorporated and took its original name as Shane's Crossing. When the Shawnese left Ohio for Kansas, Shane, then a very old man, went with them.

Shanesville, St. Mary's and "Coil Town" were the early contestants for the seat of justice for the county. Coil Town passed away, became a cultivated field. The first term of court was held at Shanesville, Judge Low presiding; but St. Mary's won the prize, and then it later passed to Celina.

Anthony Shane appears in a *snake story.*

Mr. John Sutton, an early settler, while hunting medicinal herbs for a sick horse, was bitten on the foot by a spotted rattlesnake, when, as a remedy, his bitten foot was buried in the ground. Anthony Shane was then sent for, who asked if they had any *black cats*, saying he could shortly with them cure the foot. Being answered in the negative he killed some *black chickens*, dressed and applied them to the foot and on the third application pronounced it cured.

MENDON is eleven miles northeast of Celina, on the D. Ft. W. & C. R. R. Population, 1880, 242. School census, 1888, 144.

COLDWATER is five miles southwest of Celina, on the L. E. & W. and C. J. & M. Railroads. School census, 1888, 269.

MERCER is eight miles north of Celina, on the D. Ft. W. & C. R. R. School census, 1888, 129.

ST. HENRY is twelve miles southwest from Celina, on the C. J. & M. R. R. School census, 1888, 218.

MIAMI.

MIAMI COUNTY was formed from Montgomery, January 16, 1807, and Staunton made the temporary seat of justice. The word Miami, in the Ottawa language, is said to signify *mother*. The name *Miami* was originally the designation of the tribe who anciently bore the name of "*Tewightewee.*" This tribe were the original inhabitants of the Miami valley, and affirmed they were created in it. East of the Miami the surface is gently rolling, and a large proportion of it a rich alluvial soil; west of the Miami the surface is generally level, the soil a clay loam and better adapted to small grain and grass than corn. The county abounds in excellent limestone and has a large amount of water power. In agricultural resources this is one of the richest counties in the State.

Area about 400 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 137,922; in pasture, 7,159; woodland, 23,601; lying waste, 2,338; produced in wheat, 956,331 bushels; rye, 1,578; buckwheat, 87; oats, 454,112; barley, 27,349; corn, 1,520,000; broom-corn, 9,690 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 8,175 tons; clover hay, 7,806; flax, 833,800 lbs. fibre; potatoes, 47,593 bushels; tobacco, 463,120 lbs.; butter, 536,213; cheese, 13,400; sorghum, 4,731 gallons; maple syrup, 8,627; honey, 6,225 lbs.; eggs, 433,940 dozen; grapes, 26,635 lbs.; sweet potatoes, 1,927 bushels; apples, 1,395; peaches, 102; pears, 831; wool, 22,088 lbs.; milch cows owned, 6,033. Ohio mining statistics, 1888: Limestone, 8,635 tons burned for lime; 73,096 cubic feet of dimension stone; 45,275 cubic yards of building stone; 5,007 cubic yards for piers or protection purposes; 27,582 square feet of flagging; 37,850 square feet of paving; 30,558 lineal feet of curbing; 8,077 cubic yards of ballast or macadam. School census, 1888, 12,038; teachers, 266. Miles of railroad track, 121.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Bethel,	1,586	1,854	Elizabeth,	1,398	1,327
Brown,	1,230	1,863	Lost Creek,	1,304	1,450
Concord,	2,408	5,354	Monroe,	1,409	2,829

Townships and Census.	1840.	1880.	Townships and Census.	1840.	1880.
Newberry,	1,632	4,615	Staunton,	1,231	1,292
Newton,	1,242	2,829	Union,	2,221	3,859
Spring Creek,	1,501	1,682	Washington,	2,642	7,204

Population of Miami in 1820, 8,851; 1830, 12,807; 1840, 19,804; 1860, 29,959; 1880, 36,158, of whom 28,832 were born in Ohio; 1,882, Pennsylvania; 599, Virginia; 570, Indiana; 321, New York; 243, Kentucky; 1,376, German Empire; 413, Ireland; 159, England and Wales; 93, France; 48, British America; and 14, Scotland. Census, 1890, 39,754.

Reminiscences of Clarke's Expedition.

Prior to the settlement of Ohio, Gen. George Rogers Clarke led an expedition from Kentucky against the Indians in this region, an account of which follows from the reminiscences of Abraham Thomas, originally published in the Troy *Times*. Mr. Thomas, it is said, cut the first sapling on the site of Cincinnati:

In the year 1782, after corn planting, I again volunteered in an expedition under General Clarke with the object of destroying some Indian villages about Piqua, on the Great Miami river. On this occasion nearly 1,000 men marched out of Kentucky by the route of Licking river. We crossed the Ohio at the present site of Cincinnati where our last year's stockade had been kept up, and a few people then resided in log-cabins. We proceeded immediately onward through the woods without regard to our former trail, and crossed Mad river not far from the present site of Dayton; we kept up the east side of the Miami and crossed it about four miles below the Piqua towns. Shortly after gaining the bottom on the west side of the river, a party of Indians on horseback with their squaws came out of a trace that led to some Indian villages near the present site of Granville. They were going on a frolic, or powwow, to be held at Piqua, and had with them a Mrs. McFall, who was some time before taken prisoner from Kentucky; the Indians escaped into the woods leaving their women, with Mrs. McFall, to the mercy of our company. We took those along with us to Piqua and Mrs. McFall returned to Kentucky. On arriving at Piqua we found that the Indians had fled from the villages, leaving most of their effects behind. During the following night I joined a party to break up an encampment of Indians said to be lying about what was called the French store. We soon caught a Frenchman, tied him on horseback for our guide and arrived at the place in the night. The Indians had taken alarm and cleared out; we, however, broke up and burned the Frenchman's store, which had for a long time been a place of outfit for Indian marauders and returned to the main body early in the morning, many of our men well stocked with plunder. After burning and otherwise destroying everything about upper and lower Piqua towns we commenced our return march.

In this attack five Indians were killed during the night the expedition lay at Piqua; the Indians lurked around the camp, firing random shots from the hazel thickets without doing us any injury; but two men who were in search of their stray horses were fired upon and severely wounded; one of those died shortly after and was buried at what is now called "Coe's Ford," where we recrossed the Miami on our return. The other, Capt. McCracken, lived until we reached the site of Cincinnati, where he was buried. On this expedition we had with us Capt. Barbee, afterwards Judge Barbee, one of my primitive neighbors in Miami county, Ohio, a most worthy and brave man, with whom I have hunted, marched and watched through many a long day, and finally removed with him to Ohio.

Early Settlements.

From the "Miami County Traditions," also published in the Troy *Times*, in 1839, we annex some reminiscences of the settlement of the county and its early settlers:

Among the first settlers who established themselves in Miami county was John Knoop. He removed from Cumberland county, Penn., in 1797. In the spring of that year he came down the Ohio to Cincinnati and cropped the first season on Zeigler's stone-house farm, four miles above Cincinnati, then belonging to John Smith. During the summer he made two excursions into the Indian country with surveying parties and at that time selected the land he now owns and occupies. The forest was then full of Indians, principally Shawnees, but there were small bands of Mingoes, Delawares, Miamis and Pota-

watomies, peacefully hunting through the country. Early the next spring, in 1798, Mr. Knoop removed to near the present site of Staunton village, and in connection with Benjamin Knoop, Henry Garard, Benjamin Hamlet and John Tildus, established there a station for the security of their families. Mrs. Knoop, now living, there planted the first apple tree introduced into Miami county, and one is now standing in the yard of their house raised from seed then planted that measures little short of nine feet around it. . . .

Dutch Station.—The inmates of a station in the county, called the Dutch station, remained within it for two years, during which time they were occupied in clearing and building on their respective farms. Here was born in 1798 Jacob Knoop, the son of John Knoop, the first civilized native of Miami county. At this time there were three young single men living at the mouth of Stony creek, and cropping on what was afterwards called Freeman's prairie. One of these was D. H. Morris, a present resident of Bethel township; at the same time there resided at Piqua, Samuel Hilliard, Job Garrard, Shadrach Hudson, Jonah Rollins, Daniel Cox, Thomas Rich and —— Hunter; these last named had removed to Piqua in 1797, and together with our company at the Dutch station, comprised all the inhabitants of Miami county from 1797 to 1799. In the latter year John, afterwards Judge Garrard, Nathaniel and Abner Garrard, and the year following, Uriah Blue, Joseph Coe and Abraham Hathaway, joined us with their families. From that time all parts of the county began to receive numerous immigrants. For many years the citizens lived together on footings of the most social and harmonious intercourse—we were all neighbors to each other in the Samaritan sense of the term—there were some speculators and property-hunters among us, to be sure, but not epough to disturb our tranquility and general confidence. For many miles around we knew who was sick, and what ailed them, for we took a humane interest in the welfare of all. Many times were we called from six to eight miles to assist at a rolling or raising, and cheerfully lent our assistance to the task. For our accommodation we sought the mill of Owen Davis, afterwards Smith's mill, on Beaver creek, a tributary of the Little Miami, some twenty-seven miles distant. Our track lay through the woods, and two days were consumed in the trip, when we usually took two horse-loads. Owen was a kind man, considcrate of his distant customers, and would set up all night to oblige them, and his conduct materially abridged our mill duties.

With the Indians we lived on peaceable terms; sometimes, however, panics would spread among the women, which disturbed us a little, and occasionally we would have a horse or so stolen. But one man only was killed cut of the settlement from 1797 to 1811. This person was one Boyier, who was shot by a straggling party of Indians, supposed through mistake. No one, however, liked to trade with the Indians, or have anything to do with them, beyond the offices of charity.

Beauty of the Country.—The country all around the settlement presented the most lovely appearance, the earth was like an ash heap, and nothing could exceed the luxuriance of primitive vegetation; indeed our cattle often died from excess of feeding, and it was somewhat difficult to rear them on that account. The white-weed or bee-harvest, as it is called, so profusely spread over our bottom and woodlands, was not then seen among us; the sweet annis, nettles, wild rye and pea vine, now so scarce, everywhere abounded —they were almost the entire herbage of our bottoms. The two last gave subsistence to our cattle, and the first, with our nutritious roots, were eaten by our swine with the greatest avidity. In the spring and summer months a drove of hogs could be scented at a considerable distance from their flavor of the annis root. Our winters were as cold, but more steady than at present. Snow generally covered the ground, and drove our stock to the barnyard for three months, and this was all the trouble we had with them. Buffalo signs were frequently met with; but the animals had entirely disappeared before the first white inhabitant came into the country; but other game was abundant. As many as thirty deer have been counted at one time around the bayous and ponds near Staunton. The hunter had his full measure of sport when he chose to indulge in the chase; but ours was essentially an agricultural settlement. From the coon to the buckskin embraced our circulating medium. Our imported commodities were first purchased at Cincinnati, then at Dayton, and finally Peter Felix established an Indian merchandising store at Staunton, and this was our first attempt in that way of traffic. For many years we had no exports but skins; yet wheat was steady at fifty cents and corn at twenty-five cents per bushel—the latter, however, has since fallen as low as twelve and a half cents, and a dull market.

Milling.—For some time the most popular milling was at Patterson's, below Dayton, and with Owen Davis, on Beaver; but the first mill in Miami county is thought to have been erected by John Manning, on Piqua bend. Nearly the same time Henry Garrard erected on Spring creek a corn and saw mill, on land now included within the farm of Col. Winans. It is narrated by the colonel, and is a fact worthy of notice, that on the first establishment of these mills they would run ten months in a year, and sometimes longer, by heads. The creek would not now turn one pair of stones two months in a year, and then only on the recurrence of freshets. It is thought this remark is applicable to all streams of the upper Miami valley, showing there is less spring drainage from the country since it has become cleared of its timber and consolidated by cultivation. . . . . .

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

THE COUNTY BUILDINGS, TROY.

D. Argerbright, Photo., 1888.

CENTRAL VIEW IN TROY.

Troy in 1846.—Troy, the county-seat, is a beautiful and flourishing village, in a highly cultivated and fertile country, upon the west bank of the Great Miami, seventy miles north of Cincinnati and sixty-eight west of Columbus. It was laid out about the year 1808, as the county-seat, which was first at Staunton, a mile east, and now containing but a few houses. Troy is regularly laid off into broad and straight streets, crossing each other at right angles, and contains about 550 dwellings. The view was taken in the principal street of the town, and shows, on the right, the court house and town hall, between which, in the distance, appear the spires of the New School Presbyterian and Episcopal churches. It contains 2 Presbyterian, 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Wesleyan Methodist, 1 Episcopal and 1 Baptist church; a market, a branch of the State Bank, 2 newspaper printing-offices, 1 town and 1 masonic hall, 1 academy, 3 flouring and 5 saw-mills, 1 foundry, 1 machine shop, 1 shingle and 1 plow factory, and a large number of stores and mechanic shops. Its population in 1840 was 1,351; it has since more than doubled, and is constantly increasing. It is connected with Cincinnati, Urbana and Greenville by turnpikes.

The line of the Miami Canal, from Cincinnati, passes through the town from south to north; on it are six large and commodious warehouses, for receiving and forwarding produce and merchandise, and three more, still larger, are in progress of erection, and four smaller, for supplying boats with provisions and other necessaries. The business done during the current year, ending June 1, 1847, in thirty of the principal business houses, in the purchase of goods, produce and manufactures, amounts to $523,248, and the sales to $674,307. The articles bought and sold are as follows: 174,000 bushels of wheat, 290,000 bushels of corn, 100,000 bushels of rye, barley and oats, 17,000 barrels of whisky, 17,000 barrels of flour, 1,300 barrels pork, 5,000 hogs, 31,000 pounds butter, 2,000 bushels clover-seed, 600 barrels fish, 3,000 barrels salt, 30,000 bushels flax-seed, 304,000 pounds bulk pork, 136,000 pounds lard, 1,440 thousand feet of sawed lumber, etc. The shipments to and from the place are about 20,000 tons.—*Old Edition.*

Abraham Thomas, from whom we have quoted in the "Miami County Traditions," published, was one of the first settlers; he came with his family in 1805, and died in 1843. He was a blacksmith and his shop a log-pen. He made his own charcoal. The panic during the war of 1812 extended to this then wilderness, and at the slightest alarm the women and children would flee to the forest for safety. The "County History" gives these items:

At the beginning of things hogs fattened in the woods and not five bushels of corn were needed to fatten a hundred hogs. Corn was raised only for food, and by hoeing and digging around the stumps. A man who would go to mill with two bushels of corn was considered a prosperous farmer. Potatoes were a luxury introduced a long time after the first settlement. Having no fences, bells were put on the stock, which, notwithstanding, wandered off and got lost. The sugar used was home-made, the coffee was rye, and the tea sassafras and sage. The first grain was cut with sickles, which were considered a wonderful invention.

Staunton was the first place of permanent settlement in the county, and the nucleus from which its civilization spread. It was the first plotted town. Among the earliest settlers of Staunton was Mr. Levi Martin. His wife, when a young girl, about the year 1788, then living not far from Red Stone Fort, on the Monongahela, was knocked down and scalped by the Indians, and left for dead. The family name was Corbly, and hers Delia. They were on the way to church and shot at from a thicket, when Mr. Corbly and three children were killed outright. Two younger daughters were knocked down, scalped, and left for dead, but were resuscitated. One of these was Mrs. Martin, who lived until 1836 and reared ten children. Her wounds extended over the crown of her head wide as the two hands. Her hair grew up to the scalped surface, which she trained to grow upwards, and served as a protection. At times she suffered severe headaches, which she attributed to the loss of her scalp.

Another noted old settler was Andrew Dye, Sr., who died in 1837 at the age of 87 years, having had eight sons and two daughters. At this time his posterity amounted to about five hundred, of whom three hundred and sixty were then living ranging down to the fifth generation.

Most of the pioneers wore buckskin pantaloons. One was Tom Rogers, a great hunter, who lived in two sycamore trees in the woods. He had long gray whiskers, a skull cap and buckskin pantaloons.

The first survey of Troy was made by Andrew Wallace in 1807, with additions from time to time. On the 2d of December of that year Robert Crawford was appointed town director, who gave bonds to the county commissioners to purchase the land for the seat of justice and lay it off into streets and lots. The original lands selected for the now beautiful town of Troy were then a dense forest, bought for three dollars per acre.

TROY, county-seat of Miami, is about sixty-five miles west of Columbus, about seventy-five miles north of Cincinnati, on the D. & M., I. B. & W. Railroads, and on the Miami river and Miami & Erie Canal. County officers, 1888: Auditor, Horatio Pearson; Clerk, John B. Fouts; Commissioners, John T. Knoop, Robert Martindale, David C. Statler; Coroner, Joseph W. Means; Infirmary Directors, David Arnold, William D. Widner, Thomas C. Bond; Probate Judge, William J. Clyde; Prosecuting Attorney, Samuel C. Jones; Recorder, E. J. Eby; Sheriff, A. M. Heywood; Surveyor, H. O. Evans; Treasurer, George H. Rundle. City officers, 1888: George S. Long, Mayor; John H. Conklin, Clerk; Noah Yount, Treasurer; George Irwin, Marshal; W. B. McKinney, Solicitor; H. O. Evans, Civil Engineer. Newspapers: *Trojan*, Republican, Charles H. Goodrich, editor and publisher; *Democrat*, Democratic, J. P. Barron, editor and publisher; *Miami Union*, Republican, C. C. Royce, editor; *Sons of Veterans Corporal's Guard*, Charles W. Kellogg, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Catholic, 2 Baptist, 3 Methodist, 1 German Lutheran, 1 English Lutheran, 1 Presbyterian and 1 Christian. Banks: First National, H. W. Allen, president, D. W. Smith, cashier; Miami County, Heywood, Royce & Co., Noah Yount, cashier.

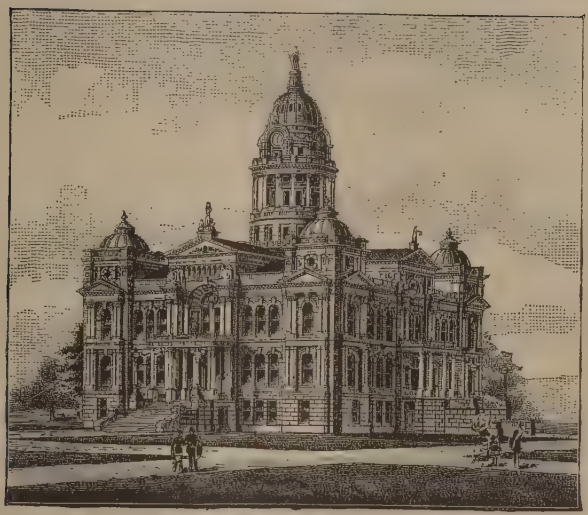
Manufactures and Employees.—Troy Spring Wagon and Wheel Co., carriages, etc., 127 hands; the Troy Buggy Works, buggies, etc., 146; Kelley & Sons, windmills, etc., 8; John & William Youtsy, lumber, 5.—*State Reports, 1888.* Population, 1880, 3,803. School census, 1888, 1,218; C. L. VanCleve, school superintendent. Census, 1890, 4,590.

Troy has several fine three-story business blocks, and is a favorite place for trade for the large, rich agricultural country of which it is the centre. Prior to the railroad era it was a noted grain market.

The new county court-house here is an evidence of the wealth and liberality of the people. It is one of the most magnificent structures of the kind to be found anywhere. The architect was J. W. Yost, Columbus, and contractor, T. B. Townsend, Zanesville. It stands in the centre of a square, with bounding streets of 230 by 330 feet. The building itself is highly ornamented, and is 114 feet 2 inches square; its material is the beautiful Amherst sand-stone. To the eaves it is 60 feet in height, and to the top of the dome 160 feet. Its entire cost with its furniture, including the heating and lighting appointments, amounted to about $400,000. The first building used for courts was at Stanton, on the east side of the Miami. The first court-house was of brick, and stood in the centre of the public square; the second is shown in our old view.

Piqua in 1846.—Piqua is another beautiful and thriving town, eight miles above Troy, and also on the river and canal. It was laid out in 1809 by Messrs. Brandon and Manning, under the name of Washington, which it bore for many years. The town plot contains an area of more than a mile square, laid out in uniform blocks, with broad and regular streets. On the north and east, and opposite the town, are the villages of Rossville and Huntersville, connected with it by bridges across the Miami.

It contains one New and one Old School Presbyterian, one Methodist Episcopal, one Methodist Wesleyan, one Episcopal, one Baptist, one Associate Reformed, one Lutheran, one Catholic and one Disciples church; one high school, a town hall, and a branch of the State bank. The manufacturing facilities in it and vicinity are extensive. The Miami furnishes power for one wool-carding and fulling factory, three saw-mills, one grist-mill adjacent to the town, and a saw and grist-mill, with an oil-mill, below the town. The water of the canal propels a saw-mill, a clothing and fulling factory, with a grist-mill. A steam saw-mill, a steam



THE MIAMI COUNTY COURT-HOUSE, TROY.

grist-mill and tannery, with two steam iron-turning and machine establishments, constitute, with the rest, the amount of steam and hydraulic power used. With these are over 100 mechanical and manufacturing establishments in the town, among which are twenty-five cooper shops—that business being very extensively carried on. There are also fifteen grocery and variety stores, twelve dry-goods, three leather, one book and three hardware stores; a printing office, four forwarding and three pork houses; and the exports and imports, by the canal, are very heavy. South of the town are seven valuable quarries of blue limestone, at which are employed a large number of hands, and adjacent to the town is a large boat yard.

In the town are 600 dwellings, many of which are of brick and have fine gardens attached. Along the canal have lately been erected a number of three-story brick buildings for business purposes, and the number of business houses is ninety-eight. During the year 1846 eighty buildings were erected, and the value of real estate at that time was $476,000.

The population of Piqua in 1830 was less than 500; in 1840, 1,480; and in 1847, 3,100.

The Miami river curves beautifully around the town, leaving between it and the village a broad and level plateau, while the opposite bank rises abruptly into a hill, called "Cedar Bluff," affording fine walks and a commanding view of the surrounding country. In its vicinity are some ancient works. From near its base, on the east bank of the river, the view was taken. The church spires shown, commencing on the right, are respectively, the Episcopal, Catholic, New School Presbyterian, Wesleyan Methodist, Old School Presbyterian and Baptist. The town hall is seen on the left.—*Old Edition.*

The old view of Piqua was taken a few rods only below the present bridge, both occupying the same site. In 1846, when a part of John Randolph's negroes were driven from Mercer county, they camped here at this place in tents. Three years later John Robinson's elephant fell through the old bridge.

From the Miami county traditions we annex some facts respecting the history of Piqua.

JONATHAN ROLLINS was among the first white inhabitants of Miami county. In connection with nine others he contracted with Judge Symmes, for a certain compensation in lots and land, to become a pioneer in laying out a proposed town in the Indian country, at the lower Piqua village, where is situated the pleasant and flourishing town under that name. The party left Ludlow station, on Mill creek, in the spring of 1797, and proceeded without difficulty to the proposed site. They there erected cabins and enclosed grounds for fields and gardens. But the judge failing in some of his calculations was unable to fulfil his part of the contract, and the other parties to it gradually withdrew from the association, and squatted around on public land as best pleased themselves. It was some years after this when land could be regularly entered in the public offices; surveying parties had been running out the county, but time was required to organize the newly introduced section system, which has since proved so highly beneficial to the Western States, and so fatal to professional cupidity.

Indian Grief.—Some of these hardy adventurers settled in and about Piqua, where they have left many worthy descendants. Mr. Rollins finally took up land on Spring Creek, where he laid out the farm he now (1839) occupies. While this party resided at Piqua, and for years after, the Indians were constant visitors and sojourners among them. This place appears to have been, to that unfortunate race, a most favorite residence, around which their attachments and regrets lingered to the last. They would come here to visit the graves of their kindred and weep over the sod that entombed the bones of their fathers. They would sit in melancholy groups, surveying the surrounding objects of their earliest attachments and childhood sports—the winding river which witnessed their first feeble essays with the gig and the paddle—the trees where first they triumphed with their tiny bow in their boastful craft of the hunter—the coppice of their nut gatherings—the lawns of their boyhood sports, and haunts of their early loves—would call forth bitter sighs and reproaches on that civilization which, in its rudest features, was uprooting them from their happy home.

Pioneer Assertion.—The Indians at Piqua soon found, in the few whites among them, stern and inflexible masters rather thas associates and equals. Upon the slightest provocation the discipline of the fist and club, so humbling to the spirits of an Indian, was freely used upon them. One day an exceedingly large Indian had been made drunk, and for

some past offence took it in his head to kill one of his wives. He was following her with a knife and tomahawk around their cabin, with a posse of clamorous squaws and pappooses at his heels, who were striving to check his violence. They had succeeded in wresting from him his arms, and he was standing against the cabin, when several of the white men, attracted by the outcry, approached the group. One of them, small in stature but big in resolution, made through the Indian crowd to the offender, struck him in the face and felled him to the ground, while the surrounding Indians looked on in fixed amazement.

When the country had developed somewhat flatboats were constructed at Piqua on the river bank. They were about seventy feet long and twelve wide. They were loaded with flour, bacon, corn on the cob, cherry lumber, furniture and other products and taken down the river, sometimes to New Orleans. From thence the boatmen often walked all the way home again, passing through what was then called the Indian Nations, Choctaws and Chickasaws.

Navigating the Miami was risky, especially in passing over mill-dams and following the channel through the "Ninety-nine Islands," a few miles below Troy. It required the utmost skill and quickness to guide the unwieldy craft through the swift, crooked turns.

PIQUA is eight miles north of Troy, on the Miami river and the Miami & Erie Canal, at the crossing of the P. C. & St. L. and D. & M. Railroads. City officers, 1888: G. A. Brooks, Mayor; J. H. Hatch, Clerk; Clarence Langdon, Treasurer; Walter D. Jones, Solicitor; W. J. Jackson, Engineer; James Livingston, Marshal. Newspapers: *Call*, Republican, J. W. Morris, editor and publisher; *Dispatch*, Republican, D. M. Fleming, editor; *Evening Democrat*, Democratic, J. Boni Hemsteger, editor and publisher; *Der Correspondent*, German, Democratic, J. Boni Hemsteger, editor and publisher; *Leader*, Democratic, Jerome C. Smiley & Co., editors and publishers; *Miami Helmet*, Republican, I. S. Morris, editor and publisher; *Pythian News*, Knights of Pythias, Harry S. Frye, editor and publisher. Churches: Methodist, 3; Presbyterian, 2; Baptist, 3; Lutheran, 1; Episcopal, 1; Catholic, 2; German Methodist, 1. Banks: Citizens' National, W. P. Orr, president, Henry Flash, cashier; Piqua National, John M. Scott, president, Clarence Langdon, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—The Piqua Straw Board Co., paper and straw board, 62 hands; Bowdle Bros., machinery and castings, 13; I. J. Whitlock, builders' woodwork, 25; C. A. & C. L. Wood, builders' woodwork, 30; the Fritsche Bros., furniture, 10; the Wood Linseed Oil Co., linseed oil, etc., 8; the Piqua Manufacturing Co., mattresses, etc., 35; L. W. Fillebrown, machinery, 5; the Piqua Handle Co., agricultural implements, 43; the Piqua Straw Board Co., paper, 25; the Piqua Oat-meal Co., corn-meal, 10; Snyder & Son, carriage shafts, etc., 111; C. F. Rankin & Co., handlers of malt, etc., 15; Leonard Linseed Oil Co., linseed oil, etc., 20; W. P. Orr Linseed Oil Co., linseed oil, etc., 22; J. L. Schneyer, lager beer, 4; Mrs. L. E. Nicewanner, flour, etc., 5; the Piqua Hosiery Co., hosiery, 76; the F. Gray Co., woollen blankets, etc., 62; L. C. & W. L. Cron & Co., furniture, 165; Cron, Kills & Co., furniture, 178.—*Ohio State Reports, 1888.*

The Bentwood Works are the largest of the kind in the Union. Over a million bushels of flaxseed are annually crushed, making it the largest linseed oil centre, and, excepting Circleville, no other place equals or surpasses it in the production of straw board. On the Miami are extensive and valuable limestone quarries.

Population, 1880, 6,031. School census, 1888, 2,717; C. W. Bennett, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, $968,500. Value of annual product, $1,626,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887.* Census, 1890, 9,090.

The manufacturing prosperity of the city is largely due to its excellent system of water-works. The canal is over six miles in length, and contains within its prism and reservoirs therewith connected at least 150 acres of water line, at an elevation of thirty-eight feet over the city, and three falls, aggregating fifty-two feet six inches, for hydraulic power.

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

PIQUA.

From the east bank of the Miami. The elephant of John Robinson's circus in 1849 broke through this bridge.

C. A. Gale, Photo , Piqua, 1886.

PIQUA.

From the east bank of the Miami. The bridge is the successor of that shown above.

A recent acquisition of Piqua is in a beautiful library building. It was the gift of Mr. J. M. Schmidlapp, a prosperous merchant of Cincinnati, who wished the citizens of this his native town to remember him by what would prove of lasting benefit.

The following historical matter respecting this region is taken from our first edition:

"The word *Piqua* is the name of one of the Shawanese tribes, and signifies, '*a man formed out of the ashes.*' The tradition is, that the whole Shawanese tribe, a long time ago, were assembled at their annual feast and thanksgiving. They were all seated around a large fire, which, having burned down, a great puffing was observed in the ashes, when, behold! a full-formed man came up out of the coals and ashes; and this was the first man of the Piqua tribe. After the peace of 1763, the Miamis having removed from the Big Miami river, a body of Shawanese established themselves at Lower and Upper Piqua, which became their great headquarters in Ohio. Here they remained until driven off by the Kentuckians, when they crossed over to St. Mary's and to Wapaghkonetta.

"The Upper Piqua is said to have contained, at one period, near 4,000 Shawanese. The Shawanese were formerly a numerous people, and very warlike. We can trace their history to the time of their residence on the tide-waters of Florida, and, as well as the Delawares, they aver that they originally came from west of the Mississippi. Black Hoof, who died at Wapaghkonetta, at the advanced age of 105 years, told me [Col. John Johnston] that he remembered, when a boy, bathing in the salt waters of Florida; that his people firmly believed white or civilized people had been in the country before them—having found, in many instances, the marks of iron tools, axes, upon trees and stumps, over which the sand had blown. Shawanese means *the south,* or 'people from the south.'"

Upper Piqua, three miles north of Piqua, on the canal and Miami river, is a locality of much historic interest. It is at present (1846) the residence of Col. John Johnston—shown in the view—and was once a favorite dwelling-place of the Piqua tribe of the Shawanese. Col. Johnston, now at an advanced age, has for the greater part of his life resided at the West as an agent of the United States Government over the Indians. His mild and parental care of their interests gave him great influence over them, winning their strongest affections and causing them to regard him in the light of a father. To him we are indebted for many valuable facts scattered through this volume, as well as those which follow respecting this place.

Battle at Piqua.—In the French war, which ended with the peace of 1763, a bloody battle was fought on the present farm of Col. Johnston at Upper Piqua. At that time the Miamis had their towns here, which are marked on ancient maps, "Tewightewee towns." The Miamis, Wyandots, Ottawas and other Northern tribes adhered to the French, made a stand here and fortified—the Canadian traders and French assisting. The Delawares, Shawanese, Munseys, part of the Senecas residing in Pennsylvania, Cherokees, Catawbas, etc., adhering to the English interest with the Engish traders, attacked the French and Indians. The siege continued for more than a week; the fort stood out and could not be taken. Many were slain, the assailants suffering most severely. The besieged lost a number, and all their exposed property was burnt and destroyed. The Shawanese chief, Blackhoof, one of the besiegers, informed Col. Johnston that the ground around was strewn with bullets, so that basketfuls could have been gathered.

Soon after this contest the Miamis and their allies left this part of the country and retired to the Miami of the Lake, at and near Fort Wayne, and never returned. The Shawanese took their place and gave names to towns in this vicinity. Col. Johnston's place "and the now large and flourishing town of Piqua was called Chillicothe, after the tribe of that name; the site of his farm after the Piqua tribe."

Fort Piqua, erected prior to the settlement of the country, stood at Upper Piqua on the west bank of the river, near where the figure is seen in the distance on the right of the engraving. It was designed as a place of deposit for stores for the army of Wayne. The portage from here to Fort Loramie, fourteen miles, thence to St. Mary's, twelve miles, was all the land carriage from the Ohio to Lake Erie. Loaded boats frequently ascended to Fort Loramie, the loading taken out and hauled to St. Mary's, the boats also moved across on wheels, again loaded and launched for Fort Wayne, Defiance

and the lake. Sometimes, in very high water, loaded boats from the Ohio approached within six miles of St. Mary's. Before the settlement of the country a large proportion of the army supplies were conveyed up this river. When mill dams were erected the navigation was destroyed and boating ceased.

A Massacre.—In 1794 Capt. J. N. Vischer, the last commandant of Fort Piqua, was stationed here. During that year two freighted boats guarded by an officer and twenty-three men were attacked by the Indians near the fort and the men all massacred. Capt. Vischer heard the firing, but from the weakness of his command could render no assistance. The plan of the Indians doubtless was to make the attack in hearing of the fort and thereby induce them to sally out in aid of their countrymen, defeat all and take the fort. The commander was a discreet officer and, aware of the subtleness of the enemy, had the firmness to save the fort.

The family of Col. Johnston settled at Upper Piqua in 1811, the previous eleven years having been spent at Fort Wayne. Years after the destruction of the boats and party on the river, fragments of muskets, bayonets and other remains of that disaster were found at low water imbedded in the sand. The track of the pickets, the form of the river bastion, the foundation of chimneys in the block-houses still mark the site of Fort Piqua. The plow has levelled the graves of the brave men—for many sleep here—who fell in the service. At this place, Fort Loramie, St. Mary's and Fort Wayne, large numbers of the regulars and militia volunteers were buried in the wars of Wayne, as well as in the last war.

Friendly Indians.—In the late war the far greater number of Indians who remained friendly and claimed and received protection from the United States were placed under the care of Col. Johnston at Piqua. These were the Shawanese, Delawares, Wyandots in part, Ottawas in part, part of the Senecas, all the Munseys and Mohicans; a small number remained at Zanesfield, and some at Upper Sandusky, under Maj. B. F. Stickney, now (1846) of Toledo. The number here amounted, at one period, to six thousand, and were doubtless the best protection to the frontier. With a view of detaching the Indians here from American interest and taking them off to the enemy, and knowing that so long as Col. Johnston lived this could not be accomplished, several plots were contrived to assassinate him. His life was in the utmost danger. He arose many mornings with but little hope of living until night, and the friendly chiefs often warned him of his danger, but he was planted at the post; duty, honor and the safety of the frontier forbade his abandoning it. His faithful wife stayed by him; the rest of his family, papers and valuable effects were removed to a place of greater security.

Escape from Assassins.—On one occasion his escape seemed miraculous. Near the house, at the road side, by which he daily several times passed in visiting the Indian camp was a cluster of wild plum bushes. No one would have suspected hostile Indians to secrete themselves there; yet, there the intended assassins waited to murder him, which they must have soon accomplished had they not been discovered by some Delaware women, who gave the alarm. The Indians—three in number—fled; a party pursued, but lost the trail. It afterwards appeared that they went up the river some distance, crossed to the east side, and passing down nearly opposite his residence, determined in being foiled of their chief prize not to return empty-handed. They killed Mr. Dilbone and his wife, who were in a field pulling flax; their children, who were with them, escaped by secreting themselves in the weeds. From thence, the Indians went lower down, three miles, to Loss creek, where they killed David Garrard, who was at work a short distance from his house. The leader of the party, Pash-e-towa, was noted for his cold-blooded cruelty, and a short time previous was the chief actor in destroying upwards of twenty persons—mostly women and children—at a place called Pigeon Roost, Indiana. He was killed after the war by one of his own people, in satisfaction for the numerous cruelties he had committed on unoffending persons.

Management of Indians.—In the war of 1812 nothing was more embarrassing to the public agents than the management of the Indians on the frontier. President Madison, from a noble principle, which does his memory high honor, positively refused to employ them in the war, and this was a cause of all the losses in the country adjacent to the upper lakes. Having their families in possession, the agents could have placed implicit confidence in the fidelity of the warriors. As it was, they had to manage them as they best could. Col. Johnston frequently furnished them with white flags with suitable mottoes, to enable them to pass out-posts and scouts in safety. On one occasion the militia basely fired on one of these parties bearing a flag hoisted in full view. They killed two Indians, wounded a third, took the survivors prisoners, and after robbing them of all they possessed conveyed them to the garrison at Greenville, to which post the party belonged.

On reflection, they were convinced they had committed an unjustifiable act and became alarmed for the consequences. They brought the prisoners to Upper Piqua and delivered them to Col. Johnston. He took them, wishing to do the best in his power for the Indians, and on deliberation decided to conduct them back to Greenville and restore them, with their property, to their people.

Hazardous Errand.—Application was made by Col. Johnston to the officer commanding at Piqua, for a guard on the journey. These were Ohio militia, of whom not a man or officer dared to go. He then told the commander if he would accompany him he would go at all hazards, the distance being twenty-

five miles, the road entirely uninhabited and known to be infested with Indians, who had recently killed two girls near Greenville. But he alike refused. All his appeals to the pride and patriotism of officers and men proving unavailing he decided to go alone, it being a case that required the promptest action to prevent evil impressions spreading among the Indians. He got his horse ready, bade farewell to his wife, scarcely ever expecting to see her again, and reached Greenville in safety; procured nearly all the articles taken from the Indians and delivered them back, made them a speech, dismissed them, and then springing on his horse started back alone, and reached his home in safety, to the surprise of all, particularly the militia, who, dastardly fellows, scarce expected to see him alive, and made many apologies for their cowardice.

Indian Faithfulness.—During the war Col. Johnston had many proofs of the fidelity of some of the friendly Indians. After the surrender of Detroit the frontier of Ohio was thrown into the greatest terror and confusion. A large body of Indians still resided within its limits accessible to the British. In the garrison of Fort Wayne, which was threatened, were many women and children, who, in case of attack, would have been detrimental to its defence, and it therefore became necessary to have them speedily removed. Col. Johnston assembled the Shawanese chiefs, and stating the case requested volunteers to bring the women and children at Fort Wayne to Piqua. Logan (see page 352) immediately rose and offered his services and soon started with a party of mounted Indians, all volunteers. They reached the post, received their interesting and helpless charge and safely brought them to the settlements, through a country infested with marauding bands of hostile savages. The women spoke in the highest terms of the vigilance, care and delicacy of their faithful conductors.

TRAVELLING NOTES.

On my arrival at Piqua I had the gratification of being taken in charge of by the oldest born resident, and to him I am under "ever so many" obligations. This was Major Stephen Johnston, so named from his father, a brother of Col. John Johnston. He is by profession a lawyer, and although I met many of his profession in this tour, he is the only one that I know of whose father was killed and scalped by the Indians and his scalp sold to the British. This happened near Fort Wayne, where he was a factory agent. A month later, September 29, 1812, the Major was born. This was in a farm-house just south of Piqua.

The stock is historic and heroic. The Major's mother's maiden name was Mary Caldwell, and she was born in Bryant's Station, a fort near Lexington, Ky., in 1788, in the pristine days of Boone, Kenton and Simon Girty and his red-skinned *confreres*, the hair-lifting war-whoops. When the Major was thirteen years of age he put on a knapsack, trudged through the wilderness to Urbana, learned to make saddles, and then for fourteen years worked as a journeyman saddler in Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky and Pennsylvania. In the meanwhile he studied as he stitched until in 1850, when thirty-eight years old, he launched as a lawyer with six children, as he says, "tugging at his coat tail." Prior to this he had been county sheriff and in the Ohio Legislature; since been an officer in the Union army, in the Legislature, President of the Board of Trustees of the Ohio State University, Greenback candidate for Governor, etc., everywhere a leading spirit, and being such took me in his cheery charge.

Piqua's Social Exchange.—After dusk of a fine April day he introduced me to the Social Exchange of Piqua, located on the pavement in front of the tobacco and cigar store of Mr. Charles T. Wiltheiss. There I found a knot of antediluvians—old gentlemen of the town lolling in chairs smoking and chatting over the affairs of the universe, Jupiter and his moons inclusive, which they often do there, amid the chirpings of the crickets and the amiable disputes of the katydids. Taking a chair and a cigar with them they answered my questions. One happened to be: "Have you any curious trees about here?" "Oh, yes! something very remarkable. About two miles north between the river and canal, which are but a few rods apart, an elm and a sycamore start out from the ground together, go up with embracing bodies and intermingled branches." The next day I walked thither with Mr. Wiltheiss, and found it such a great curiosity that I had it photographed for the engraving that is given and named it the "Wedded Trees of the Great Miami."

Ancient Relics.—Piqua is historically and pictorially interesting. The river winds around the town broad and mostly shallow, with two long old style covered bridges half a mile apart stretched across to help out the scene, both being in one view. Only a few miles above was the earliest point of English indian trade in Ohio. The region was a favorite place with the Indians and the mound builders, the remains of whose works are extremely numerous around and especially above the town in the river valley. Mr. Wiltheiss has for thirty years been in the habit of opening

mounds, making explorations. He has in his cigar store a fine cabinet of relics, and has made valuable contributions to various archæological museums. He told me that he was unlettered. But I found his hobby had educated him, added interest to his life and made him an interesting man. He had been a close observer of Nature, and this is all in all. Nature is God's College for Humanity, where old Sol sits in the Presidential chair and lights up things. No one that closely observes and carefully reflects from his facts can be called ignorant.

A Sad Incident.—It was on Saturday morning, April 17th, that Mr. Wiltheiss and myself turned our backs on the old upper covered bridge for a walk to the wedded trees, the canal on our left and the Big Miami on our right. We walked on the towing path. My companion talked all the way, making the walk highly enjoyable. We give some details.

We had gone but a few hundred yards when he said: "The river at this spot is very dangerous; many boys have been drowned here. On the 12th of July, 1858, a Mr. Jones, who was going to his work in a threshing machine shop, saw two boys struggling for their lives in the water, whereupon he rushed to their rescue. He waded across the canal, ran down the river bank into the water and saved them. Both are now living, men about 40 years of age, Dr. M'Donald and E. B. Butterfield. But Jones lost his own life, sank through exhaustion and perished, leaving a widow, and three children fatherless."

Island Formation.—The tremendous freshets late in the Miami, consequent upon forest destruction, make great changes. We soon passed an island made by a freshet only two years before. It was like a flat iron in shape, point down stream, and at its upper part, where it was separated by a rivulet from other land, it was about 200 feet across. Its total length was some 600 feet. It was some two feet high, and in places overgrown with young sycamore and willow bushes some five or six feet high. These, my companion said, had sprung up in the intervening two years: the willows from broken twigs and the sycamores from the seed balls, commonly called button balls, that had floated down and lodged in the rich alluvium.

Thorns.—We passed some locust bushes, with thorns full five inches in length, whereupon he said: "This is what we call the sweet locust, because it bears a bean sweet to the taste, which children often eat. Some suppose this to be the identical species grown in Palestine, which John the Baptist, when crying in the wilderness, ate when he partook of 'locusts and wild honey;' those thorns also may be the identical kind from which came the crown of thorns that Christ wore at his crucifixion." How this may be I can't say, but doubtless the thorns were like those sometimes used in lieu of pins by the pioneer women. Chief-Justice Marshall somewhere speaks of his mother and the old time Virginia women using such. This was probably as far back as the time when murderers were hung on chains by the road side in Virginia, a ghastly sight for travellers in that then wilderness region. Elkanah Watson, who travelled through Virginia in the revolutionary war, speaks of seeing such.

Presently Mr. Wiltheiss pointed out a field where were the relics of a large circular mound. It had been an Indian burial place, and proved for him a rich spot for relics.

Sights, Songs and Sounds.—Pursuing our walk along the beautiful river, I found myself enveloped in the delights of Nature. It was the breeding season among the birds, and they gave us their sweetest love notes. Among the cries were those of a pair of red birds, the cardinal, from the opposite side of the Miami. We stopped and listened. The female is red on the breast, and the back and wings gray. The male is everywhere red, excepting a black ring around the bill, which is also red. He has a red top-knot which he raises while singing, and lays down when silent. "Wait," said Wiltheiss; "I will call them over." Starting a peculiar whistle in a twinkling over they came in all their feathery beauty, and flying around followed us with their song.

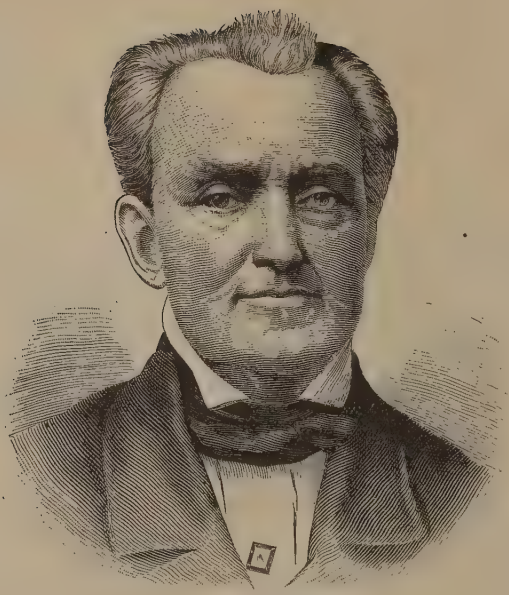
The Indians of the Pacific slope to this day while hunting call various animals, even squirrels, within the range of their rifles. How they do it is a secret, for if a white man is along they will hide their mouths with their hands. This may be called the Art of the Woods, to be a lost art with the extinction of the Indians.

Moving on we were soon saluted by the cackling of hens, the crowing of roosters, the bellowing of a cow, and the hammering of a man driving nails in a fence from an old brown farm cottage near by, and then the voices of two men paddling up stream in a skiff with fish rods along, going for black-bass, it being just the biting season. Vegetable felicity finally arrested us: we had reached the wedded trees.

The wedded trees stand on the line of the towing path of the canal, about six rods west of the river, the flat space between being overgrown with wild hemp and thistles, with paw-paws abounding in the vicinity. The elm is a large, vigorous tree, but far smaller than the sycamore, which embraces and conceals a larger part of its body and thus they go up together, perhaps 15 or 20 feet, when they branch, and with interlocking branches. Their height is about 70 feet, and 6 feet from the ground, by our measurement, the girth was 24 feet. Observing a slit on the river side of the sycamore, I saw it was hollow within. I doubted if any human being had ever been inside. I did not feel it safe to make the venture. It might be a harbor for some ugly reptile. A sense of duty urged me to the trial. I was dedicated to Ohio and must shrink at nothing, and so in I went. The slit was too narrow for me to get in without the aid of my companion, and so I was put in sidewise, much

Gale, Photo., 1886.

THE WEDDED TREES OF THE GREAT MIAMI.



COL. JOHN JOHNSTON.

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

UPPER PIQUA.

Seat of Col. John Johnston, long an Indian Agent. This is a spot of much historic interest.

as one would put a board through an upright slat fence. My feet sank a foot or so lower than the ground outside. I then stood upright, and the top of the slit came up to about my waist; but little light came in through it. Above me the hole went up indefinitely. The walls were covered with pendent decaying wood. The place was gloomy and musty. I could see but little, and was glad to quickly get out, feeling as though I could not commend it for any permanent habitation.

Aged trees, like the sycamore here, are apt to be hollow within. This seems to make no difference with their duration of life. The famous Charter Oak lived about 150 years after the secretion of the charter within, and in its last years it held all the members of two fire companies at once. When it was blown down in a gale about 1854, the bells of Hartford tolled and a military band played a dirge over its remains.

The sustaining life of trees appears to be within a few inches of their bark. I once saw an aged oak that had been destroyed by fire, and all that was left of it was less than half its outer shell, and this had within a surface of charcoal; yet the shell had sufficient vim to carry up the sap for its few remaining branches that had put forth leaves. That tree, however, was on its last legs. I visited the spot a year later and it was gone. The old sycamore I was slipped into may yet live a century. The Charter Oak was perhaps 1,000 years of age.

COL. JOHN JOHNSTON.—From near the wedded trees I had a view of Upper Piqua, shown in our sketch of 1846. He was the largest contributor to my original edition. He was of Scotch-Irish and Huguenot stock, was born in Ballyshannon, Ireland, in 1775, and died in Washington, D. C., in 1861. When a lad he came to Pennsylvania with his father's family; at 17 years was in the Quartermaster's Department in Wayne's army; was later Clerk in the War Department; participated as an officer at the funeral services of Washington; was Indian Agent, appointed by Madison, at Upper Piqua for 30 years, having control of the affairs of 10,000 Indians, comprising many tribes, and giving great satisfaction; negotiated for a treaty of cession of the Wyandots, last of the native tribes of Ohio. In 1844, as a delegate to the Whig convention in Baltimore, he rode on horseback the whole way from Piqua, and made speeches for Henry Clay along the route. He established with his wife the first Sunday-school in Miami county; was one of the founders of Kenyon College; a trustee of Miami; a member of the Visiting Board at West Point; President of the Historical and Philosophical Society of Ohio, etc., etc. His "Account of the Indian Tribes of Ohio" is in the 5th volume of the "Collections of the American Society Antiquarian." Three of his sons were valued officers: one, Stephen, was in the navy, another, A. R., was killed in the Mexican war, and a third, James A., was killed in the civil war.

I remember as of yesterday my first interview with Col. Johnston at Upper Piqua. He was a tall, dignified man, and of the blonde type, then 71 years of age. He was at the time plainly clad, but impressive, seeming as one born to command. It was a warm summer's day, and he took me to his well and gave me a drink of pure cold water, the quality of which he praised with the air of a prince. No man had the power and influence with the Western Indians that he possessed, and it arose from his weight of character and his high sense of justice. After leaving Upper Piqua he resided for years with his daughter, Mrs. John D. Jones, at Cincinnati. He was indeed a sterling man every way, and Ohio should never forget him.

TIPPECANOE is 6 miles south of Troy, on the Miami & Erie Canal and D. & M. R. R. City officers, 1888: Ellis H. Kerr, Mayor; E. A. Jackson, Clerk; John K. Herr, Treasurer; Thos. Hartley, Marshal. Newspaper: *Herald*, Republican; Harry Horton, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Methodist, 1 Baptist, 1 Lutheran and 1 other. Bank: Tippecanoe National, Samuel Sullivan, president, A. W. Miles, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—J. L. Norris, Excelsior, 5; Trupp, Weakley & Co., builders' wood-work, 25; Ford & Co., wheels, 51; Dietrich Milling Co., flour, etc., 5; The Tipp Paper Co., straw boards, 34.—*State Reports, 1887.*

Population, 1880, 1,401. School census, 1888, 444; J. T. Bartmess, school superintendent. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, $75,000. Value of annual product, $75,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

COVINGTON is 10 miles northwest of Troy, at the crossing of the P. C. & St. L. and D. & T. Railroads. City officers, 1888: J. H. Mallin, Mayor; W. H. B. Routson, Clerk; A. M. Ruhl, Treasurer; Wm. Gavin, Marshal. Newspapers: *Enterprise*, Independent, H. J. Pearson, editor and publisher; *Gazette*, Independent, R. & W. F. Cantwell, editors and publishers; *Vindicator*, Baptist, Jos. I. Cover, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Presbyterian, 1 Christian, 1 Lutheran, 1 Methodist. Bank: Stillwater Valley, J. R. Shuman, president,

A. C. Cable, cashier. Population, 1880, 1,458. School census, 1888, 504. R. F. Bennett, school superintendent.

CASSTOWN is 4 miles northeast of Troy. It has 1 Methodist, 1 Baptist and 1 Lutheran church. Population, 1880, 331. School census, 1888, 121.

BRADFORD is 13 miles northwest of Troy, on the I. & C. Div. of the P. C. & St. L. R. R. It is part in Darke and part in Miami counties. City officers, 1888: Enos Yount, Mayor; John S. Moore, Clerk; David Arnold, Treasurer; Reuben Enochs, Marshal. Newspaper: *Sentinel*, Independent, A. F. Little, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Catholic, 1 Cumberland Presbyterian, 1 Methodist, 1 German Baptist, 1 Baptist, 1 German Reformed. Manufactures: Railroad repair shops, lumber, tile and furniture. Population, 1880, 1,373. School census, 1888, 281. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, $75,000. Value of annual product, $75,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

WEST MILTON is 8 miles southwest of Troy, on the D. Ft. W. & C. R. R. Newspaper: *Buckeye*, Republican, H. J. Pearson, editor and publisher. Bank: West Milton, Robert W. Douglas, president, D. F. Douglas, cashier. Population, 1880, 688. School census, 1888, 301, W. W. Evans, school superintendent.

FLETCHER is 10 miles northeast of Troy, on the P. C. & St. L. R. R. Population, 1880, 384. School census, 1888, 166.

LENA is 12 miles northeast of Troy, on the P. C. & St. L. R. R. School census, 1888, 120.

PLEASANT HILL is 8 miles west of Troy, on the D. Ft. W. & C. R. R. Population, 1880, 461. School census, 1888, 209.

MONROE.

MONROE COUNTY was named from James Monroe, President of the United States from 1817 to 1825; was formed January 29, 1813, from Belmont, Washington and Guernsey. The south and east are very hilly and rough, the north and west moderately hilly. Some of the western portion and the valleys are fertile. Area about 470 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 80,516; in pasture, 102,206; woodland, 65,598; lying waste, 8,494; produced in wheat, 193,913 bushels; rye, 2,755; buckwheat, 983; oats, 193,581; barley, 70; corn, 464,334; broom-corn, 6,559 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 30,420 tons; clover hay, 854; potatoes, 90,726 bushels; tobacco, 922,447 lbs.; butter, 527,055; cheese, 691,439; sorghum, 18,685 gallons; maple sugar, 3,662 lbs.; honey, 5,628; eggs, 667,898 dozen; grapes, 20,250 lbs.; wine, 2,361 gallons; sweet potatoes, 232 bushels; apples, 8,647; peaches, 1,990; pears, 958; wool, 277,837 lbs.; milch cows owned, 8,994. School census, 1888, 9,178; teachers, 229. Miles of railroad track, 31.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Adams,	897	1,317	Franklin,	1,144	1,251
Benton,		937	Green,	938	1,207
Bethel,	545	1,165	Jackson,	806	1,382
Centre,		2,779	Lee,		1,241
Elk,	535		Malaga,	1,443	1,520
Enoch,	1,135		Ohio,	907	1,905

Townships and Census.	1840.	1880.	Townships and Census.	1840.	1880.
Perry,	980	1,214	Switzerland,	983	1,226
Salem,	910	2,377	Union,	1,351	
Seneca,	1,349	1,302	Washington,	533	1,815
Summit,		914	Wayne,	684	1,284
Sunbury,	1,358	1,660			

Population of Monroe in 1820 was 4,645; 1830, 8,770; 1840, 18,544; 1860, 25,741; 1880, 26,496, of whom 22,461 were born in Ohio; 804, Pennsylvania; 318, Virginia; 49, New York; 33, Indiana; 9, Kentucky; 1224, German Empire; 80, Ireland; 48, France; 38, England and Wales; 8, Scotland, and 6, British America. Census, 1890, 25,175.

The principal portion of the population originated from Western Pennsylvania, with some Western Virginians and a few New Englanders; one township was settled by Swiss, among whom were some highly educated men.

The valleys of the streams are narrow and are bounded by lofty and rough hills. In many of the little ravines putting into the valleys the scenery is in all the wildness of untamed nature. In places they are precipitous and scarcely accessible to the footsteps of man, and often for many hundred yards the rocks bounding these gorges hang over some thirty or forty feet, forming natural grottos of sufficient capacity to shelter many hundreds of persons, and enhancing the gloomy, forbidding character of the scenery.

The annexed historical sketch of the county was written in 1846 by Daniel H. Wire, Esq., of Woodsfield:

The first settlement in the county was near the mouth of Sunfish about the year 1799. This settlement consisted of a few families whose chief end was to locate on the best hunting ground. A few years after three other small settlements were made. The first was near where the town of Beallsville now stands; the second on the Clear fork of Little Muskingum, consisting of Martin Crow, Fred. Crow and two or three other families; and the third was on the east fork of Duck creek, where some three or four families of the name of Archer settled. Not long after this the settlements began to spread, and the pioneers were forced to see the bear and the wolf leave, and make way for at least more friendly neighbors, though perhaps less welcome. The approach of new-comers was always looked upon with suspicion, as this was the signal for the game to leave. A neighbor at the distance of ten miles was considered near enough for all social purposes. The first object of a new-comer after selecting a location and putting the "hoppers" on the horse (if he had any) was to cut some poles or logs and build a cabin of suitable dimensions for the *size* of his family; for, as yet, rank and condition had not disturbed the simple order of society.

The windows of the cabin were made by sawing out about three feet of one of the logs, and putting in a few upright pieces; and in the place of glass, they took paper and oiled it with bear's oil, or hog's fat, and pasted it on the upright pieces. This would give considerable light and resist the rain tolerably well. After the cabin was completed the next thing in order was to clear out a piece of ground for a corn patch. They plowed their ground generally with a shovel plow, as this was most convenient among the roots. Their harness consisted mostly of leather-wood bark, except the collar, which was made of husks of corn platted and sewed together. They ground their corn in a hand-mill or pounded it in a mortar, or hominy-block, as it was called, which was made by burning a hole into the end of a block of wood. They pounded the corn in these mortars with a pestle, which they made by driving an iron wedge into a stick of suitable size. After the corn was sufficiently pounded, they sieved it, and took the finer portion for meal to make bread and mush of, and the coarser they boiled for hominy. Their meat was bear, venison and wild turkey, as it was very difficult to raise hogs or sheep on account of the wolves and bears; and hence pork and woollen clothes were very scarce.

The mischievous depredations of the wolves rendered their scalps a matter of some importance. They were worth from four to six dollars apiece. This made of wolf-hunting rather a lucrative business, and, of course, called into action the best inventive talent in the country; consequently, many expedients and inventions were adopted, one of which I will give.

The hunter took the ovary of a slut—at a particular time—and rubbed it on the soles of his shoes, then circling through the forest where the wolves were most plenty, the male wolves would follow his track; as they approached he would secrete himself in a suitable place, and as soon as the wolf came in reach of the rifle, he received its contents. This plan was positively practiced, and was one of the most effectual modes of hunting

the wolf. A Mr. Terrel, formerly of this place, was hunting wolves in this way not far from where Woodsfield stands. He found himself closely pursued by a number of wolves, and soon discovered from their angry manner that they intended to attack him. He got up into the top of a leaning tree and shot four of them before they would leave him. This is the only instance of the wolves attacking any person in this section of country. Hunters, the better to elude, especially the ever-watchful eye of the deer and turkey, had their hunting-shirts colored to suit the season. In the fall of the year they wore the color most resembling the fallen leaves; in the winter they used a brown, as near as possible the color of the bark of trees. If there was snow on the ground, they frequently drew a white shirt over their other clothes. In the summer they colored their clothes green.

In addition to what has already been said, it may not be improper to give a few things in relation to the social intercourse of the early settlers.

And first I would remark, on good authority, that a more generous, warm-hearted and benevolent people seldom have existed in any country. Although they are unwilling to see the game driven off by the rapid influx of emigrants, still the stranger, when he arrived among the hardy pioneers, found among them a cordiality, and a generous friendship, that is not found among those who compose, what is erroneously called, the better class of society, or the higher circle. There was no distinction in society, no aristocratic lines drawn between the upper and lower classes. Their social amusements proceeded from matters of necessity. A log-rolling or the raising of a log-cabin was generally accompanied with a quilting, or something of the sort, and this brought together a whole neighborhood of both sexes, and after the labors of the day were ended, they spent the larger portion of the night in dancing and other innocent amusements. If they had no fiddler (which was not very uncommon), some one of the party would supply the deficiency by singing. A wedding frequently called together all the young folks for fifteen or twenty miles around. These occasions were truly convivial; the parties assembled on the wedding day at the house of the bride, and after the nuptials were celebrated they enjoyed all manner of rural hilarity, and most generally dancing formed a part, unless the old folks had religious scruples as to its propriety. About 10 o'clock the bride was allowed to retire by her attendants; and if the groom could steal off from his attendants and retire also, without their knowledge, they became the objects of sport for all the company, and were not a little quizzed. The next day the party repaired to the house of the groom to enjoy the *infair*. When arrived within a mile or two of the house, a part of the company would run for the bottle, and whoever had the fleetest horse succeeded in getting the bottle, which was always ready at the house of the groom. The successful racer carried back the liquor and met the rest of the company and treated them, always taking good care to treat the bride and groom first; he then became the hero of that occasion, at least.

There are but few incidents relative to the Indian war which took place in this county, worthy of notice. When Martin Whetzel was a prisoner among the Indians they brought him about twenty miles (as he supposed) up Sunfish creek. This would be some place near Woodsfield. Whetzel says they stopped under a large ledge of rocks, and left a guard with him and went off; and after having been gone about an hour they returned with a large quantity of lead, and moulded a great number of bullets. They fused the lead in a large wooden ladle, which they had hid in the rocks. They put the metal in the ladle, and by burning live coals on it, succeeded in fusing it. After Whetzel escaped from the Indians and returned home, he visited the place in search of the lead, but could never find it. In fact, he was not certain that he had found the right rock.

At the battle of Captina John Baker was killed. He had borrowed Jack Bean's gun, which the Indians had taken. This gun was recaptured on the waters of Wills' creek, about sixteen or eighteen miles west of Woodsfield, and still remains in the possession of some of the friends of the notorious Bean and the lamented Baker, in this county, as a memorial of those brave Indian fighters. Henry Johnson, who had the fight with the Indians when a boy, is now living in the county.

In the latter part of the last century the celebrated French traveller Volney travelled through Virginia, and crossed the Ohio into this county from Sistersville. He was under the guidance of two Virginia bear hunters through the wilderness. The weather was very cold and severe. In crossing the dry ridge, on the Virginia side, the learned infidel became weak with cold and fatigue. He was in the midst of an almost boundless wilderness, deep snows were under his feet, and both rain and snow falling upon his head. He frequently insisted on giving over the enterprise and dying where he was; but his comrades, more accustomed to backwoods fare, urged him on, until he at length gave out, exclaiming, "Oh, wretched and foolish man that I am, to leave my comfortable home and fireside, and come to this unfrequented place, where the lion and tiger refuse to dwell, and the rain hurries off! Go on, my friends! better that one man should

perish than three." They then stopped, struck a fire, built a camp of bark and limbs, shot a buck, broiled the ham, which, with the salt, bread and other necessaries they had, made a very good supper, and everything being soon comfortable and cheery, the learned Frenchman was dilating largely and eloquently upon the ingenuity of man.

Heroic Adventure of the Johnson Boys.

The account which follows of the heroism of two pioneer boys was given by one of them, Henry Johnson, to a Woodsfield paper about 1835 or 1840. Both he and his brother John settled in Monroe. John married into the Okey family and Henry married Patty Russell. He was the first Mayor of Woodsfield. I saw him at Woodsfield in 1846. He was then nearly seventy years of age, a fine specimen of the fast vanishing race of Indian hunters; tall, erect, with the bearing of a genuine backwoodsman:

I was born in Westmoreland county, Pa., on the 4th day of February, 1777. When I was about eight years old, my father having a large family to provide for, sold his farm with the expectation of acquiring larger possessions farther West. Thus he was stimulated to encounter the perils of a pioneer life. He crossed the Ohio river and bought some improvements on what was called Beach Bottom flats, two and a half miles from the river, and three or four miles above the mouth of the Short creek. Soon after he came there the Indians became troublesome. They stole horses and various other things and killed a number of persons in our neighborhood.

When I was between eleven and twelve years old, I think it was the fall of 1788, I was taken prisoner with my brother John, who was about eighteen months older than I. The circumstances are as follows: On Saturday evening we were out with an older brother, and came home late in the evening; one of us had lost a hat and John and I went back the next day to look for it. We found the hat, and sat down on a log and were cracking nuts. After a short time we saw two men coming down from the direction of the house; from their dress we took them to be two of our neighbors, James Perdue and J. Russell. We paid but little attention to them till they came quite near us. To escape by flight was now impossible had we been disposed to try it. We sat still until they came up to us. One of them said, "*How do, broder?*" My brother then asked them if they were Indians and they answered in the affirmative, and said we must go with them.

One of them had a blue buckskin, which he gave my brother to carry, and without further ceremony we took up the line of march for the wilderness, not knowing whether we should ever return to the cheerful home we had left; and not having much love for our commanding officers, of course, we obeyed martial orders rather tardily. One of the Indians walked about ten steps before and the other about the same distance behind us. After travelling some distance we halted in a deep hollow and sat down. They took out their knives and whet them, and talked some time in the Indian tongue, which we could not understand. I told my brother that I thought they were going to kill us, and I believe he thought so too, for he began to talk to them, and told them that his father was cross to him and made him work hard, and that he did not like hard work, that he would rather be a hunter and live in the woods. This seemed to please them, for they put up their knives and talked more lively and pleasantly to us. We returned the same familiarity and many questions passed between us; all parties were very inquisitive. They asked my brother which way home was and he told them the contrary way every time they would ask him, although he knew the way very well; this would make them laugh; they thought we were lost and that we knew no better.

They conducted us over Short creek hills in search of horses, but found none; so we continued on foot. Night came on and we halted in a low hollow, about three miles from Carpenter's fort and about four from the place where they first took us. Our route being somewhat circuitous and full of zigzags we made headway but slowly. As night began to close in around us I became fretful; my brother encouraged me by whispering to me that we would kill the Indians that night. After they had selected the place of encampment one of them scouted around the camp, while the other struck fire, which was done by stopping the touch-hole of the gun and flashing powder in the pan. After the Indian got the fire kindled he reprimed the gun and went to an old stump to get some dry tinder wood for fire; and while he was thus employed my brother John took the gun, cocked it, and was about to shoot the Indian; but I was alarmed, fearing that the other might be close by and be able to overpower us; so I remonstrated against his shooting and took hold of the gun and prevented the shot. I, at the same time, begged him to wait till night and I would help him to kill them both. The Indian that had taken the scout came back about dark.

We took our suppers, talked some time and went to bed on the naked ground to try

to rest, and study out the best mode of attack. They put us between them that they might be the better able to guard us. After a while one of the Indians, supposing we were asleep, got up and stretched himself down on the other side of the fire and soon began to snore. John, who had been watching every motion, found they were sound asleep and whispered to me to get up. We got up as carefully as possible. John took the gun which the Indian struck fire with, cocked it and placed it in the direction of the head of one of the Indians; he then took a tomahawk and drew it over the head of the other; I pulled the trigger and he struck at the same instant; the blow falling too far back on the neck only stunned the Indian; he attempted to spring to his feet, uttering most hideous yells. Although my brother repeated the blows with some effect the conflict became terrible and somewhat doubtful. The Indian, however, was forced to yield to the blows he received upon his head, and, in a short time, he lay quiet and still at our feet.

After we were satisfied that they were both dead, and fearing there were others close by, we hurried off and took nothing with us but the gun I shot with. We took our course towards the river, and in about three-quarters of a mile we found a path which led to Carpenter's fort. My brother here hung up his hat that we might know on our return where to turn off to find our camp. We got to the fort a little before daybreak. We related our adventure, and a small party went back with my brother and found the Indian that had been tomahawked; the other had crawled away a short distance with the gun. A skeleton and a gun were found some time after near the place where we had encamped.

Woodsfield in 1846.—Woodsfield, the county-seat, one hundred and eighteen miles easterly from Columbus, and eighteen from the Ohio river, was founded in 1815 by Archibald Woods, of Wheeling, George Paul, Benj. Ruggles and Levi Barber. It contains one Episcopal Methodist and one Protestant Methodist church, a classical academy, one newspaper printing office, six stores and had, in 1830, 157 inhabitants, and in 1840, 262; estimated population in 1847, 450. The view was taken in the principal street of the village, on the left of which is seen the court-house. At the foot of the street, on the left, but not shown in the view, is a natural mound, circular at the base and rising to the height of sixty feet.—*Old Edition.*

WOODSFIELD, county-seat of Monroe, one hundred miles east of Columbus, on the B. Z. & C. R. R., forty-two miles from Bellaire and seventy from Zanesville.

County officers, 1888: Auditor, Henry R. Muhleman; Clerk, Elisha L. Lynch; Commissioners, John Ruby, J. W. Warner, Alexander Harman; Coroner, A. G. W. Potts; Infirmary Directors, Jacob Wohnhas, Geo. L. Gillespie, Frederick Stoehr; Probate Judge, Albert J. Pearson; Prosecuting Attorney, Geo. G. Jennings; Recorder, Edward J. Graham; Sheriff, Louis Sulsberger; Surveyor, W. S. Jones; Treasurer, Cyrus E. Miller. City officers, 1888: John W. Doherty, Mayor; George P. Dorr, Clerk; Fritz Reef, Treasurer; Wm. Lang, Marshal. Newspapers: *Monroe Gazette*, Republican, estate of John W. Doherty, editors and publishers; *Monroe Journal*, German, Fritz Reef, editor and publisher; *Spirit of Democracy*, Democratic, Hamilton and Van Law, editors and publishers. Churches: one Christian, one Methodist Episcopal, one Catholic, one Evangelical. Banks: Monroe, S. L. Mooney, president, W. C. Mooney, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—Gazette, newspaper, 4; *Spirit of Democracy*, newspaper, 4; George Richner & Sons, flour, etc., 4; Helbling & Stoehr, doors, sash, etc., 5.—*State Report, 1887.* Population in 1880, 861. School census, 1888, 339. Census, 1890, 1,031.

JOHN WATERMAN OKEY, at one time chief-justice of the State, was born near Woodsfield, January 3, 1827. He was of joint English and Scotch-Irish stock, and some of it very long-lived. An inscription on the tombstone of his great-grandmother at Woodsfield showed that she lived to the advanced age of one hundred and three years. The only institution of learning he ever attended was the Monroe Academy. He studied law at Woodsfield; became Probate Judge and Judge of Common Pleas; in 1865 removed to Cincinnati, when, in connection with Judge Gholson, he prepared "Gholson & Okey's Digest of Ohio

Drawn by Henry Howe.

WOODSFIELD IN 1846.

WOODSFIELD IN 1886.

Reports;" and also, with S. A. Miller, "Okey & Miller's Municipal Law." In 1877 he was elected Supreme Judge on the ticket with R. M. Bishop for Governor; again in 1882 on the ticket with Geo. Hoadly, by a majority of 16,500 over his principal competitor. The Judge had a marvellous memory. There was not a single case in the whole fifty-seven volumes of Ohio Reports with which he was not familiar, and scarcely a case which he could not accurately state from memory. He died in 1885.

On this visit in Woodsfield we made the acquaintance of Hon. James R. Morris, who was the postmaster of the town. This gentleman represented this district in Congress from 1861 to 1865. In 1877 was published an illustrated atlas of the Upper Ohio river valley, for which Mr. Morris supplied the historical facts appertaining to Monroe. From this, mainly, the following items are derived:

The First Permanent Settlement of which there is any well-authenticated history was made in the year 1791. Philip Witten, a brother-in-law of the noted Indian scouts and fighters, Kinsey and Vachtel Dickenson, in 1791 settled in Jackson township. He came there with his family from Wheeling, and his descendants still live on the same farm. The next settlement in order of time was on Buckhill Bottom in 1794, and was made by Robert McEldowney, followed by Jacob Vellom and others. Settlements were made at and near the mouth of Sunfish creek and Opossum creek by the Vandwarters, Henthornes, Atkinsons and others, about the years 1798–9. About 1802 a settlement was made on the site of Calais. In 1798 an improvement had been made there by Aaron Dillie, from Dillie's Bottom, Belmont county. About the same time a settlement was made by Michael Crow and others on Clear Fork creek. Cline's settlement on the Little Muskingum was begun about the year 1805; that at and around the site at Beallsville at about the same time, and Dye's settlement, in Perry township, in 1812.

Woodsfield Founded.—In 1814 the commissioners selected the site of Woodsfield, then an unbroken forest, for the county-seat. Tradition says that in order to get the streets or a part of them cleared out, Mr. Archibald Woods, of Wheeling, from whom the town was named, and a heavy landholder in this region, got a keg of brandy and invited all the men and boys within a circuit of five miles to come into the place on a certain Saturday, have a grand frolic and clear out Main street. This was done and the first trees felled.

In 1820 Woodsfield contained 18 houses, 6 of them of hewed logs and the remainder cabins. In the fall of 1818 the householders of Woodsfield were Patrick Adams, James Carrothers (whose son George was the first child born in the town), Joseph Driggs, Ezra Driggs, John Snyder, Anson Brewster, Jas. Phillips, Messrs. Sayers, Michael Davis, John Cole, Henry H. Mott, Stephen Lindley, John King, Henry Jackson, Amos B. Jones, David Pierson and Mrs. A. G. Hunter.

Woodsfield was incorporated in 1834, and in 1836 Henry Johnson (of the Indian killing fame) was elected the first Mayor. He died at Antioch and is buried in the Woodsfield graveyard.

The first court-house and jail combined was built of logs in 1816, at a total cost of $137. The wood work cost $100, and the stone and other work $37. The lower story was a jail, and the upper a court-room. The second court-house was built of brick in 1828–29, and burnt in 1867. It was succeeded by the present brick structure, which cost $40,000. The first court for the county was held in 1815, at the house of Levin Okey. The first resident lawyer was Seneca S. Salisbury, who came to Woodsfield in 1821. In 1832 Daniel Arnold, from Cadiz, established the first newspaper, the *Woodsfield Gazette.* The members of Congress from this county have been Joseph Morris, 1843–47; Wm. F. Hunter, 1849–53; Jas. R. Morris, 1861–65.

First German and Swiss Settlements.—Under the leadership of Father Jacob Tisher, in April, 1819, ten German-Swiss families embarked on a flat boat on the river Aar at the city of Berne. They descended the Aar to the Rhine, and thence down the Rhine to the city of Antwerp. There they took passage on the "Eugenius," a French vessel for New York. After a passage of 48 days they landed at Amboy, New Jersey, where they purchased teams and six of the families started overland for Wheeling. The little colony now consisted of Father Tisher, Jacob Tschappat, Daniel Fankhauser, Nicholas Fankhauser, Jacob Marti and their families, and Jacob Nispeli, single. After a tedious journey they reached Wheeling, and again embarked on a flat boat, their destination being the great Kanawha river.

Landing at the mouth of Captina, there they found two Pennsylvania Germans—Geo. Goetz and Henry Sweppe—who informed them there was plenty of Government land in Monroe county, near by, and a part of them were induced to remain, house room not being obtainable for all. On the 15th of September Father Tisher and a part of his little band continued down the river, and landed 16 miles below at Bare's landing. Jacob Bare, a Marylander, who could speak German, persuaded them to settle there.

Thus this little colony in two bands began the first German-Swiss settlements in Monroe county, the one party in what is now

in Switzerland township, the other in Ohio township. In that region there was scarce a settler back from the river, it being an almost unbroken forest. Immigration now fairly set in from Germany and Switzerland, and these fertile hills became the happy homes of an industrious, virtuous people. Their leader, Father Jacob Tisher, was the first missionary for the German work of the Methodist church, and travelled in this and adjoining counties. His circuit was nearly 200 miles in extent, which he made on foot once every four weeks. He was very successful in organizing societies, and laid the foundation of a work now embraced in many circuits and stations. He died at the advanced age of 86 years.

Judge Morris illustrates the narrowness and intolerance of early times often shown by members of different religious sects towards each, by an anecdote of a Baptist clergyman, who often preached in the Baptist church established in 1820 on Opossum creek, in Centre township, the first Baptist church in the county. He writes: "Rev. Joseph Smith, a pious, zealous and somewhat eccentric minister, officiated at this and all the other Baptist churches in the county for many years.

"His eccentricities led him to be very hostile to other denominations, especially to Methodists. The congregations to which he ministered were scattered over a wide extent of territory. At one time in making his rounds the back of his horse became very sore, and he was told by a friend if he would get a wolf's skin and put it under the saddle it would cure it. He replied: 'I don't know where to get one, unless I skin a Methodist preacher.'"

Subscription Schools.—In early times subscription schools were common. Judge Morris, in speaking of a subscription school in Greene, opened in 1825, and taught by John Miller, thus quotes from a correspondent: "The terms of subscription were $1 per scholar for a term of three months. The teacher boarded around among the scholars; that is, he boarded in the families of the scholars for the length of time warranted by the number of pupils sent by the family.

"Before the holidays the teacher was compelled to sign an article that on Christmas or New Year's day he would treat the boys to ginger cakes, cider and apples, or they would bar him out of the school-house, or if he got in first they would smoke him out. If he still refused to sign the article, they would take him to the nearest creek and duck him.

"The writer remembers being in a school-house in 1829–30, when the teacher was barred out; but he climbed on the roof of the school-house, covered the chimney and smoked the scholars out. After thus having worsted them he still refused to sign the article; but after some delay, waiting for an attack upon him, he treated them bountifully and gave them half a holiday, which was spent at the various games of amusement common in those days."

Squatters.—The early settlers were more numerous in the region around the mouth of the Sunfish than elsewhere. "Most of the first settlers," says Morris, "were squatters, that is, a family moved into the county and settled on Congress land, and when the head of the family found himself able, he would enter the land upon which he had squatted. It was considered a very mean trick in those days for a person to 'enter out' a squatter who was doing his best to raise the means to pay for the home he was making for himself and family; and scarcely any one would do it without consent of the squatter, who was frequently paid for his improvements when he found himself unable to enter the land."

Indian Medicine-man.—Dr. N. E. Henthorn, recently deceased, in a letter to John B. Noll, Esq., says: "In 1831 I was returning home from Cincinnati by land and stopped over night at Jackson's tavern, in Reading, 12 miles from the city. When the landlord ascertained where I was from, he said that his father and an old Indian would like to talk with me.

I went to their room and Mr. Jackson, Sr., said he knew my grandfather at the old block house at Wheeling; said that at the time Boggs was killed at Boggs' island, the Indians were pursued by the whites, and that he, Jackson, wounded this Indian, and when about to kill him with his tomahawk, the Indian told him he was the medicine-man of his tribe, and if he would spare his life he would cure a cancer on his (Jackson's) nose, which he did; that the Indian had lived with him ever since, and was with him in the war of 1812, under General Harrison.

Indian Decoy.—"The Indian told me that the Indian name of Sunfish creek was Buckchitawa, and Opossum creek was in the Indian tongue Eagle creek. He further told me of the killing of a big Indian at Buckchitawa, about the time of the settlement at Marietta.

Big Indian.—"The Indians had a white prisoner whom they forced to decoy boats to the shore. A small boat was descending the river containing white people, when this prisoner was placed under the bank to tell those in the boat that he had escaped captivity and to come to shore and take him in. The Indians were concealed, but the big Indian stuck his head out from behind a large tree when it was pierced by a bullet from the gun of the steersman of the boat. The Indians cried 'Wetzel!' 'Wetzel!' and fled. This was the last ever seen of the prisoner. The Indians returned the next day and buried the big Indian, who, he said, was twenty inches taller than he was, and he was a tall man.

"When Chester Bishop was digging many years ago a cellar for Asahel Booth at Clarington, he came across a skeleton, the bones of which were carefully removed by Dr. Richard Kirkpatrick, and from his measurement he estimated the man when living would have been 8 feet and 5 inches. It is

probable that these were the bones of the big Indian. He further told me there was lead on Eagle, Buckchitawa and Captina creeks, but the veins were thin."

TRAVELLING NOTES.

My original visit to Woodsfield was in March, 1846. I came in the character of a pedestrian, with my knapsack on my back, loaded with some 14 pounds. A steamboat had landed me on the Ohio some 16 miles away, and I came up the hills meeting scarcely a soul or seeing much else than hills and trees.

Woodsfield was then much out of the world. Indeed the entire county was quite primitive; its people largely dwelt in cabins. This seemed to me a good thing, saving many the worry of having so much to look after. "Great possessions, great cares."

Monroe county was away from all travel, except on the river fringe. This is 29 miles long and the river hurries by, falling in that distance 20 feet 6½ inches, and mostly in ripples.

The county had a decided political character and was such a sore spot to the old Whigs from its stunning Democratic majorities that they called it "*Dark Monroe.*" Still, I thought I could travel over it in safety without a lantern.

On my arrival at Woodsfield I had an unusually pleasant reception, and when my book was published the indwellers of Dark Monroe showed their love for their Ohio land by an unusually large patronage. The behavior of the people was such that the jailer's office was of little account. His business was so poor that if he had depended upon fees and board money for a living he must have starved. Neither did the sheriff get a chance to hang anybody, for a capital crime had never been committed in the county. In such a condition of things the Woodsfield newspaper suffered for want of interesting home news to chronicle, excepting after an election, when the Democratic rooster showed his outstretched plumage.

I came this last time by the "Poor Man's Railroad," described on page 318. When I got here I inquired for three old acquaintances I had made in 1846, and as usual in such cases the answer was, "dead." They were Henry Johnson, Daniel H. Wire and Jamie Shaw. Henry Johnson, having been born one hundred and nine years before, of course was dead. He was one of the ever-to-be-remembered two Johnson boys who killed two Indians in the old Revolutionary war. He died in 1850, at Antioch, that is, four years after I made his acquaintance, and was buried at Woodsfield.

DANIEL H. WIRE, who gave me the preceding historical sketch, died before the war. When I saw him he was a young lawyer, and at one time prosecuting attorney for the county. He ran for Congress on the Democratic ticket. This was in 1855, during what was termed the "Know-Nothing Craze." The Know-Nothings carried that year many of the Ohio districts, and this among them. Wire's personal popularity was so great that it saved the county; its usual majority was some 1,600, but it went through by about four hundred.

In the old picture of Woodsfield is the figure of an old man leaning on a cane with a dog by his side. That is JAMIE SHAW and his dog. He was not on that spot at the moment I drew the picture, but I introduced him as a matter of humor, and in his contemplative attitude: Jamie was the *oddity* of Woodsfield and I felt his memory should be preserved for a grateful people.

I derive the following about Jamie from conversation with Hon. W. F. Okey, of Woodsfield, and Gen. Jas. O. Amos, of the Shelby County *Democrat.* The last, once a boy in Woodsfield, years later, in Allen's administration, mounted epaulets and became Adjutant-General of Ohio.

Jamie was a hatter, originally from Greene county, Pa., and a soldier of the war of 1812. He was a short, fat man, waddled about carrying a cane, and wherever Jamie went his dog, like Mary's lamb, was sure to go. The dog was like his master, short and fat, and his color interesting—*yellow.* Whenever Jamie stopped or sat down his dog would drop on his haunches and look up lovingly in his face. The dog in his affection seemed the counterpart of Dr. Holland's Blanco. And, no doubt, Jamie felt towards him as the Doctor did to Blanco, when he wrote:

My dear dumb friend, low-lying there,
A willing vassal at my feet;
Glad partner of my home and fare,
My vassal on the street.

I scan the whole broad earth around,
For that one heart which, leal and true,
Bears friendship without end or bound,
And find that friend in you.

Ah, Blanco, did I worship God,
As truly as you worship me;
Or follow where my Master trod
With your humility—

Did I sit fondly at his feet,
As you, dear Blanco, sit at mine;
And watch him with a love as sweet,
My life would grow divine.

Jamie was an ardent soul and greatly enjoyed his religion. He was a Methodist, and oft carried away in a frenzy of excitement to the perpetration of ridiculous things and greatly to the amusement of the Woodsfield youngsters. On one of these occasions, while lying on the floor, kicking up his heels and crying, "Glory to God," one of the mischievous urchins dropped a bullet in his mouth. It came near choking Jamie to death. A boy named Driggs was arrested and brought before a Justice and fined for the offence; but he declared it was not him that did it—it was another boy. It always is.

Jamie eventually moved to Missouri, where he located some soldier's land-warrants granted him for his services in our last war against the "red-coats." He lived there a number of years; when the word came he was no more. But as for his companion, there was no record, not even his name; but we do know he worshipped Jamie, and the hue of his coat was the hue of those worn by the priests of Boodha, the "sacred yellow."

As for odd characters in the olden time, the country was full of them. Every community had its queer one. What was singular, no two of these were ever alike. The isolated lives of the old-time people had much to do with the development of originality. Now, through the influence of the press, we all daily talk the same topics, think the same thoughts and move on the same planes. Individuality is measurably lost in the on-rush of the ever-surging increasing multitudes, who, in the daily surprise of startling events and wonder-working discoveries, continually lift their hands and exclaim, "What next?"

CLARINGTON is on the Ohio river, at the mouth of the Sunfish, about fifteen miles east of Woodsfield. Newspaper: *Independent*, Independent, W. T. Powell, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Methodist, 1 German Lutheran and 1 Christian. Population, 1880, 915. School census, 1888, 251; E. B. Thomas, school superintendent. Clarington is the most extensive business point on the river between Marietta and Bellaire. It was laid out in 1822 by David Pierson, who named it after his daughter Clarinda.

BEALLSVILLE is eight miles northeast of Woodsfield, on the B. Z. & C. R. R. It has 1 Presbyterian, 1 Methodist Episcopal, and 1 Christian church. Population, 1880, 391. School census, 1888, 166.

GRAYSVILLE is eight miles southwest of Woodsfield. It has 1 Christian, 1 Methodist and 1 Baptist church. Population, 1880, 174. School census, 1888, 74.

CALAIS is twelve miles northwest of Woodsfield. It has 1 Methodist Episcopal church. Population, 1880, 159. School census, 1888, 105.

CAMERON is twelve miles east of Woodsfield. School census, 1888, 140.

STAFFORD is ten miles southwest of Woodsfield. It has 1 Christian and 1 Methodist Episcopal church. School census, 1888, 103.

MONTGOMERY.

MONTGOMERY COUNTY was named from Gen. Richard Montgomery, of the American Revolutionary army; he was born in Ireland, in 1737, and was killed in the assault upon Quebec, Dec. 31, 1775. This county was created May 1, 1803, from Hamilton and Ross, and the temporary seat of justice appointed at the house of George Newcom, in Dayton. About one-half of the county is rolling and the rest level; the soil of an excellent quality, clay predominating. East of the Miami are many excellent limestone quarries, of a greyish-white hue. Large quantities are exported to Cincinnati, where it is used in constructing the most elegant edifices; nearly all the canal locks from Cincinnati to Toledo are built with it. This is a great manufacturing county, and abundance of water power is furnished by its various streams, and it is very wealthy, with a dense agricultural population. The principal products are corn, wheat, rye, oats, barley, flaxseed, potatoes, pork, wool and tobacco.

Area about 470 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 167,779; in pasture, 18,402; woodland, 34,134; lying waste, 9,624; produced in wheat, 639,886 bushels; rye, 4,655; buckwheat, 171; oats, 415,084; barley, 55,960; corn, 1,523,796; broom-corn, 67,759 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 15,104 tons; clover hay, 8,628; flax, 176,477 lbs. fibre; potatoes, 85,200 bushels; tobacco, 4,717,558 lbs. (largest in the State); butter, 827,943; cheese, 2,715; sorghum, 5,872 gallons; maple syrup, 13,934; honey, 4,018 lbs.; eggs, 635,473 dozen; grapes, 132,780 lbs.; wine, 6,301 gallons; sweet potatoes, 3,648 bushels; apples, 563; peaches, 15; pears, 1,725; wool, 15,747 lbs.; milch cows owned, 10,497. Ohio Mining Statistics, 1888: Limestone, 5,062 tons burned for lime; 195,537 cubic feet of dimension stone; 33,977 cubic yards of building stone; 422,558 square feet of flagging; 9,750 square feet of paving; 48,586 lineal feet of curbing; 1,352 cubic yards of ballast or macadam. School census, 1888, 26,797; teachers, 402. Miles of railroad track, 165.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Butler,	1,897	2,196	Madison,	1,594	2,306
Clay,	1,633	3,063	Mad River,		2,091
Dayton (city and township),	10,334	38,678	Miami,	3,249	5,024
German,	2,629	3,451	Perry,	1,883	2,272
Harrison,		2,667	Randolph,	1,774	2,327
Jackson,	1,688	2,451	Van Buren,		2,953
Jefferson,	1,895	6,096	Washington,	2,259	1,784
			Wayne,	1,045	1,191

Population of Montgomery in 1820 was 16,061; 1830, 24,374; 1840, 31,879; 1860, 52,230; 1880, 78,550; of whom 54,396 were born in Ohio; 4,059 Pennsylvania; 1,197 Indiana; 1,114 New York; 1,037 Virginia; 813 Kentucky; 7,894 German Empire; 2,574 Ireland; 664 England and Wales; 270 France; 207 British America; 159 Scotland, and 11 Norway and Sweden.

Census, 1890, 100,852.

Among the early settlers of Montgomery county was Col. ROBERT PATTERSON. He was born in Pennsylvania in 1753, and emigrated to Kentucky in 1775. In 1804 he removed from Kentucky and settled about a mile below Dayton. He was the original proprietor of Lexington, Ky., and one-third owner of Cincinnati, when it was laid out. He was with Col. George Rogers Clarke in 1778, in his celebrated Illinois campaign; in the following year he was in Bowman's expedition against old Chillicothe. In this expedition, according to Patterson's memoranda, Bowman had 400 men. In August, 1780, he was also a captain under

Clarke, in his expedition against the Shawnees, on the Little Miami and Mad river; was second in command to Col. Boone, August 19, 1782, at the battle of the Lower Blue Licks; was colonel on the second expedition of Gen. Clarke, in the following September, into the Miami country; held the same office in 1786, under Col. Logan, in his expedition against the Shawnees. He died, August 5, 1827. His early life was full of incidents, one of the most remarkable of which we give in his own language, as originally published in the *Ohio National Journal:*

Canoe Jonrney up the Ohio.—In the fall of 1776 I started from McClellan's station (now Georgetown, Ky.) in company with Jos. McNutt, David Perry, James Wernock, James Templeton, Edward Mitchell and Isaac Greer, to go to Pittsburg. We procured provision for our journey at the Blue Licks, from the well-known stone house, the Buffalo. At Limestone we procured a canoe, and started up the Ohio river by water. Nothing material transpired during several of the first days of our journey. We landed at Point Pleasant, where was a fort commanded by Capt. Arbuckle. After remaining there a short time, and receiving despatches from Capt. Arbuckle to the commandant at Wheeling, we again proceeded. Aware that Indians were lurking along the bank of the river, we travelled with the utmost caution. We usually landed an hour before sunset, cooked and eat our supper, and went on until after dark. At night we lay without fire, as convenient to our canoe as possible, and started again in the morning at daybreak. We had all agreed that if any disaster should befall us by day or by night that we should stand by each other, as long as any help could be afforded.

Attacked by Indians.—At length the memorable 12th of October arrived. During the day we passed several new improvements, which occasioned us to be less watchful and careful than we had been before. Late in the evening we landed opposite the island [on the Ohio side of the river, in what is now Athens county], then called the Hockhocking, and were beginning to flatter ourselves that we should reach some inhabitants the next day. Having eaten nothing that day, contrary to our usual practice, we kindled a fire and cooked supper. After we had eaten and made the last of our flour into a loaf of bread, and put it into an old brass kettle to bake, so that we might be ready to start again in the morning at daybreak, we lay down to rest, keeping the same clothes on at night that we wore during the day. For the want of a better, I had on a hunting-shirt and britch clout (so called), and flannel leggins. I had my powder-horn and shot-pouch on my side, and placed the butt of my gun under my head. Five of our company lay on the east side of the fire, and James Templeton and myself on the west; we were lying on our left sides, myself in front, with my right hand hold of my gun. Templeton was lying close behind me. This was our position, and asleep, when we were fired upon by a party of Indians. Immediately after the fire they rushed upon us with tomahawks, as if determined to finish the work of death they had begun. It appeared that one Indian had shot on my side of the fire. I saw the flash of the gun and felt the ball pass through me, but where I could not tell, nor was it at first painful. I sprang to take up my gun, but my right shoulder came to the ground. I made another effort, and was half bent in getting up, when an Indian sprang past the fire with savage fierceness, and struck me with his tomahawk. From the position I was in, it went between two ribs, just behind the backbone, a little below the kidney, and penetrated the cavity of the body. He then immediately turned to Templeton (who by this time had got to his feet with his gun in hand), and seized his gun. A desperate scuffle ensued, but Templeton held on, and finally bore off the gun.

A Forlorn Condition.—In the meantime I made from the light, and in my attempt to get out of sight, I was delayed for a moment by getting my right arm fast between a tree and a sapling, but having got clear and away from the light of the fire, and finding that I had lost the use of my right arm, I made a shift to keep it up by drawing it through the straps of my shot-pouch. I could see the crowd about the fire, but the firing had ceased and the strife seemed to be over. I had reason to believe that the others were all shot and tomahawked. Hearing no one coming towards me, I resolved to go to the river, and, if possible, to get into the canoe and float down, thinking by that means I might possibly reach Point Pleasant, supposed to be about 100 miles distant. Just as I got on the beach a little below the canoe, an Indian in the canoe gave a whoop, which gave me to understand that it was best to withdraw. I did so; and with much difficulty got to an old log, and being very thirsty, faint and exhausted, I was glad to sit down. I felt the blood running, and heard it dropping on the leaves all around me. Presently I heard the Indians board the canoe and float past. All was now silent, and I felt myself in a most forlorn condition. I could not see the fire, but determined to find it and see if any of my comrades were alive. I steered the course which I supposed the fire to be, and having reached it, I found Templeton alive, but wounded in nearly the same manner that I was. James Wernock was also dangerously wounded, two balls having passed through his body; Jos. McNutt was dead and scalped; D. Perry was wounded, but not badly, and Isaac Greer was missing. The miseries of that hour cannot well be described.

Wernock's Resignation.—When daylight

appeared we held a council, and concluded that inasmuch as one gun and some ammunition was saved, Perry would furnish us with meat, and we would proceed up the river by slow marches to the nearest settlements, supposed to be one hundred miles. A small quantity of provisions which was found scattered around the fire was picked up and distributed among us, and a piece of blanket, which was saved from the fire, was given to me to cover a wound on my back. On examination, it was found that two balls had passed through my right arm, and that the bone was broken; to dress this, splinters were taken from a tree near the fire that had been shivered by lightning, and placed on the outside of my hunting-shirt and bound with a string. And now, being in readiness to move, Perry took the gun and ammunition, and we all got to our feet except Wernock, who, on attempting to get up fell back to the ground. He refused to try again, said that he could not live, and at the same time desired us to do the best we could for ourselves. Perry then took hold of his arm and told him if he would get up he would carry him; upon this he made another effort to get up, but falling back as before, he begged us in the most solemn manner to leave him. At his request, the old kettle was filled with water and placed at his side, which he said was the last and only favor required of us, and then conjured us to leave him and try to save ourselves, assuring us that should he live to see us again, he would cast no reflections of unkindness upon us. Thus we left him. When we had got a little distance I looked back, and distressed and hopeless as Wernock's condition really was, I felt to envy it. After going about 100 poles, we were obliged to stop and rest, and found ourselves too sick and weak to proceed. Another consultation being held, it was agreed that Templeton and myself should remain there with Edward Mitchell, and Perry should take the gun and go to the nearest settlement and seek relief. Perry promised that if he could not procure assistance he would be back in four days. He then returned to the camp and found Wernock in the same state of mind as when we left, perfectly rational and sensible of his condition, replenished his kettle with water, brought us some fire and started for the settlement.

Wernock's Death.—Alike unable to go back or forward, and being very thirsty, we set about getting water from a small stream that happened to be near us, our only drinking vessel an old wool hat, which was so broken that it was with great difficulty made to hold water; but by stuffing leaves in it, we made it hold so that each one could drink from once filling it. Nothing could have been a greater luxury to us than a drink of water from the old hat. Just at night Mitchell returned to see if Wernock was still living, intending, if he was dead, to get the kettle for us. He arrived just in time to see him expire; but not choosing to leave him until he should be certain that he was dead, he stayed with him until darkness came on, and when he attempted to return to us, he got lost and lay from us all night. We suffered much that night for the want of fire, and through fear that he was either killed or that he had ran off; but happily for us our fears were groundless, for next morning at sunrise he found his way to our camp. That day we moved about 200 yards farther up a deep ravine, and farther from the river. The weather, which had been cold and frosty, now became a little warmer, and commenced raining. Those that were with me could set up, but I had no alternative but to lie on my back on the ground, with my right arm over my body. The rain continuing next day, Mitchell took an excursion to examine the hills, and not far distant he found a rock projecting from the cliff sufficient to shelter us from the rain, to which place we very gladly removed. He also gathered pawpaws for us, which were our only food, except perhaps a few grapes.

Rescuers Arrive.—Time moved slowly on until Saturday. In the meantime we talked over the danger to which Perry was exposed, the distance he had to go and the improbability of his returning. When the time had expired which he had allowed himself, we concluded that we would, if alive, wait for him until Monday, and if he did not come then, and no relief should be afforded, we would attempt to travel to Point Pleasant. The third day after our defeat my arm became very painful. The splinters and leaves and my shirt were cemented together with blood, and stuck so fast to my arm that it required the application of warm water for nearly a whole day to loosen them so that they could be taken off; when this was done, I had my arm dressed with white oak leaves, which had a very good effect. On Saturday, about twelve o'clock, Mitchell came with his bosom full of pawpaws, and placed them convenient to us, and returned to his station on the river. He had been gone about an hour, when to our great joy we beheld him coming with a company of men. When they approached us, we found that our trusty friend and companion, David Perry, had returned to our assistance with Captain John Walls, his officers and most of his company. Our feelings of gratitude may possibly be conceived, but words can never describe them. Suffice to say that these eyes flowed down plenteously with tears, and I was so completely overwhelmed with joy that I fell to the ground. On my recovery, we were taken to the river and refreshed plentifully with provisions, which the captain had brought, and had our wounds dressed by an experienced man, who came for that purpose. We were afterwards described by the captain to be in a most forlorn and pitiable condition, more like corpses beginning to putrify than living beings.

While we were at the cliff which sheltered us from the rain, the howling of the wolves in the direction of the fatal spot whence we had so narrowly escaped with our lives, left no doubt that they were feasting on the

bodies of our much-lamented friends, McNutt and Wernock. While we were refreshing ourselves at the river, and having our wounds dressed, Captain Walls went with some of his men to the place of our defeat, and collected the bones of our late companions, and buried them with the utmost expedition and care. We were then conducted by water to Captain Wall's station, at Grave creek.

HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE MISCELLANIES.

The following series are from the pen of Mr. Robert W. Steele as originally communicated to the "History of Dayton," a large octavo of seven hundred and twenty-seven pages, published in 1889 by Harvey W. Crew. Mr. Steele is a Christian gentleman, who has devoted a large part of a long life to the highest interests of the public. He was born in Dayton, July 3, 1819, of an honored parentage, his ancestry having been of that Scoth-Irish Presbyterian stock that settled in the Valley of Virginia. He graduated in 1840 at the Miami University; was for thirty years member of the Dayton Board of Education and long its president; has been connected with the Dayton Public Library from the beginning; is a member of the State Board of Charities and of the State Board of Agriculture. Several of the other articles which follow are also contributed by him as the account of the great Harrison Convention of 1840. Sketches of Daniel Cooper, the Van Cleves, etc.

Natural Advantages.

FERTILE SOIL. TIMBER.

Long before any permanent settlement was made in the Miami Valley, its beauty and fertility were known to the inhabitants of Kentucky and the people beyond the Alleghanies, and repeated efforts were made to get possession of it. These efforts led to retaliation on the part of the Indians, who resented the attempt to dispossess them of their lands, and the continuous raids back and forth across the Ohio River to gain or keep control of this beautiful valley, caused it to be called, until the close of the eighteenth century, the "Miami Slaughter-house." The report of the French Major Celoron de Bienville, who, in August, 1749, ascended the La Roche or Big Miami River in bateaux to visit the Twightwee villages at Piqua, has been preserved, but Gist, the agent of the Virginians, who formed the Ohio Land Company, was probably the first person who wrote a description in English of the region surrounding Dayton. Gist visited the Twightwee or Miami villages in 1751. He was delighted with the fertile and well watered land, with its large oak, walnut, maple, ash, wild cherry and other trees. "The country," he says, "abounded with turkey, deer, elk and most sorts of game, particularly buffaloes, thirty or forty of which are frequently seen feeding in one meadow; in short, it wants nothing but cultivation to make it a most delightful country. The land upon the Great Miami River is very rich, level and well timbered, some of the finest meadows that can be. The grass here grows to a great height on the clear fields, of which there are a great number, and the bottoms are full of white clover, wild rye and blue grass." It is stated by pioneer writers that the buffalo and elk disappeared from Ohio about the year 1795.

The development of the Miami Valley has shown that the glowing accounts of the early explorers as to the fertility of the soil were not too highly colored. Beautiful and fertile as the Miami Valley is, no part of it surpasses, if it equals, the region immediately surrounding Dayton. The "Mad River Country," as this region was called by the first pioneers, was the synonym for all that was desirable in farming lands.

Rivers.

Dayton is fortunate in its location at the confluence of four important streams—the Miami, Mad River, Stillwater and Wolf Creek. Each of these streams has its valley

of great beauty and fertility, and these valleys produce large and profitable crops of every variety. As reported in the United States census report of 1880, the total value of farm products in Montgomery County in 1879 was three million two hundred and eighty-eight thousand four hundred and forty-nine dollars, a greater amount than was produced by any other county in Ohio. An incidental advantage resulting from the four river valleys is the facilities they afford for the construction of railroads, which, through them, may reach Dayton on easy grades, and at comparatively small cost. No doubt to this cause may be partly attributed the fact that, with Dayton as a centre, ten railroads radiate in every direction.

Building Stone and Gravel.

One of nature's chief gifts to Dayton is the building stone that underlies a large part of Montgomery County. Of especial value is the Niagara, or, as it is commonly called, the Dayton stone. So extensive are the beds of this stone that Professor Orton, the State geologist, pronounces it inexhaustible.

Another article, which at first thought may be considered of little value, is of the greatest importance. Gravel is so abundant and so cheap that we seldom reflect what an important part it has played in the development of the country. Professor Orton says: "It is not easy to set a proper estimate upon the beds of sand and gravel of Montgomery County until a comparison is instituted between a region well supplied with such accumulations and another that is destitute of them. The gravel knolls and ridges with which in the southern and eastern portions of the county, almost every farm abounds, afford very desirable building sites, and are generally selected for such purposes. Land of the best quality for mortar, cement and brick-making is everywhere within easy access.

Turnpikes.

"An inexhaustible supply of excellent materials for road-making—what is frequently designated the lime-stone gravel, though in reality largely composed of granitic pebbles—is found in the drift deposits, from which hundreds of miles of turnpikes have been already constructed in the country, thus affording free communication between farm and market at all seasons of the year. The smaller boulders of Canadian origin are selected from the gravel-banks for paving-stones, and transported to the neighboring cities. In regions where stone suitable for macadamized pikes can be obtained, good roads can be had, even though gravel is wanting, but at largely increased expense above that of gravel turnpikes. The districts which are supplied with neither can certainly never compete in desirability with these gravel-strewn regions."

Benj. Van Cleve, one of the original settlers of Dayton, gives in his journal an interesting account of the survey, in the autumn of 1795, of the purchase made by Gov. St. Clair, Generals Dayton and Wilkinson and Col. Ludlow from Judge Symmes.

Two parties set out, one under Daniel C. Cooper, to survey and mark a road, and the other, under Capt. John Dunlap, to run the boundaries of the purchase. Mr. Van Cleve says: "On the 4th of November Israel Ludlow laid out the town at the mouth of Mad river and called it Dayton, after one of the proprietors. A lottery was held, and I drew lots for myself and several others, and engaged to become a settler in the ensuing spring."

Journey by Land to Dayton.

In March, 1796, three parties left Cincinnati, led by William Harner, George Newcome and Samuel Thompson. Harner's party was the first to start; the other two companies left on Monday, March 21, one by land and the other by water. Harner's party came in a two-horse wagon over the road begun, but only partially cut through the woods by Cooper, in the fall of 1795. The other party that travelled by land walked. They were two weeks on the road. Their furniture, stoves, clothes, provisions, cooking utensils, and agricultural implements and other property, as well as children too small to walk, were carried on horses, in creels made of hickory withes, and suspended from each side of pack-saddles. It was a difficult matter to ford the creeks without getting the freight and the women and children wet. Trees were cut down to build foot-bridges across the smaller streams. Rafts were constructed to carry the contents of the creels and the women and children over large creeks, while the horses and cattle swam. Their rifles furnished them with plenty of game, and their cows with milk, at meals.

Thompson's party came in a large pirogue down the Ohio to the Miami, and up that stream to the mouth of Mad river.

Voyage up the Miami to Dayton.

At the close of each day the boat was tied to a tree on the shore, and the emigrants landed and camped for the night around the big fire, by which they cooked their appetizing supper of game and fish and the eggs of wild fowls, for which the hunger of travellers was a piquant and sufficient sauce. No doubt their food, as described by other pioneers.

was cooked after this fashion: Meat was fastened on a sharpened stick, stuck in the ground before the fire, and frequently turned. Dough for wheat bread was sometimes wound around a stick and baked in the same way. Corn bread was baked under the hot ashes. "Sweeter roast meat," exclaims an enthusiastic pioneer writer, "than such as is prepared in this manner no epicure of Europe ever tasted. Scarce any one who has not tried it can imagine the sweetness and gusto of such a meal, in such a place, at such a time."

Arrival at Dayton.

The passage from Cincinnati to Dayton occupied ten days. Mrs. Thompson was the first to step ashore, and the first white woman, except, perhaps, the captive Mrs. McFall, rescued by Kentuckians in 1782, to set her foot on Dayton soil. Two small camps of Indians were here when the pirogue touched the Miami bank, but they proved friendly, and were persuaded to leave in a day or two. The pirogue landed at the head of St. Clair street, Friday, April 1. The following brief entry is the only allusion Benjamin Van Cleve makes in his "Journal" to this important event in the history of Dayton: "April 1, 1796. Landed at Dayton, after a passage of ten days, William Gahagan and myself having come with Thompson's and McClure's families in a large pirogue."

We can easily imagine the loneliness and dreariness of the uninhabited wilderness which confronted these homeless families. There were three women and four children—one an infant—in the party. "The unbroken forest was all that welcomed them, and the awful stillness of night had no refrain but the howling of the wolf and the wailing of the whip-poorwill."

Dayton Block House.

During the summer of 1799 an Indian war was apprehended, and a large block house was built for defensive purposes. It stood on the Main street bank of the Miami. The threatened attack did not come, and it was never used as a fort, but was converted into a school-house, where Benj. Van Cleve, the first Dayton schoolmaster, taught the pioneer children.

Early Postal Facilities.

December 13, 1803, Benjamin Van Cleve was appointed postmaster. Probably in the spring of 1804 he opened the office in his cabin, on the southeast corner of First and St. Clair streets. He served till his death in 1821. Previous to 1804 the only post-office in the Miami valley, and as far north as Lake Erie, was at Cincinnati, and from 1804 till about 1806 the people to the north of Dayton, as far as Fort Wayne, were obliged to come to our office for their mail. In 1804 Dayton was on the mail route from Cincinnati to Detroit, and the mail was carried by a post-rider, who arrived and left here once in two weeks. But soon after Mr. Van Cleve opened the post-office a weekly mail was established. Only one mail a week was received for several years, the route of which was from Cincinnati through Lebanon, Xenia and Springfield to Urbana; thence to Piqua; thence down the Miami to Dayton, Franklin, Middletown, Hamilton and Cincinnati. A letter from Dayton to Franklin, or any other town on the route, was sent first to Cincinnati and then back again around the circuit to its destination. No stamps were used, but the amount of postage due was written on the outside of the letter. Postage was sometimes prepaid, but oftener collected on delivery. Mr. Van Cleve frequently inserted notices similar to the following in the newspapers: "The postmaster having been in the habit of giving unlimited credit heretofore, finds it his duty to adhere strictly to the instructions of the postmaster-general. He hopes, therefore, that his friends will not take it amiss when he assures them that no distinction will be made. No letters will be delivered in future without pay, nor papers without the postage being paid quarterly in advance." Now that postage for all distances is equal and very low, we can hardly realize the burden and inconvenience the high and uncertain postage rates imposed upon the pioneers. Money was very scarce and difficult to obtain; and to pay twenty-five cents in cash for a letter was no easy matter.

In 1816 the rates of postage were fixed as follows: Thirty-six miles, six cents; eighty miles, ten cents; over one hundred and fifty miles, eighteen and three-fourth cents; over four hundred miles, twenty-five cents. Newspapers anywhere within the State where printed, one cent. Elsewhere, not over one hundred miles, one cent and a half. Magazines at one cent a sheet for fifty miles; one cent and a half for one hundred miles; two cents for over one hundred miles. Pamphlets and magazines were not forwarded when the mail was very large, nor when carried with great expedition on horseback. For a good many years the Eastern mail was brought to Wheeling by post-riders, and thence down the river to Cincinnati in government mail-boats, built like whaling craft, each manned with four oarsmen and a coxswain, who were often armed. The voyage from Wheeling to Cincinnati occupied six days, and the return trip up stream twelve days.

A Pioneer Library.

In the spring of 1805 the Dayton Library Society was incorporated by the Legislature. It is creditable to the pioneer citizens of Dayton that among the first institutions established were a public library and an academy. In 1805 the *first* Act of Incorporation of a public library granted by the State of Ohio was obtained from the Legislature, and

in 1808 the Dayton Academy was incorporated.

Navigation of the Miami.

The Great Miami was navigable both above and below Dayton during the great part of the year for keel boats, which were built like canal boats, only slighter and sharper, as well as for flat boats, till about 1820, when the numerous mill-dams that had by that time been erected, obstructed the channel. From that date till 1829, when the canal was opened, freighting south by water, except what was done in flat boats during floods, was almost abandoned. The boats were often loaded with produce taken in exchange for goods, work, or even for lots and houses, for business men, instead of having money to deposit in bank or to invest, were frequently obliged to send cargoes of articles received in place of cash South or North for sale. Cherry and walnut logs were sometimes brought down the river on the flat boats. The flat boatmen sold their boats when they arrived at New Orleans, and, buying a horse, returned home by land. The foundations of many fortunes were laid in this way. Flat boats were made of "green oak plank, fastened by wooden pins to a frame of timber, and caulked, with tow or any other pliant substance that could be procured," and were inclosed and roofed with boards. They were only used in descending streams, and floated with the current. Long, sweeping oars fastened at both ends of the boat, worked by men standing on the deck, were employed to keep it in the channel, and in navigating difficult and dangerous places in the river. The first flat boat was launched in the winter of 1799, near McDonald's Creek, by David Lowry. It was loaded in Dayton with grain, pelts and five hundred venison hams, and when the spring freshet raised the river started on the two months' trip to New Orleans. The voyage was safely accomplished.

Fish Baskets.

Fish baskets, of which there is frequent mention in the newspapers of the day, were made by building a dam on the riffles so as to concentrate the water at the middle of the river, where an opening was made into a box constructed of slats and placed at a lower level than the dam. Into this box the fish ran, but were unable to return. A basket of this kind remained on the riffle at the foot of First street as late as 1830.

Paul D. Butler, on the 21st of August, 1809, gives notice in the *Repertory* of his intention to navigate the Miami from Dayton to the mouth of Stony Creek as soon as the season will permit, and forewarns all persons obstructing the navigation by erecting fish baskets or any other obstructions, that he is determined to prosecute those who erect them. He and Henry Desbrow soon after proceeded to build two keel boats.

They were built during the winter of 1809–1810 in the street in front of the courthouse, and when finished were moved on rollers up Main street to the river and launched. They ascended the Miami to the *Laramie portage* (see Shelby County), which was as far as they could go. Then one of the boats was taken out of the river, and drawn across to the St. Mary's. For some time this boat made regular trips on the Maumee, and the other on the Miami, the portage between them being about twelve miles across. A freight line which did good business was thus established between Dayton and Lake Erie by way of the Miami, Auglaize and Maumee rivers.

During the last week of March, 1819, eight flat boats and one handsome keel boat loaded here, shoved off for the landing for the markets below, and several flat boats loaded with flour, pork and whiskey also passed down the Miami. This year a second line of keel boats was established for carrying grain and produce up the Miami. At Laramie it was transferred, after a portage across the land intervening between the two rivers, to other boats, and transported down the Maumee to the rapids, which was the point of transfer from river boats to lake vessels. At the rapids there was a large warehouse for storage of cargoes.

In May, 1819, Daytonians were gratified to see a large keel boat, upwards of seventy feet in length and with twelve tons of merchandise on board, belonging to H. G. Phillips and Messrs. Smith and Eaker, arrive here from Cincinnati. She was the only keel boat that had for a number of years been brought this far up the Miami, as the river between here and its mouth had been much obstructed.

Saturday and Sunday, March 26 and 27, 1825, were unusually exciting days in Dayton among boatmen, millers, distillers, farmers, merchants and teamsters, as a fleet of thirty or more boats that had been embargoed here by low water left their moorings bound for New Orleans. Rain had begun to fall on Wednesday, and continued till Friday, when the river rose. "The people," says the *Watchman*, "flocked to the banks, returning with cheerful countenances, saying, 'The boats will get off.'

"On Saturday all was the busy hum of a seaport; wagons were conveying flour, pork, whiskey, etc., to the different boats strung along the river. Several arrived during the day from the North. On Sunday morning others came down, the water began to fall, and the boats carrying about $40,000 worth of the produce of the country got under way." The whole value of the cargoes that left the Miami above and below Dayton during this freshet was estimated at least $100,000. Some of the boats were stove and the flour damaged, but most of them passed safely to their destination. Twelve boats left here for New Orleans in February, 1827, from Montgomery and Miami Counties, chiefly loaded with flour, pork and whiskey. Their cargoes were worth about $20,000. In February, 1828, the last boat, loaded with produce for New Orleans, left

here by the Miami. The next year freight began to be shipped south by canal. As late as 1836, and perhaps a year later, when the canal was opened to Piqua, the line of boats to the north was continued.

Earthquakes.

A comet was visible in 1811, and this, together with the series of earthquakes throughout the Ohio Valley, which occurred during that and the succeeding year, and neither of which had been experienced before since the settlement of the western country, were regarded with terror by the superstitious, who considered them evil portents, and ominous of private or public misfortune.

The first earthquake shocks occurred on the 16th and 17th of December, 1811, and the inhabitants of Dayton were kept in continual alarm by repeated shocks. The first and by far the severest was felt between two and three o'clock in the morning.

Other shocks occurred January 23, 1812, again on the 27th, and the last on February 13th, when the motion of the earth was from the southwest.

Although no material damage was done by these earthquakes, the people, and animals and fowls as well, were very much alarmed. Persons who experienced it in youth, spoke of it in old age with a shudder of horror.

Arrival of the First Canal Boats.

In January, 1829, the citizens of Dayton were gratified with the sight, so long desired, of the arrival of canal boats from Cincinnati. At daybreak, Sunday, January 25th, the packet, *Governor Brown*, the first boat to arrive here from the Ohio, reached the head of the basin. This packet was appropriately named, for since 1819 Governor Brown had been engaged in urging the connection of the two towns by means of a canal. In the afternoon the *Forrer* arrived, followed at dark by the *General Marion*, and during the night by the *General Pike*. Each boat was welcomed by the firing of cannon and the enthusiastic cheers of a crowd of citizens assembled on the margin of the basin.

The *Governor Brown* was henceforth to make regular trips twice a week between Dayton and Cincinnati. It was the only packet fitted up exclusively for passengers, and was very handsomely and conveniently furnished. The master, Captain Archibald, was very popular and accommodating. The *Alpha*, which also made regular passages, was commanded by M. F. Jones, of Dayton. A part of the *Alpha* was prepared for passengers. A fleet of canal boats, the *Governor Brown*, *Forrer*, *General Marion* *General Pike*, accompanied by the *Alpha*, with a Dayton party, were to have made the first return trip to Cincinnati in company, but their departure was prevented by a break in the canal at Alexandersville.

Miniature Railroad.

In 1830 Stevenson ran the first locomotive in England over the Manchester and Liverpool railroad. The same year a miniature locomotive and cars were exhibited in Dayton in the Methodist church. The fact that council, by resolution, exempted the exhibition from a license fee, and that the Methodist church was used for this purpose, illustrates the deep interest felt by the public in the then new and almost untried scheme to transport freight and passengers by steam over roads constructed for the purpose. A track was run around the interior of the church, and for a small fee parties were carried in the car. A large part of the then citizens of Dayton took their first railroad ride in this way.

The Capture and Suicide of a Fugitive Slave.

In 1832 a fugitive slave was captured in Dayton and carried off by his master, who lived in Kentucky. The occurrence produced the greatest excitement and indignation in the community. All that was necessary to prove the detestable character of the fugitive slave law was an attempt to enforce it. The following account, from the *Dayton Journal*, of the affair, by an eye-witness who was not an Abolitionist, though his sympathies were all with this negro, is worthy of insertion in the history of Dayton:

"A short time ago a negro man, who had lived in this place two or three years under the name of Thomas Mitchell, was arrested by some men from Kentucky, and taken before a justice under a charge of being a slave who had escaped from his master. The magistrate, on hearing the evidence, discharged the black man, not being satisfied with the proof brought by the claimants of their rights to him. A few weeks afterward some men, armed and employed by the master, seized the negro in our main street, and were hurrying him towards the outskirts of the town, where they had a sleigh in waiting to carry him off. The negro's cries brought a number of citizens into the street, who interfered, and prevented the men from taking him away without having legally proved their right to do so. The claimants of the negro went before the justice again, and after a long exami-

nation of the case on some new evidence being produced, he was decided to be the slave of the person claiming him as such. In the meantime a good deal of excitement had been produced among the people of the place, and their sympathies for the poor black fellow were so much awakened that a proposition was made to buy his freedom. The agent of the master agreed to sell him, under the supposition that the master would sell him his liberty, and a considerable sum was subscribed, to which, out of his own savings, the negro contributed upwards of fifty dollars himself. The master, however, when his agent returned to Kentucky, refused to agree to the arrangement, and came himself the week before last to take the negro away. Their first meeting was in the upper story of a house, and Tom, on seeing those who were about to take him, rushed to the window and endeavored, but without success, to dash himself through it, although, had he succeeded, he would have fallen on a stone pavement from a height not less than fifteen feet. He was prevented, however, and the master took him away with him and got him as far as Cincinnati. The following letter, received by a gentleman in this city, gives the concluding account of the matter:

POOR TOM IS FREE.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 24, 1832.

DEAR SIR:—In compliance with a request of Mr. J. Deinkard, of Kentucky, I take my pen to inform you of the death of his black man Ben, whom he took in your place a few days ago. The circumstances are as follows: On the evening of the 22d inst., Mr. D. and company, with Ben, arrived in this city on their way to Kentucky, and put up at the Main Street Hotel, where a room on the uppermost story (fourth) of the building was provided for Ben and his guard. All being safe, as they thought, about one o'clock, when they were in a sound sleep, poor Ben, stimulated with even the faint prospect of escape, or perhaps pre-determined on liberty or death, threw himself from the window, which is upwards of fifty feet from the pavement. He was, as you may well suppose, severely injured, and the poor fellow died this morning about four o'clock. Mr. D. left this morning with the dead body of his slave, to which he told me he would give decent burial in his own graveyard. Please tell Ben's wife of these circumstances.

Your unknown correspondent,
Respectfully,
R. P. SIMMONS.

Tom, or, as he is called in the letter, Ben, was an industrious, steady, saving little fellow, and had laid up a small sum of money; all of which he gave to his wife and child when his master took him away. A poor and humble being, of an unfortunate and degraded race, the same feeling which animated the signers of the Declaration of Independence to pledge life, fortune and honor for liberty, determined him to be free or die."

THE "MORUS MULTICAULIS" MANIA.

In 1839 the Dayton Silk Company was incorporated, with a capital of $100,000. The company advertised that they had on hand one hundred and fifty thousand eggs for gratuitous distribution to all who would sell to them the cocoons raised from the eggs. They published fifteen thousand copies of a circular, giving all requisite information on the subject of silk culture, which were freely distributed. It was proposed to introduce the cultivation of the variety of white mulberry known as Morus Multicaulis. The leaves of the Morus Multicaulis, unlike those of the other variety, could be used the first year in the rearing of silk-worms. Farmers were advised to turn their attention to this valuable crop, and many of them did so; and the raising of silk-worms became the fashion. The trees sold in the East for from seventy-five cents to one dollar and fifty cents apiece, and the demand for them was increasing. The people were assured that one acre had been known to produce as high as seventy-five pounds of silk the first year from the cuttings, and it was believed that fifty pounds could be produced the first year without injury to the trees. This silk company, like a former one, proved a failure.

The mention of the Morus Multicaulis tree recalls to memory one of those strange manias that occasionally sweep over the country. The tree had recently been introduced from China, was of rapid growth, and furnished abundant food for silk-worms. It was believed that the cultivation of this tree and the use of its leaves to feed silk-worms, would make the United States the great silk-producing country of the world. The most extravagant price was paid for young trees and thousands of acres planted. Widespread ruin was the result, and hundreds of persons lost their all in this wild speculation.

DESCRIPTION OF DAYTON IN 1846.

The following sketch of Dayton, in 1846, was supplied for our first edition by Mr. John W. Van Cleve, the first-born child of the settlers. A sketch of his life will be found on a few pages beyond.

The thriving city of Dayton is in this county. This is a beautiful town. It is regularly laid out, the streets are of an unusual width, and much taste is displayed in the private residences—many of them are large and are ornamented by fine gardens and shrubbery. The following sketch is from a resident:

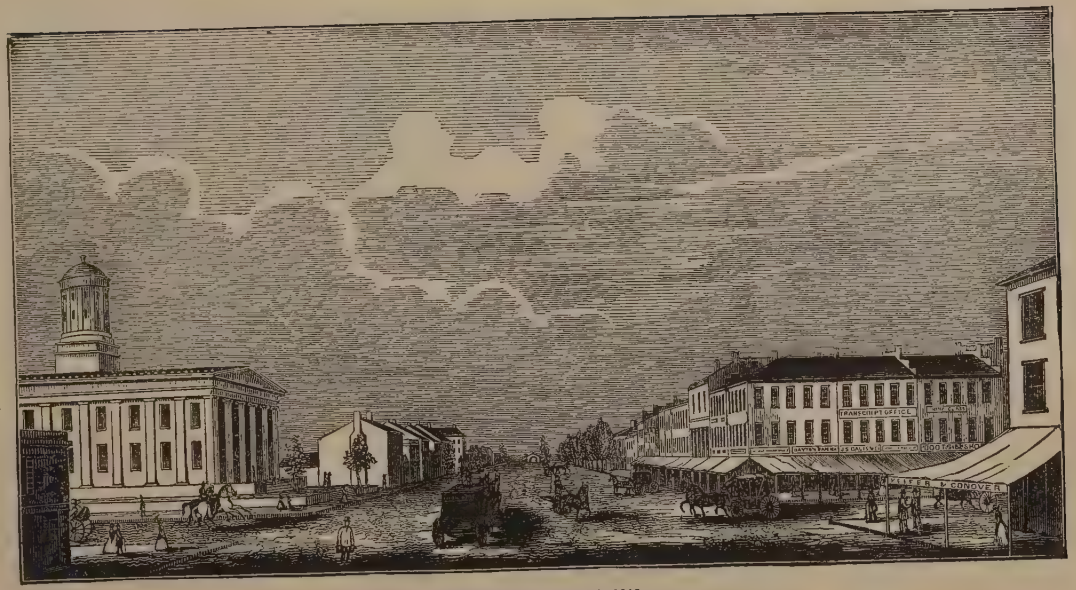
Dayton, the county-seat, is situated on the east side of the Great Miami, at the mouth of Mad river, and one mile below the southwest branch. It is 67 miles westerly from Columbus, 52 from Cincinnati and 110 from Indianapolis. The point at which Dayton stands was selected in 1788 by some gentlemen, who designed laying out a town by the name of Venice. They agreed with John Cleves Symmes, whose contract with Congress then covered the site of the place for the purchase of the lands. But the Indian wars which ensued prevented the exten-

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

VIEW IN DAYTON.

[The above view was taken near the corner of First and Ludlow streets. In front is shown the elegant residence of J. D. Phillips, Esq., and the First Presbyterian church; on the left, the cupola of the new court-house and the spires of the German Reformed and Second Presbyterian churches appear.]

sion of settlements from the immediate neighborhood of Cincinnati for some years, and the project was abandoned by the purchasers. Soon after Wayne's treaty, in 1795, a new company, composed of Generals Jonathan Dayton, Arthur St. Clair, James Wilkinson and Col. Israel Ludlow, purchased the lands between the Miamis, around the mouth of Mad river, of Judge Symmes, and on the 4th of November laid out the town. Arrangements were made for its settlement in the ensuing spring, and donations of lots were offered, with other privileges, to actual settlers. Forty-six persons entered into engagements to remove from Cincinnati to Dayton, but during the winter most of them scattered in different directions, and only nineteen fulfilled their engagements. The first families who made a permanent residence in the place arrived on the 1st day of April, 1796. The first nineteen settlers of Dayton were William Gahagan, Samuel Thomson, Benj. Van Cleve, William Van Cleve, Solomon Goss, Thomas Davis, John Davis, James McClure, John McClure, Daniel Ferrell, William Hamer, Solomon Hamer, Thomas Hamer, Abraham Glassmire, John Dorough, William Chenoweth, James



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

VIEW IN DAYTON.

"On the left is shown the Montgomery County Court-house, the most costly and elegant in Ohio:—the bridge across the Great Miami appears in the distance." *Old Edition.*

Morris, William Newcom and George Newcom, the last of whom is still a resident of the place and the only survivor of the whole number.

Judge Symmes was unable to complete his payments for all the lands he had agreed to purchase of the government, and those lying about Dayton reverted to the United States, by which the settlers were left without titles to their lots. Congress, however, passed a pre-emption law, under which those who had contracted for lands with Symmes and his associates had a right to enter the same lots or lands at government price. Some of the settlers entered their lots, and obtained titles directly from the United States; and others made an arrangement with Daniel C. Cooper to receive their deeds from him, and he entered the residue of the town lands. He had been a surveyor and agent for the first company of proprietors, and they assigned him certain of their rights of pre-emption, by which

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

THE COOPER FEMALE ACADEMY.

[The Cooper Female Academy in Dayton is a highly flourishing institution in excellent repute. Mr. E. E. Barney is the principal, under whom are seven assistants and 174 pupils.]

he became the titular proprietor of the town. He died in 1818, leaving two sons, who have both since died without children.

In 1803, on the organization of the State government, Montgomery county was established. Dayton was made the seat of justice, at which time only five families resided in the town, the other settlers having gone on to farms in the vicinity or removed to other parts of the country. The increase of the town was gradual until the war of 1812, which made a thoroughfare for the troops and stores on their way to the frontier. Its progress was then more rapid until 1820, when the depression of business put an almost total check to its increase. The commencement of the Miami canal in 1827 renewed its prosperity, and its increase has been steady and rapid ever since. By the assessment of 1846 it is the second city in the State in the amount of taxable property, as the county also stands second.

The first canal boat from Cincinnati arrived at Dayton on the 25th of January, 1829, and the first one from Lake Erie on the 24th of June, 1845. In 1825 a weekly line of mail stages was established through Dayton from Cincinnati to Columbus. Two days were occupied in coming from Cincinnati to this place. There are now three daily lines between the two places, and the trip only takes an afternoon.

The first newspaper printed in Dayton was the *Dayton Repertory*, issued by William McClure and George Smith on the 18th of September, 1808, on a foolscap sheet. The newspapers now published here are the *Dayton Journal*, daily and weekly, the *Dayton Transcript*, twice week, and the *Western Empire*, weekly.

The population of Dayton was 383 in 1810; 1139 in 1820; 2954 in 1830; 6067 in 1840, and 9792 in 1845. There are fifteen churches, of which the Presbyterians, Methodists and Lutherans each have two, and the Episcopalians, Catholics, Baptists, Disciples, Newlights, German Reformed, Albrights, Dunkers and African Baptists have each one. There is a large water power within the bounds of the city, besides a great deal more in the immediate vicinity. A portion of that introduced in the city by a new hydraulic canal is not yet in use, but there are now in operation within the corporate limits two flouring mills, four saw mills, two oil mills, three cotton mills, two woollen factories, two paper mills, five machine shops, one scythe factory, two flooring machines, one last and peg factory, one gun-barrel factory and three iron founderies. The public buildings are two market houses, one of which has a city hall over it, an academy, a female academy, three common-school houses and a jail of stone. There are two banks. A court-house is now building of cut stone, the estimated cost of which is $63,000. The architect by whom it was designed is Mr. Henry Daniels, now of Cincinnati, and the one superintending its construction is Mr. Daniel Waymire. There are nine turnpike roads leading out of Dayton, and connecting it with the country around in every direction. The Miami canal, from Cincinnati to Lake Erie, runs through it.—*Old Edition.*

Dayton, county-seat of Montgomery (incorporated February 12, 1805), about fifty miles north of Cincinnati, about sixty-five southwest of Columbus, is on the C. C. C. & I., L. M. & C., D. & W., N. Y. P. & O., D. & M., C. H. & D., D. Ft. W. & C. Railroads, and the Miami river and Miami canal. Four miles west of the city is the National Soldiers' Home. One mile south of the city is the Dayton State Insane Asylum. There are five street railroads.

County Officers, 1888: Auditor, John D. Turner; Clerk, F. Kemper Bowles; Commissioners, John Munger, James B. Hunter, Alonzo B. Ridgway; Coroner, Simon P. Drayer; Infirmary Directors, William A. Klinger, George Rentz, John C. Heidinger; Probate Judge, William D. McKemy; Prosecuting Attorney, Robert M. Nevin; Recorder, Joel O. Shoup; Sheriff, William H. Snyder; Surveyor, Herman S. Fox; Treasurer, Frank T. Hoffman. City Officers, 1888: Ira Crawford, Mayor; Eugine Shinn, Clerk; Louis J. Poock, Treasurer; David B. Corwin, Solicitor; Edwin C. Baird, Engineer; George H. Volker, Street Commissioner. Newspapers: *Herald*, J. Edward B. Grimes, editor; *Daytoner Volkszeitung*, German Independent Democrat, Neder & Moosbrugger, editors; *Democrat*, Democrat, John G. Doren & Co., editors and publishers; *Journal*, Republic. W. D. Bickham, editor and publisher; *Monitor*, Democrat, J. E. D. Ward, editor; *Christian Conservator*, United Brethren, Rev. William Dillon, editor; *Christian World*, Reformed, Rev. E. Herbruck and Rev. M. Loucks, editors; *Der Fœliche Botschafter*, German United Brethren, Rev. Ezekiel Light, editor; *Herald of Gospel Liberty*, Christian, J. P. Watson, editor; *Religious Telescope*, United Brethren, Rev. J. W. Hott, D. D., editor; *Wachter*, German, M. Bussdicker & Co., editors and publishers; *Workman*, Labor, Stine & Hull, editors and publishers; *Golden Words*, juvenile, Reformed Publishing Company, publishers; *Leaves of Light*, Reformed Church, juvenile, Reformed Publishing Company, publishers; *Young Catholic Messenger*, Catholic, juvenile, Rev. P. H. Cusack, editor; *Farmer's Home*, agriculture, W. B. Dennis, editor; *Nutzlicher Freund*, German fiction, Rev. M. Bussdicker, editor and publisher; *Ohio Poultry Journal*, Robert A. Braden, editor and publisher; *Ohio Swine Journal*, E. D. Hyre, editor; *Ohio Bible Teacher*, United Brethren, Rev. D. Berger, D. D., editor; *Instructor*, Reformed Church, Rev. M. Loucks, editor Churches: 2 Methodist, 6 United Brethren, 2 Lutheran, 3 Evangelical Lutheran, 6 Methodist Episcopal, 8 Baptist, 1 Protestant Episcopal, 7 Catholic, 5 Presbyterian, 1 United Presbyterian, 1 Reformed, 1 Evangelical Association, 1 German Reformed, 1 Jewish, 1 Christian. Banks: City National, Simon Gebhart, president, G. B. Harman, cashier, Dayton National, William H. Simms, president,

James A. Martin, cashier; Dayton Savings', Louis H. Poock, president, Ziba Crawford, cashier; Merchants' National, D. E. Mead, president, A. S. Estabrook, cashier; Third National, William P. Huffman, president, Charles E. Drury, cashier; Winters' National, J. H. Winters, president, James C. Reber, cashier.

Principal Manufactures and Employees.—Fridman & Rothenberg, cigars, 18 hands; Joseph Shaefer, cigars, 155; Uhlman & Bloom, cigars, 135; Shaefer & Mahrt, cigars, 185; C. Wight & Son, builders' wood-work, 57; Moses Glas, cigars, 31; The Merchants' Tobacco Co., tobaccos, 44; M. J. Houck & Co., carriage whips, 11; Kemp & Kinney, laundrying, 14; Hewitt Brothers, soap, 8; Christian Publishing Association, 21; H. Hoefer & Co., bar fixtures, etc., 16; W. P. Callahan & Co., general machinery, 60; T. P. Long, shirts, 146; Stoddard Manufacturing Co., agricultural implements, 477; Kratochwell Milling Co., 10; J. R. Johnson & Co., general machinery, 20; Pierce & Coleman, general wood-work, 123; The Ohio Rake Co., agricultural implements, 75; Zwick, Greenwald & Co., carriage wheels, etc., 90; Farmers' Friend Manufacturing Co., agricultural implements, 148; Crune & Seftom Manufacturing Co., paper boxes, etc, 93; Bradup & Co., school seats, etc., 10; Boyer & McMaster, stoves, 30; Stout, Mill & Temple, mill machinery, etc., 150; Hoskot & Young, laundrying, 18; McHose & Lyons, bridge iron works, etc., 194; Joseph Shaefer, cigars, 176; Shaefer & Mahrt, cigars, 185; Bloom, Gerweis & Co., cigars, 205; Hoffritz & Keyer, cigar boxes, 31; W. W. White, tablets and stationery, 14; Walker & Walker, Printing, 12; Keifer, Reed & Co., laundrying, 54; Murray & Hannah, carriages, 15; U. B. Publishing House, printing and publishing, 99; Buckeye Iron and Brass Works, machinery, etc 185; Miller Brothers, cigars, 73; Thomas Nixon & Co., paper bags, 28; Dayton Leather and Collar Co., leather, 9; Laubach & Iddings, paper novelties, 119; Schaefer & Co., lawn rakes, 6; G. Stomps & Co., chairs, 186; Nixon Nozzle Machine Co., sprinkling machines, 15; Nixon & Castello, card board cases, 11; C. H. Frank, carbonated waters; C. N. Smith, flour mill work; Lewis & Co., saws; J. P. Wolf, tobacco handler, 13; Union Collar and Net Co., horse collars, etc., 58; J. H. Wilde, woolen yarns, etc., 10; R. M. Connoble & Co., overalls and shirts, 69; George J. Roberts & Co., hydraulic and steam pumps, 16; H. R. Parrott & Co., furniture, 36; Booher & Riper, job machine work; Wise, Sheible & Co., cotton batting, 56; E. H. Brownell & Co., boiler works, etc., 53; Pinneo & Daniels, carriage wheels, etc., 97; Gem City Stove Co., stoves, etc., 31; Mrs. John B. Hogler, lumber, 30; C. F. Snyder, extension tables, 35; W. P. Levis, paper, 20; John Stengel & Co., furniture, 62; C. Wight & Son, builders' wood-work, 62; The Brownell & Co., engines, etc., 183; The Parrott Manufacturing Co., plows, 25; The Aughie Plow Co., plows, 15; E. J. Diem, brown paper, 35; Josiah Gebhart & Co., white lead and colors, 20; The Dayton Plow Co., plows, 40; The Dayton Screw Co., screws; 145; The Mead Paper Co., white paper, 114; D. E. McSherry & Co., agricultural implements, 83; The Dayton Manufacturing Co., car furnishing goods, 169; E. B. Lyon, trunk material (wood), 48; Barney & Smith Manufacturing Co., railroad cars, 1,587; The Troup Manufacturing Co., blank books, etc., 36; John Rouzer & Co., builders' wood-work, 46; Dayton Leather and Collar Co., horse collars, 32; Leland & Tiffany, cone pulley belt shifters; The Sachs-Pruden Ale Co., ginger ale, etc., 44; Crawford, McGregor & Canby, lasts, pegs, etc., 47; Adam Zengel, cigar and packing boxes, 22; Bright & Fenner, candy; Dayton Loop and Crupper Co., loops and cruppers, 26; W. R. Baker, bolt and screw cases; National Cash Registry Co., cash registers, 79; The Holden Book Cover Co., book covers, etc., 26; H. E. Mead & Co., printing, etc., 11; John Dodds, sulky hay-rakes, 93; Dayton Malleable Iron Co., malleable iron castings, 262; E. Canby, baking powder, etc., 25; A. A. Simmonds, machine knives, 22; M. Ohmer's Sons, furniture, 41; Stilwell & Bierce Manufacturing Co., turbine water wheels, etc., 253; S. C. Bennet & Co., upholstering, 7; The C. L. Hawes Co., straw and binders' boards, 118; The Smith & Vaille Co., pumps and oil

machinery, 167; S. N. Brown & Co., carriage wheels, etc., 20; Hanna Brothers, cigars, 92; F. Cappel, upholstering, 9; A. Cappel, umbrellas, etc., 22; J. G. Doren, printing, 34; The *Volks-Zeitung*, printing, 16; A. Bretch, tin and sheet-iron work, 10; The Brownell & Co., steam boilers, 120; Terry & Shrover Tobacco Co., tobaccos, 27; The Bryce Furnace Co., furnaces, 25; Robert Barnes, cigar boxes, 5; B. L. Bates & Bro., machine job work, 10; Charles Winchet, cornice, etc., 25; Mull & Underwood, candy, 8; Johnson & Watson, blank books, etc., 25; Reynolds & Reynolds, printing, 90; *Monitor* Publishing Co., newspaper printing, 19; The Grenewig Printing Co., job printing, etc., 30; Turner & Knerr, laundrying, 27; The *Herald* Publishing Co., daily newspaper, 26; Cotterill, Fenner & Co., tobaccos, 65; G. W. Heathman & Co., crackers, etc., 20; John Klee & Son, ginger ale, etc., 7; Beaver & Co., soap, 10; Adam Eckhart, brooms, 10; J. W. Johnson, job printing, 16; G. Weipert, beer kegs, casks, etc., 12; A. L. Bauman & Bro., crackers, etc., 31; J. L. Baker, carriages, 35; L. & M. Woodhull, carriages, 95; The Columbia Bridge Co., iron bridges, 60.—*State Report, 1888.*

Population in 1880, 38,678. School census, 1888, 15,466. W. J. White, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, $5,144,450. Value of annual product, $9,520,782. Census, 1890, 61,220.

Among the public buildings may be mentioned the Public Library, the Young Men's Christian Association Building, the Court House and Jail, Government Post-office, Firemen's Insurance Building, Odd Fellows' Temple, Widows' Home, Children's Home, St. Elizabeth Hospital, sixteen public school-houses, several of them large, new and embracing every convenience that experience has suggested, and numerous churches, many of them unsurpassed for size and beauty by those of any city of equal population.

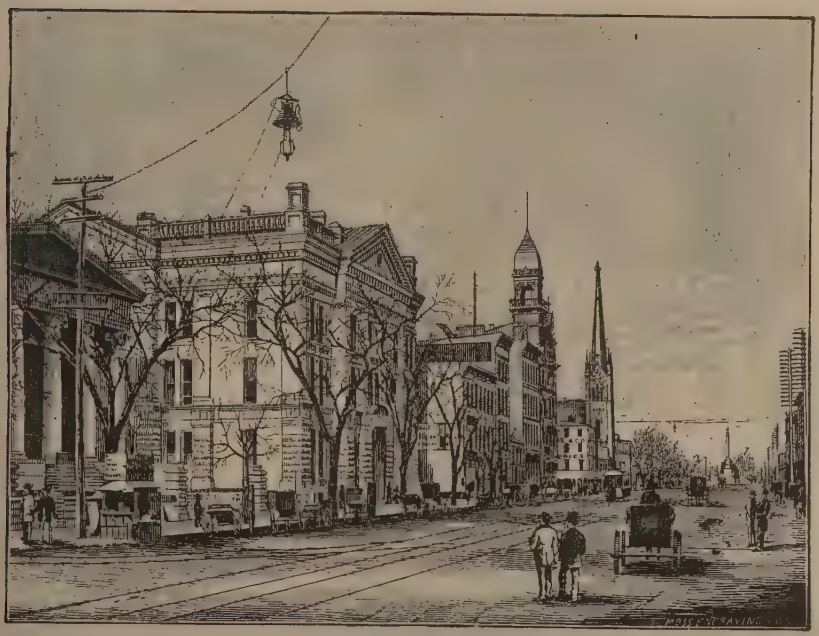
The PUBLIC LIBRARY and the YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION are worthy of special notice. The library building is located in Cooper Park, which secures abundant light and freedom from noise. As the park is near the centre of the city, access to the library is convenient. In general style of architecture the building is a free treatment of the Southern French gothic or romanesque, built of Dayton limestone, laid in random range work, with Marquette red sandstone trimmings freely used, giving a very rich contrast, assisted largely by red slate for the roof. The building is fire-proof. Peters & Burns, of Dayton, are the architects of this fine building. The plan of the interior was obtained from Dr. William F. Poole, of Chicago, who has no superior in the knowledge of library construction and management. The building was erected by the city, and the library is sustained by taxation. All the people of Dayton over ten years of age may have free use of the library, subject only to such restrictions as are necessary for the care and safe keeping of the books. The library numbers 29,310 volumes and 1,188 pamphlets.

The Y. M. C. A. building is complete in all its appointments. Beautiful externally, in its interior arrangements every want of such an association seems to be provided for. It is supplied with a reading-room, where the leading papers and magazines may be found, with elegant parlors for social entertainments; with school-rooms where night schools are taught, and where instruction is given in free-hand drawing and modelling; with a large and completely-appointed gymnasium; with baths, shower, tub and swimming, and a beautiful hall, seated in opera house style, for meetings and lectures. The large amount of money necessary to accomplish these objects has been promptly and freely given by public-spirited citizens of Dayton.

The location near Dayton of the SOUTHERN OHIO LUNATIC ASYLUM, with its extensive buildings and beautiful grounds, and the magnificent NATIONAL SOLDIERS' HOME, have added no little to the attractiveness and prosperity of the city. The most remarkable business development in Dayton within the past few years has been the establishment of numerous BUILDING ASSOCIATIONS. No less

Appleton, Photo., 1891.

DAYTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.



Appleton, Photo., 1891.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS, DAYTON.

than nineteen of these associations, some of them with large capital, are doing a prosperous business. These associations have contributed largely to the prosperity of the city, and have enabled hundreds of working men to secure homes who probably otherwise would have never attained that desirable end. Dayton is noted for the large number of laborers who own their homes.

No greater boon can be conferred on a city than an abundant supply of pure, cold water. Dayton in this respect is fortunate. By a system of drive-wells, so deep as to be beyond the reach of contamination, an inexhaustible supply of water has been obtained which chemical analysis has shown to be free from all impurities. Holly steam-pumps force this water to every part of the city. By attaching hose to fire-plugs located at the street corners, water may be thrown over the highest buildings. This, in connection with a non-partisan and most efficient fire department, makes Dayton practically exempt from disastrous fires.

Dayton has superior street railway facilities, seven lines, two of which are electric. These roads run over twenty-seven and one-half miles of double track, or fifty-five miles of single track.

THE SOLDIERS' HOME.

The National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers was originated April 21, 1866, from a joint resolution of the two houses of Congress. A board of managers was appointed of nine citizens of the United States, not members of Congress, no two of whom should be residents of the same State, nor residents of any State other than those which furnished organized bodies in the late war. The *ex officio* members of the board, during their terms of office, are the President of the United States, the Secretary of War and the Chief Justice. This board was vested with authority to establish besides a Central Home for the Middle States, sectional branches thereto, in view of the wide extent of territory to be represented by the just claimants of such a benefice.

In the following November, 1866, the EASTERN BRANCH was opened near Augusta, Maine, and in the course of the succeeding year the CENTRAL BRANCH, near Dayton, Ohio, and the NORTHWESTERN BRANCH, near Milwaukee. Three years later the SOUTHERN BRANCH was founded at Hampton, near Fortress Monroe, Virginia. This was established from the increasing number of beneficiaries and the necessity felt for a milder climate for a certain class of diseases. By an act of Congress, passed in 1884, another branch was established, the WESTERN BRANCH, located at Leavenworth, Kansas. This partly grew out of a clause in that act, which directs the admission to the Home "of all United States soldiers of any war who are incapable of earning a living, whether the incapacity resulted from their service or not."

The SOLDIERS' HOME at Dayton, the Central Branch, is by far the largest and most important branch in point of numbers. The citizens contributed $20,000 towards its establishment. Its land area is 627 acres—nearly that of a mile square. Its location is three miles west of the court-house in Dayton, on the gentle bounding slopes of the great Miami valley, which is here some five or six miles wide. It is an unique place; a small city mainly of graybearded men, few women, and no children, excepting those of the families of the officers. It is a spot of great beauty, from its location, its fine buildings, its green-houses, flower beds, and for the display of the triumphs of landscape gardening. These features render it a great place of attraction in summer for visitors, who come by thousands in excursion trains from all parts of Ohio and the adjacent States of Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, etc. The other Branches have like attractions in the way of landscape adornments with pleasant walks and drives, and whatever contributes to the comfort of the veterans, and are like places of resort for the public. The visitors at the Dayton Home number annually over 100,000.

Two railroads enter the Home from Dayton, the one called "The Home

Avenue" and the other the T. D. & B.—the first entering from the east side and the last from the north. On reaching the Home the visitor alights at a handsome depot. Near it is a fine hotel for the accommodation of visitors, and in close view a large open space, where is a flag-staff with the American flag unfurled, waving over siege guns and mortars, with pyramids of shot and a battery in position as in battle.

Standing almost in front is the *Headquarters' Building*, an imposing brick structure, 130 by 41 feet, three stories in height. The first story is used for the offices, the governor—at this writing, 1891—Col. J. B. Thomas, the treasurer and secretary. The second and third stories are used for a library and reading-room; is 104 by 41 and 19 feet from floor to ceiling, lighted by ten windows each on the north and south sides, making it light, airy and cheerful; at night it is lighted brilliantly by a cone reflector.

This room contains the noted "*Putnam Library*," contributed by Mrs. Mary Lowell, of Boston, Mass., as a memorial to her son, killed at Ball's Bluff early in the war, and also the *Thomas Library*, contributed by the old soldiers and admirers of Gen. Geo. H. Thomas. Unitedly these libraries contain about 15,000 volumes. This room is handsomely frescoed, hundreds of pictures hang on its walls, its tables are strewn with the leading magazines and newspapers, and in cases and around are many interesting relics of the war.

"Upon leaving the library, and looking to the right, the beautiful "Memorial Hall" and Home Church are in full view; and beyond, on a knoll, shaded by forest trees, stands the Chaplain's residence. Still farther to the right the magnificent and commodious hospital charms the beholder; and a little farther on the neat cottage of the Resident Surgeon, surrounded by a lovely lawn, completes the picture in that direction. As we look to the northwestward, we behold the Soldier's Monument, rising from a hill-top in the distance, which marks the place where the heroes sleep.

"Keeping the same position we now turn to the left and observe a rustic arbor, the springs, the flower garden, the fountain, the conservatory and the lakes, upon which are numerous swans and other water fowl; and still letting the eye sweep onward, we behold the rustic bridges, the beautiful groves of forest trees, the deer park, with more than fifty deer, elk, antelopes, buffaloes, etc.; the Veteran Spring, the Governor's residence, embowered in trees and flowers, the residences of the treasurer, the secretary, and the steward, all located on the borders of the grove.

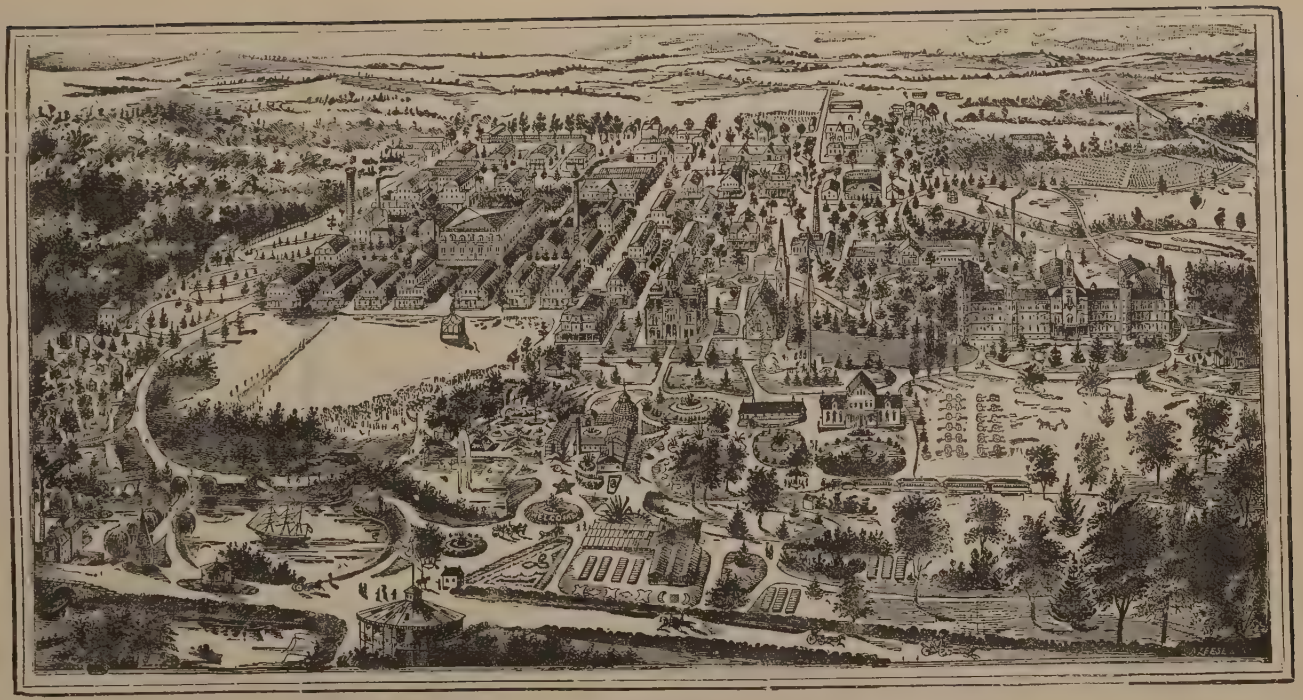
"To the left is the long line of neat and comfortable barracks where 4000 veterans rested from the fight; the large and comfortable dining hall, kitchen, bakery, laundry, workshops, the Home store-building, the Quartermaster and Commissary store-building, the tasteful band pagoda, surrounded by a charming lawn, while the whole grounds are interspersed with broad, well-paved avenues and shaded paths, combining to make this splendid picture complete. Strolling beyond the woods and immediate confines of the institution, we come to the farmer's residence, the vegetable garden, the barn, the stable, and the well-fed stock that graze upon the broad acres of the Home farm. From the Headquarters, Building, which we have already described, we will now go on to give a description of the principal buildings of the Home."

The *Memorial Hall* is used as an opera house, a place of public entertainment for lectures, music and theatricals. It is a magnificent structure, with a seating capacity for 1600, beautifully painted and frescoed. The stage is fitted up with beautiful scenery and all the other appliances for first-class amusement.

The *Church* is a fine Gothic structure, and said to have been the first church built by the United States Government anywhere. It will seat 1000 persons. The basement is fitted up for a Catholic chapel.

The *Hospital* is the largest single building of the Home, and will accommodate 300 patients; beside this are several branch hospitals. The wards are perfectly warmed and ventilated, and everything supplied for the comfort and health of the inmates, and it is believed to be one of the best hospitals in the country.

The *Cemetery* and *Monument*.—More than 3000 of the disabled veterans who were residents of the Central Home since its establishment have died and been buried with military honors in the grove west of the Hospital, which had been tastefully laid out for a cemetery. "Their comrades, officers and men have erected there a beautiful monument of Peru white marble, fifty feet high, and surmounted with a splendid figure of a private soldier. It was unveiled on the 12th of September, 1887, by the President of the United States, with grand ceremonies and in the presence of 25,000 people. On the pedestal are the words 'To our fallen Comrades' and 'These were honorable men in their generation.' On the base are four figures, beauti-



A Bird's-eye View of the U. S. Soldiers' and Sailors' Home, Near Dayton.

Its area is about a mile square, and it is a town of some 5000 people, with but few women and children. The *Hospital* is the long building on the right with several towers. To the left of it is the *Church* and *Memorial Hall*. To the left of these appears the *Campus*, a large open space. Facing the Campus is a line of barracks; above these appears the *Dining Hall*, a huge square building. The vessel at the left hand lower corner indicates the lake. The monument at the upper right hand corner, with circling dotted spots for grave stones, stands in the centre of the *Cemetery*. In summer multitudes of flower-beds ornament the grounds, tenderly cared for by grim-visaged veterans who in youth shouldered muskets and marched to the war.

fully carved in Italy, representing the four arms of the service, viz.: 'Artillery, Infantry, Cavalry, and Navy.' The entire cost of the monument was $16,000 from 16,000 veterans, each paying one dollar. The base is surmounted by tablets, on which are engraved the names of all who are buried in the cemetery."

Schools and Labor.—An excellent feature of the institution is a school where the veterans are taught various useful branches. Here men who lost their right arms are taught to write with their left, while instruction is given in book-keeping, wood-carving, as well as telegraphy, and most trades can be acquired here. It has been the steady policy of the institution to encourage labor of every kind by establishing workshops and by making the cultivation of flowers and fruits, etc., one of the features. About a dozen different trades are carried on, including printing and bookbinding.

The *Dining Room* building in its two dining rooms has a capacity for seating 3000 persons. All the cooking and serving is done by the veterans, and the food is of the best and in great variety, The cost of food is about seventeen cents per day to each man. In amount it is great. A recent dinner for 4300 veterans consumed of beef over 2000 pounds, of bread, 2700 pounds, of sugar, 240 pounds, of potatoes, 50 bushels, of coffee, 1200 gallons, and 900 pies.

The post-office does a large business, the annual receipts of pieces about 140,000, and the laundry work is also great. The *weekly wash* averages 36,000 pieces. Machinery moved by steam, and steam itself accomplish marvels here in the line of domestic labor.

Since the organization in 1867 to June, 1888, the number admitted were 22,397, and from nearly every State. The largest from Ohio, viz., 7510; Pennsylvania, 3662; New York, 3579; Indiana, 2187; Illinois, 1091; Kentucky, 811, etc. A larger part of these as at all the branches were foreign born, mainly German, Irish and English. In their newly-adopted country they were generally without family ties, and when disabled while fighting for its flag, they were "doubly entitled as loyal foster-sons of the mother Republic to a full share of its bounties."

The number of veterans enrolled in 1888 at the Central Home was 5936, and present for duty, 4500, the rest being off on furlough, largely visiting their families and friends. The cost of running the institution in 1888, exclusive of repairs, was $705,270.21 or $131.18 per man, including shelter, food, and clothing.

THE GREAT HARRISON CONVENTION, 1840.

Never in the history of the Northwest has there been a more exciting presidential campaign than that which preceded the election of General Harrison, and nowhere was the enthusiasm for the hero of Tippecanoe greater than in Dayton. A remarkable Harrison convention was held here on the date of Perry's victory on Lake Erie, and tradition has preserved such extravagant accounts of the number present, the beauty of the emblems and decorations displayed, and the hospitality of the citizens and neighboring farmers, that the following prophecy with which the *Journal* began its account of the celebration may almost be said to have been literally fulfilled: "Memorable and ever to be remembered as is the glorious triumph achieved by the immortal Perry, on the 10th of September, 1813, scarcely less conspicuous on the page of history will stand the noble commemoration of the event which has just passed before us."

Innumerable flags and Tippecanoe banners were stretched across the streets from roofs of stores and factories, or floated from private residences and from poles and trees.

Incoming Crowds.

People began to arrive several days before the convention, and on the 9th crowds of carriages, wagons and horsemen streamed into town. About six o'clock the Cincinnati delegation came in by the Centreville road. They were escorted from the edge of town by the Dayton Grays, Butler Guards, Dayton Military Band, and a number of citizens in carriages and on horseback. The procession of delegates was headed by eleven stage coaches in line, with banners and music, followed by a long line of wagons and carriages. Each coach was enthusiastically cheered as it passed the crowds which thronged the streets, and the cheers were responded to by the occupants of the coaches. Twelve canal boats full of men arrived on the 10th, and every road which led to town poured in its thousands. General Harrison came as far as Jonathan Harshman's, five miles from town, on the 9th, and passed the night there. Early in the morning his escort, which had encamped at Fairview, marched to Mr. Harshman's and halted there till seven o'clock, when it got in motion, under command of Joseph Barnett, of Dayton, and other marshals from Clarke county.

Gen. Harrison's Escort.

A procession from town, under direction of Charles Anderson, afterwards governor of

Ohio, chief marshal, met the general and his escort at the junction of the Troy and Springfield roads. The battalion of militia, commanded by Capt. Bomberger, of the Dayton Grays, and consisting of the Grays and Washington Artillery, of Dayton; the Citizens' Guard, of Cincinnati; Butler Guards, of Hamilton; and Pequa Light Infantry, were formed in a hollow square, and Gen. Harrison, mounted on a white horse, his staff, and Gov. Metcalf and staff, of Kentucky, were placed in the centre. "Every foot of the road, between town and the place where Gen. Harrison was to meet the Dayton escort, was literally choked up with people."

The immense procession, carrying banners and flags, and accompanied by canoes, log cabins furnished in pioneer style, and trappers' lodges, all on wheels, and filled with men, girls and boys, the latter dressed in hunting-shirts and blue caps. One of the wagons contained a live wolf, enveloped in a sheep-skin, representing the "hypocritical professions" of the opponents of the Whigs. All sorts of designs were carried by the delegations. One of the most striking was an immense ball, representing the Harrison States, which was rolled through the streets. The length of the procession was about two miles. Carriages were usually three abreast, and there were more than 1,000 in line.

"Grandest Spectacle of Time."

The day was bright and beautiful, and the wildest enthusiasm swayed the mighty mass of people who formed the most imposing part of "this grandest spectacle of time," as Col. Todd, an eye-witness, termed the procession. The following description of the scene, quoted by Curwen from a contemporary newspaper, partakes of the excitement and extravagance of the occasion: "The huzzas from gray-headed patriots, as the banners borne in the procession passed their dwellings, or the balconies where they had stationed themselves; the smiles and blessings, and waving kerchiefs of the thousands of fair women who filled the front windows of every house; the loud and heartfelt acknowledgments of their marked courtesy and generous hospitality by the different delegations, sometimes rising the same instant from the whole line; the glimpses at every turn of the eye of the fluttering folds of some one or more of the 644 flags which displayed their glorious stars and stripes from the tops of the principal houses of every street; the soul-stirring music, the smiling heavens, the ever-gleaming banners, the emblems and mottoes, added to the intensity of the excitement. Every eminence, housetop and window was thronged with eager spectators, whose acclamations seemed to rend the heavens."

"Second street at that time led through a prairie, and the bystanders, by a metaphor, the sublimity of which few but Westerners can appreciate, likened the excitement around them to a mighty sea of fire sweeping over its surface, 'gathering, and heaving, and rolling upwards, and yet higher, till its flames licked the stars and fired the whole heavens.'"

An Audience of Seventy-eight Thousand.

After marching through the principal streets, the procession was disbanded by Gen. Harrison at the National Hotel, on Third street. At one o'clock the procession was reformed and moved to the stand erected for speeches. Upon a spacious plain east of Fourth street and north of Third, Mr. Samuel Forrer, an experienced civil engineer, made an estimate of the space occupied by this meeting and the number present at it. He says: "An exact measurement of the lines gave for one side of the square (oblong) one hundred and thirty yards, and the other one hundred and fifty yards, including an area of nineteen thousand five hundred square yards, which, multiplied by four, would give seventy-eight thousand. Let no one who was present be startled at this result or reject this estimate till he compares the data assumed with the facts presented to his own view while on the ground. It is easy for any one to satisfy himself that six, or even a greater number of individuals, may stand on a square yard of ground. Four is the number assumed in the present instance; the area measured it less than four and one-half acres. Every farmer who noticed the ground could readily perceive that a much larger space was covered with people, though not so closely as that portion measured. All will admit that an oblong square of one hundred and thirty yards by one hundred and fifty, did not at any time during the first hour include near all that were on the east side of the canal. The time of observation was the commencement of Gen. Harrison's speech. Before making this particular estimate I had made one, by comparing this assemblage with my recollection of the 25th of February convention at Columbus, and came to the conclusion that it was at least four times as great as that." Two other competent engineers measured the ground, and the lowest estimate of the number of people at the meeting was 78,000; and as thousands were still in town, it was estimated that as many as 100,000 were here on the 10th of September.

Hospitality of Daytonians.

Places of entertainment were assigned delegates by the committee appointed for that purpose, but it was also announced in the *Journal* that no one need hesitate "to enter any house for dinner where he may see a flag flying. Every Whig's latch-string will be out, and the flag will signify as much to all who are ahungry or athirst." A public table where dinner was furnished, as at the private houses without charge, was also announced as follows by the *Journal:* "We wish to give our visitors log cabin fare and plenty of it, and we want our friends in the country to

help us." A committee was appointed to take charge of the baskets of the farmers, who responded liberally to this appeal.

The Speakers.

The convention was addressed by many noted men. Gen. Harrison was a forcible speaker, and his voice, while not sonorous, was clear and penetrating, and reached the utmost limits of the immense crowd. Gov. Metcalfe, of Kentucky, was a favorite with the people. A stonemason in early life, he was called the "Stone Hammer," to indicate the crushing blows inflicted by his logic and sarcasm. The inimitable Thomas Corwin held his audience spellbound with his eloquence and humor, and Robert C. Schenck added greatly to his reputation by his incisive and witty speeches.

In 1842 another Whig convention was held in Dayton, which nearly equalled in numbers and enthusiasm that of 1840. The object of the convention was to forward the nomination of Henry Clay for the Presidency. Mr. Clay was present and addressed an immense audience on the hill south of Dayton, now occupied by the Fair Grounds. At a morning reception for ladies, at the residence of Mr. J. D. Phillips, where Mr. Clay was staying, a crowd of women of all ranks and conditions, some in silk and some in calico, were present. Mr. Clay shook hands with them all, afterwards making a complimentary little speech, saying, among other graceful things, that the soft touch of the ladies had healed his fingers, bruised by the rough grasp of the men he had received the day before.

BIOGRAPHY.

Daniel C. Cooper was born in Morris county, N. J., November 20, 1773. He and one brother constituted the family. Mr. Cooper came to Cincinnati about 1793 as the agent for Jonathan Dayton, of New Jersey, who was interested in the Symmes purchase. He obtained employment as a surveyor, and his business gave him an opportunity to examine lands and select valuable tracts for himself. In 1794–1795 he accompanied the surveying parties led by Col. Israel Ludlow through the Miami valley. As a preparation for the settlement of Dayton, he, by the direction of the proprietors, in September, 1795, marked out a road from Fort Hamilton to the mouth of Mad river. During the fall and winter he located one thousand acres of fine land near and in Dayton. In the summer of 1796 he settled here, building a cabin at the southeast corner of Monument avenue and Jefferson street. About 1798 he moved out to his cabin on his farm south of Dayton. Here, in the fall of 1799, he built a distillery, "corn cracker" mill, and a saw mill, and made other improvements.

St. Clair, Dayton, Wilkinson and Ludlow, on account of Symmes' inability to complete his purchase from the United States, and the high prices charged by the government for land, were obliged to relinquish their Mad river purchase. Soon after the original proprietors retired Mr. Cooper purchased pre-emption rights, and made satisfactory arrangements with land-owners. Many interests were involved, and the transfer was a work of time. He was intelligent and public-spirited, and to his enlarged views, generosity and integrity and business capacity much of the present prosperity of the city is due. He induced settlers to come to Dayton by donations of lots; gave lots and money to schools and churches; provided ground for a graveyard and a public common, now known as Cooper Park, and built the only mills erected in Dayton during the first ten years of its history. He was appointed justice of the peace for Dayton township, October 4, 1799, and served till May 1, 1803, the date of the formation of the county. In 1810–1812 he was president of the Select Council of Dayton. He was seven times elected a member of the State Legislature.

About 1803 he married Mrs. Sophia Greene Burnet, who was born in Rhode Island, and came to Marietta with her parents in 1788. Mr. Cooper died July 13, 1818. When he died his affairs were somewhat involved, but by prudent and conscientious management of his property the executors, H. G. Phillips and James Steele, relieved the estate from embarrassment, and it henceforth steadily increased in value. Every improvement of this large property benefitted the city.

Benjamin Van Cleve was a typical man, and, as a good representative of the best pioneer character, is worthy of especial notice. He kept a journal, from which the in-

cidents mentioned in the following sketch have been mainly drawn. He was the eldest son of John and Catherine Benham Van Cleve, and was born in Monmouth county, N. J., Feb. 24, 1773. His ancestors came from Holland in the seventeenth century. His earliest recollection was the battle of Monmouth, which occurred when he was five years old. He remembered the confusion and the flight of the women and children to the pine swamps, and the destruction of his father's house, stock and blacksmith's shop by the British. The refugees in the pine woods could hear the firing, and "when our army was retreating many of the men melted to tears; when it was advancing there was every demonstration of joy and exultation." His father served with the New Jersey militia during nearly the whole of the Revolution. He removed to Cincinnati, January 3, 1790. Benjamin Van Cleve, who was now seventeen, settled on the east bank of the Licking, where Maj. Leech, in order to form a settlement and have a farm opened for himself, offered 100 acres for clearing each ten-acre field, with the use of the cleared land for three years. John Van Cleve intended to assist his son in this work, but was killed by the Indians.

Benjamin Van Cleve, by hard work as a day-laborer, paid John Van Cleve's debts, sold his blacksmith's tools to the quartermaster-general, and tried to the best of his ability, though a mere boy, to fill his father's place. Much of the time, from 1791 till 1794, he was employed in the quartermaster's department, whose headquarters were at Fort Washington, earning his wages of fifteen dollars a month by hard, rough work.

He was present at St. Clair's defeat, and gives in his "Journal" a thrilling account of the rout and retreat of the army, and of his own escape and safe return to Cincinnati.

In the spring of 1792 he was sent off from Cincinnati at midnight, at a moment's notice, by the quartermaster-general, to carry despatches to the war department at Philadelphia. At that day such a journey was a long and weary one, and although the authorities were satisfied with his services and accounts, they did not pay him until March, 1793. In connection with this visit to Philadelphia, he mentions drawing a plan of the President's new house, reading "Barclay's Apology," and a number of other Quaker works, and purchasing twenty-five books, which he read through on the voyage from Pittsburg to Cincinnati; entries which are all very characteristic of the man.

In the fall of 1785 he accompanied Capt. Dunlap's party, to make the survey for the Dayton settlement. April 10, 1796, he arrived in Dayton with the first party of settlers that came. In the fall of this year he went with Israel Ludlow and William G. Schenck to survey the United States military lands between the Scioto and Muskingum rivers. "We had deep snow," he says, "covered with crust; the weather was cold and still, so that we could kill but little game, and were twenty-nine days without bread, and nearly all that time without salt, and sometimes very little to eat. We were five days, seven in company, on four meals, and they, except the last, scanty. They consisted of a turkey, two young raccoons, and the last day some rabbits and venison, which we got from some Indians."

August 28, 1800, he married Mary Whitten, daughter of John and Phebe Whitten, who lived in Wayne township. In his "Journal" occurs this quaint record of the event: "This year I raised a crop of corn, and determined on settling myself and having a home. I accordingly, on the 28th of August, married Mary Whitten, daughter of John Whitten, near Dayton. She was young, lively, industrious and ingenuous. My property was a horse creature and a few farming utensils, and her father gave her a few household and kitchen utensils, so that we could make shift to cook our provisions; a bed, a cow and heifer, a ewe and two lambs, a sow and pigs, and a saddle and spinning-wheel. I had corn and vegetables growing, so that if we were not rich we had sufficient for our immediate wants, and we were contented and happy."

Benjamin Van Cleve, though self-educated, was a man of much information, and became a prominent and influential citizen. In the winter of 1799–1800 he taught in the block-house, the first school opened in Dayton. From the organization of Montgomery county in 1803, till his death in 1821, he was clerk of the court. He was the first postmaster of Dayton, and served from 1804–1821. In 1805 he was one of the incorporators of the Dayton Library. In 1809 he was appointed by the legislature a member of the first board of trustees of Miami University. He was an active member of the First Presbyterian church.

His valuable and interesting "Journal," only a small part of which has been printed, contains almost all the early documentary history of Dayton now in existence. The files of Dayton newspapers, 1808–1821, fortunately preserved by him and presented to the Public Library by his son, John W. Van Cleve, furnish the largest part of the material for that period of the history of the town now obtainable.

Mr. Van Cleve's graphic description in his "Journal" of St. Clair's defeat, is considered the best account of that terrible rout and massacre ever written, and has been published many times. His manuscript journal, written for "the instruction and entertainment of his children," is now in the possession of his great-grandson, Mr. R. Fay Dover, of Dayton. It is written in a beautiful hand, as legible as copperplate, and is adorned with a neatly-executed plan of Fort Defiance, drawn and colored by the author.

JOHN W. VANCLEVE was born June 27, 1801, and tradition says was the first male child born in Dayton. His father, Benjamin VanCleve, was one of the band of first settlers who arrived in Dayton April 1, 1796.

John W. VanCleve from his earliest years gave evidence of a vigorous intellect of a retentive memory. When but ten years old his father wrote of him, "My son John is now studying Latin, and promises to become a fine scholar." At the age of sixteen he entered the Ohio University at Athens, and so distinguished himself for proficiency in Latin that he was employed to teach that language in the college before his graduation. As is not often the case with students, he was equally proficient in mathematics. In after life he mastered both the French and German languages, and made several translations of important German works. He was as remarkable for his thoroughness as for his versatility. There were few things that he could not do and do well. He was a musician, painter, engraver, civil engineer, botanist and geologist. He conducted a correspondence and made exchanges with naturalists in various parts of the United States, and collected and engraved the fossils of the surrounding country and made a herbarium of the plants indigenous to this region. Plates of the engraved fossils and the herbarium have been placed in the Dayton Public Library, which, with other specimens of his handiwork also found there, will convince any one that his accomplishments have not been exaggerated.

He studied law in the office of Judge Joseph McCrane, and was admitted to the bar in 1828. Not finding the practice of the law congenial, he purchased an interest in the *Dayton Journal*, and edited that paper until 1834. After being engaged in other business for a few years, in 1851, he retired and gave the remainder of his life to his studies and to whatever could benefit and adorn his native city. Unmarried and possessed of a competence he might have lived a life of idleness, but, by nature he was the most indefatigable and industrious of men.

While not seeking political preferment he did much public service. He was elected and served as mayor of the city in 1831–32. He also served at various times as City Civil Engineer, and in 1839 compiled and lithographed a map of the city. He was an ardent Whig, and entered enthusiastically into the celebrated political campaign of 1840, writing many of the songs and furnishing the engravings for a campaign paper called the *Log Cabin*, which attained great notoriety throughout the United States. He was one of the founders of the Dayton Library Association, now merged in the Public Library, and the invaluable volumes of early Dayton newspapers from 1808 to 1847, was his gift to the library.

It was his suggestion to plant the levees with shade trees, and the first trees were selected by him and planted under his direction. But the chief work for which the city is indebted to him is the foresight which secured the admirable site for the Woodland Cemetry before it was appropriated to other uses. In 1840 when the Cemetery Association was organized public attention had not been generally called to the importance and desirability of rural cemeteries, and the suggestion at that time of a rural cemetery for Dayton was in advance of the times. Woodland Cemetery is the third rural cemetery in order of time in the United States, preceding Spring Grove at Cincinnati three years. To Mr. Van Cleve the honor is due of suggesting the cemetery, and persistently carrying it through to completion.

Mr. Van Cleve was of large size and very fleshy, weighing over three hundred pounds. Calling one evening at a friend's house, a bright little boy of four years was evidently much puzzled, and, after walking around him and viewing him on all sides approached with the inquiry, "When you was a little boy, was you a *little* boy?" The joke was so good that Mr. Van Cleve used to tell it on himself.

Mr. Van Cleve died September 6, 1858, at the comparatively early age of 57 years. Although holding no official position at the time of his death, the City Council adopted resolutions of respect for his memory and appreciation of his great services to the city.

Mr. Van Cleve was a great admirer of Corwin, and when he was a candidate for Governor in the Harrison campaign he wrote and published in the "*Log Cabin*," this enthusiastic song, which illustrates the affection of the Old Time Whigs' for their "Wagon Boy."

Success to you, Tom Corwin.

Success to you, Tom Corwin!
Tom Corwin our true hearts love you!
Ohio has no nobler son,
In worth there's none above you!
And she will soon bestow
On you, her highest honor.
And then our State will kindly show
Without a stain upon her.

Success to you, Tom Corwin:
We've seen with warm emotion,
Your faithfulness to freedom's cause,
Your boldness, your devotion.
And we'll ne'er forget
That you our rights have guarded;
Our grateful hearts shall pay the debt,
And worth shall be regarded.

Francis Glass, A. M. who taught school in Dayton, in 1823–24, was born in Londonderry, Ireland, in 1790, and came to America with his parents when eight years old. His father was a teacher at Mt. Airy College, Philadelphia. Francis

Glass was graduated at the University of Pennsylvania in his nineteenth year. He married young, and, pressed by the wants of an increasing family, he emigrated in 1817 to Ohio. He removed from place to place, having schools at various times in Warren, Miami and Montgomery counties.

There is something pathetic in the story of this enthusiastic and guileless scholar, who, amid the hardships of pioneer life and the bitter privations of poverty, never for a moment lost interest in classical study. Mr. J. P. Reynolds, —see Clinton County—one of his pupils gives a graphic description of a pioneer school-house and its teacher Francis Glass.

He says: "The school-house now rises fresh in my memory. The building was a log cabin with a clap-board roof, but indifferently lighted—all the light of heaven found in this cabin came through apertures made on each side of the logs, and then covered with oiled paper to keep out the cold air, while they admitted the dim rays. The seats or benches were of hewn timber, resting on upright posts placed in the ground to keep them from being overturned by the mischievous urchins who sat on them. In the centre was a large stove, between which and the back part of the building stood a small desk, without lock or key, made of rough plank, over which a plane had never passed, and behind this desk sat Professor Glass when I entered the school. There might have been forty scholars present. The moment he learned that my intention was to pursue the study of languages with him his whole soul appeared to beam from his countenance.

"The following imperfect sketch drawn from memory may serve to give some idea of his peculiar manner:—'Welcome to the shrine of the muses, my young friend, *Salve! Xaīpe!* The temple of the Delphian god was originally a laurel hut, and the muses deign to dwell accordingly, even in my rustic abode. *Non humilem domum fastidiunt umbrosamve ripam.*"

Mr. Reynolds gives more to the same effect, but this may suffice. It was Glass' great ambition to write and publish a "Life of Washington" in Latin, and when Mr. Reynolds met him he had nearly completed the work. Mr. Reynolds, who highly esteemed him, furnished him the means to remove to Dayton in 1823, and there the life was completed and the manuscript delivered to Mr. Reynolds, who agreed to assist him in finding a publisher. Lengthy proposals of publication fully describing the work were printed in the Cincinnati and Dayton papers, but without result. His friend, Mr. Reynolds removed from Ohio and was absent for several years, and during his absence Francis Glass died. With his inextinguishable love of the classics, shortly before his death he published in the Dayton "*Watchman*" a Latin ode on the death of Lord Byron, which was prefaced by the following introduction:—"To the academicians and scholars in the United States of America, especially of those who delight in literary pursuits, Francis Glass, A. M., wishes much health."

His death occurred August 24, 1824, after an illness of about three weeks.

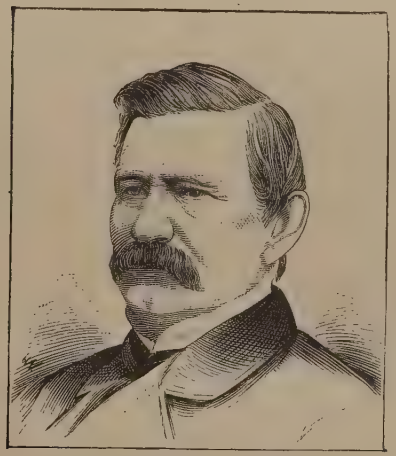
In 1835, the "Life of Washington," through the instrumentality of Mr. Reynolds, was published by Harper Brothers. It forms an openly printed volume of two hundred and twenty-three pages. That such a work in Latin should have been written by a country school teacher remote from libraries and compelled to teach an ungraded school for his daily bread is certainly one of the curiosities of literature. Eminent scholars have pronounced the style terse and vigorous, and the Latin classical. It was introduced into many schools as a text book, and the writer (Robt. W. Steele) remembers its use in the Dayton Academy in 1838. It is now out of print and rare, but a copy may be found in the Dayton Public Library.

Another remarkable literary production is that of which Mr. Addison P. Russell writes as follows:—"I have in my possession a very well preserved copy, in English, 'Of the Imitation of Christ,' by Thomas A. Kempis, printed in this place (Wilmington, O.), by Gaddis Abrams, in 1815. Think of it! A religious classic printed in the wilderness, in the midst of milk-sickness, floating logs and rattle-snakes."

GEORGE CROOK, General United States Army, son of Thomas Crook, was born in Wayne township, Montgomery county, Ohio, September 8, 1828, and died in Chicago, March 21, 1890.

He worked on his father's farm and attended school until nineteen. In one of his early campaigns Robert C. Schenck was a guest at the Crook farm house, was attracted by the boy, and appointed him a cadet at the West Point Military Academy. He was graduated July 1, 1852, and for a number of years was on duty with the Fourth Infantry in California.

He took part in the Rouge river expedition in 1856 and commanded the Pitt river expedition in the following year, being wounded by an arrow in one engagement with the hos-



GEN. ROBERT C. SCHENCK.

COL. ROBERT PATTERSON.

GEN. GEORGE CROOK.

tiles. At the breaking out of the civil war he held a captain's commission, and returned East to become colonel of the Thirty-sixth Ohio Infantry. He served in the West Virginia campaigns, in command of the Third Provisional Brigade, until August, 1862, and was wounded in the action at Lewisburg. His next service was in Northern Virginia and Maryland, during August and September, 1862, and he especially distinguished himself at Antietam, being brevetted lieutenant-colonel in the regular army for his services.

In 1863 he was serving in Tennessee, and in July of that year he was transferred to the command of the Second Cavalry Division. After various actions, ending in the battle of Chickamauga, he pursued Wheeler's Confederate Cavalry from the 1st to the 10th of October, defeated it, and drove it across the Tennessee with great loss. In February, 1864, he assumed command of the Kanawha district of West Virginia, where he was almost constantly in action of one kind or another. In the autumn of the same year he played a prominent part in Sheridan's Shenandoah campaign, and received the brevets of brigadier and major-general in the United States army in 1865 for his gallant and effective conduct. From March 26 until April 9 he had command of the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac, and was engaged at Dinwiddie Court-house, Jettersville, Sailor's creek and Farmville, and was present at the surrender of Appomattox.

He was mustered out of the volunteer service January 15, 1866, and was subsequently commissioned lieutenant-colonel of the Twenty-third Infantry, since which time his services have been intimately associated with Indian campaigns. He conducted them so successfully that he gained the sobriquet of "The Great Indian Fighter." In 1872, when assigned to the Arizona district to quell Indian disturbances, he sent an ultimatum to the chiefs to return to their reservations or "be wiped from the face of the earth."

In 1882 he forced the Mormons, squatters, miners and stock-raisers to vacate the Indian lands and encouraged the Apaches in industrial pursuits. In the spring of 1883 the Chiracahuas intrenched themselves in the fastnesses of the mountains on the northern Mexican boundary and began a series of raids. Gen. Crook struck the trail, and, instead of following, took it backward, penetrated into and took possession of their strongholds, and as fast as the warriors returned from their plundering excursions made them prisoners. He marched over two thousand miles, made four hundred prisoners, and captured all the horses and plunder.

During the two years following he had sole charge of the Indians, and during that time no depredation occurred. He set them all at work on their farms, abolished the system of trading and paying in goods and store-orders indulged in by contractors, paid cash direct to the Indians for all his supplies, and stimulated them to increased exertion. The tribes became self-supporting within three years. He was appointed major-general April 6, 1888, and soon after was placed in command of the division of the Missouri, with headquarters at Chicago.

The *Dayton Journal* gives the following personal description of Gen. Crook:

He was quiet, unostentatious and self-possessed under all conditions, especially so in the presence of the enemy. In a fight he blazed, and looked the soldier that he was. His presence was confidence and inspiration to his command. But out of uniform he was so simple and unostentatious, almost shy, that those to whom he was unknown could not have suspected such a modest man to have been one of the great soldiers of the United States army. His personal and social characteristics were very charming, and in congenial company he surprised people by the extent of his information and vigor of his discussion of public questions. But it is likely that he will go into the history of his country mainly upon the solid and brilliant reputation he acquired in Indian warfare. No man in that service was so consummate a master of it as he was.

Gen. Sherman said of him:

"George Crook was always a man on whom we could depend," said he. "He was the most successful man in dealing with the Indians that the United States ever had in its service. The Indians respected and trusted him, and he could bring them around or make them amenable when every one else failed. During the rebellion Crook had charge of the Second Cavalry Division, stationed in Northern Alabama, and did excellent work. During my fifteen years as commander-in-chief of the army, I had ample opportunity to find out Crook's good traits, and I never found him anything but a man who could be depended on in every emergency."

The story of the courtship of Gen. Crook is romantic. Early in the war Crook, then a captain, was stopping at the Queen City Hotel, Cumberland, Md. He was there assisting Gen. Kelly in organizing regiments and defending the State of West Virginia from invasion. Gen. Kelly was at the same hotel. The proprietor of the house was John Daily, who was also proprietor of Glade's Hotel at Oakland, Md., a famous resort. Mr. Daily had two daughters, the eldest of whom, Miss Mary, was a charming and pretty

girl. She had Southern sympathies, for her mother was a member of a notable old Virginia family who lived at Moorfield.

During Crook's stay at the hotel he was much attracted by the young lady, but she was a spirited girl, and refused to be gracious to the Yankee, though at heart she liked him.

The eldest of Boniface Daily's children was a son James, who was devoted to the cause of the Confederacy. He took offence at the persistent and open attentions of Crook to his sister, and finally organized a band of about fifty young and daring spirits like himself, and saw that they were well mounted and armed. When everything was ready about a dozen of Daily's band crept into the hotel after midnight, seized Gen. Kelly and Capt. Crook, gagged them, and in a few moments they were all on their way to Richmond. The Federal lines were passed without detection, and the prisoners were safely landed in the Confederate capital. Afterward they were exchanged.

Crook went into active service and was badly wounded. He was sent to Oakland with other wounded officers, and singularly enough was quartered at Glade's Hotel. Miss Mary then showed her true feelings, and nursed her brother's late captive through what at one time was thought to be a fatal illness. When he recovered he proposed, but was refused, her political sentiment still being in the ascendant. Twice after that the conqueror of Cochez and Geronimo attacked the fair fortress, and at last it surrendered. The General has been happy in his married life.

Robert Cumming Schenck was born in Franklin, Warren county, Ohio, October 4, 1809, and died in Washington, D. C., March 23, 1890. His ancestor, Roelof Martense Schenck, emigrated from Holland to New Amsterdam in 1650. His father, Gen. Wm. C. Schenck, was an officer in Gen. Wm. Henry Harrison's army, and one of the pioneers of the Miami valley. He died in 1821, and Robert C. was placed under the guardianship of Gen. James Findlay, of Cincinnati. He was graduated at Miami University in 1827, and remained at Oxford as a tutor for three years longer, then studied law with Thomas Corwin, was admitted to the bar and commenced practice in Dayton. He served two years in the State Legislature, and was elected to Congress as a Whig, serving from 1843 till 1851. President Fillmore then sent him to Brazil as minister plenipotentiary. While serving in this capacity he distinguished himself as a diplomat by taking a conspicuous part in the negotiation of treaties with Paraguay, Uraguay and Argentine Republic. After two years in Brazil he returned to Ohio, but took no part in politics. When the civil war broke out he at once offered his service to the government, and was commissioned a brigadier-general by President Lincoln, May 17, 1861. He served with his brigade in the first battle of Bull Run. He next served in West Virginia under Gen. Rosecrans, and did some brilliant fighting at McDowell and Cross Keys. Gen. Fremont then intrusted him with the command of a division, and, while leading the first division of Gen. Franz Siegel's Corps, at the second battle of Bull Run, his right arm was shattered by a musket-ball. He would not allow himself to be carried from the field until his sword, which had been lost when he was wounded, had been found and restored to him. This wound destroyed the use of his right arm for life, incapacitated him for military service until December, 1862, when he took command of the Middle Department and Eighth Corps at Baltimore, having been promoted major-general September 18.

Gen. Schenck and Gen. Ben Butler had many similar characteristics—great ability, readiness, wit, humor, sarcasm, full information, boldness, originality and the like. Butler in command at New Orleans and Schenck at Baltimore had trouble with the rebel women.

Whitelaw Reid, in "Ohio in the War," tells how Schenck settled them :—

The men dared not insult the soldiers, but many women did, relying on their sex to protect them. Finally they came to wearing rebel colors and displaying them upon the promenades, and upon occasions when such exhibitions were particulary annoying. Without issuing an order patterned after General Butler's noted proclamation at New Orleans, he made a more skillful and much more discreet use of similar means, which is thus described in Reid's "Ohio in the War :"

"A number of the most noted 'women of the town' were selected. Each was instructed to array herself as elegantly as possible, to wear the rebel colors conspicuously displayed upon her bosom, and to spend her time promenading the most fashionable streets of the city. Whenever she met any one of the

ladies wearing the same badge she was to salute her affectionately as a sister in the unholy calling, and for these services she was to be liberally paid. The effect was marvellous. In less than a week not a respectable woman in Baltimore dared to show herself in public ornamented by any badge of the rebellion, and from that time to the end of Schenck's administration that particular difficulty was settled."

After performing effective service in the Gettysburg campaign, he resigned his commission on December 3, 1863, in order to take his seat in the House, to which he had been elected over Vallandigham. He was immediately made Chairman of Military Affairs, and during this and the following Congress his position enabled him to do good service for the Union cause. He was re-elected to the three succeeding Congresses, and throughout these exciting times, during and after the war, he took a leading part in proceedings in the House.

Hon. James G. Blaine, in his "Twenty Years in Congress," says :—

"Robert C. Schenck was an invaluable addition to the House. He was at once placed at the head of the Committee on Military Affairs, then of superlative importance, and subsequently made Chairman of Ways and Means, succeeding Mr. Stevens in the undoubted leadership of the House. He was admirably fitted for the arduous and difficult duty. His perceptions were keen, his analysis was extraordinarily rapid, his power of expression remarkable. On his feet, as the phrase went, he had no equal in the House. In five minutes' discussion in committee of the whole, he was an intellectual marvel. The compactness and clearness of his statement, the facts and arguments which he could marshal in that brief time, were a constant surprise and delight to his hearers. No man in Congress during the present generation has rivalled his singular power in this respect.

"He was able in every form of discussion, but his peculiar gift was in leading and controlling the committee of the whole."

In 1871 General Schenck was appointed by General Grant Minister to Great Britain, in which capacity he served with distinction until 1876. It was during this period that he was appointed a member on behalf of the United States of the celebrated Joint High Commission, which assembled at Washington and effected a treaty providing for the Geneva Conference, a measure which, by the substitution of arbitration for war in the settlement of a serious controversy between two powerful and warlike nations, marked an era in the development of the spirit of a true Christian civilization.

On his return to the United States General Schenck practiced law in Washington, D. C., participating but little in public affairs. Throughout his public career he regarded Dayton as his home and took an active interest in its affairs. He was the real father of the National Home for Volunteer Soldiers and Sailors, being the first to suggest it to Congress, and securing the co-operation of General Benjamin Butler in the most beneficent public measure in the history of nations.

JAMES FINDLAY SCHENCK, brother of General Robert C. Schenck, was born in Franklin, O., June 11, 1807; died in Dayton, O., December 21, 1882.

"He was appointed to the U. S. Military Academy in 1822, but resigned in 1824, and entered the navy as a midshipman March 1, 1825. He became passed midshipman June 4, 1831, and lieutenant December 22, 1835, and in August, 1845, joined the "Congress," in which he served as chief military aide to Commodore Robert F. Stockton at the capture of Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Pedro, Cal. He also participated in the capture of Guaymas and Mazatlan, Mexico, and in October, 1848, returned home as bearer of dispatches. He was commended for efficient services in the Mexican war. Lieutenant Schenck then entered the service of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and commanded the steamer "Ohio" and other steamers between New York and Aspinwall in 1849–52. He was commissioned commander, September 14, 1855, and assigned to the frigate "St. Lawrence" March 19, 1862, on the West Gulf blockade.

"On October 7, 1864, he was ordered to command the "Powhatan" in the North Atlantic squadron, and he also received notice of his promotion to commodore, to date from January 2, 1863. He led the third division of the squadron in the two attacks on Fort Fisher, and was highly commended for his services. Commodore Schenck had charge of the naval station at Mound City, Ill., in 1865–6, was promoted to rear-admiral September 21, 1868, and retired by law June 11, 1869." (Ap. Biog. Ency.)

CHARLES ANDERSON was borne June 1, 1814, at Soldier's Retreat, his father's home, nine miles from Louisville, Ky. His father was an aide-de-camp to Lafayette. His brother Robert was the Major Anderson commanding Fort Sumter in April, 1861. Charles Anderson graduated at Miami University, Oxford, O., in 1833. Studied law in Louisville and was admitted to practice. He removed to Dayton, and September 16, 1835, married Miss Eliza J. Brown, of that city. In 1844 he was elected to the Ohio Senate. His efforts in behalf of the colored race and for the repeal of the "Black Laws" made him unpopular with his constituency, and at the close of his term he made a tour

through Europe. On his return to Ohio he practiced law in Cincinnati for eleven years in partnership with Rufus King. In 1859 he went to Texas, and on November 20, 1860, he addressed a large gathering of people at San Antonio, advocating in the strongest and most pathetic language the perpetuity of the National Union. He received many letters threatening his life, and later was confined as a political prisoner in the guard-tent of Maclin's battery of artillery. He escaped to the North and was appointed colonel of the 93d O. V. I. He was severely wounded at the battle of Stone River.

In 1863 he was nominated and elected Lieutenant-Governor on the ticket with John Brough, and on the death of the latter succeeded to the office of Governor. He is a man with a fine sense of honor, tall and elegant in person, of brilliant qualities, and the ideal gentleman personified.

THOMAS JOHN WOOD was born in Munfordville, Ky., September 25, 1823; was graduated at the U. S. Military Academy; received the brevet of 1st lieutenant for gallant and meritorious conduct in the Mexican war, served in 1848–49 as aide-de-camp to Gen. Wm. S. Harney. He served as captain in the First Cavalry in Kansas during the border troubles, and on the Utah expedition under Albert Sidney Johnston till 1859.

In 1861 he was commissioned brigadier-general of volunteers and placed in command of a division; took part in the battles of Shiloh and Corinth, also the battle of Stone River, December 31, 1862, where he was wounded.

He commanded a division in the 21st Corps, Army of the Cumberland, at the battles of Chickamauga and Mission Ridge, receiving the brevet of brigadier-general for Chickamauga. He was engaged in the invasion of Georgia and was severely wounded in the action of Lovejoy's Station. He commanded the 4th Corps in the battles of Franklin and Nashville, receiving the brevet of major-general for the latter. He was promoted major-general of volunteers in January, 1865, and was mustered out of the volunteer service September 1, 1866. He retired from active service with the rank of major-general June 9, 1868, and that of brigadier-general March 3, 1871. He is now a resident of Dayton. (Abridged from Ap. Biog. Ency.)

During the war period and until his death, June 17, 1871, at Lebanon, CLEMENT L. VALLANDIGHAM was a resident of Dayton. A sketch of his career is under the head of Columbiana County, in our first volume.

Miamisburg in 1846.—Miamisburg is ten miles southerly from Dayton, on the Miami canal and river, and the State road from Dayton to Cincinnati. This locality was originally called "*Hole's Station*," and a few families settled here about the time Dayton was commenced. The town was laid out in 1818; Emanuel Gebhart, Jacob Kercher, Dr. John and Peter Treon, being the original proprietors. The early settlers were of Dutch origin, most of whom emigrated from Berks county, Pa. The German is yet much spoken, and two of the churches worship in that language. The river and canal supply considerable water power. The town is compactly built. The view was taken near J. Zimmer's hotel—shown on the right—and gives the appearance of the principal street, looking from that point in the direction of Dayton. A neat covered bridge crosses the Miami river at this place. Miamisburg contains 1 Dutch Reformed, 1 Lutheran and 1 Methodist church, 1 high school, 12 mercantile stores, 1 woollen and 1 cotton factory, 1 grist mill, 1 iron foundery, and had in 1840, 834, and in 1846, 1055 inhabitants.—*Old Edition.*

In the lower part of Miamisburg are the remains of an ancient work; and this region abounds in the works and fortifications so common in the West. About a mile and a quarter southeast of the village, on an elevation more than 100 feet above the Miami, is the largest mound in the northern states, excepting the mammouth mound at Grave creek, on the Ohio below Wheeling, which it about equals in dimensions. It measures about 800 feet around the base, and rises to the height of 67 feet. When first known, it was covered with forest trees, from the top of one of which—a maple tree growing from its apex—it is said Dayton could be plainly seen. The mound has not been thoroughly examined, like that at Grave creek; but probably is similar in character. Many years since a shaft was sunk from the top; at first, some human bones were exhumed, and at the depth of about 11 feet, the ground sounding hollow, the workmen were afraid to progress farther. Probably two vaults are in it, like those of Grave creek; one at the base in the centre, the other over it, near the summit; it was, we suppose, this upper vault which gave forth the hollow sound. The mound is the steepest on the north and east sides, and is ascended with some little difficulty. It now sustains an orchard

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

THE GREAT MOUND NEAR MIAMISBURG.

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

STREET VIEW IN MIAMISBURG.

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

STREET VIEW IN GERMANTOWN.

of about 40 apple, and a few peach and forest trees. The view from the summit is beautiful. At one's feet lays the village of Miamisburg, while the fertile valley of the river is seen stretching away for miles.—*Old Edition.*

In July, 1869, a number of resident citizens made another effort to determine the nature of this mound. They sunk a shaft five or six feet in diameter from the top to two feet below the base. They found eighty feet from the top a human skeleton, in a sitting posture facing due east. A cover of clay several feet in thickness, and then a layer of ashes were found, and deposits of vegetable matter, bones of small animals, wood and stone surrounding it.

At twenty-four feet a triangular stone, planted perpendicularly, about eight inches in the earth with the point upward was discovered. Around it at an angle of about forty-five degrees and over-lapping each other like shingles upon a roof, were placed stone averaging about a foot in diameter, all rough, but of nearly uniform size, and similar to those quarried in the neighboring hills.

The work of sinking the shaft continued from day to day until a depth of sixty-six feet was reached. This was down to two feet below the natural surface as surveyed, as nearly twenty feet had been cut from the cone in former explorations, its original height must have been over eighty feet.

It had been determined to remove the skeleton before closing up the shaft, but upon examination it was found in condition to render this impossible, and it was allowed to remain.

The *Miqmisburg Bulletin* published a series of interesting articles on the explorations at the time they were made.

MIAMISBURG is ten miles southwest of Dayton, on the Great Miami River, Miami & Erie Canal, and on the C. H. & D., and C. C. C. & I. Railroads. It is the centre of the Ohio seed leaf tobacco producing district. City Officers: 1888, Lewis H. Zehring, Mayor; A. C. Schell, Clerk; Geo. T. Mays, Treasurer; Wm. Dalton, Marshall; H. Ross, Street Commissioner. Newspaper: *Bulletin*, Independent, Blossom Bros., editors and publishers; *News*, Democratic, Chas. E. Kinder, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 United Brethren, 1 Reformed, 1 Lutheran, 1 Catholic and 1 Methodist. Bank: (H. Groby & Co.)

Manufactures and Employees.—Miamisburg Binder Twine and Cordage Co., 205 hands; Hoover & Gamble, agricultrural implements, 185; Bookwalter Brothers & Co., carriage wheels, etc., 46; D. Grobe, builders' wood-work, 8; Miami Valley Paper Co., 42; The Ohio Paper Co., 54; A. Kuehn, lager beer, 4; The Kauffman Buggy Co., carriages, etc., 63.

Population, 1880, 1396. School census, 1888, 925. Thomas A. Pollok, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, $700,300. Value of annual product, $1,544,500.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887.*

Germantown in 1846—Germantown, named from Germantown, Pa., is thirteen miles southwest of Dayton, in a beautiful valley, surrounded by one of the most fertile sections of land in the West. It is steadily improving, and is noted for the substantial industry and wealth of its citizens. This thriving town was laid out in 1814, by Philip Gunckel, proprietor, who previously built a saw and grist mill on Twin creek, and opened a store at the same place. Most of its early settlers were of German descent, and emigrated from Berks, Lebanon and Centre counties, Pa. Among these were the Gunckels, the Emericks, the Schæffers, etc., whose descendents now comprise a large proportion of the inhabitants. The village is handsomely laid out in squares, the houses are of a substantial character, and the streets ornamented by locusts. It contains 2 German Reformed, 1 Lutheran, 1 Episcopal Methodist and 1 United Brethren church, a flourishing academy for both sexes, 1 book, 2 grocery and 5 dry goods stores, 1 newspaper printing office, 1 brewery, 1 woollen factory and about 1200 inhabitants.—*Old Edition.*

GERMANTOWN is twelve miles southwest of Dayton on the C. J. & M. R. R., and in the beautiful Twin Valley, and is sometimes called the "Twin City." It is the seat of Twin Valley College and Ohio Conservatory of Music. Its manufac-

turing industries are carriages, buggies, agricultural implements, tobacco and cigars. Newspaper: *Press*, Democratic, E. B. Harkrider, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 German Reformed, 1 Lutheran, 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 United Brethren. Bank: First National, J. W. Shank, president, J. H. Cross, cashier. Population 1880, 1618. School census, 1888, 408. J. F. Fenton, superintendent of schools.

CHAMBERSBURG is six miles north of Dayton, on the C. H. & D. R. R. Population, 1880, 115.

VANDALIA is eight miles north of Dayton. Population, 1880, 315. School census, 1888, 104.

BROOKVILLE is thirteen miles northwest of Dayton, on the D. & U. and P. C. & St. L. R. R. It has 1 Lutheran, 1 United Brethren and 1 Methodist Episcopal. Population, 1880, 574. School census, 1888, 248.

NEWLEBANON is ten miles west of Dayton. Population, 1880, 76.

FARMERSVILLE is fourteen miles southwest of Dayton, on the C. J. & M. R. R. It has five churches. Population, 1880, 794. School census, 1888, 130.

CENTERVILLE is nine miles south of Dayton. Population, 1880, 294.

MORGAN.

MORGAN COUNTY, named from Gen. Daniel Morgan, of the Revolution, was organized March 1, 1818. The Muskingum flows through the heart of the county, which, with its branches, furnishes considerable water-power. The surface is very hilly; the soil, limestone clay, strong and fertile.

Area about 400 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 57,506; in pasture, 120,966; woodland, 43,947; lying waste, 3,229; produced in wheat, 150,256 bushels; rye, 972; buckwheat, 240; oats, 74,190; barley, 108; corn, 482,299; broom-corn, 300 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 26,212 tons; clover hay, 1,772; potatoes, 37,802 bushels; tobacco, 123,080 lbs.; butter, 518,583; cheese, 450; sorghum, 2,883 gallons; maple syrup, 1,308; honey, 7,532 lbs.; eggs, 571,534 dozen; grapes, 23,040 lbs.; wine, 233 gallons; sweet potatoes, 2,126 bushels; apples, 4,181; peaches, 1,348; pears, 1,005; wool, 592,039 lbs.; milch cows owned, 4,876. School census, 1888, 6,066; teachers, 225. Miles of railroad track, 26.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Bloom,	1,388	898	Marion,		1,989
Bristol,	1,647	1,448	Meigsville,	1,159	1,201
Brookfield,	1,433		Morgan,	1,518	2,005
Center,	1,171	1,164	Noble,	1,315	
Deerfield,	1,224	1,035	Olive,	1,650	
Homer,		1,693	Penn,	1,119	1,245
Jackson,	920		Union,	1,334	1,595
Malta,	1,404	1,574	Windsor,	1,279	2,392
Manchester,	1,266	723	York,	1,030	1,112

Population of Morgan in 1820, 5,299; 1830, 11,800; 1840, 20,857; 1860, 22,119; 1880, 20,074, of whom 17,789 were born in Ohio; 795, Pennsylvania; 467, Virginia; 65, New York; 27, Indiana; 13, Kentucky; 140, German Empire; 127, Ireland; 43, England and Wales; 15, British America; 5, France; and 4, Scotland. Census, 1890, 19,143.

The first settlement in this county, made at BIG BOTTOM, on the Muskingum, near the south line of the county, was broken up by the Indians. In the autumn of 1790 a company of thirty-six men went from Marietta and commenced the settlement. They erected a block-house on the first bottom on the east bank of the river, four miles above the mouth of Meigs creek. They were chiefly young, single men, but little acquainted with Indian warfare or military rules.

Those best acquainted with the Indians and those most capable of judging from appearances, had little doubt that they were preparing for hostilities, and strongly opposed the settlers going out that fall and advised their remaining until spring, by which time, probably, the question of war or peace would be settled. Even Gen. Putnam and the directors of the Ohio company, who gave away the land to have it settled, thought it risky and imprudent, and strongly remonstrated against venturing out at that time.

A Block-House Built.—But the young men were impatient, confident in their own prudence and ability to protect themselves. They went; put up a block-house which might accommodate the whole of them in an emergency, covered it and laid puncheon floors, stairs, etc. It was made up of large beech logs and rather open, as it was not chinked between the logs; this job was left for a rainy day, or some more convenient season. Here was their first great error, as they ceased to complete the work, and the general interest was lost in that of the convenience of each individual; with this all was lost. The second error was, they kept no sentry and had neglected to stockade or set pickets around the block-house. No system of defence and discipline had been introduced. Their guns were lying in different places, without order,

about the house. Twenty men usually encamped in the house, a part of whom were now absent, and each individual and mess cooked for themselves. One end of the building was appropriated for a fire-place and when the day closed all came in, built a large fire and commenced cooking and eating their suppers.

The weather, for some time previous to the attack, as we learn from the diary of Hon. Paul Fearing, who lived at Fort Harmer, had been quite cold. In the midst of winter and with such weather as this, it was not customary for the Indians to venture out on war parties, and the early borderers had formerly thought themselves in a manner safe from their depredations during the winter months.

Two Cabins Built.—About twenty rods above the block-house and a little back from the bank of the river, two men, Francis and Isaac Choate, members of the company, had erected a cabin and commenced clearing their lots. Thomas Shaw, a hired laborer in the employ of the Choates, and James Patten, another of the associates, lived with them. About the same distance below the garrison was an old "tomahawk improvement" and a small cabin, which two men, Asa and Eleazer Bullard, had fitted up and now occupied. The Indian war-path from Sandusky to the mouth of the Muskingum, passed along on the opposite shore in sight of the river.

Indians Surprise and Destroy the Settlement.—The Indians who, during the summer, had been hunting and loitering about the settlements at Wolf's creek mills and Plainfield, holding frequent and friendly intercourse with the settlers, selling them venison and bear meat in exchange for green corn and vegetables, had withdrawn early in the autumn and gone high up the river into the vicinity of their towns, preparatory to winter-quarters. Being well acquainted with all the approaches to these settlements, and the manner in which the inhabitants lived, each family in their own cabin, not apprehensive of danger, they planned and fitted out a war party for their destruction. It is said they were not aware of there being a settlement at Big Bottom until they came in sight of it on the opposite shore of the river in the afternoon. From a high hill opposite the garrison they had a view of all that part of the Bottom, and could see how the men were occupied and what was doing about the block-house. Having reconnoitered the station in this manner, just at twilight they crossed the river on the ice a little above and divided their men into two parties; the larger one to attack the block-house and the smaller one to make prisoners of the few men living in Choate's cabin without alarming those below. The plan was skilfully arranged and promptly executed. As the party cautiously approached the cabin they found the inmates at supper; a party of the Indians entered, while others stood without by the door and addressed the men in a friendly manner. Suspecting no harm, they offered them a part of their food, of which they partook. Looking about the room the Indians espied some leather thongs and pieces of cord that had been used in packing venison, and taking the white men by their arms told them they were prisoners. Finding it useless to resist, the Indians being more numerous, they submitted to their fate in silence.

While this was transacting the other party had reached the block-house unobserved; even the dogs gave no notice of their approach, as they usually do, by barking; the reason probably was, that they were also within by the fire, instead of being on the alert for their masters' safety. The door was thrown open by a stout Mohawk, who stepped in and stood by the door to keep it open, while his companions without shot down those around the fire. A man by the name of Zebulon Throop, from Massachusetts, was frying meat and fell dead in the fire; several others fell at this discharge. The Indians then rushed in and killed all who were left with the tomahawk. No resistance seems to have been offered, so sudden and unexpected was the attack, by any of the men; but a stout backwoods Virginia woman, the wife of Isaac Meeks, who was employed as their hunter, seized an axe and made a blow at the head of the Indian who opened the door; a slight turn of the head saved his skull and the axe passed down through his cheek into the shoulder, leaving a huge gash that severed nearly half his face; she was instantly killed by the tomahawk of one of his companions before she could repeat the stroke. This was all the injury received by the Indians, as the men were all killed before they had time to seize their arms, which stood in the corner of the room. While the slaughter was going on, John Stacy, a young man in the prime of life, and the son of Col. William Stacy, sprung up the stair-way and out onto the roof, while his brother Philip, a lad of sixteen, secreted himself under some bedding in the corner of the room. The Indians on the outside soon discovered the former and shot him while he was in the act of "begging them, for God's sake, to spare his life, as he was the only one left."

This was heard by the Bullards, who, alarmed by the firing at the block-house, had run out of their cabin to see what was the matter. Discovering the Indians around the house they sprung back into their hut, seized their rifles and ammunition, and closing the door after them, put into the woods in a direction to be hid by the cabin from the view of the Indians. They had barely escaped when they heard their door, which was made of thin clapboards, burst open by the Indians. They did not pursue them, although they knew they had just fled, as there was a good fire burning and their food for supper smoking hot on the table. After the slaughter was over and the scalps secured, one of the most important acts in the warfare of the American savages, they proceeded to collect the plunder. In removing the bedding the

lad, Philip Stacy, was discovered; their tomahawks were instantly raised to dispatch him, when he threw himself at the feet of one of their leading warriors, begging him to protect him. The savage either took compassion on his youth or else, his revenge being satisfied with the slaughter already made, interposed his authority and saved his life. After removing everything they thought valuable, they tore up the floor, piled it on the dead bodies and set it on fire, thinking to destroy the block-house with the carcases of their enemies. The building being made of green beech logs the fire only consumed the floors and roof, leaving the walls still standing when visited the day after by the whites.

There were twelve persons killed in this attack, viz., John Stacy, Ezra Putnam (son of Major Putnam of Marietta), John Camp and Zebulon Throop—these men were from Massachusetts; Jonathan Farewell and Jas. Couch, from New Hampshire; William James, from Connecticut; Joseph Clark, from Rhode Island; Isaac Meeks, his wife and two children, from Virginia. They were well provided with arms, and no doubt could have defended themselves had they taken proper precautions: but they had no old revolutionary officers with them to plan and direct their operations, as they had at all the other garrisons. If they had picketed their house and kept a regular sentry, the Indians would probably never have attacked them. They had no horses or cattle for them to seize upon as plunder, and Indians are not very fond of hard fighting when nothing is to be gained; but seeing the naked block-house, without any defences, they were encouraged to attempt its capture. Col. Stacy, who had been an old soldier, well acquainted with Indian warfare in Cherry valley, and had two sons there, visited the post only the Sunday before, and seeing its weak state, had given them a strict charge to keep a regular watch, and prepare immediately strong bars to the doors, to be shut every night at sunset. They, however, fearing no danger, did not profit by his advice.

The party of Indians, after this, bent their steps towards the Wolf creek mills; but finding the people here awake and on the lookout, prepared for an attack, they did nothing more than reconnoitre the place, and made their retreat at early dawn, to the great relief of the inhabitants. The number of Indians who came over from Big Bottom was never known.

The next day Capt. Rogers led a party of men over to Big Bottom. It was a melancholy sight to the poor borderers, as they knew not how soon the same fate might befall themselves. The action of the fire, although it did not consume, had so blackened and disfigured the dead, that few of them could be distinguished. Ezra Putnam was known by a pewter plate that lay under him, and which his body had prevented from entirely melting. His mother's name was on the bottom of the plate, and a part of the cake he was baking at the fire still adhered to it. William James was recognized by his great size, being six feet four inches in height, and stoutly built. He had a piece of bread clenched in his right hand, probably in the act of eating, with his back to the door, when the fatal rifle-shot took effect. As the ground was frozen outside, a hole was dug within the walls of the house and the bodies consigned to one grave. No further attempt was made at a settlement here until after the peace.

McConnelsville in 1846.—McConnelsville, the county-seat, named from its original proprietor, Robert McConnel, is situated upon the east bank of the Muskingum, seventy-five miles southeasterly from Columbus, thirty-six above Marietta, and twenty-seven below Zanesville. The view was taken in the centre of the town. On the left is seen the court-house, the jail and county clerk's office, and in the distance, down the street, appears the Baptist church. This thriving town contains one Presbyterian, one Congregational, one Baptist, one Protestant Methodist, and one Methodist Episcopal church; fifteen mercantile stores, two newspaper printing-offices, one foundry, one woollen factory, two flouring mills, and had, in 1840, 957 inhabitants.—*Old Edition.*

McConnelsville, county-seat of Morgan, is about sixty-five miles southeast of Columbus, on the east bank of the Muskingum river, forty-eight miles above Marietta and twenty-seven below Zanesville; also, on the Z. & O. Railroad. County officers, 1888: Auditor, Jesse T. Elliott; Clerk, John Q. Abbott; Commissioners, Henry F. James, Leonidas J. Coburn, Thomas J. Chappelear; Coroner, Andrew H. Henery; Infirmary Directors, James Ralph, Henry L. Mellor, A. S. Wilson; Probate Judge, Eugene J. Brown; Prosecuting Attorney, Marion E. Danford; Recorder, William H. Young; Sheriff, John R. Harper; Surveyor, Joseph F. Dougan; Treasurer, Albert P. Whitaker. City officers, 1888: J. W. McElhiney, Mayor; W. O. Fouts, Clerk; Enoch Dye, Marshal; C. E. Cochran, Treasurer; Jacob Hatton, Street Commissioner. Newspapers: *Herald*, Republican, Charles S. Sprague, editor and publisher; *Morgan County Democrat*, Demo-

cratic, J. B. Tannehill, editor and publisher. Churches: one Baptist, two Methodist, one Methodist Episcopal, one Methodist Protestant, one Universalist, one Presbyterian and one Catholic. Bank: First National, James K. Jones, president, R. Stanton, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—George P. Hann, cigars, 16 hands; McConnellsville Sash and Door Co., doors, sash, etc., 9; McConnellsville Roller Mills, flour, etc., 6; *Morgan County Democrat*, printing, 5; *McConnellsville Herald*, printing, etc., 7; James Bain, wagons and buggies, 7; E. M. Stanberry & Co., flour, etc., 3.—*State Reports, 1888.*

Population, 1880, 1,473. School census, 1888, 469. Capital invested in industrial establishments, $101,500. Value of annual product, $131,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887.* Census, 1890, 1,771.

MALTA is on the west bank of the Muskingum river, directly opposite McConnellsville, on the Z. & O. Railroad. It has two churches. City officers, 1888: J. W. Rogers, Mayor; W. S. Conner, Clerk; H. A. Davis, Treasurer; J. H. Dunnington, Marshal; Harmon Seaman, Street Commissioner; Newspaper: *Valley Register*, Independent. Bank: Malta National, W. P. Sprague, president, George S. Corner, vice-president.

Manufactures and Employees.—A. M. Dunsmoor, furniture, 5 hands; Brown-Manly Plow Co., Malta plows, 130; McGrath & Humphrey, doors, sash, etc., 8; G. L. Hoffman & Son, harness leather, 10.—*State Reports, 1888.* Population, 1880, 652. School census, 1888, 239. Capital invested in manfacturing establishments, $64,000. Value of annual product, $162,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

THE DEVIL'S TEA TABLE.

One of the most remarkable natural curiosities of the Muskingum valley is the "Devil's Tea Table," which stands on one of the bluffs on the east side of the river, three miles above McConnelsville, on a farm owned by L. D. Reed. Its position is exactly central on the top of a high hill, the ground sloping rapidly from it in every direction. It stands like a lone sentinel, keeping its silent watch, as the years go by, over the beautiful river whose waters glide by it on their way to the ocean. The following description of it was contributed to this work by Dr. H. L. True, of McConnelsville.

It consists of an immense table of sandstone estimated to weigh over 300 tons, supported by a slender base of shelly slatestone. It maintains its place and position mainly by its equilibrium, the top being so evenly balanced on the pedestal that if a small portion were broken from one side of the table it would cause it to topple over. The table is quadrangular or diamond shaped, and has the following dimensions: it is about 25 feet high, 33 feet long, 20 feet wide, 10 feet thick, and 85 feet in circumference. The dimensions of the base are as follows: length, 18 feet, width 5 feet, height about 14 feet, circumference 40. The long diameter is in a direction north and south.

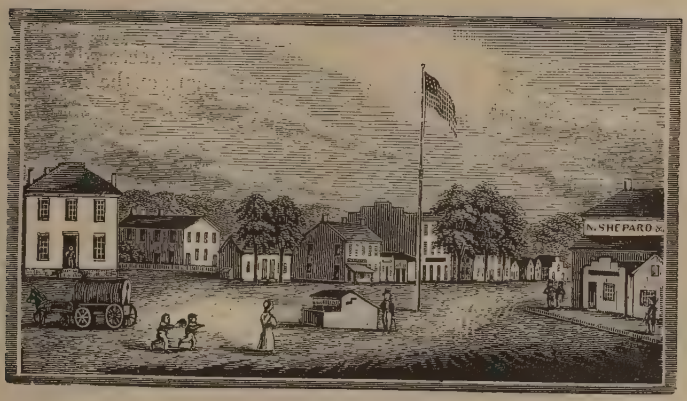
When this massive stone is viewed in close proximity it appears to lean in every direction, so that on whatever side an observer may be, it seems liable to fall on him.

There is a difference of opinion as to whether this rock can be made to vibrate or not. Some claim it is easy to vibrate it while standing on top. My own experience is that it cannot be made to vibrate with a pole from the ground, although it looks as if it could be done.

In 1820 a number of keel-boatmen, under the direction of Timothy Gates, gave out that on a certain day they were going to push it down into the river. Many of the early settlers gathered there to witness the proceeding. But the boatmen failed in their attempt to unsettle it, and the crowd was disappointed. Several attempts to overthrow it have since been made, notably one by falling a tree against it, but all resulted in failure.

Another remarkable stone formation in this picturesque valley of the Muskingum is the "natural bridge" on the Glenn farm, two miles south of Roxbury.

Natural Bridge.—It consists of a huge stone arch, spanning a hollow which forms a rocky channel, sometimes dry and sometimes swollen by rains. Over the arch a grapevine runs riot, and here and there dainty fringes of cool ferns cling to the damp earth near its extremities. Underneath, the walls are covered with the initials of stragglers, who seek enduring fame after the manner of visitors to such spots. The bridge is perhaps thirty feet from end to end, fifteen feet high, and so wide as to allow a sleigh to cross with safe margin.



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

CENTRAL PART OF MCCONNELLSVILLE.

Photo. by E. Witherell in 1886.

CENTRAL PART OF MCCONNELLSVILLE, 1886.

According to the United States statistics for 1840, more salt was manufactured in Morgan than in any other county in Ohio. It was procured by sinking wells. Its principal market was in Cincinnati, where it was called "Zanesville salt," although the far greater part of it was made in this county. The sketch of the salt region on the Muskingum, as it was then, we take from an article by Dr. S. P. Hildreth, in the twenty-fourth volume of "Silliman's Journal."

This is now history. The amount of salt now manufactured here and elsewhere in Ohio is very trifling, owing to the superior strength of the brines elsewhere, especially those of Michigan and Syracuse, N. Y.

The first attempt at procuring salt on this river was made by Mr. Ayers, in the year 1817, a few miles below, and at the foot of the rapids at Zanesville, in the year 1819, by S. Fairlamb. He, being a man of considerable mechanical ingenuity, constructed some simple machinery, connected with a water-mill, which performed the operation of boring without much expense. Salt had been made for many years at the works on Salt creek, nine miles southeast of Zanesville, and some slight indications of salt on the rocks, at low water, led to this trial. Water was found, impregnated with muriate of soda, at about 350 feet. It afforded salt of a good quality, but was not abundant, nor sufficiently saturated to make its manufacture profitable. Within the period of a few years after, several other wells were bored in this vicinity, but generally lower down the river. It was soon discovered that the water was stronger as they descended, and that the salt deposit was at a greater depth.

At Duncan's falls, nine miles below, at the mouth of Salt creek, the rock had descended to 450 feet, and with a proportionate increase in the strength of the water. At the latter place, the owner of a well not finding a sufficient supply of water for his furnace, although it was of the desired strength, pushed his well to the depth of 400 feet below the salt rock. His praiseworthy perseverance, however, met not with its proper reward. No additional salt water was found, although it is highly probable that other salt strata are deposited below those already discovered, but at such a depth as to render it very difficult to reach them by the present mode of boring. As we descend the river wells are found, at short distances, for thirty miles below Zanesville, gradually deepening until the salt rock is reached, at 850 feet below the surface. The water is also so much augmented in strength as to afford fifty pounds of salt to every fifty gallons.

Twenty-two miles below the rapids a stratum of flint rock, from nine to twelve feet in thickness, comes to the surface and crosses the river, making a slight ripple at low water. This rock has a regular dip to the south, and at McConnellsville, five miles below, it is found at 114 feet; and two and a half miles farther down, it is struck at 160 feet. Where wells have been sunk through this rock it affords a sure guide to the saliferous deposit, as the intermediate strata are very uniform in quality and thickness, and the practical operator can tell within a foot or two the actual distance to be passed between the two rocks, although the interval is 650 feet. Above the point where the flint rock crops out, the rock strata appear to have been worn away, so that as you ascend the river the salt rock comes nearer to the surface, until, at the forks of the Muskingum, it is only 200 feet below. This flint rock is so very hard and sharp-grained that it cuts away the best cast-steel from the augers, nearly or quite as rapidly as the steel cut away the rock, and required three weeks of steady labor, night and day, to penetrate ten feet. With few exceptions the other strata are readily passed.

The lower salt rock often occasions much difficulty to the workmen from the auger's becoming fixed in the hole. The sand of this rock, when beaten fine and allowed to settle compactly about the auger in the well, becomes so hard and firm as to require the greatest exertions to break it loose, frequently fracturing the stout ash poles in the attempt. From the sand and small particles of the rock brought up by the pump, the salt stratum appears to be of a pure, pearly whiteness; and the more porous and cellular its structure the greater is the quantity of water afforded; as more freedom is given to the discharge of gas, which appears to be a very active agent in the rise of water, forcing it, in nearly all the wells, above the bed of the river, and in some to twenty-five or thirty feet above the top of the well.

Oil, Gas and Salt.

The geological formation in the vicinity of McConnellsville is such as to indicate prolific sources of oil and gas, and recently steps have been taken toward the development of these interests. The Trenton limestone is at great depth; about 1,000 feet above the Trenton the Clinton limestone is found, then above that the corniferous still higher, 400 or 500 feet, and the great Macksburg rock of Berea sandstone is about 1,700 feet from the surface. All these rocks afford supplies of

gas and oil. Where gas and oil have been found near here at depths of 40 to 100 feet, crevices were struck which conveyed it near the surface. No doubt by upheavals these rocks are opened so the oil and gas escaped from rocks below, and they are found here in the Mahoning sandrock, and in some places oil came to the surface and is found on the water, which, years ago, was collected by the farmers, and used for cuts and bruises on animals. The oil found on this range of the oil belt, as marked by surface oil, is all heavy lubricating oil, of great value compared with the lighter oils.

In 1830 Rufus P. Stone was boring near Malta for salt water, which he struck at a depth of 400 feet, as well as a flow of natural gas. Mr. Stone, being interested in other enterprises, permitted this well to remain idle for some years, when it was leased to Captain Stull.

Evaporators were soon in place, with pipes to convey the gas, and everything ready for commencing operations, when the entire plant was destroyed by fire. Mr. Stone, who was one of the old time puritanical moralists, expressed himself on the destruction of the works in the following language: "The hands at the well struck hell last night and burned up the whole concern."

Later the furnace was repaired, different proprietors took charge, and salt made by using the gas until 1878, when an attempt was made to get more salt water and the gas ceased to flow.

For years the illumination from this well by night was a prominent feature in steamboat travel on the Muskingum at night.

In 1878 Messrs. Shields and Williams, while boring for oil some two miles south of Malta, struck gas at a depth of 400 feet. The gas was piped a distance of 800 yards, and used as a motive power for engines in place of steam. Two engines were run in this manner without any fire. In addition to the amount used in the engines, a blaze some 30 to 40 feet in height illuminated the hills for miles around, so that fine print could be read at night half a mile distant. Gas was also used for cooking and heating.

TRAVELLING NOTES.

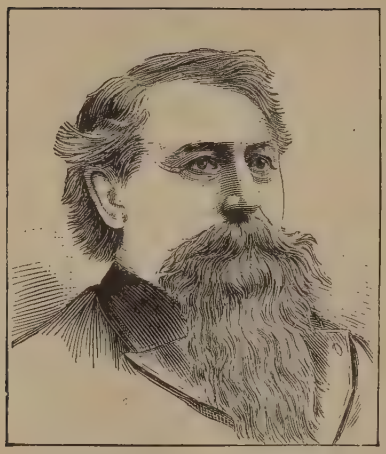
One of the most enjoyable steamboat trips within my experience was that up the Muskingum from Marietta to Zanesville, which occupied parts of two days in May. In a direct line the places are a trifle over 60 miles apart, but by the winding of the river about 80 miles. The head of steamboat navigation is at Dresden, 15 miles north of Zanesville.

The river falls about 106 feet between Zanesville and Marietta, which was in its natural state a bar to steamboat navigation. Nearly half a century ago the State made it navigable by a series of dams, locks and short canals. Between the two places are ten dams, with a lock at each; at five of the locks are canals. The falls are about 10 feet each. This is called the *Muskingum River Improvement*. John Sherman when a youth assisted in the construction, acting as rodman in the corps of engineers. Lately the U. S. Government has taken possession of the work, which renders it free to navigation, thus relieving the State of the expense of repairs and commerce from the heavy burden of tolls. These on a single trip, I am told, sometimes amounted to as much as one hundred dollars, depending upon the cargo. A railroad has recently been constructed up the Muskingum. But no one travelling by it could have any conception of the many charming pictures which greet the eye from the deck of a steamer moving on its waters.

The First Steamer, it is said, that ever went up the Muskingum was the "Rufus Putnam," owned and commanded by Captain Daniel Green. This was about the year 1824. Tradition says he was an old sea-captain and an excellent man. He had a deep base voice of tremendous carrying power. In a still summer morning on the Ohio his voice, they said, could be heard on shore two miles away. Yes, they added, sometimes when his steamer was rounding a bend out of sight the people, from the sound of Green's voice in conversation reaching them, knew it was the "Rufus Putnam" that was coming.

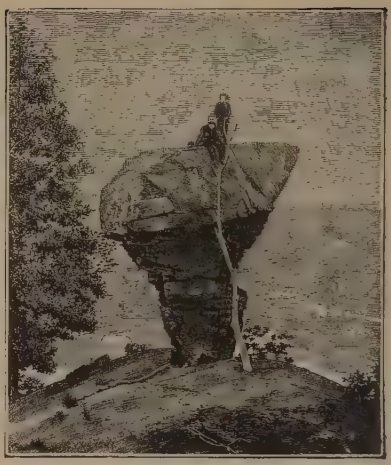
Thursday Night, May 13.—Have just come aboard a steamer which starts up the Muskingum at daylight. Had a pleasant time at Marietta, and to-day was in at the birth of one of the best of puns. There have been heavy rains, and in the morning I went down to look at the Ohio, which I found very much swollen. On my return I entered an old-style house where was a valued acquaintance in the person of an old lady—fat, jolly and full of fun.

As I came in she was sitting by the window with a pleasant outlook upon green things. A ne—paper was spread over her ample lap,



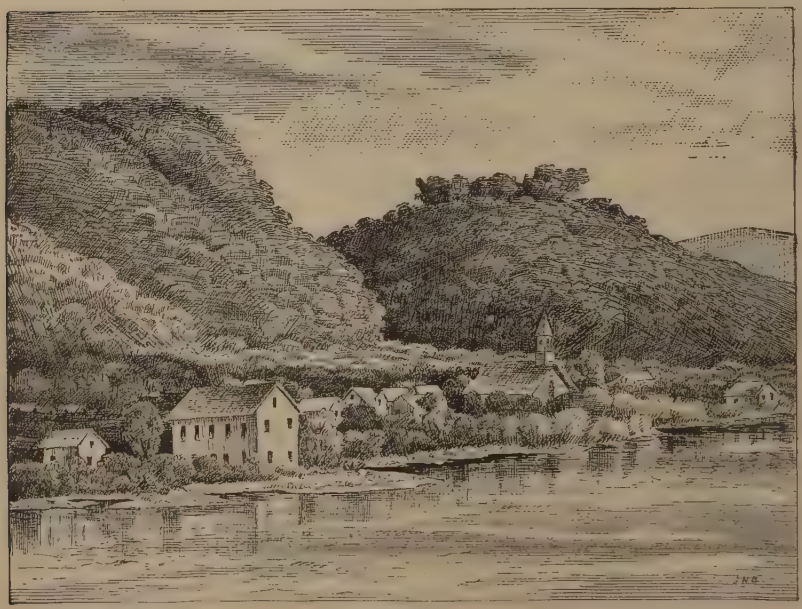
JEREMIAH McLANE RUSK.

Sec. Dept. of Agriculture, and fraternally known as "Uncle Jerry."



E. Witherell, Photo.

THE DEVIL'S TEA-TABLE.



EAGLESPORT.

This view was drawn by me in 1885 while passing up the river on a steamer, and re-drawn for engraving by J. N. Bradford, Ohio State University. It is noted as the place (below the falls) where Morgan's troopers in their flight forded the Muskingum.

and with spectacles on nose she was reading, when the following conversation arose :

Mrs. Z.—"This is what I call *comfort.*"

Myself.—"Yes, it is. But I have been down to see the river, and I found it *rising.*" Then after a pause, I added, reflectively, "though rather *late* in the morning—after eleven o'clock."

Mrs. Z.—"You must be mistaken; it can't be that the river is leaving its *bed.*"

Story of a Pair of Stockings.—Mrs. Z. then regaled me with one of her amusing stories. The subject was Lyne Starling, called in history the "Father of Columbus"—not of Christopher, the open-eyed discoverer, who had the proud satisfaction of teaching mankind how to make an egg stand on end, but father of our Ohio hub. Starling was the head of the illustrious four who saw money in Columbus, laid it out for the State Capitol, and it soon sprouted with buildings, Ohio laws and many people. Starling was a Kentuckian, a bachelor, huge in person, full in purse, and eccentric every way, fond of Kentucky Bourbon, fast horses, etc., and so not exactly adapted to the role of a Calvinistic deacon—that is, of the Jonathan Edwards type.

When a young girl Mrs. Z., with another young girl like herself from Kentucky, was attending in Columbus a seminary for the polishing of young ladies. They boarded at the American House, which also was long the home of Lyne Starling, and wherein, well up in the sixties—in 1848 it was—he died as he had lived and unwedded, fully ripe; that is, ripe after the old Kentucky type.

Mr. Starling was so immense that he used an extra-sized carriage.

His feet were also immense, and one day he complained to the young ladies that he could not find any stockings in the Columbus stores large enough for him. If they would each knit him a full capacious pair, he would pay them each twenty-five dollars.

The girls accepted the offer in glee. Neither had ever knit a stitch—the knitting of stockings was not in the *curriculum* of the polishing seminary—but they went at it all agog, took proper instructions from ancient dames, surmounted all the difficulties, such as turning the heels and tipping the toes, and in due time had the pairs finished. These they sent by the hands of a colored waiter to the huge man's room—sent neatly wrapped in a napkin on a waiter with a note. In due time he returned with his waiter, on which were envelopes addressed to each containing checks for $25. Without a moment's delay, feeling rich as Crœsus, the gleeful maidens made a foray upon the Columbus dry-goods men and millliners, and it seemed as though nothing was good enough nor rich enough for their tastes, and no bottom dollars to such a huge pile as twenty-five of them.

The great man's heart now warmed toward those maidens. In such a generous frame of mind had he been put through the influence of those comfort-giving stockings that covered his Brodignag-like feet, that he then made his will, leaving $8,000 to each of the knitting damsels. On later thinking over it he cancelled those items; maybe the stockings were showing great holes. A big toe perhaps had cut its way through, and childlike he had given way to a feeling of revulsion at the disaster, and so cut off the damsels.

"We knew nothing of all this," said Mrs. Z., "until years after. But it then explained the sudden and extraordinary attentions to me of a young man, a fellow-boarder, to whom I turned the cold shoulder. He had been a witness of the will, and knew its contents. I sometimes fancy I can see, in case his suit had been granted and the knot tied, the expression of dismay that must have come over the poor young man's face when he came to learn that Lyne Starling had not left me a cent."

Friday Morning, May 14.—The steamer I am on is the "Lizzie Cassel," Captain Lewis Myrick. Soon after starting I stepped up to the captain's office "to settle." He replied, "Nothing to you." On this answer I asked, "What dreadful thing have I done that you should treat me so?" "Oh!" said he, "you are a gentleman—it is something to have a gentleman on board!" This shocked me; it was such a hard reflection upon my fellow-passengers who had paid their passage. Luckily none were around to hear it. I was reconciled when he told me it was his contribution to the History of Ohio; I now have my revenge—here embalm him—and he is now "part of the bone of that bone and flesh of that flesh" in that history. Strange the Captain has only recently come into the State, and is not what is usually called an Ohio man, but he has the qualities that go to make one, and will be soon full-fledged: perhaps the first of all the Myricks to get such feathers.

The Muskingum is about 180 yards wide at Marietta; George Washington is my authority, for he so states in his tour into the Ohio country made in 1753. Here is the first dam and lock; the river is full as wide at Zanesville, and a noble stream all the way up. It is now very much swollen by heavy rains, and the water, owing to the clayey soil, the color of coffee with a proper palatable infusion of milk.

The banks are largely lined with low willows, a peculiarity I have observed of most of the streams of the central part of the State. The valley varies from half a mile to a mile in width, and is rich in cultivated farms and prospering people. The river has many long reaches, and discloses at every turn charming vistas. There is very little bold scenery, but on each side are hills some 150 to 300 feet in height, mostly gently sloping, and wooded to their summits. The effect as a whole is to fill one with the sense of peace and loveliness. There is almost an entire absence of islands.

I sat on the upper deck, and with a knot of others looked ahead with my eyes open to the unfolding beauties. It is a tendency of mankind rather to be prospective than retrospective. So even travellers on steamboats

choose their seats in front, to see what is coming, though often the scenery which they have passed may be the most entrancing.

Near the county line we passed on the right Beverly, a sweet little village on some low hills, embowered in trees, and connected by a bridge with Waterford, a sister village on the west bank.

These villages were among the first settled places in Ohio, and I longed to pause there, and see if I could find any curious inscriptions in their old graveyards. In the older States they are often very interesting, supply valuable historic items, and amuse by their quaintness.

Floating Saw-mills.—At Lowell, below Beverly, we had passed through the second lock. The roar of the falls there was, as elsewhere I afterwards found, very great. The entire body of the river, striking on the apron below, breaks into foam, and then uniting hurries on with irresistible force. They have on the river travelling saw-mills, stern-wheel steamboats, which move from point to point and saw the trees of the farmers into boards. I was pointed out a travelling saw-mill at work in the river, which in the flood a few weeks before became unmanageable by a floating log entangled in its wheel, when it went over the dam at Luke's Chute, making a leap of 10 feet, and without harm to either boat or crew. Luke's Chute is a few miles above Beverly. Here is a long reach in the river, with bold hills on the right, and a view of surpassing grandeur looking up the stream. It seemed like the Hudson on a small scale, so straight the reach.

Some of the canals above the locks are a mile long. It takes about 15 minutes to go through a lock. It creates a curious sensation to leave the river behind, go through a lock beside thé roaring falls, and then enter a canal and pass in a steamboat through cultivated fields and by farm houses and milch cattle, with often no sign of the river one has left anywhere.

It is impossible to go fast on the canals. They are so narrow that the water is thrown away from a boat. Lower the water, slower the boat; if the water was twenty feet deep it would go as fast as in the river.

The salt industry was forty years or more ago a prominent feature on the river. There were twenty-five or thirty furnaces below Zanesville in operation, now less than half a dozen, and even these could not subsist were it not that they burned slack screenings, which cost but a trifle. This change is owing to the competition with Michigan and Syracuse, where the brine is stronger and the salt can be more cheaply manufactured.

McConnelsville.—At 3 o'clock, P. M., the steamer left me at McConnelsville, where I made arrangements with a photographer to take views from the same point I made the pencil sketch in the long ago, and early the next morning resumed my voyage up the river.

Saturday, May 15.—Left McConnelsville after breakfast in steamer Olivet, Captain Ed. Martin. As usual I sat in the midst of a group on deck looking ahead. Four miles above, on the summit of a hill about 150 feet high, I was pointed out the Devil's Tea Table, elsewhere described.

About eight miles above McConnelsville, nestled in the midst of one of the most charming nooks at the foot of the hills on the west bank of the river, lies Eagleport. It is famous as the spot where and just below the dam across the river John Morgan with his troopers forded the Muskingum.

Comical Incidents of Morgan's Raid.—Those around me were full of the subject, taking it in its ludicrous aspects. At the news of his approach the whole country flew to arms; some who were full of courage at the beginning found it had all oozed away as the bold riders hove in sight. Among the comical stories a fellow-passenger told me was this of a poor wight who sought safety in a pig pen and laid down, as he thought, where he could not be seen, crouched behind a matronly specimen who was attending to the gastronomic requirements of a new-born progeny.

He had been seen to flee by one of the troopers, who, on coming to the pen, looked in and espying the poor frightened fellow, exclaimed with a grin: "Halloa! how did you get here? Did you all come in the same litter?" Another, a stuttering man, had bragged what he would do when he met the foe. A few hours later he was suddenly surrounded by Morgan's raiders, who called out "Surrender! you —— rascal." He at once threw up his hands and exclaimed: "I-I-I s-s-sur-surrendered fi-fi-five minutes ago."

On hearing this last incident I was tempted to relate one not unlike it, which Captain Basil Hall calls, in his "Fragments of Voyages and Travels," "two-o'clock-in-the-morning courage," that is, courage at the instant of unexpected peril, which is a rare quality. "Hence," he says, "mutiny on a vessel or a rising of prisoners is apt to be successful."

It was in the war time when I was in a train crossing the State, when I engaged in conversation about the war with a large man who sat by my side. He was a Union man from Kentucky, fat and merry. After having asked me if I was ever so scared I forgot my own name, I replied in accordance with the facts. "Well," said he in reply, "I was once. I was riding on a road down in the 'Blue Grass Country,' absorbed in thought, when my attention was aroused by the clatter of horses galloping up from behind me. In a moment I was enveloped in a cloud of guerillas, when one, presenting a revolver at my head, exclaimed: '—— you, what is your name?' With that I answered: 'My na-na-name is-is-is,' and for the life of me I couldn't remember what my name was." Then on telling this my fat fellow-passenger shook all over like jelly with laughter, in which the listening travellers around heartily joined.

The Blue Rock Mine Disaster.—A few miles above Eagleport, on the side of

the river, I was pointed to the spot of the Blue Rock Mine Disaster. The entrance to the mine is a short distance above the river bank. This event occurred on the 12th of April, 1858, and is detailed elsewhere.

Gaysport.—We stopped at a little hamlet on the east bank to take on the mail and a passenger or so. It was named Gaysport, but every thing about it was dismal enough, for

"Misty, moisty was the morning,
And cloudy was the weather,"

while the buildings were dingy and brown. These were mainly on a single road fronting the river. Behind all were some low hills and above a murky sky. On the river bank stood a post some ten feet high, to which was attached a bell to call the ferryman from the opposite bank.

Our boat stopping was the one daily great event in the life of Gaysport. We had no sooner shoved a plank ashore than the village men, with the leisurely tread of country people who rise early, taking time by the forelock, left their various avocations, came loping down and arranged themselves in an irregular line on the bank about 14 feet above us and some 60 feet away. Then their postmaster came hurrying down through them with the mail bag on his shoulder, while a woman with a red shawl emerged from a house behind and without even deigning to look at us, turned a corner and vanished.

I had a curiosity to count this line of humanity that stood there in their very much every-day clothes, with open mouths and contemplative airs. My census returns were eighteen men, three boys and a black, short-haired dog, also contemplative, sitting on his haunches near the boys and ferry-bell; mouth like the others, open. All the boys and seventeen of the eighteen men had their hands in their breeches pockets—pockets open. The eighteenth man, gay with a red shirt, had folded his arms and was resting with one foot lifted on a stone; mouth, of course, open; pockets, apparently unoccupied, were, perhaps, for rent.

As our boat turned its back the group dispersed, refreshed and invigorated, I have no doubt, by this break in the monotony of their lives. As for the dog he must have been so invigorated as to straightway have gone somewhere and scratched for his buried bone.

At Duncan Falls, nine miles below Zanesville, we came to the most varied and picturesque scenery on the river. Here the Muskingum contracts to about half its original width. The objects to lend to the scenic effect are the falls and a huge mill; an old bridge, precipitous bluffs on the west bank the canal, a mile long, wending its way through fields out of sight of the river; the companion villages on opposite sides of the Muskingum, Taylorsville and Duncan Falls, and then an expansive up-river view of several miles, which in the far distance was bounded by high and irregularly-shaped hills. One could tarry here for days, wander from point to point and be regaled by the many eye-feasts that nature in the morning lights and evening shadows must have dispensed to those who love her and know how to woo her sweet delights.

An Original Character.—On the Duncan Falls side my eyes were attracted by caves in the river bluff, their ugly, black mouths facing the river. The bluff was not over twenty feet high and beyond were the houses of the villagers scattered about on a level spot. I was attracted by the caves, which it seems were abandoned coal mines, and especially by several walls of small stones, which were, perhaps, hundreds of feet long and two or three feet high; these led from the bluff to the water-side and along the shore. They looked like a child's work, sort of toy walls, and just there as I could see of no earthly use, and indeed, could be of no use anywhere. They excited my curiosity, so a passenger, a resident of Duncan Falls, enlightened me about them in this wise:

"We have," said he, "in our place an old gentleman, a retired physician, Dr. ——, a very highly respected man, now seventy-eight years of age. He lost his wife some few years ago and being without a family and out of business, sort o' lone in the world, he built those walls just through a whim. He works winter and summer in the caves with pick and wheel-barrow. When far in he works by a light. He has a grate there and in the coldest days of last winter he burnt coal. He says the work is his medicine, that he labors solely to keep his mind and body employed; that if he did not do so he should become paralyzed and sink into imbecility."

It seems the doctor had been a highly successful practitioner, and some forty years ago prominently identified himself with the Washington Temperance Reform by lecturing and speaking. The temperance meetings were sometimes disturbed by rowdies. On an occasion going to a certain village to lecture where the baser sort had mobbed temperance speakers, he went fully armed. As he arose to speak he produced his weapon, a huge syringe, and holding it up to the audience, said: "This is my weapon of defence; if any among you should attempt to molest me they had better look out." On saying which he laid down the syringe on the desk beside him and went on with his lecture in peace.

The approach to Zanesville was beautiful, the river for miles straight as an arrow, with low banks fringed with leaning willows and meadows on both sides, while in the distance the lofty wooded hills, near which the spires of Zanesville spring into view, gave a finishing touch to a scene of pastoral beauty.

At Zanesville we entered a canal by the side of the river. It was Saturday afternoon and some school-boys, with pantaloons drawn up to their knees, were wading in the water and greeted us with yells; thus, amid the exuberance of fresh young hearts I felt that my interesting voyage up the Muskingum had been blessed with a happy termination.

JEREMIAH MCLAIN RUSK, Governor of Wisconsin for several successive terms and now a member of President Harrison's Cabinet, is a native of this county. In amiable parlance he is sometimes called "Uncle Jerry Rusk." He was born June 17, 1830; worked on a farm with intervals of study until when at twenty-three years of age he removed to Wisconsin and engaged in farming; entered the national army, became Major of the 25th Wisconsin, and eventually Brevet Brigadier-General. Was four years Bank Comptroller of Wisconsin: served six years as a Republican in Congress, where he was Chairman of the Committee of Pensions. During the threatened Milwaukee riots in May, 1886, his prompt action met with wide commendation in ordering the militia to fire on the dangerous mob when they attempted to destroy life and property.

JAMES W. DAWES, Governor of Nebraska for successive terms, was also a native of this county. He was born in McConnelsville, January 8, 1845. When a boy of eleven years he removed to Wisconsin with his parents. He was educated to the law; removed to Nebraska, was sent by that State to the United States Senate in 1876. He was elected Governor by the Republicans in 1882 and again in 1884.

CHESTERFIELD, P. O. Chester Hill, is thirteen miles south of McConnelsville. Newspaper: *Morgan County Tribune*, Independent, W. R. Dutton, editor and publisher. School census, 1888, 158.

DEAVERTOWN is eleven miles northwest of McConnelsville. It has three churches. School census, 1888, 107.

STOCKPORT is ten miles south of McConnelsville, on the west bank of the Muskingum river and on the Z. & O. R. R. School census, 1888, 142.

EAGLEPORT is on the west bank of the Muskingum and Z. & O. R. R., eight miles above McConnelsville. It has a Protestant Methodist church and about thirty dwellings. It was below the dam here that Morgan's raiders forded the Muskingum.

MORROW.

MORROW COUNTY was formed February 24, 1848, from Richland, Knox, Marion and Delaware, and named from Jeremiah Morrow, of Warren county, Governor of Ohio from 1822 to 1826. Surface level on the west and south; north and east somewhat hilly; soil fertile, with large quarries of good building stone.

Area about 450 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 97,443; in pasture, 74,809; woodland, 41,291; lying waste, 804; produced in wheat, 195,996 bushels; rye, 3,022; buckwheat, 773; oats, 505,626; barley, 126; corn, 717,359; broom corn, 72 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 32,653 tons; clover hay, 6,383; flax, 7,000 lbs. fibre; potatoes, 47,674 bushels; tobacco, 278 lbs.; butter, 692,743; cheese, 70; sorghum, 757 gallons; maple syrup, 23,031; honey, 2,418 lbs.; eggs, 618,108 dozen; grapes, 3,830 lbs.; wine, 310 gallons; sweet potatoes, 170 bushels; apples, 3,563; peaches, 1,495; pears, 1,422; wool, 540,138 lbs.; milch cows owned, 5,561. School census, 1888, 5,063; teachers, 248. Miles of railroad track, 55.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1850.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1850.	1880.
Bennington,	1,265	936	Lincoln,	891	901
Canaan,	1,223	1,087	North Bloomfield	1,443	1,227
Cardington,	1,358	2,376	Perry,	1,150	1,106
Chester,	1,620	975	Peru,	876	916
Congress,	1,651	1,262	South Bloomfield,	1,395	1,067
Franklin,	1,456	957	Troy,	640	730
Gilead,	1,680	2,653	Washington,	1,137	983
Harmony,	1,041	697	Westfield,	1,414	1,199

Population of Morrow in 1850, 20,380; 1860, 20,445; 1880, 19,072, of whom 15,390 were born in Ohio; 1,323, Pennsylvania; 455, New York; 294, Virginia; 108, Indiana; 27, Kentucky; 268, German Empire; 139, England and Wales; 131, Ireland; 39, British America; 9, Scotland; and 5, France. Census, 1890, 18,120.

This county is a little south of the centre of the State and is just south of the great water-shed, or rather lies on its broad summit, just far enough to have a slow drainage into the Ohio river.

The first permanent settlers came into the county just after the close of the war, 1812–1815, and the first grist and saw mill to accommodate the settlers was built by Asa Mosher on the Whetstone, in what is now Cardington township, in 1821. For many years supplies for the families were scarce and it was difficult to get the necessary grain and have it ground in the dry time of summer and fall. Corn meal and other supplies had to be packed on horseback from Owl creek and Delaware county, but with hominy blocks and roasting ears, mush and milk, and pone and buttermilk, venison and wild turkey, the people got along cheerily and hopefully.

Grabbing a Baby.—When the first settlers came there were Indians about, but on friendly terms with the settlers. The first settler in Washington township was Benjamin Sharrock, who came in the winter of 1818–1819. When his family came to their rude home in the wilderness they found themselves surrounded by the Indians. "Not long after their coming," says the County History, "Abner Sharrock was born, and when but a few months old, in a wigwam not far away, an Indian boy, who was about the same age, died. Something of mother-love was manifested even in the breast of that dusky savage, in that immediately she longed to replace her lost pappoose, and between her wailings she came to Mr. Sharrock's cabin and asked for Abner. Of course, the request was denied; but when the mother's back was turned the squaw seized the little fellow in

her arms and darted out of the door into the woods toward her own wigwam. The mother gave chase, and when the squaw was in the act of crossing a fence she was caught. A struggle ensued, but for once might and right were united, and the stolen child was rescued from the hands of his savage captor."

MOUNT GILEAD, county-seat of Morrow, about forty miles north of Columbus, is on the C. C. C. & I. and T. & O. C. Railroads. County officers, 1888: Auditor, Christian Gruber; Clerk, James E. McCracken; Commissioners, John McNeal, John McCracken, Aaron B. Keese; Coroner, Chauncey C. Dunham; Infirmary Directors, Lafayette S. Dudley, James Turner, Yelverton P. Barry; Probate Judge, Louis K. Powell; Prosecuting Attorney, Wm. H. Barnhard; Recorder, Sylvester R. Rauhauser; Sheriff, James R. McComb; Surveyor, Wm. C. Dennison; Treasurer, David V. Wherry. City officers, 1888: John A. Garver, Mayor; W. R. Baxter, Clerk; B. A. Barton, Treasurer; John B. Garbison, Marshal. Newspapers: *Morrow County Sentinel*, Republican, J. W. Griffith & Son, editors and publishers; *Union Register*, Democratic, W. G. Beebe, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Baptist, 1 Methodist, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Universalist. Banks: First National, Allen Levering, president, R. P. Halliday, cashier; Morrow County National, W. G. Beatty, president, George F. Wolcott, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—Mount Gilead Building Co., doors, sash, etc., 7 hands; Anchor Milling Co., flour and feed, 4; McGowen & Co., drain tile, 4; *Morrow County Sentinel*, printing, etc., 5; H. Dunn, carriages and buggies, 6; Mount Gilead Machine Shop, repairing, 3; Buckeye Roller Mills, flour and feed, 4; Mount Gilead Pottery, jugs, jars, etc., 6; Dennison Brothers, drain tile, 6.—*State Report, 1888.*

Population, 1880, 1,216. School census, 1888, 387; J. H. Snyder, school superintendent. Census, 1890, 1,363.

Mount Gilead was laid out September 30, 1824, by Jacob Young, of Knox county, under the name of Whetsom, though it was generally called Youngstown. In 1832 the Legislature changed its name to Mount Gilead, and in 1839 it was incorporated. It is a rich farming country, and near it are valuable stone quarries, where are stone tile works, which, with the Mount Gilead tile works, largely manufacture all sizes and kinds of tile draining.

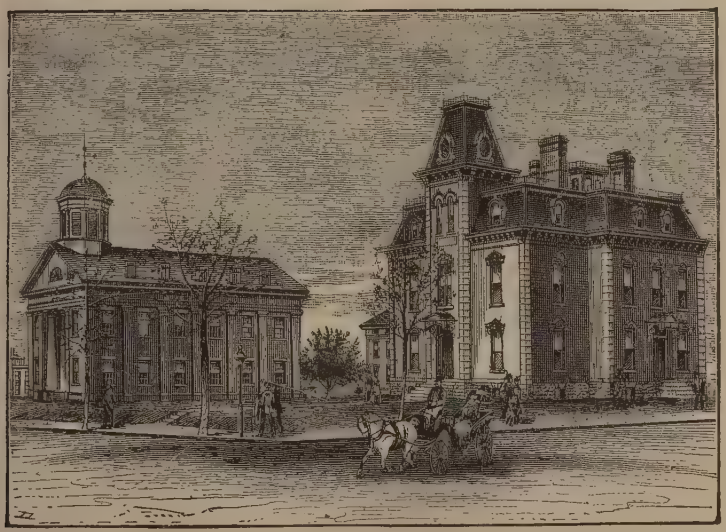
The town was of a slow growth. At the time of the issue of our original edition, in 1847, it was in Marion county, and therein was thus described: "Mount Gilead, eighteen miles southeast of Marion, is a flourishing village containing two churches, several stores, two or three mills, and about 400 inhabitants." On the formation of Morrow county in 1848 it became the county-seat, and it took a new start. The census of 1850 gave it a population of 646. The excitement of securing the county-seat after a hard struggle got vent in a great jollification by bonfires on the streets and a congratulatory meeting and speeches in the Presbyterian church, in the midst of which Capt. Rigdon broke his leg

RUM AND SLAVERY were topics that interested the first settlers of town and county. As early as the spring of 1830 a temperance society with forty members was formed at Mount Gilead, and in 1840 an anti-slavery constitution for a society was signed by fourteen men and nine women. This was in the Presbyterian church. It was signed in the midst of the throwing of rotten eggs and an uproar from a howling mob who finally broke up the meeting.

A branch of the "underground railroad," which passed through the township, did a considerable business, though the principal depots were in Peru and Washington townships. In this connection a sad story is related in the County History.

Clipping the Hair of a United States Marshal.—In the early summer of 1860 some blacks were staying at a point about two miles south of Iberia. One evening the train stopped and let some parties get off in that vicinity. This fact was telegraphed by rumor far and near. The young men saddled their horses and hastened to the protection of these fugitives. Two of them were rescued, but the third man was caught and remanded to slavery. But the boys were incensed. They caught the party, which

THE DOUBLE-HEADED BABY.



Theo. Brown, Photo., Mt. Gilead, 1886.

COUNTY BUILDINGS, MT. GILEAD

proved to be the deputy United States Marshal and two subordinates. Then some of the boys held the deputy for another to clip the hair off his head, while others administered some ironclad oaths to the subordinates and thrashed them most unmercifully.

Arrest and Imprisonment of President Gordon.—One who stood by, not consenting to, but opposing this summary punishment, was Rev. Mr. Gordon, then president of Ohio Central College, at Iberia. He was the one, however, who was brought to trial and imprisonment. After remaining in prison for some time, the affair was brought to the ears of President Lincoln, who immediately pardoned him. But the pardon did not exonerate him from blame, and he refused to leave his prison cell, preferring to languish in prison to going out with the imputation of criminality upon him. His friends, however, persuaded or compelled him to avail himself of the pardon and leave his prison cell. But disease had fastened upon him, breathing the fetid atmosphere of his damp cell, and his release was only just in time to save his life. The respite was but brief. The release did not bring permanent relief. A few brief years passed, and the disease contracted in that prison cell in Cleveland brought him to an untimely death, which occurred in 1868.

The Double-headed Baby.

On October 12, 1870, there was born in Peru township, this county, one of the most remarkable double children ever known. This monstrosity consisted of two perfect children from the heads to the umbilicus or navel, which was in common. From this point the two united to form one body, the intestinal and secretory and excretory organs were common to both, and the genital organs those of a female child. On one side were two well-formed legs, extending from the side of the body at an equal distance from each head, and at right angles to the body, perfect in all respects with the exception of a slight twist in one of the feet. At the other side of the body a double leg, or two legs united or blended into one; this also extended at right angles. This double leg terminated in a double foot on which were eight toes and two heels.

At birth it weighed about twelve pounds. The mother was healthy, and was not aware of any circumstances to account for the peculiar and very extraordinary form of the child. From its birth both parts were as healthy as the average infant, although one was somewhat the stronger, and the mother, for lack of sufficient nutriment for both, was obliged to have recourse to the bottle for the stronger one. The parts were named Mina and Minnie, respectively.

The circulation of the blood at the two extremities of this double child was perfectly independent. The pulse at the wrist of one set of arms had, upon examination, been found to beat six beats faster than that of the other, while the prick of a pin or pinch of the shoulders attached to one head was not noticed by the other. Sometimes one was asleep while the other was awake and playing, and again both were asleep.

The appearance of the child was not at all repulsive, as is sometimes the case with monstrosities, but both faces were bright, intelligent and pleasing.

The mother of the child was Ann Eliza Finley, born in Champaign county, July 28, 1836; she was a robust woman, quiet and self-possessed in manner. June 6, 1859, she married Joseph Finley. He was born in Pennsylvania, August 18, 1824; removed to Ohio in 1845, and in 1862 enlisted in the 96th Ohio Volunteer Infantry and served for three years in the South and Southwest without losing a single day from sickness, absence, or any other cause. Previous to the birth of this remarkable child the parents had two daughters and one son and afterwards a daughter; none of these had anything peculiar in their organization.

About five months after the birth of the child it was taken on a tour for exhibition in the principal cities of the United States. At Philadelphia an examination was made by physicians and surgeons of the Jefferson Medical College and a lecture delivered upon it by Dr. Getchell in the presence of many physicians and scientists.

Dr. H. Besse, of Delaware, Ohio, had charge of the double child, both as business agent and physician, from a short time after its birth until its death, and it is from his very interesting work entitled "Diploteratology" that this account is abridged.

The death of the child occurred at Boston, Mass., July 18, 1871, just nine months and six days after its birth.

A few days previous to the death Mina had had a severe attack of cholera infantum, but had partially recovered when Minnie, who had been but slightly affected at the time when Mina was worst, was seized with an attack of vomiting and gradually sank until 7.15 in the evening, when she passed away, and was followed just one hour later by Mina.

A post-mortem examination was held which revealed many wonderful curiosities, both in anatomy and physiology, a full account of which is given in Dr. Besse's book. The body was for a time preserved in a casket with glass facings, but was afterwards buried,

Numerous cases of the births of double children have occurred, but none so remarkable in all its conditions as this of Mina and Minnie Finley. In most such cases death usually comes a short time after birth and many are still born. Few reach maturity, although there have been instances, as the Siamese Twins, the Hungarian Sisters, and Millie and Chrissie Smith, the Carolina Twins, now living at the age of thirty-nine. In every such case the death of one part is followed within a few hours by the death of the other.

The Sad Fate of Richard Dillingham.

A pathetic case of martyrdom in the cause of human liberty was that of Richard Dillingham, of Morrow county, as related in the "Reminiscences of Levi Coffin." He was the son of Quaker parents and himself a consistent member of the Society of Friends. On attaining his majority he engaged in school teaching and held a high reputation for uprightness and fidelity to conscientious principles. In December, 1848, then in Cincinnati, he was earnestly solicited by some colored people to go to Nashville, Tennessee, and bring away their relations who were slaves under a hard master. He undertook the project, but was betrayed by a colored man in whom he confided, was arrested and imprisoned.

While awaiting trial he wrote a very pathetic letter to his betrothed, whom he offered to release from all obligations to him, but she nobly chose to prove her constancy. His trial took place April 13, 1849. After counsel had closed, he rose and in a calm and dignified manner made the following appeal:

Dillingham's Appeal.

"By the k[illegible]rmission of the court, for which I am sincerely thankful, I avail myself of the privilege of adding a few words to the remarks already made by my counsel. And although I stand, by my own confession, as a criminal in the eyes of your violated laws, yet, I feel confident that I am addressing those who have hearts to feel, and in meting out the punishment that I am about to suffer I hope you will be lenient, for it is a new situation in which I am placed. Never before in the whole course of my life have I been charged with a dishonest act. And, from my childhood, kind parents, whose name I deeply reverence, have instilled into my mind a desire to be virtuous and honorable; and it has ever been my aim so to conduct myself as to merit the confidence and esteem of my fellow-men. But, gentlemen, I have violated your laws. This offence I did commit, and I now stand before you, to my sorrow and regret, as a criminal. But I was prompted to it by feelings of humanity. It has been suspected, as I was informed, that I was leagued with a fraternity who are combined for the purpose of committing such offences as the one with which I am charged. But, gentlemen, the impression is false. I alone am guilty; I alone committed the offence, and I alone must suffer the penalty. My parents, my friends, my relations are as innocent of any participation in or knowledge of my offence as the babe unborn. My parents are still living, though advanced in years, and, in the course of nature, a few more years will terminate their earthly existence. In their old age and infirmity they will need a stay and protection, and if you can consistently with your ideas of justice, make my term of imprisonment a short one, you will receive the lasting gratitude of a son who reverences his parents and the prayers and blessings of an aged father and mother who love their child."

This appeal created a great sensation in the court-room and several of the jury wept. They retired and in a few minutes brought in a verdict for three years in the penitentiary, the mildest sentence the law allowed for the offence committed.

In the summer of 1850 the cholera broke out in the penitentiary. Dillingham was untiring in his kindly ministrations to the sick and dying fellow-prisoners, until one Sabbath morning he was himself attacked, died at noon and was buried at half-past three the same day.

Daniel McCartney, the Memory Prodigy.

One of the most extraordinary cases known of memory, united to power of arithmetical calculation, was illustrated by Daniel McCartney, who resided a large part of his life in this county and then passed his last days in Iowa, where he died in 1887. Our attention was directed to this case by a letter from the venerable Joseph Morris, of the Society of Friends, written from Cardington, "second month, 14th, 1888," which we subjoin together with the printed account from the *Cardington Independent*. Who wrote the newspaper article we do not

know. A sister of Mr. McCartney, Mrs. Mary R. Storey, once lived, and perhaps is yet living, in Iberia.

For many years, writes Friend Morris, I was well acquainted with Daniel McCartney; he has also been at my house. The first time that I remember to have seen this extraordinary man I stepped into a wagon-maker's shop in Cardington on business and was introduced to Daniel McCartney, and was informed of his remarkable memory and that he could call to mind all that he had seen for twenty years. "Yes," said he, "longer than that."

I told him that my wife and I were united in marriage on the 27th of the eleventh month, 1828, nearly twenty years ago. "Please tell me what was the day of the week?" I noticed a thoughtful expression come over his countenance, and then almost immediately the reply came. "Thursday; you Friends call it fifth day." I asked him to tell how the weather was on that day. He said it was dark and a little stormy, which was the case. He laughed and said we killed a beef that day.

I asked him if he remembered what they had on the table for dinner. He said he did, and mentioned among other things, butter, but said he did not eat any butter, for he was not fond of it. At other times and on other occasions I have heard him answer questions without once giving evidence of being mistaken. I would further add he was a worthy and consistent man, I am directed by J. D. Cox, of Cincinnati, ex-Governor of Ohio, to write to thee on this occasion.

[*From the Cardington Independent.*]

Daniel McCartney died on the 15th of November, 1887, in Muscatine, Iowa, being a little over seventy years old. In view of the claims of Mr. McCartney and his friends as to his ability to remember the occurrences of each day since he was a boy of ten years, I feel that something more than a passing notice is required. He removed with his father and mother, Robert and Lydia McCartney, when he was sixteen years old, from Washington county, Pa., and settled in Washington township, Morrow county, Ohio.

After living here two years the family went to live in Cardington, the same county, where the father, Robert McCartney, died soon after, leaving his son Daniel to be supported by his relatives, who lived in various parts of the county.

His inability to support himself was caused by his defective vision, and although his sight became so much improved as to enable him to learn to read when he was about forty-two years old, yet it was with such great difficulty that his acquisitions can be said in no way to be due to his reading.

I will give a few extracts from the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, written by our State Superintendent, in which he speaks of three several examinations he gave Mr. McCartney. In the first he gave him twenty-four dates belonging to nineteen different years. He gave the days of the week correctly in an average of four seconds, with a description of the weather with the associating circumstances. In the second examination he was given thirty-one dates in twenty-nine different years, for which he gave the days of the week, the weather and associating circumstances. The average time for giving the day of the week was five seconds. In the third examination he repeated the fifty-five dates previously given, to which he gave the same days of the week, the same description of the weather and the same associating circumstances, in some cases adding others.

That the reader may more clearly understand what has just been written, I will give Mr. McCartney's answer to a question of my own: "Wife and I were married on the 28th day of January, 1836; give the day of the week, the kind of weather, etc.?" He gave answer in a few seconds. "You were married on Thursday, there was snow on the ground, good sleighing and not very cold; father and I were hauling hay; a sole came off the sled, we had to throw the hay off, put a new sole on the sled and load up again before we could go."

Meeting Mr. McCartney perhaps a dozen of years afterwards, I said to him, you told me the kind of a day I was married on. I looked him in the eye, which was the same as saying, "If your memory is as good as you claim you can repeat what you said on the former occasion." He replied instantly, "Yes, it was on the 28th day of January, 1836," and repeated the same story of his father and himself hauling hay, etc. My wife asked, "What kind of a day was the 16th of February, 1837?" He instantly threw up his hands and exclaimed, "Oh, how it snowed!" which we knew to be true. At the same time I read (perhaps half a dozen) passages from the Bible, taken at random." Their exact location, book, chapter and verse were immediately given.

I then gave him a number of mathematical problems, such as to multiply 786 by 392; what is the cube root of 357911, etc.; to all of which he gave answers obtained mentally, and all were correctly given. I will give a few extracts from a committee's report of the result of an examination held in Columbus, March 29th, 1871, which was sufficient to shake the scepticism as to the correctness of all Mr. McCartney's claims. The Hon. E. E. White conducted the arithmetical examinations, Rev. Phillips the Biblical examination, and T. C. Mendenhall, of the Columbus high school, attested the accuracy of answers as to the days of the weeks.

One of the arithmetical questions asked was: "What is the cube root of 4,741,625?" to which a correct mental answer was given

in a few seconds. Another problem was, "increase 89 to the sixth power;" he gave the answer obtained mentally in ten minutes, 496,984,290,961. The committee concluded their report in these words: "Mr. McCartney's experiences seem to be ready to appear before him at his bidding in all their original distinctness, which shows clearly that among the prodigies of memory recorded in history in the front rank must be placed Daniel McCartney."

From the Cleveland *Leader* of April 19, 1871, I give the following extract: "The exhibition was a most full and unanswerable argument in support of the claim that Daniel McCartney has no peer; his peculiar gifts are more varied and wonderful than any other." I knew of several attempts to exhibit Mr. McCartney to the public, all of which proved to be failures as far as money-making was concerned. The last attempt I knew of was made by a prominent citizen of our own county in the year 1871. When my opinion as to the success of the enterprise was asked, I told the agent that it would be a failure, not from any defects of McCartney in heart or mind, but because the capital he intended to invest was intellectual (the powers of soul) and not physical. I said, if you were showing the double-headed baby the public would be charmed at the sight. No one would be so poor as not to be willing to give his fifty cents. But his prominent traits were those of the mind, which soared so far above the majority of the public as to be lost to their view.

How very few people there are who can realize the powers of a mind that can solve an arithmetical problem in the cube root mentally in a few seconds. Or how few are there who could realize the powers of memory by which Mr. McCartney could summon every prominent act of his life into his presence with all their original distinctness; or how very few there are who could tell whether the statements made by him were true or false. No one could tell unless he had kept a record of the occurrences of days and dates for the last fifty or sixty years. Such a record has been kept by many of our citizens, to whom the majority must look for a knowledge of the facts. In early life Mr. McCartney made a profession of religion by uniting with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and remained a worthy, consistent member to the close of his life.

Morrow claims the honor of being the birthplace of two eminent men, ALBERT P. MOREHOUSE, born in Peru township, and governor of Missouri in 1888, and CALVIN S. BRICE, born in Canaan township. In one sense this is not true, for neither of them were born in the county. Peru, at the time of the birth of the first, was in Delaware county, and Canaan, the birthplace of Mr. Brice, in Marion county. Morrow county came into existence later than either, and clasped both in her arms as her production.

The father of Mr. Morehouse was at one time county sheriff, and Albert passed his young days at Mount Gilead, in company with Andrew Jackson Calhoun Foye, now one of the leading and most enthusiastic spirits of the Ohio Society in New York, and they as "boys together had good times."

Mr. Brice was born in Denmark, Ohio, September 17, 1845. His father was Rev. William K. Brice, a Presbyterian minister, who came from Maryland in 1840, and settled in the village of Denmark, Canaan township. His mother, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Stewart, was from Carroll county, Ohio.

Calvin attended the public schools until September, 1858, when, at the age of thirteen, he entered the preparatory department of Miami University, at Oxford, Ohio.

At fifteen years of age he enlisted in Capt. Dodd's University company, which, in response to President Lincoln's call in 1861, offered its services for the suppression of the rebellion. The company was sent to Camp Jackson, Columbus, where he took his first lesson in military discipline. In April, 1862, he was enrolled in the 86th O. V. I., and served, with his regiment, during the summer of that year in West Virginia.

Returning to the university, he completed his course and graduated in June, 1863; then taught school for a brief space at Lima; in the fall of 1864 recruited Company E of the 180th O. V. I. regiment, and as its captain, on the close of the war he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel for meritorious service, he being then just of age. In 1866 he graduated at the law school of Ann Arbor University, Michigan, practised law in Ohio until 1870, when he embarked in great railroad enterprises, by which he secured, as is popularly believed, correspondingly large means. Politics also interested him. In 1876 he was one of the Tilden electors for Ohio, and in 1880 one of the Cleveland electors, and had the high honor of being unanimously chosen chairman of the Democratic National Executive Committee, and still higher in 1890 as being elected as Ohio's successor in the United States Senate to Hon. Henry B. Payne. Mr. Brice stands high as a man of large capacity in affairs, generous in disposition, of singular mental alertness, and electric in action.

CALVIN S. BRICE,
U. S. Senate.

IBERIA is nine miles north of Mount Gilead. It has 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Presbyterian, and 1 United Presbyterian church and about fifty dwellings.

Before the war Ohio Central College was established here, and its president, Rev. George Gordon, arrested and imprisoned for the violation of the fugitive slave law, as related. The old college building is now used for the "*Working Home for the Blind.*" This was opened June 20, 1887, with G. C. Tressel, of Cleveland, superintendent, with his wife and daughters as assistants. The State supplied the building, shop, and equipments, and it was the hope that it would be self-sustaining without further State aid. It has but few inmates, and the institution is as yet experimental.

CARDINGTON is five miles southwest of Mount Gilead, on the Olentangy, a branch of the Scioto, and on the C. C. C. & I. R. R., forty-one miles north of Columbus.

City officers, 1888: O. P. Russell, Mayor; G. H. Ruhlman, Clerk; Frank Shaw, Treasurer; I. C. Miller, Marshal; Robert Bendle, Street Commissioner. Newspaper: *Morrow County Independent*, Republican, E. E. Neal, editor. Churches: one Methodist Episcopal, one Methodist Protestant, one Presbyterian, one Catholic, and one Lutheran. Banks: Cardington Banking Co., Thos. E. Duncan, president; W. G. Beatty, cashier. First National, F. P. Hills, president, E. J. Vaughn, cashier.

Manufactures and employees: *Cardington Independent*, printing, 4 hands; C. Koppe, whiskey, 2; Gray Brothers & Co., machine repairing, 10; Dawson & Wherry, flour and feed, 6; R. T. Mills, flour and feed, 2; N. W. Hartman, feed mills, etc., 10; Hercules Manufacturing Co., wheat scourers, 6; J. S. Peck, furniture, 12.—*State Reports.* Population, 1880, 1365. School census, 1888, 366; A. L. Banker, superintendent of schools. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, $18,000. Value of annual product, $21,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

CENTERVILLE is eight miles southeast of Mt. Gilead. Population, 1880, 266. School census, 1888, 78.

EDISON is two miles west of Mt. Gilead, at the junction of the C. C. C. & I. and T. & O. C. Railroads. It has two churches—one Methodist Episcopal and one Baptist. School census, 1888, 152.

SPARTA is thirteen miles southeast of Mt. Gilead. Population, 1880, 235. School census, 1888, 100.

MARENGO is ten miles south of Mt. Gilead, on Big Walnut Creek and T. & O. C. R. R. It has one Methodist Episcopal Church. School census, 1888, 102.

JOHNSVILLE (P. O. Schauck's) is ten miles northeast of Mt. Gilead. School census, 1888, 98.

MUSKINGUM.

MUSKINGUM COUNTY was formed March 1, 1804, from Washington and Fairfield. The word Muskingum, said Kilbourn's *Gazetteer*, "is said to signify in the old Indian language *an elk's eye*, or the *glare of an elk's eye*." Col. John Johnston stated that "Muskingum is a Delaware word and *means a town on the river side*. The Shawanese call it *Wa-ka-tamo sepe*, which has the same signification." The surface is rolling or hilly, and clay the predominating soil. The ancient works are numerous. It is a rich and thickly settled county.

Area about 650 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 101,104; in pasture, 184,065; woodland, 61,850; lying waste, 3,428; produced in wheat, 301,744 bushels; rye, 5,807; buckwheat, 492; oats, 225,726; barley, 3,205; corn, 1,029,912; broom corn, 523 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 43,616 tons; clover hay, 2,971; potatoes, 81,149 bushels; tobacco, 300 lbs.; butter, 867,128; sorghum, 4,070 gallons; maple syrup, 1,733; honey, 5,662 lbs.; eggs, 91,200 dozen; grapes, 43,782 lbs.; wine, 794 gallons; sweet potatoes, 5,361 bushels; apples, 9,525; peaches, 9,474; pears, 2,832; wool, 746,478 lbs.; milch cows owned, 8,590. Ohio mining statistics, 1888: Coal, 211,861 tons, employing 400 miners and 56 outside employees; fire-clay, 840 tons; limestone, 4,001 tons burned for lime; 23,634 tons burned for fluxing; 2,120 cubic feet of dimension stone; 2,021 cubic yards of building stone; 1,620 square feet of paving; 9,248 lineal feet of curbing. School census, 1888, 15,637; teachers, 348. Miles of railroad track, 156.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Adams,	988	785	Monroe,	918	980
Blue Rock,	1,074	1,188	Muskingum,	1,252	1,018
Brush Creek,	1,765	1,210	Newton,	2,707	2,250
Cass,		962	Perry,	1,061	1,050
Clay,		887	Rich Hill,	1,426	1,404
Falls,	2,002	1,733	Salem,	1,002	874
Harrison,	1,426	1,245	Salt Creek,	1,252	1,131
Highland,	884	953	Springfield,	2,334	1,280
Hopewell,	1,807	1,674	Union,	1,625	1,793
Jackson,	1,123	1,500	Washington,	1,486	1,305
Jefferson,	2,128	1,230	Wayne,	1,276	1,605
Licking,	1,322	948	Zanesville		
Madison,	1,070	1,128	(City & Twp.),	5,141	18,113
Meigs,	1,333	1,528			

Population of Muskingum in 1820 was 17,824; 1830, 29,335; 1840, 38,746; 1860, 44,416; 1880, 49,774, of whom 40,798 were born in Ohio; 1,996, Pennsylvania; 1,575, Virginia; 339, New York; 154, Indiana; 90, Kentucky; 1,508, German Empire; 840, Ireland; 430, England and Wales; 113, France; 42, Scotland; 37, British America; and 5, Sweden and Norway. Census of 1890, 51,210.

The Muskingum country was principally occupied by the Wyandots, Delawares and a few Senecas and Shawanese. An Indian town once stood, years before the settlement of the country, in the vicinity of Duncan Falls, from which circumstance the place was often called "Old Town." Near Dresden was a large Shawanese town called Wakatomaca. The grave-yard was extensive, and when the whites first settled there the remains of cabins were still visible. It was in this vicinity that the venerable Major Cass, the father of Hon. Lewis Cass,

lived and died. He drew 4,000 acres for his military services, and the location embraced within its limits the ancient town plot of the natives.

The Wakatomaca Campaign.

The annexed narrative of an expedition against Wakatomaca is from *Doddridge's Notes.*

Under the command of Colonel Angus McDonald, four hundred men were collected from the western part of Virginia by the order of the Earl of Dunmore, the then Governor of Virginia. The place of rendezvous was Wheeling, some time in the month of June, 1774. They went down the river in boats and canoes to the mouth of the Captina, from thence by the shortest route to the Wakatomaca town, about sixteen miles below the present Coshocton. The pilots were Jonathan Zane, Thomas Nicholson and Tady Kelly. About six miles from the town the army were met by a party of Indians to the number of forty or fifty, who gave a skirmish by the way of ambuscade, in which two of our men were killed and eight or nine wounded. One Indian was killed and several wounded. It was supposed that several more of them were killed but they were carried off. When the army came to the town it was found evacuated; the Indians had retreated to the opposite shore of the river where they had formed an ambuscade, supposing the party would cross the river from the town. This was immediately discovered. The commanding officer then sent sentinels up and down the river to give notice in case the Indians should attempt to cross above or below the town. A private in the company of Captain Cressap, of the name of John Hargus, one of the sentinels below the town, displayed the skill of a backwoods sharpshooter. Seeing an Indian behind a blind across the river raising up his head at times to look over the river, Hargus charged his rifle with a second ball and taking deliberate aim passed both balls through the neck of the Indian. The Indians dragged off the body and buried it with the honors of war. It was found the next morning and scalped by Hargus.

Soon after the town was taken the Indians from the opposite shore sued for peace. The commander offered them peace on condition of their sending over their chiefs as hostages. Five of them came over the river and were put under guard as hostages. In the morning they were marched in front of the army over the river. When the party had reached the western bank of the Muskingum the Indians represented that they could not make peace without the presence of the chiefs of the other towns. On which one of the chiefs was released to bring in the others. He did not return in the appointed time. Another chief was permitted to go on the same errand, who in like manner did not return. The party then moved up the river to the next town, which was about a mile above the first and on the opposite shore. Here we had a slight skirmish with the Indians, in which one of them was killed and one of our men wounded. It was then discovered that during all the time spent in negotiation the Indians were employed in removing their women and children, old people and effects, from the upper towns. The towns were burned and the corn cut up. The party then returned to the place from which they set out, bringing with them the three remaining chiefs, who were sent to Williamsburgh. They were released at the peace the succeeding fall.

The army were out of provisions before they left the towns and had to subsist on weeds, one ear of corn each day, with a very scanty supply of game. The corn was obtained at one of the Indian towns.—*Doddridge's Notes.*

Additional to the above we give the *Reminiscences of Abraham Thomas,* published in the Troy *Times,* about 1839. He was on this expedition, and, later, among the early settlers of Miami county.

The collected force consisted of four hundred men. I was often at their encampment; and against the positive injunctions of my parents, could not resist my inclination to join them. At this time I was eighteen years of age, owned my own rifle and accoutrements, and had long been familiar with the use of them. Escaping, I made the best possible provision I could from my own resources and hastened to enter as a volunteer under old Mike, then Captain Cressap.

The plan of the expedition was for every man to cross the Ohio with seven days' provision in his pack. The object was to attack the Indians in their villages at Wakatomaca. Some were on the waters of the Muskingum. On the first or second day's march after crossing the Ohio we were overtaken by a Colonel McDonald, a British officer, who highly incensed the troops by ordering a halt for three days, during which we were consuming our provisions. While lying here a violent storm through the night had wet our arms and McDonald ordered the men to discharge them in a hollow log to deaden the report. My rifle would not go off and I took the barrel out to unbreech it. In doing this I made some noise in beating it with my

tomahawk, on which McDonald came towards me swearing, with an uplifted cane, threatening to strike. I instantly rose on my feet with the rifle barrel in my hand and stood in an attitude of defence. We looked each other in the eye for some time; at last he dropped his cane and walked off, while the whole troop set up a laugh, crying, "The boy has scared the colonel." Cressap heard what was going on and approached to defend me, but seeing how well I could defend myself stood by, smiling at the fracas. The colonel having no reputation as an Indian fighter was very naturally disliked as a leader by Cressap and the men.

The Attack.—From this encampment we proceeded towards the Indian villages with the intention of surprising them; but late in the afternoon before we reached them we encountered the Indians lying in ambush on the top of a second bottom. We had just crossed a branch, and were marching along its first bottom with a view of finding some place to cross a swamp that lay between us and the upper bottom. The men were marching in three parallel, Indian-file columns, some distance apart. On espying a trace across the swamp, the heads of the columns, in passing it, were thrown together, and as soon as they had gained the bank, unexpectedly received the fire of the enemy. The troops immediately deployed to the right and left, under the bank, and commenced ascending it, when the skirmish became general and noisy for about thirty minutes. The Indians then gave way in every direction. In this fight we had four or five killed and many wounded; it was supposed the Indians suffered much more.

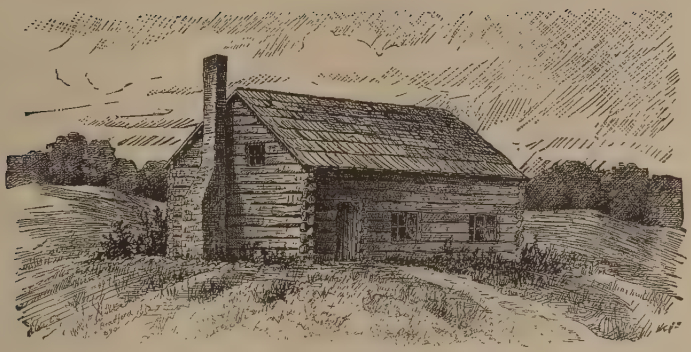
During the engagement, while I was ascending the point of a bank formed by a ravine from the second bottom, in company with two men, Martin and Fox, all aiming to gain the cover of some large oak trees on the top, they both fell. The first was killed, the last wounded in the breast, the ball having entered the bone, but was drawn out with the clothes. Those men were walking in a line with each other, and an Indian chief, concealed behind the tree for which I was aiming, shot them both with one ball. I took no notice whence the ball came, and hastened to the tree. Just as I had gained it the chief fell dead from the other side and rolled at my feet. It seems a neighbor, who had seen him fire at Martin and Fox, and dodge behind the tree, stood ready to give him a shot whenever he should again make his appearance. The Indian had got his ball half down and peeped out to look at me, when Wilson shot him in the head.

Cowardice of McDonald.—The Indians retreated towards Wakatomaca, flanked by two companies in hot pursuit. We followed in the rear, and as the last Indian was stepping out of the water, Capt. Teabaugh, a great soldier and a good marksman, brought him to the ground. I was at the time standing near Teabaugh, and shall never forget the thrilling emotion produced by this incident.

During this battle one of the men, Jacob Newbold, saw the colonel lying snug behind a fallen tree, sufficiently remote from danger, had there been no defence. It was immediately noised among the men, who were in high glee at the joke. One would cry out, "Who got behind the log?" when an hundred voices would reply, "The colonel! the colonel!" At this McDonald became outrageous. I heard him inquire for the man who had raised the report, and threatened to punish him. I went round and told Newbold what the colonel had said. "That's your sort," said he. Raising on his feet and going towards the colonel, he declared he did see him slink behind the log during the battle. He gave his rifle to a man standing by, cut some hickories and stood on the defence, at which the whole company roared with laughter and the colonel took himself off to another part of the line. Night was now at hand, and the division was ordered by the colonel to encamp in an oak woods, in sight of the Indian villages, Cressap's party lying by themselves. This evening Jack Hayes was spying down the creek, saw an Indian looking at us through the forks of a low tree. He levelled his rifle and shot him directly between the eyes, and brought him into camp.

Flight of the Indians.—Just after nightfall Col. McDonald was hailed from over the creek by an Indian, who implored peace in behalf of his tribe. He was invited over by the colonel, who held a parley with him, but declined entering into terms until more Indians were present. It was then proposed that if two white men would go with the Indians, they would send over two more of their number to us: but none being willing to undertake the visit, two came over and stayed all night in the colonel's tent. But their only object was to watch the troops and gain time to remove their families and effects from the town. Capt. Cressap was up the whole night among his men, going the rounds and cautioning them to keep their arms in condition for a morning attack, which he confidently expected. About two hours before daybreak he silently formed his men, examined each rifle, and led them across the creek into the villages, leaving McDonald, with the other troops, in the encampment. At this time the Indians who had passed the night in the camp escaped. The village was directly surrounded, and the savages fled from it into the adjoining thicket in the utmost consternation. In this attack none were killed on either side but one Indian by Capt. Cressap.

Benefit of Tobacco.—By this time the camp was nearly out of provisions, with a three days' march before them. A small quantity of old corn and one cow were the entire spoils of the villages. Those were distributed among the men, the villages burned, and the troops immediately commenced their march for the Ohio river, where they expected to meet provisions sent down from Redstone. The men became exceedingly famished on this march, and myself being young, was so weak that I could no longer carry anything on my person.



BIRTHPLACE OF VICE-PRESIDENT HENDRICKS.

MCINTIRE'S HOTEL, 1800.

This picture of the first hotel in Zanesville was drawn by me from a description by those who remembered it, and published in the edition of 1847.

An older brother and one or two others kept encouraging me. One of them had a good stock of tobacco. I saw him take it, and with an earnestness bordering on delirium insisted on having some. As I had never used it before they refused, thinking it would entirely disable me; but as I was so importunate they at last gave me a small piece. I directly felt myself relieved. They gave me more, and in a short time my strength and spirits returned. I took my arms and baggage, and was able to travel with the rest of them, and was actually the first to reach the Ohio.

Here we met the boats, but nothing in them but corn in the ear. Every man was soon at work with his tomahawk, crushing it on the stones and mixing it with water in gourds or leaves fashioned in the shape of cups, while some provident ones enjoyed the aristocratic luxury of tin cups; but all seemed alike to relish the repast. A party of us crossed the Ohio that day for the settlement, when we came up with a drove of hogs in tolerable order. We shot one and eat him on the spot, without criticising with much nicety the mode or manner of preparation. Indeed, the meat of itself was so savory and delicious we thought of little else. In a few days I returned to my parents, and after a little domestic storming and much juvenile vaunting of our exploits, settled down to clearing.

The following historical sketch of Zanesville is from a series of editorial articles in the Zanesville *Gazette* of 1835. In May, 1796, Congress passed a law authorizing Ebenezer Zane to open a road from Wheeling, in Virginia, to Limestone, now Maysville, Ky. In the following year Mr. Zane, accompanied by his brother, Jonathan Zane, and his son-in-law, John McIntyre, both experienced woodsmen, proceeded to mark out the new road, which was afterwards cut out by the two latter. The cutting out, however, was a very hasty business, in which nothing more was attempted than to make the road passable for horsemen. As a compensation for opening this road, Congress granted to Ebenezer the privilege of locating military warrants upon three sections of land, not to exceed one mile square each; the first of these to be at the crossing of the Muskingum, the second at the Hockhocking, and the third at the Scioto. It has been generally said that these were free grants to Mr. Zane for opening the road; but an examination of the law will show that it was only a permission for Mr. Zane to locate his warrant on land which had not been appropriated to that purpose.

Mr. Zane first proposed to cross the Muskingum at Duncan's falls; but foreseeing the value of the hydraulic power created by the falls where Zanesville now stands, he crossed the river at that point, and thus became entitled to a section of land embracing the falls. Regarding the fertility of the soil and the beauty of the vicinity, his next choice was selected where Lancaster has since been built, rather than at the crossing of what now bears the name of Rush creek, which is really the main branch of the Hockhocking. At the Scioto he was obliged to locate his warrant on the eastern side of the river, as the western shore lay within the Virginia military district. His location was made nearly opposite to Chillicothe. These choice tracts would no doubt have all been taken up before that time, but they had not been surveyed and brought into market. The country east of the Muskingum, and for some distance west also, being hilly and comparatively poor, this was thought to be the least valuable section of the three, and E. Zane gave it to his brother Jonathan and J. McIntire, for assisting him and opening the road.

One of the conditions annexed to the grant of Mr. Zane was that he should keep ferries across these rivers during the pleasure of Congress. Messrs. Zane and McIntire gave the Muskingum ferry for five years to Wm. McCulloch and Henry Crooks, on condition that they should move to the place and keep the ferry, which they did. The ferry was kept about where the upper bridge is situated, and the ford was near the site of the present dam. The ferry-boat was composed of two canoes with a stick lashed across. The first flatboat used for the ferry was one in which Mr. McIntire removed from Wheeling in 1799. Mr. Zane resided at Wheeling. The first mail ever carried in Ohio was brought from Marietta to McCulloch's cabin, by Daniel Convers, in 1798, where, by the arrangement of the postmaster-general, it met a mail from Wheeling and one from Limestone. McCulloch, who could barely read, was authorized to assort the mails and send each package in its proper direction, for which he received $30 per annum. But the service often fell to Mr. Convers, as he was more expert. At that time the aforesaid mails met

here weekly. Four years after, a number of families having settled here, a regular post-office was opened, and Thomas Dowden appointed postmaster, who kept his office in a wooden building near the river, on Front street.

Zanesville Laid Out.—In 1799 Messrs. Zane and McIntire laid out the town, which they called *Westbourn*, a name which it continued to bear until a post-office was established by the postmaster-general, under the name of ZANESVILLE, and the village soon took the same name. A few families from the Kanawha settled on the west side of the river soon after McCulloch arrived, and the settlement received pretty numerous accessions until it became a *point* of importance. It contained one store and no tavern. The latter inconvenience, however, was remedied by Mr. McIntire, who, for public accommodation rather than for private emolument, opened a house of entertainment. It is due to Mr. McIntire and his lady to say that their accommodations, though in a log-cabin, were such as to render their house the traveller's home. Prior to that time there were several grogshops where travellers might stop, and after partaking of a rude supper they could spread their blankets and bearskins on the floor, and sleep with their feet to the fire, but the opening of Mr. McIntire's house introduced the luxury of comfortable beds, and although his board was covered with the fruits of the soil and the chase rather than the luxuries of foreign climes, the fare was various and abundant. This, the *first hotel* at Zanesville, stood at what is now the corner of Market and Second streets, a few rods from the river, in an open maple grove without any underbrush. It was a pleasant spot, well shaded with trees, and in full view of the falls. The engraving was made from the description of one who knew it well.

Louis Philippe, the Present King of France, was once a guest of Mr. McIntire. The Hon. Lewis Cass, in his "Camp and Court of Louis Philippe," thus alludes to the circumstance:

"At Zanesville the party found the comfortable cabin of Mr. McIntire, whose name has been preserved in the king's memory, and whose house was a favorite place of rest and refreshment for all the travellers who at this early period were compelled to traverse that part of the country. And if these pages should chance to meet the eyes of any of those who, like the writer, have passed many a pleasant hour under the roof of this uneducated but truly worthy and respectable man, he trusts they will unite in this tribute to his memory."

At that time all the iron, nails, castings, flour, fruit, with many other articles now produced here in abundance, were brought from Pittsburg and Wheeling, either upon pack-horses across the country or by the river in canoes. Oats and corn were usually brought about fifty miles up the river in canoes, and were worth from 75 cents to $1 per bushel; flour, $6 to $8 per barrel. In 1802 David Harvey opened a tavern at the intersection of Third and Main streets, which was about the first shingle-roofed house in the town. Mr. McIntire, having only kept entertainment for public accommodation, discontinued after the opening of Mr. Harvey's tavern.

In 1804, when the legislature passed an act establishing the county of Muskingum, the commissioners appointed to select a site for the county-seat reported in favor of Zanesville. The buildings were yet few in number and the streets and lots were principally covered with the native growth; but the citizens, in order to put on the best appearance possible, turned out, while Zanesville was yet a candidate (if we may so speak) for the county-seat, and cut out the bushes from some of the principal streets, and especially from the public square, that the situation might appear to the best possible advantage in the eyes of the commissioners. Some were anxious that the county-seat should be at Coshocton, and others preferred the Cass section above Dresden, but Zanesville was finally selected, but in part because it was so near Marietta, as to render any county between the two places forever unnecessary. Muskingum included within its original limits the present counties of Muskingum and Coshocton, besides the greater part of what now constitutes the counties of Holmes, Tuscarawas and Guernsey, and a part of Perry, Morgan, Monroe and Carroll.

The County-Seat having been established, the town improved more rapidly, and as the unappropriated United States military lands had been brought into market during the preceding year (1803), and a land-office established at Zanesville, many purchases and settlements were made in the county. The first court in Zanesville sat in Harvey's tavern. In a short time afterwards a wooden jail was erected, and also a wooden building, the lower part of which served as a residence for the sheriff and his family, and the upper room was used as a court-room and as a place for all public meetings, political or religious. These buildings stood between the site of the present court-house and jail, and were afterwards burnt down by a negro, who was confined on a charge of larceny.

Arrest of Counterfeiters.—An anecdote may serve to convey some idea of the difficulties of frontier life. It may also show that vice and crime were not less scorned then than in later days. After the organization of the county, but before the erection of any public buildings, two men were apprehended on a charge of counterfeiting silver dollars. It was impracticable to send them to the jail at Marietta, a distance of sixty miles through the woods, until the next term of court, to which they were bound over. To turn them loose or permit them to escape would encourage others to depredate in like manner; it was necessary, therefore, that they should be punished. Under these circumstances Mr. McIntire called on Daniel Convers, and in strong language stated his views, adding, "We must take them in charge and keep

them until court." This was contrary to law, but as necessity knows no law the justice was persuaded to surrender them to McIntire and Convers, as they pledged themselves that, if the prisoners were not forthcoming at the hour of trial, they would take their places and abide the penalty.

After conducting them to a cabin selected for the purpose, and putting hand-cuffs on them, they were addressed by McIntire, who, axe in hand, stood by the door: "Now, boys," said he, pointing to the blankets provided for their bed, "there is your bed; with your guilt or innocence we have nothing to do; you shall have plenty to eat and to drink, but," added he, raising his right arm in a threatening manner, "*if you attempt to escape, d——n you, I'll kill you.*" The firm, resolute manner of the address deterred them from making the attempt. McIntire, with his axe by his side, took his seat by the door; and here, day after day and night after night, did he and his associates watch the prisoners until the term of court arrived, when they were tried and convicted. One confessed his crime, and told where their tools were secreted, about 18 miles off, on the Rocky fork of the Licking, where they were found and brought into court. Agreeably to the law then in force, he was sentenced to receive twenty-five lashes, well laid on, and to stand committed until all costs were paid. The other was to receive thirty-nine lashes, and also to be recommitted. Their sentence was immediately carried into effect, as to the stripes, which were well applied by Mr. Beymer, the sheriff. After having been recommitted to their prison, they were left on parole of honor, and their guards once more retired to their beds, free from care. Next morning, to the great gratification of all, it was found, notwithstanding their promise to the contrary, they were among the missing; their hand-cuffs having been carefully laid away for the use of their successors.

Mr. McIntire, the founder and patron of Zanesville, was indefatigable in his attention to the interests of the town; no personal or pecuniary sacrifice being considered too great, in his anxiety to promote its prosperity.

The seat of government had been fixed temporarily at Chillicothe, but for several reasons many members of the legislature were dissatisfied, and it was known that a change of location was desired by them. Muskingum possessed natural advantages favorable to agricultural and manufacturing purposes, which gave Zanesville a fair prospect of becoming an extensive town; while its nearly central situation rendered it a desirable site for the State metropolis. It was believed, therefore, by many, that if once the legislature could be induced to fix the temporary seat here, it would not be removed, but made permanent. The citizens of the town and county were alive to the importance of obtaining the change, and a committee, consisting of John McIntire and others, was appointed to visit Chillicothe during the session of the legislature, and make whatever pledge might be necessary on the part of the county, as well as to aid the Muskingum delegate in obtaining the passage of the desired law. At the session of 1808 and 1809 the Muskingum delegation received assurances from their friends in the legislature that, if the county at its own expense would furnish suitable buildings for the use of the legislature, a law would no doubt be passed for making Zanesville the place of meeting. Encouraged by the cheering prospect the county commissioners determined to erect a brick building in front of the old court-house, which would make a respectable state-house, if the law of removal should be passed, and, should they fail in that, it would make an excellent court-house. The county was without funds, but a few public-spirited individuals stepped forward and offered to loan the money, and the buildings were accordingly erected in the summer of 1809, but not finished.

Zanesville made the State Capital.—In February, 1810, the desired law was passed, fixing the seat of government at Zanesville, until otherwise provided. The county then went on to finish the buildings in such a manner as would best accommodate the legislature. A smaller building was also erected for the secretary of state and the treasurer. This building was used as a jail after the removal of the legislature, and the destruction of the old jail, until a new jail was erected in 1824, and afterwards as offices for the clerk and county auditor. The county incurred a heavy debt in the erection of these buildings, and the county orders were long under par, but were ultimately redeemed. The legislature sat here during the sessions of '10–'11 and '11-'12, when the present site of Columbus having been fixed upon for the permanent seat, the Chillicothe interest prevailed, and the temporary seat was once more fixed at that place, until suitable buildings could be erected at Columbus.

The project of removing the seat of government was agitated as early as 1807 or '8, and the anticipation entertained that Zanesville would be selected gave increased activity to the progress of improvement. Much land was entered in the county, and many settlements made, although as late as 1813 land was entered within three miles of Zanesville. In 1809 parts of the town plat were covered with the natural growth of timber. It was feared by some that reaction would succeed the defeat of the favorite project of making Zanesville the State capital; but this was not so. The natural resources of the country, and the numerous local advantages, amply supplied the necessary objects of pursuit, and saved the country from the lethargy which frequently follows disappointed effort.

ZANESVILLE IN 1846.

The following sketch of Zanesville and its resources was written for our original edition by Mr. URIAH PARKE, editor of the *Courier*. He was one of the solid, substantial men of the Ohio of that day, strong in character and strong in physique, whom we remember with much pleasure.

ZANESVILLE has long been regarded as one of the principal towns in the State, and once bid fair to yield the palm only to Cincinnati. But the extensive internal improvements of the State have built up her rivals, while they have cut off, to some extent, her trade, and checked the rapidity of her growth. Zanesville, however, has advantages and resources which, when fully developed, must again give her a prominent place among the cities of the State.

Zanesville is beautifully situated on the east bank, in a bend of the Muskingum river, about 80 miles above its mouth by water, and 65 miles by land. It is 54 miles east of Columbus, at the point where the National Road crosses the Muskingum, and opposite the mouth of the Licking. The Muskingum seems once to have run nearly in a right line, from which, however, it has gradually diverged to the westward, forming a horse-shoe curve, and depositing, through successive centuries, an alluvion of gravel, sand, etc., of great depth, on which Zanesville now stands. In sweeping around this curve, through the space of about 1¾ miles, the river falls 8 or 10 feet, and by the aid of a dam a fall of between 16 and 17 feet is obtained, thus furnishing very extensive water power, which is used for hydraulic purposes. Near the toe of the shoe, Licking creek, or river, discharges her waters from the west, and while above the mouth of Licking, West Zanesville, containing some three hundred inhabitants, is located, South Zanesville, with nearly the same population, is situated immediately below. Farther down the curve, and separated from South Zanesville by a bluff, is the beautiful village of Putnam, containing about 1,000 or 1,200 inhabitants. A substantial and handsome bridge connects Zanesville with Putnam, while less than half a mile above, another similar bridge is thrown from Zanesville Main street, to a point in the stream, where the bridge forks, and one branch connects, on the route of the National or Cumberland road, with South Zanesville, while the other connects with West Zanesville and the roads leading off in that direction.

The Cumberland Road, constructed by the national government, and originally designed to run from the town of Cumberland, in Maryland, at the eastern foot of the Allegheny mountains, indefinitely westward, as the country becomes settled, crosses the Muskingum river at Zanesville, bearing upon it a constant and immense travel; while the Muskingum, made navigable for steamboats by dams, locks and short canals, opens a trade southward to the Ohio, and northward to the Ohio canal, near Dresden, which is 16 miles above, by water. The low level of the Ohio canal, between Licking and Portage summits, passes within 2 miles of Dresden, and a navigable side-cut of 2½ miles connects the canal with the river, at that place, which is the head of steamboat navigation.

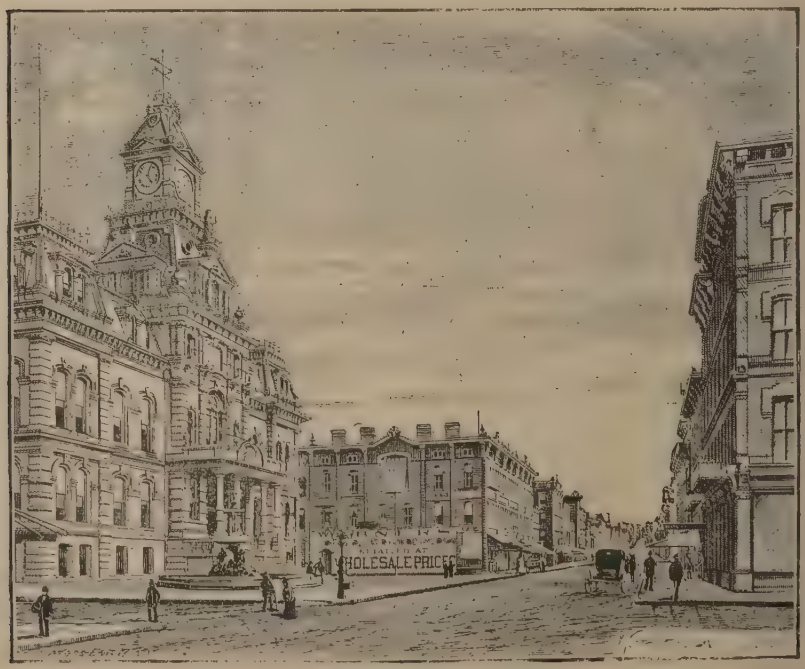
The Trade of Zanesville having, through the river and side-cut, reached the canal, is conveyed southward through the interior of the State, or northward to the lake, and thence through the New York canal, etc.; or leaving the Ohio canal, through the Sandy and Beaver, it may branch off towards Pittsburg and Philadelphia, before reaching Cleveland. The freight, however, designed for Pittsburg and other points on the Ohio, and for the South, is usually shipped down the river upon steamboats, and on entering the Ohio it may ascend or descend. One or more steamboats run regularly, during the business season, from Zanesville to Dresden, for the purpose of towing canal boats, carrying passengers, etc.; while others, of larger size, ply between Zanesville and Pittsburg, Cincinnati, New Orleans, etc.

In addition to the hydraulic power furnished by the Muskingum and Licking, the hills which surround Zanesville abound in veins of bituminous coal, which

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

MAIN STREET OF ZANESVILLE.

On the left is shown the County Court-House, originally built for the Ohio State-House, and so used for two sessions. On the right is the Eagle Hotel, and on the hill in the distance is McIntire Academy.



B. V. H. Schultz, Amateur Photographer, Zanesville, 1890.

MAIN STREET OF ZANESVILLE.

This view is taken from about the same point as that above, showing on the left the new Court-House, and on the right a fine hotel on the site of the old "Eagle."

lead to the free employment of steam power, and is almost exclusively used for fuel, except for cooking, and a good deal for that. But though Zanesville seems thus favored by nature with all the facilities for manufacturing, and art has constructed avenues of communication in every direction favorable to the procurement of the raw material and the transmission of manufactured goods, her citizens have not turned their attention heretofore so much as they might have done in that direction. Their former great advantages in the salt and wheat trade seem, with other circumstances not necessary to specify, to have shaped their course differently; but the silent workings of causes growing out of public improvements have satisfied business men that Zanesville must be made a manufacturing—a *producing* place—or diminish in importance; and a company is now, with praiseworthy spirit and enterprise, erecting a cotton mill, which, it is believed, will be the forerunner of many others. Zanesville should be the Lowell of the West; but this will never be brought about by old capitalists whose fortunes have been differently made, and whose thoughts have always run in other channels. A new population rising up and mingling with emigrants of skill and enterprise may do it; but it must be in despite of such as, having amassed wealth, would play the part of the dog in the manger.

At present there are in the above-mentioned cluster of towns five extensive flouring mills, two oil mills, four saw mills, one paper mill on the most recent and approved plan of machinery; five iron foundries, in active operation and two others not doing business at present; two manufactories of yellow-ware, of beautiful finish and much used for culinary purposes, two manufactories of glass, two of woollen goods, two machine shops, one last manufactory, with numerous other establishments of less note. There are five printing offices, four being in Zanesville and one in Putnam. At these are published the *Gazette*, weekly; the *Courier*, weekly and tri-weekly; the *Aurora*, weekly; the *Western Recorder*, weekly; the *Lord's Counterfeit Detector*, monthly.

There are in Zanesville two Catholic churches, two Baptist, two Episcopal Methodist, one Protestant Methodist, three Lutheran, one Presbyterian, one Episcopalian, one Universalist and one African. Some of these are extensive and beautiful buildings. In Putnam there is a handsome Presbyterian church, of the New School order, and a spacious Episcopal Methodist church. For educational purposes there is an extensive female seminary in Putnam, designed as a boarding-school, and male and female district schools. South Zanesville and West Zanesville have district school buildings; and in Zanesville much attention has been bestowed upon that subject for a few years past. The founder of the town, JOHN MCINTYRE, left his immense estate, now worth probably $200,000, to found and sustain a school for the benefit of the poor of Zanesville, and a handsome brick edifice has been erected for their accommodation. The town owns two large buildings, one for males, the other for females, in which schools are kept that acknowledge no superiors. Each building is capable of accommodating three hundred and fifty scholars; and the scholars under one general head are classified and placed in charge of assistants, but may, on any extraordinary occasion, be all brought into one room. The price of tuition for the wealthy is from fifty to seventy-five cents per quarter; the public money pays the rest. But the beauty of the system is, that such as are not able to pay are admitted to all the advantages enjoyed by the most wealthy, even to the learned languages, without money and without price. Every child, then, in Zanesville, is provided with the means of education.

There are in Zanesville upwards of thirty stores for the wholesaling and retailing of dry goods, besides hardware stores, wholesale and retail groceries, drug stores, confectionery establishments, shoe stores, hat stores, etc.

The court-house, with a western wing for public offices and a similar one on the east for an athenæum, has a handsome enclosure, with shade trees and fountain in front, making altogether an object of interest to the passing traveller and a place

of pleasant resort for citizens. The athenæum was commenced as a library company by a few individuals nearly twenty years ago and, soon becoming incorporated, put up a handsome two-story brick building as a wing to the court-house. The lower rooms are rented for offices, while the upper are occupied by the company for their reading-room, library, etc. Strangers have, by the charter, a right of admission, and during their stay in Zanesville can always find there access to many of the leading journals of the United States and to a library of between three and four thousand volumes, embracing very many choice and rare books in literature and science; while additions are annually made with the funds arising from rents and $5 per annum paid by each stockholder. There is a commencement for a cabinet of minerals and curiosities, but that department has never flourished as its importance demands.

The water-works of Zanesville are very great. The water is thrown by a powerful forcing pump from the river to a reservoir upon a hill, half a mile distant, one hundred and sixty feet above the level of the pump, and thence let down and distributed by larger and smaller pipes into every part of the town, furnishing an ample supply for public and private purposes, as well as providing a valuable safeguard against fire. By attaching hose at once to the fire-plugs the

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

PUTNAM.

water may be thrown without the intervention of an engine by the pressure of the head, far above the roofs of the houses. The public pipes are all of iron, and at present there are between six and seven miles of pipe owned by the town, besides that owned by individuals and used in conveying water from the streets and alleys to their own hydrants. Much of this, however, is of lead. The cost to the town has been about $42,000. The reservoir is calculated to contain about 750,000 gallons. The present population of Zanesville is probably something under 8,000, excluding Putnam, West Zanesville and South Zanesville. [These villages are now (1890) included in Zanesville.]

Putnam is less dense in its construction than Zanesville and contains many beautiful gardens. It being principally settled by New Englanders, is in appearance a New England village. The town plat was owned and the town laid out by Increase Matthews, Levi Whipple and Edwin Putnam. The latter two are dead; Dr. Matthews still resides in Putnam.

The town was originally called Springfield, but there being a Springfield in Clarke county the name of the former was changed to Putnam. The view represents Putnam as it appears from the east bank of the Muskingum, about a mile below the steamboat landing at Zanesville. The bridge connecting Putnam

with Zanesville is seen on the right. On the left is shown a church and the top of the seminary a little to the right of it.

The Putnam Female Seminary is an incorporated institution and has been in operation about ten years. The principal edifice stands in an area of three acres and cost, with its furniture, about $20,000. Pupils under fourteen years of age are received into the preparatory department. Those over fourteen enter the upper department, in which the regular course of study requires three years and,

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

THE PUTNAM FEMALE SEMINARY.

excepting the languages, is essentially like a college course. It is proposed soon to extend the time to four years and make the course the same as in colleges, substituting the German for Greek. The average number of pupils has been about one hundred. "By reason of the endowments the term bills are very much less than any similar school in the country. Exclusive of extra studies the cost per year will not exceed $100 per scholar." There are five teachers in this flourishing institution, of which Miss Mary Cone is the principal. It is under the general direction of a board of trustees.—*Old Edition.*

ZANESVILLE, county-seat of Muskingum, at the junction of the Muskingum and Licking rivers, is about fifty-five miles east of Columbus, on the M. V. Division of the P. C. & St. L. and B. & O., and B. Z. & C. and C. & E. Railroads. Is a manufacturing and commercial centre, noted for its clay and tile manufactures.

County officers, 1888: Auditor, Julius A. Knight; Clerk, Vincent Cockins; Commissioners, Robert Lee, Charles W. McCutcheon, Francis M. Rider; Coroner, William Ruth; Infirmary Directors, John W. Marshall, Charles T. Willey, David M. Evans; Probate Judge, George L. Foley; Prosecuting Attorney, Simeon M. Winn; Recorder, Ernest Scott; Sheriff, Wm. H. Bolin; Surveyor, Thomas C. Connar; Treasurer, Daniel G. Willey. City officers, 1888: W. H. Holden, Mayor; R. H. McFarland, Solicitor; Jesse Atwell, Treasurer; John H. Best, Clerk; N. T. Miller, Commissioner; A. E. Howell, Engineer; A. D. Launder, Marshal; L. F. Langly, Chief Fire Department; J. H. Whikehart, Market Master. Newspapers: *Courier*, Republican, Newman, Dodd & Brown, publishers; *Signal*, Democratic, D. H. Gaumer, editor and publisher; *Times Recorder*, Republican, Guy Comly, editor; *Post*, German Independent, Adolph Schneider, editor and publisher; *Saturday Night*, Independent, John T. Shryock, editor and publisher; *Sunday Morning Star*, Independent, Star Publishing Company, editors and publishers; *Sunday News*, Independent, Charles W. Shryock, editor and publisher; *Mutual Helper*, Independent, J. M. Bain.

editor and publisher; *Ohio Farmers' Journal*, Agriculturalist, J. H. Abbott, editor and publisher; *Shepherds' National Journal and Rural Era*, Agriculturalist, Rural Era Publishing Company, editors and publishers. Churches: one Evangelical, five Methodist Episcopal, one Congregational, one Lutheran, two Presbyterian, two Catholic, one Baptist, one Episcopal, one Evangelical Lutheran. Banks: Citizens' National, H. C. Van Voorhis, president, A. V. Smith, cashier; First National, W. A. Graham, president, Geo. H. Stewart, cashier; Union, James Herdman, president, John J. Ingalls, cashier; Zanesville, John W. King, president, A. H. Stern, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees (when numbering 25 and over).—Excelsior Planing Mill, doors, sash, etc., 30 hands; Kearns & Co., flint glass, etc., 98; Patterson, Burgess & Co., doors, sash, etc., 25; Zanesville Stoneware Company, 27; The Hatton Stove Company, 35; Muskingum Coffin Company, coffins and caskets, 43; Kearns-Gorsuch Glass Company, window glass, etc., 300; Sturtevant & Martin, hosiery, 120; Gray Brothers & Silvey, furniture, 45; Griffith & Wedge Company, engines, saw-mills, etc., 100; Jones & Abbott, stoves, etc., 50; Schultz & Company, soap, 75; Hoover & Allison, ropes, twine, etc., 120; Zanesville Woollen Manufacturing Company, blankets, flannels, etc., 72; W. B. Harris & Brothers, pressed brick, etc., 145; American Encaustic Tiling Company, decorative tile, etc., 172; T. B. Townsend & Co., pressed brick, etc., 118; A. Worstall, cigars, 25; B., Z. & C. R. R. Shops, railroad repairs, 25; Ohio Iron Company, pig-iron, etc., 400; Brown Manufacturing Company, agricultural implements, 230; Novelty Paper Mill, manilla and newspaper, 29; F. J. L. Blandy, engines, etc., 50; Petit & Strait, bread, cakes, etc., 28; Shennick, Woodside & Gibbons Manufacturing Company, stoves, 63; John W. Pinkerton & Co., cigars, tobacco, etc., 35; Herdman, Harris & Co., doors, sash, etc., 35; The Duval Engine Company, engines, boilers, etc., 28; R. A. Worstall, cigars, 28; C. Stalzenbach & Son, bread, crackers, etc., 89; Zane Tobacco Company, plug tobacco, 49; J. B. Owens, decorated flower-pots, 68.—*State Report, 1888.*

Population, 1880, 18,113. School census, 1888, 6,159; W. D. Lash, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, $2,211,770. Value of annual product, $4,295,231.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.* Census, 1890, 21,009.

The superior clays in the vicinity have made Zanesville an important point in the manufacture of clay products, and in one branch of this manufacture, that of ENCAUSTIC TILE, she is the pioneer and leader of the only three places in the United States where these goods are made. The industry was inaugurated by the American Encaustic Tiling Company, George Stanberry, superintendent. The stock of this company is principally owned in New York, and nearly all the products of the works are sold there in the face of foreign competition, the American goods being fully equal to the English or French.

MEMORIAL BUILDING, ZANESVILLE.

The tiles are stamped out of clay by ingeniously devised machinery, the invention of Mr. Stanberry. They are made plain and vari-colored, the most complex having six or seven different colored clays in their composition. Biscuit, glazed, majolica and some enamelled and hand-carved tiles are made. The latter are expensive, but some very artistic work is done. This industry gives employment to a large force of men, and promises in the future large developments.

The Soldiers' and Sailors' Memorial Building, which was thrown open to the public July 4, 1889, is a fine example of this class of buildings, which are vastly more honorable to the memory of our dead heroes than mere shafts of stone.

It is a handsome stone structure devoted to the uses of the Grand Army of the Republic veterans and the militia.

The third floor contains one of the largest and finest public halls in the State. The building is an honor to Muskingum county.

BIOGRAPHY.

THOMAS ANDREW HENDRICKS was born on a farm in Newton township, near Zanesville, September 7, 1819. The sketch given of his birthplace was drawn by Charles A. Kappes, who visited the spot and drew it from a description from memory by the venerable George M. Crooks, who has lived near the spot ever since the infancy of Mr. Hendricks. His parents removed to Indiana when he was six months old. He graduated at South Hanover College, Madison, Indiana, was educated for the law at Chambersburg, Pa., and entered upon its practice at Shelbyville, Indiana. At 27 years of age he was elected to the State Legislature. In 1851, at the age of 30, he was elected to Congress from the central district of Indiana. In 1855 he was appointed Commissioner of the General Land Office by President Pierce, and was continued in office by Buchanan, but resigned in 1859. In 1860 he removed to Indianapolis. From 1863 to 1869 he was United States Senator, and in 1872 was elected Governor of Indiana.

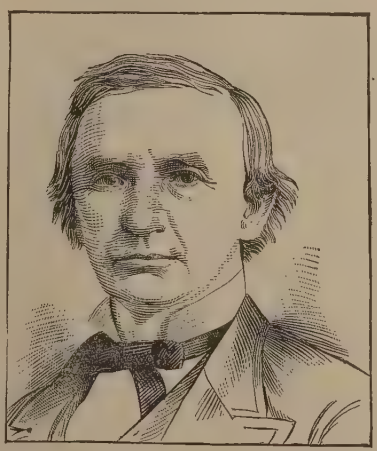
On July 11, 1884, he was nominated for the Vice-Presidency by the Democratic party, and elected the following November. He was also the vice-presidential candidate of the Democratic party in 1876. He died suddenly at his home in Indianapolis, Nov. 25, 1885. He was affable and refined in social life, and in public life strongly partisan, but honest and incorruptible. President Harrison said of him at the time of his death :

"I have known Mr. Hendricks ever since I came to this city to live. I have practised law with him, tried many cases with him and against him, and our professional relations have always been pleasant. He was a very forceful and persuasive advocate. His public career has been a very conspicuous one. He had succeeded in acquiring and retaining the confidence of his party friends in a very high degree. His personal character was always regarded as exalted and blameless."

HUGH J. JEWETT was born in Deer Creek, Harford county, Md. He studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1838. Two years later he began the practice of his profession at St. Clairsville, Ohio, and in 1848 removed to Zanesville, where his skill in cases involving financial questions was soon recognized. He was elected president of the Muskingum branch of the Ohio State Bank in 1852. In 1853 he was State senator, presidential elector, and appointed United States district attorney.

His experience in railroad financiering began in 1855 with the Central Ohio Railroad, of which he became president in 1857. He was the Democratic candidate for governor in 1861, and for United States senator in 1863, but was defeated in both contests. He was elected to the State senate in 1867, and to Congress in 1872.

His success as a railroad manager led to his election as president of the Little Miami, the Cincinnati & Muskingum Valley, and



HUGH J. JEWETT.

vice-president of the P. C. & St. L. Railroads.

In 1874 he accepted the receivership of the New York & Erie, and the ten years of arduous labor, during which he extricated this discredited and bankrupted corporation from

the embarrassments of its corrupt management, are alike creditable to his firm courage, sterling honesty and marked ability.

In 1880 Mr. Jewett's name was mentioned as a candidate for the presidential nomination by the Democratic party.

In 1884 he resigned the presidency of the Erie road, and retired from active business life with impaired health.

S. S. COX.

SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX was born in Zanesville, O., September 30, 1824. He was named for his grandfather, Judge Samuel Sullivan, a man of strong moral character and fine presence, who served as State treasurer from 1820 to 1823.

After graduation from Brown's University in 1846, S. S. Cox studied law and began practice in Zanesville, but later turned his attention to literature and politics, and in 1853 became editor of the *Ohio Statesman*. It was while editing this paper that he published a gorgeous description of a sunset that gave him the sobriquet of "Sunset" Cox.

In 1855 he accepted an appointment as secretary of legation at Lima, Peru. In 1857, having returned to Ohio, he was elected to Congress, and re-elected three times, serving continuously until 1865. In 1866 he removed to New York city, and in 1868 was again elected to Congress, and re-elected three times. Mr. Cox was in 1877 a candidate for the speakership, and although defeated, frequently served as speaker pro tem. He was for many years one of the regents of the Smithsonian Institute. In his long congressional service he was a practical worker for many of the most important branches of the public service, such as the census and the life-saving service. He was the especial champion of the letter-carriers, securing for them increased pay and vacations without loss of salary. After 1882 Mr. Cox travelled extensively in Europe and northern Africa. In 1886 he was appointed minister to Turkey, but returned after a year and was re-elected to Congress.

He was largely known as a wit and humorist, a very valuable public servant, and a writer and lecturer of great ability. He died in New York, September 10, 1889. His principal published works are "The Buckeye Abroad," "Eight Years in Congress," "Free Land and Free Trade," "Three Decades of Federal Legislation," and "Why We Laugh."

LEWIS CASS commenced his public career as the first prosecuting attorney of Zanesville. He first attracted the attention of President Jefferson when, as a member of the Ohio Legislature, he drew up an able official document on Ohio's position in the Burr conspiracy.

Gen. ISAAC VAN HORN, one of the heroes of the Revolution, removed to Zanesville in 1805 as receiver of public money for the Land Office. He was adjutant-general of Ohio during the war of 1812. He died in 1837. Many of his descendants are now prominent people of Zanesville.

Gen. CHARLES BACKUS GODDARD, who died in Zanesville in 1864, was an able lawyer of the old-school, an associate of Corwin, Chase, Stanberry, Vinton and the elder Ewing. Mr. F. B. Loomis relates in the Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette* an interesting anecdote of a case to be tried in Marietta, in which Ewing and Goddard were opposing counsel. As was common in these days, they agreed to meet at a certain place and travel together to Marietta. Ewing arrived first at the meeting place, and when Goddard approached unperceived by Ewing, he found the latter rehearsing his argument before a large tree, which he addressed as "Your Honor." Taking a position behind another tree Goddard listened until Ewing had gone through the entire case to be tried the next day, and not seeing anything of his friend, had mounted his horse and proceeded on his journey.

After a while Goddard followed him, but did not arrive at Marietta until some hours after Ewing.

The next day the trial came on. Ewing was badly defeated by Goddard, who knew just what his argument would be, and therefore took all the wind from his sails by jocosely repeating it. The next day, when they had arrived at the place for rest and refreshment, and the inner man was supplied, Goddard arose from the log upon which they were seated, and, taking some books and papers from the saddle-bags, proceeded in a similar address to the big tree. This was too much for Ewing. He at once saw the error he had made, and, congratulating Goddard upon his good fortune in the case, he asked him never to tell the circumstance to any one.

It was not always that Goddard came off

triumphant. He had a keen sense of the proprieties, and had rather lose a case than "stoop to conquer." Judge M. M. Granger states this instance in point:

"A client of Culbertson had sued a client of Gen. Goddard for rendering impure the water of a well by changing a drain. Witnesses differed as to the effect of the drain upon the water in the well, and Gen. Goddard exhibited to the jury some of the water in a glass, and descanted upon its clearness and purity, and seemed about to carry the jury with him. Culbertson, in reply, boldly picked up the glass, reminded the jury of the general's argument, and then, placing the glass upon the table, took a dollar from his pocket, and, clapping it down by the side of the glass, cried out, 'Gentlemen of the jury, I'll give Gen. Goddard that dollar if he will drink that glass of water.' He knew that his opponent was too dignified to accept such a banter, and he won a verdict."

Calvin C. Gibson, the humorous landlord of the Clifton House, relates another and an amusing incident of Goddard, showing also where his sense of the proprieties interfered somewhat with the convenience of himself and another. When I was a young man, said Gibson, I was acting as county sheriff, and having an execution to serve down in the country, about fifteen miles, I met Goddard, who was the prosecuting lawyer, on the street, and inquired, "What shall I do if some one else claims the property?" "I can't answer you," he replied. "I don't do business on the street—you'll have to see me in my office." I called and a day or two later met Goddard at the post-office, and he asked me the result of my business. "I can't talk to you," I replied, "I don't do business on the street—you'll have to see me at my office." He accordingly called, and I replied, "Why, I went down, levied the execution, and took the property."

Mr. Goddard, from 1817 to 1864 (when he died), practised at the Zanesville bar. His father was Calvin Goddard, Judge of the Supreme Court of Connecticut, and the son was born at Plainfield, in that State. The latter was a man of unusual dignity and pride of character, and one of the first men of Ohio in his time.

EBENEZER BUCKINGHAM, his brother, ALVAH, and SOLOMON STURGES, established, in 1816, the firm of E. Buckingham & Co., for a quarter of a century one of the most widely known firms in the West. They were men of great enterprise. The Buckinghams were from the State of New York, and Sturges was a native of Fairfield, Conn., where he was born in 1796, and early in life was associated with W. W. Corcoran, the Washington banker.

The GRANGER family was early identified with Zanesville. There were three brothers, sons of Oliver Granger, born in Suffield, Conn., in the latter part of the last century, viz., Ebenezer, James and Henry. Ebenezer came to Zanesville about the beginning of the war of 1812, and entered upon the practice of the law. A few years later James and Henry came here and established the "Granger Milling Company," which had for years the principal mill of the county; it was on the east side of the Muskingum, just above the present dam at Zanesville. James was the father of Hon. M. M. Granger. Ebenezer was the father of General Robert S. Granger, born in 1816, educated at West Point and now living on the retired list.

This county supplied ten general officers to the Union army. They were—major-general officers by brevet, Robert S. Granger, Chas. C. Gilbert, Mortimer D. Leggett, Catherinus P. Buckingham, Willard Warner; brigadier-generals by brevet, M. M. Granger, Greenbury F. Wiles, John Q. Lane and William D. Hamilton, the latter in Scotland born, in Ohio bred, and in war commander of the Ninth O. V. cavalry.

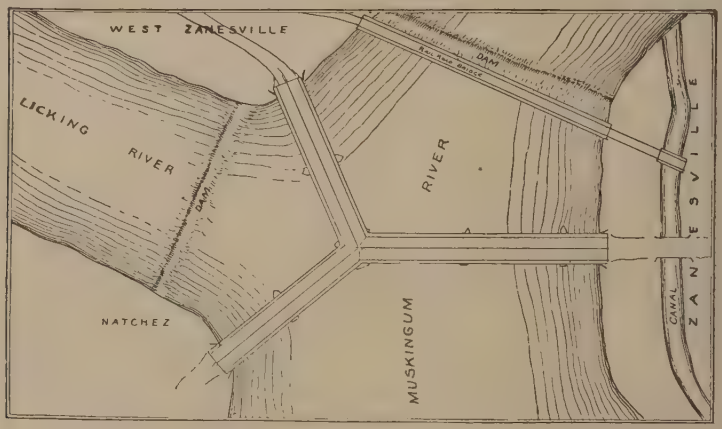
TRAVELLING NOTES.

The most peculiar structure in the way of a bridge in Ohio is the Y bridge, at the foot of Main street, in Zanesville. The Licking river enters the Muskingum opposite that point. The bridge in the middle of the stream parts in two divisions, the one striking the west bank of the Muskingum, just above the mouth of the Licking, at the locality called West Zanesville; and the other just below that mouth, at the locality called Natchez. Still farther down the Muskingum begins Putnam. All of these places are now included in Zanesville. On each of these streams, Muskingum and Licking, just before their junction, are falls of eight or ten feet, and long noted as mill sites. One always here hears the roar of the waters.

The bridge is on the line of the old National Road. It seemed like an old bridge forty-four years since, when I first knew it, and it looks not a day older now. It was built very early in the century by the Buckinghams and Sturges, and long used as a toll-bridge. With a solitary exception it is said to be the only Y bridge in the country. It is a huge, covered affair, very broad and brown, with a few small windows for outlooks. It has in it enough material to make two or three modern bridges. A distant view of it is shown in the view of Putnam in 1846. It was over this bridge that, in

June, 1865, at the close of the war, Sherman's army wagons passed on their way from Washington for distribution to the frontier posts. They occupied several weeks in going through Zanesville.

They tell this anecdote of a young man of the town who had taken a stranger friend through Putnam, and on coming to the Y bridge said, "We'll now cross this bridge, and when we get over, we will be on the same side of the river as we are now." When they had crossed he reminded his stranger friend of what he had said. The latter looked around a moment, and then with an astonished face exclaimed, "Golly!—so we are; how did we do it?" He had crossed below the mouth of the Licking and came ashore above.



THE Y BRIDGE.

The valley of the Muskingum a mile or more above the business part of the town is very broad. On the west side lies what is called the McIntyre Terrace, a beautiful region of level ground. There are the new residences of the more wealthy, in the midst of spacious grounds and broad prospects. There, too, is situated the famed McIntyre Children's Home, an imposing structure on a commanding eminence. The farm attached has over one hundred acres and produces all that is needed for the Home.

McIntyre, who died in 1815, was originally buried in the old graveyard at the head of Main street. Over his remains was a small tablet bearing this inscription, by his friend and counsel. Ebenezer Granger, which ran as follows:

"Sacred to the memory of John McIntyre, who departed this life July 29, 1815, aged 56 years. He was born at Alexandria, Virginia; laid out the town of Zanesville in 1800—of which he was the Patron and Father. He was a member of the Convention which formed the Constitution of Ohio. A kind husband, an obliging neighbor, punctual to his engagements, of liberal mind and benevolent disposition, his death was sincerely lamented."

"As o'er this stone you throw a careless eye,
(When drawn perchance to this sad, solemn place),
Reader, remember—'tis your lot to die,
You, too, the gloomy realms of death must trace.
When yonder winding stream shall cease to flow,
Old Ocean's waves no longer lash the shore,
When warring tempests shall forget to blow,
And these surrounding hills exist no more,
This sleeping dust, reanimate, shall rise,
Bursting to life at the last trumpet's sound,
Shall bear a part in Nature's grand Assize,
When sun, and stars, and time no more are found."

On December 24, 1889, his remains were removed and placed in a vault at the McIntyre Children's Home.

The noble hills of the Muskingum are the great charm of Zanesville. From these one has fine views of the river and its many bridges. The river here is as broad as at its entrance into the Ohio, say some eight hundred feet. It drains about one-third of the State. Sojourners from the prairie States farther west are delighted with the beautiful scenery.

The new cemetery, Woodlawn, is on the side and summit of one of these hills on the west or Putnam side of the river. On Monday morning, May 19th, I walked thither to pay it a visit. Passing through the main part of Putnam I came to six girls, from twelve to fourteen years of age, seated to-

gether on some blocks of stone at the entrance to a lane.

As I looked at those girls I thought of two mighty continents, Africa and America; the first as apart and then the two as united. Three of the six were full black; the other three were neither black nor white; an artist would have called them *half tints*.

The entire six were chatting and laughing, and I said: "Girls, you seem to be having a good time. This is a very pleasant country around here," at the same time casting my eyes down the green lane to its entering spot in a forest and beyond its tops to the sweetly-wooded hills that rose from the farther side of the river.

"Yes," the girls replied, "*it is* pretty here; and over there," pointing, "is the cemetery." That graveyard had evidently touched their esthetic sensibilities, and so they commended it to my attention and admiration. I left them still seated on the stones in their childish innocence and glee, feeling gratified that they had arrived in these dominions of our common Uncle Sam in this his now smiling period for their future.

A few minutes later I had passed under a noble arch of elms and was at the entrance of the cemetery, where stood the vine-covered cottage of the sexton, a green house and around a wealth of flowers. The site is a huge rounding hill, its slope and summit covered with trees, many of them immense in size and very aged patriarchs of the woods. The cemetery has miles of winding walks and drives and everywhere the leaves flit their lights and shadows over the sward, flowers and monuments. A marked feature is the tall, slender forms of the junipers standing over the graves like so many sentinels. On the summit, where they had been exposed to continuous wintry winds from the north, the heads of many of them had assumed a leaning position as though they had life and were mourning over the dead.

One of the most imposing monuments is that of Solomon Sturges who was born in Fairfield, Conn., in 1796. It is of Scotch granite and twenty-five feet in height. From a monument by it I copied inscriptions, memorializing three Revolutionary patriots whose graves are by the sea-shore of Connecticut. This tribute of filial piety to them here on the banks of the Muskingum is the most interesting thing in the entire cemetery.

"SOLOMON STURGES, killed by the British at the burning of Fairfield, Conn., July 7, 1779, aged 86. He was an ardent patriot."

"HEZEKIAH STURGES, son of Solomon Sturges, a son of the Revolution, died at Fairfield, Conn., April, 1794, aged 67 years."

"DIMON, son of Hezekiah Sturges, a soldier of the Revolution, died at Fairfield, Conn., January 16, 1829, aged 74 years."

Wherever I went there appeared over my head a great chattering of birds. They seemed somehow to have taken me in charge seeing I was a stranger and alone, accompanying me wherever I went. I passed two hours copying inscriptions and taking notes. Seated on the grass near the summit I was finishing my observations when as a last thing a big bumble-bee came along and whizzed by me with a heavy boom, as much as to say, "Mr. Howe, aren't I worth noticing? Please count me in." And I did.

A moment later, casting my eye down at my side there I saw for my gratification, spread out on the grass, a butterfly black as ebony, his wings fringed in gold.

If any living thing has a supreme right to dwell in a graveyard it is the butterfly, the living emblem of immortality.

Ever silent as the tomb, the little innocent could not speak his desire to be noticed. He could only hint it, which some good angel prompted him to do by causing him to alight and rest with outstretched wings right under my eyes by the side of a *forget-me-not*. I took the hint and noted him, too, as among the tombs. I could not help it, he was so modestly clad in his sable garment of sorrow with its golden fringe of brightness.

And the green sward largely over this resting-place for the dead was brightened by the presence of this little flower, as a sort of continuous appeal to the living to remember those who had gone before.

THE BLUE ROCK MINE DISASTER.

Coal Formation in Harrison Township.—In April, 1856, there occurred in this county one of the most remarkable mine disasters in the history of coal-mining. The Blue Rock mines are in Harrison township in the angle formed by the stream known as Blue Rock run and the Muskingum river. The stratum of coal at this point is about four feet in thickness, the quality excellent and the formation that which miners denominate "curly." The stratum of rock which overlays this vein of coal is a slaty soap-stone, light blue in color and subject to rapid disintegration when exposed to atmospheric influences, but forming a safe roof for the miner when properly protected.

Reckless Coal-Mining.—The particular vein in which this disaster occurred was owned by Stephen H. Guthrie and James Owens, Jr. Former owners had taken large quantities of coal from the northern portion of the mine and the work was said to have been done in an unusually reckless manner; many of the rooms

were nearly forty feet square, while the pillars were small and comparatively few in number. The hill above the mine has an altitude of about two hundred and twenty feet and the pressure from such an immense weight of earth should have dictated more than ordinary caution.

Falling in of the Mine.—The falling in of the mine occurred about 11 A. M., on Friday, April 25, 1856. At the time there were some twenty persons, many of them boys, employed in the mine. Several were standing on the platform at the mouth of the entrance, others on the inside saved themselves by precipitate flight. Upon investigation it was found that sixteen were safe, but that four persons were either imprisoned in the mine or crushed to death by the falling mountain. Hope preponderated strongly in favor of the former conjecture, inasmuch as it was known that these persons were at work in a part of the mine from which no large amount of coal had been taken and which in consequence was supposed to be comparatively safe. The persons who escaped were: James (Duck) Menear, John Hopper, James Larrison, George Ross, George Robinson, William Edgell, Sr., Uriah McGee, William Gheen, Timothy Lyons, G. W. Simmons, and the following boys: Patrick Savage, Hiram Larrison, Franklin Ross, William Miller, James Savage, Thomas Edgell.

An Attempt at Rescue.—It was immediately determined that an attempt should be made for the rescue of the imprisoned men. The labor and danger involved in this made it necessary to combine the greatest possible speed with the utmost caution. A single false step would have brought a terrible destruction upon the excavators; for during their labors the crumbling hill hung with tens of thousands of tons of pressure imminent and threatening above their heads.

Three men only could work at a time. Indeed, it may be said that every foot gained was the work of a single individual, for there was room for but one workman in the front; others behind received the fragments as he passed them back. The material encountered was principally rock.

Gathered Multitudes in Suspense.—The work was carried forward night and day with varying success for fourteen days. An immense concourse of people from the surrounding country and towns gathered at the mouth of the mine. Miners from all the mines within a radius of many miles hastened to offer their services. Merchants and farmers clad in miner's costume joined in the common labor. Women worked tireless providing food and refreshments for the excavators and in ministering hope, comfort and courage to the despairing relatives of the unfortunates. The suspense was terrible, alternating hope and despair, as the workmen progressed rapidly or met with obstructions, spread through the assembled multitude and subdued all demonstrations by the very intensity of their emotions. One, who as a boy was present, said to us: "It seemed like Sunday; everything was hushed and solemn, and when one person spoke to another it was in suppressed tones as when face to face with death. Religious services and prayers for the salvation of the bodies and souls of the imprisoned men were frequently held."

As day after day passed with no evidence that the men were still alive many gave up all hope, but there was no cessation of work and no scarcity of workers.

The Miners Rescued.—At 11 P. M. on Friday, May 9, after having been entombed for fourteen days and thirteen hours the men were reached and were soon breathing the air of freedom. They were placed under good medical care and soon recovered their accustomed health and strength. The point at which they were rescued was about 700 feet from the entrance of the mine, and it had been necessary to burrow through about 400 feet of earth and rock before they were reached.

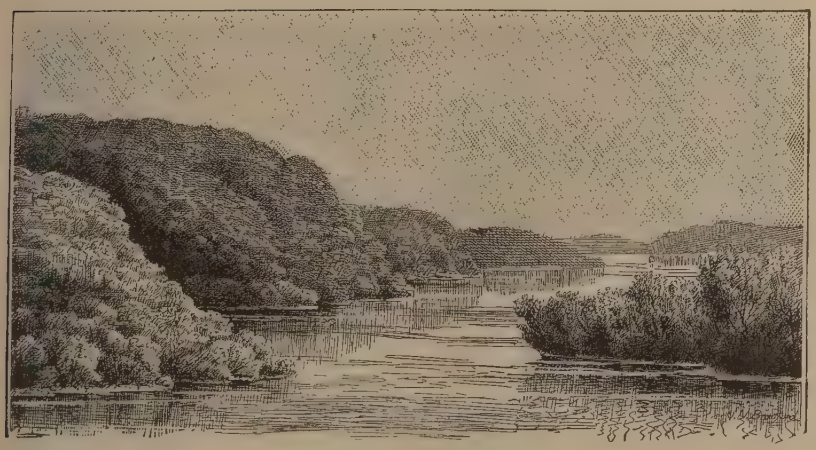
Within six hours after the men were rescued more than fifty feet of the mine fell in. If the operations had been delayed that length of time the workmen would have been inevitably killed and the imprisoned miners have perished by a lingering death in their terrible prison.

This account of this remarkable entombment and rescue has been extracted from a pamphlet written by Robert H. Gillmore at the time the incidents occurred; he also published the personal narratives of the imprisoned miners and the escape of Wm. Edgell, Sr., from which the following is abridged:

Escape of William Edgell, Sr.—I noticed nothing wrong about the bank that morning. At half-past ten o'clock went in with my car as quickly as I could and loaded up with coal. The miners were racing and I was not disposed to be behind. Returning with a load of coal, pushing my car before me, I encountered another resting on the track. A lad was standing beside it, whom we all regard as rather weak in the upper story. He was crying, and when I asked him what was the matter, replied that the bank was falling in. Pausing to listen I heard a roaring off to the left in the old diggings, which are situated in the northern part of the mine. I hesitated a moment what to do. I thought I would go back to where Pearson, Gatwood, Savage, my son William and others were at work and inform them of their danger. In the meantime I observed that the pillars of coal were *crawling* outwards at the bottom. Chunks of coal began to fly from one side of the entry against the other. They went with such force that I think they would have cut a man in two if they had hit him. All this occurred in less time than it takes me to tell it.

Others had got to where I was standing with their cars. I started back to warn the boys, but it was too late. The mine was falling so rapidly in that direction that it would

WHERE GARFIELD TAUGHT SCHOOL.



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

THE SCENE OF THE BLUE MINE DISASTER.

This was drawn by me from the deck of a steamer while it was ascending the Muskingum, and redrawn for engraving by J. N. Bradford, O. S. University. The mine was in the nearest hill on the left. The caving-in of the mine was in April, 1856.

have been madness to venture. The way was already impassable. I turned towards the mouth; it was falling in that direction too. I called to the boys, "Hurry out, hurry out." As I turned something struck my light and knocked it out; there were lights behind me but I stumbled on in perfect darkness. In the race I struck a pile of earth which had fallen in the entry and pitched clear over it.

When I rose I was on a fair ground again and went on rapidly, calling for the boys to follow. I came to a place where a light shone in from the mouth. I was safer now, but there was danger yet. At once a sudden faintness came over me. I grew blind and dizzy; my knees became weak and it seemed impossible to move one before another; they were as heavy as lead. But somehow I struggled and found myself upon the platform.

Experience of the Imprisoned Miners.—The four persons imprisoned were William Edgell, Jr., aged 20 years, single; James Pearson, aged 31 years, married, with two children; James Gatwood, aged 22 years, married; Edward Savage, aged 16 years.

At the time of the accident they had their cars loaded ready to come out, but were not aware of what was happening. Edgell gives their experience as follows:

Myself, Pearson and Savage started out at the same time. My car was in front, Pearson next and Savage behind. We had gone about two hundred feet, or a little more, when I observed that my car ran over some slate which had fallen in the entry and then in a moment it ran against another car which was standing on the track. I stopped, supposing that it belonged to some one who was digging in some of the side entries, and called out, "Whose in the h——l car is this standing on the track?" I listened for an answer, but in a minute or less I heard the bank breaking with a sound like that of distant thunder. I turned around and said to Pearson, "Jim, the bank is falling in." He replied, "It can't be, Bill." One of us, I forget which, said: "Let us hurry and get out." We ran around our cars and had advanced about twenty feet when I suddenly struck a pile of slate which had fallen down, blocking the entry entirely up. In doing so I knocked my light out. Finding I could not get ahead I called out to Pearson, whose light was still burning, and said to him, "Run back, Jim; there is a bluff place and we can't get out." We started back at once; the slate was falling in chunks from the roof between us and our cars; we hurried back beyond them and met Ned Savage. I said to him, "Ned, for God's sake, the bank has all fallen in." He replied, "No, it can't be, Bill." Pearson then suggested that we go back and get into the old diggings in the north part of the mine as that might not have fallen in. We were about starting when Ned Savage said, "Let's get all the oil we can find." We started back to hunt for oil when we met Gatwood coming with his car loaded. I said to him, "Jim, the bank has all fallen in." He replied in a frightened way, "Oh, no, I reckon not." Pearson told him to come with us; he thought we could get out through the old diggings at the air-hole. "If we can't," says he, "we're gone." We all started together as fast as we could go and got about two hundred feet to an old blind entry. We found the mine falling faster than it had been at the place where we left the cars.

Preparing for a Lingering Death.—The falling was still accompanied by a rumbling noise; the pillars of coal along the entry were bursting out at the sides and bottom and the whole mine was jarring and trembling. We found the passage we aimed for entirely stopped up; then we turned back into the main entry where our cars were, thinking we might possibly find a way out there, but we saw it falling worse than ever. We found we were completely shut in. We at once saw there was no escape. We gave up all hope. Pearson spoke first and said, "Boys, let us go back and make up our bed whereon to die."

Having fully realized that there was no avenue of escape they went back to one of the small rooms at the head of the entry (8 on diagram) and shoveled together a quantity of loose dirt for a bed on which to lie and wait for death. The room they had chosen for their tomb was a small compartment, like other parts of the mine, but four feet high and hardly large enough for the four to lie abreast. Having prepared their bed a search was made for what could be found to prolong life. Two dinners left by escaped miners were found. They consisted of four pieces of bread, two of which were buttered; four small pieces of fried bacon, two boiled eggs and two pickles split in two. Three jugs were found containing about five quarts of water and about a quart of oil for miners' lamps. Having carried these supplies to their room they felt that it was useless to prolong life when death seemed so certain and decided to eat all they wanted, so each partook freely of the provisions, but they were not hungry and but half of the food was consumed. They then laid down on their bed and tried to imagine every place where there might be a possibility of escape, but could think of none.

Suffering from Cold.—While the mine was falling the air became very cold, so much so that Edgell said, "it seemed like pouring cold water down our backs and that he never suffered so much the bitterest winter he ever knew." Do what they would they were always cold and the only way they could get any warmth was to lie down on the bed and take turns lying in the middle; sometimes they would lie on top of each other.

An Ante-mortem Bargain.—While lying on their bed Pearson said: "Boys, let us make a bargain that whoever of us dies first let the others lay him down on one side of the room, but on no account take him out of it, so that when we are all dead we'll lie here together." The agreement was made and each expressed the wish that he might be the first to die.

At what they supposed was supper-time

(they had no watch) they ate what food was left and drank freely from their water-jugs.

Horrors of Darkness.—For a time after their first imprisonment they kept a light burning and when they went to examine the entries, which they did at short intervals, would light two or three lamps. But after ten or twelve hours the lamps burned dimly and gradually went out, refusing to burn in the damp air of the mine. This was a terrible deprivation to them. The perfect darkness seemed the most terrible part of their situation.

No difficulty was experienced for want of air, as there was evidently some crevice through which the outside air had access to the mine and they imagined they could tell day from night by the difference in the temperature of the air which poured into their room in a cold stream,

Drinking Copperas Water.—After the water in the jugs had been exhausted they found water in a depression of the floor in a room about fifty feet distant. This water was strongly impregnated with copperas and at first very disagreeable to drink, but Pearson thought there was something in it which helped to sustain life. Shortly after they began using it the pangs of hunger became less severe and frequent and the knawings at the stomach less painful.

Illusions of Delirium.—For some time after they were first confined the paroxysms of hunger were frequent and terrible. It seemed as though they must have food or die. Then as the hours wore on these paroxysms became less and less common. Towards the last they seldom occurred. "After a time," says Pearson, "I became delirious; strange dreams were running through my head. Every good dinner I ever ate seemed in turn to be standing before me again. I did not merely *dream* that I saw them thus, but they were as plain before my eyes as you are now, sir. Tables loaded with noble baked hams and delicious pies were just within my reach, but my delirium never extended so far as to make me believe I was eating them. Notwithstanding they were so temptingly near me, I never enjoyed more than the sight of them, and then I would wake up from my delusion to the full horror of my situation. Whether we had any hope left I do not know; I can hardly tell. We would often talk over the chances of being rescued. They seemed very dark; and yet we frequently went toward the entries. It was the way out to the world, though we knew it was blocked up and impassable to us." Gatwood says: "I had the same strange delirium of which Pearson speaks. I also saw splendid dinners standing beside me. I seemed to recollect all the good meals I had ever eaten."

Topics of Conversation.—Their principal conversation was concerning things good to eat. First one and then another would mention something which would be particularly nice, but as this conversation seemed to aggravate their sufferings they found it would not do to permit it.

Savage seemed to keep in better spirits than the others. He was less in the habit of lamenting about his friends. His principal cause of trouble was concerning his want of sleep. He frequently became quite spunky because he was not allowed to sleep in the middle by his companions, and when his request was not granted he would threaten to tell his uncle "Duck" Menear and get them all a thrashing after he got out. Frequent contention arose as to who should occupy the middle of the bed. They did not sleep much nor long at a time. They were too cold to do so. Sometimes one of them would be able to sleep a little by getting in the middle and having another lie on top for a coverlet. They sometimes used the heads of each other for pillows, but the pillow generally grumbled considerably before it had been occupied very long.

The Rescuers Heard.—One day Savage and Edgell were in one of the mine entries when they heard the dull sound of a pick. The sound seemed to be communicated by the wooden rail or run which occupied the middle of the entry. "Then," says Edgell, "I commenced pounding upon the run with a piece of sulphur stone or 'nigger-head,' in the hope that I might be able to make myself heard. I also hallooed two or three times, but was not able to get any reply. I went back to the room and said, 'Boys, I hear them digging.' They would not believe me. After this I made my visits frequently, intending to go down every hour; but I suppose that the intervals were longer than this. Two days, I presume, must have elapsed before I was able to make them hear me. When this occurred Gatwood was with me. I had called out, as usual, and this time heard an answer. What it was I could not understand, but I knew it to be the voice of a man. We then went back to the room and told Pearson, but could not convince him that we were not mistaken. In about half an hour, as we thought, I went back again, taking Ned Savage with me. This time I heard them at work plainly, and when I called to them, some one replied, 'Is that you, Bill, for God's sake?' 'It is I,' I said, 'Who is it that speaks to me?' 'You don't know me,' the voice replied. I then asked him if all the miners had got out alive. He said they had, and told me to go back and keep out of danger; that they would have us out before long. I made inquiry as to what day it was, and was told that it was Thursday. I supposed from this that we had been in only to the Thursday following the accident, making six days, instead of thirteen, as I discovered after we were rescued. We were all of the same opinion, and were rather surprised to find that it had been that long."

When the entry was opened and cleared so that the miners could be taken out, they were placed in rocking chairs and carried to their homes. It was a few minutes after 1 o'clock when they were rescued, after having been entombed *fourteen days and thirteen hours.* Says Edgell:

"When we went in there was not a bud open upon the trees. The morning after we were rescued we looked from our windows and beheld the forest clothed in green. We never before knew what a beautiful earth it was."

President Garfield Taught School for three months, in 1851, near Duncan's Falls, in this county. "In the spring of 1851 James A. Garfield and his mother visited Mrs. Garfield's brother, Henry Ballou, in Harrison township. A teacher being needed in the district, Garfield taught a three-months' term in the school-house on Back Run. To show the young the building which a President of the United States occupied while teaching a district school in a rural neighborhood, a sketch was taken of the building as it appeared when occupied by the general in 1851.

"Some of the boys are yet living in the township who were Gen. Garfield's scholars at the Back Run school. An old-fashioned tin-plate stove was used for warming the room, which would take a long stick of wood. Garfield assisted the larger boys in cutting wood, and the boys claim he was one of the best hands with the axe they ever saw. The sketch, taken before the change in the building, is pronounced by his old scholars a correct one, as it appeared in 1851. It is one mile west of Marriem station, on the Z. & O. Railroad, and fourteen miles southwest of Zanesville, Ohio."

A Disastrous Hoax.—In January, 1820, in boring for salt in the neighborhood of Chandlersville, about ten miles south of Zanesville, some pieces of silver were dropped into the hole by some evil-disposed person, and being brought up among the borings, reduced to a fine state, quite a sensation was produced. The parts were submitted to chemical analysis, and decided by a competent chemist to be very rich. A company was immediately formed to work the mine, under the name of the "Muskingum Mining Company," which was incorporated by the Legislature. This company purchased of Mr. Samuel Chandler the privilege of sinking a shaft near his well, from which the silver had been extracted. As this shaft was sunk near the well, it did so much injury that Mr. Chandler afterwards recovered heavy damages of the company. The company expended about $10,000 in search of the expected treasure ere they abandoned their ill-fated project.—*Old Edition.*

The Legend of Duncan's Falls.

Duncan's Falls are nine miles below Zanesville. It is one of the most interesting places on the Muskingum. A writer (C. F.), under date of August 4, 1887, gave to the *Ohio State Journal* these interesting items:

Years before this fine valley was known to the white man a branch of the once great Shawnee nation built Old Town, an Indian village, on the site of Duncan's Falls. For years White Eyes, the chief, was on friendly terms with the white people, and rendered them assistance in his Indian way. At the head of the falls or rapids a dam was built in 1836 to improve the navigation of the river. A large flouring mill, four stories high, containing eight pairs of buhrs, was erected in 1838 at a cost of $75,000. A covered bridge, 798 feet long, connects the villages of Duncan's Falls and Taylorsville, crossing the river below the dam.

The legendary and historical interest of Duncan's Falls has more than interest imparted to it by the tragic fate of the adventurous trapper who gave his name to this place. The different accounts of this intrepid trapper are the same excepting in dates of his death. One places it in 1774 and another in 1794, the evidence being in favor of the first date. He came from Virginia to this place, and being on friendly terms with the Indians at the Old Town village, he was permitted to remain by their chief, White Eyes, to hunt and trap and carry on a little trade with them. This continued for perhaps four years, when he discovered his traps had been meddled with and some of his game stolen. This so enraged him that he resolved to watch and see, if possible, who the guilty party was, when he discovered an Indian taking game from his traps, whereupon he shot the thief. He continued to watch for some months, and made it a point to shoot

all Indians who meddled with his rights. He found it necessary to keep himself concealed from them.

They were not the friendly Indians of Old Town, but a hostile band who roved on the west side of the river. They were enraged and sought an opportunity to capture him. Duncan's place of abode was unknown to them, and when, sometimes, they saw him on one side of the river and again on the other side, they watched to see how he crossed, and could find neither skiff nor boat. This was a great mystery, and he baffled them for a long time. Finally they discovered he crossed the river on rocks with a stout long pole, and his manner of crossing was to skip from rock to rock with the aid of the pole, or lay it down from one rock to another, where the water was deep, and walk over; then move the pole and so get across. This he did generally in the night. On the fatal night two parties of the bravest Indian warriors, lying in ambush watching, saw him, equipped with his gun and pole, leap lightly from rock to rock, till he approached the main channel. Here he placed his pole, one end on each side of the channel, and had passed halfway over when a volley from the Indians struck him and he fell dead in the middle of the river. Next day his body was found one-half mile below on a gravelly ripple. This point was given the name of "Dead Man's Ripple," from the fact that the dead body of Duncan was found on it, and the falls at that place were called Duncan's Falls, because it was there that Duncan fell.

After the death of Duncan, his habitation was found up a small stream on the east side a short distance below "Dead Man's Ripple." The rock cave has ever since been known as Duncan's Cave. On the island, between the river and the canal, years ago, a gun was found. The gun was purchased by Mr. Brelsford, of Zanesville, a gunsmith, who shortened the barrel and put on a new stock, as the old one was worthless, and took from it a load of powder that had probably been put in by Duncan. The gun is at present owned by Col. Z. M. Chandler, of the Seventy-eighth regiment, O. V. V. I., of the Ninth ward, Zanesville, who highly prizes it for its great antiquity, and being the gun, as it is supposed, that was carried by the daring Duncan.

Much of this account of Duncan is gathered from the "Indian Wars," a small book published in Virginia the beginning of this century.

The course of the river above the falls for a few miles is east, and one-half mile from the head of the falls it runs south, the rapids being one and one-fourth miles. The dam put across the river to improve the navigation was built in 1835. The canal is one mile long, but the bend in the river makes the river channel on the falls longer than by the canal.

The first settler known came from South Carolina, and for a short time lived here in 1798. His name was Jacob Ayers. His son Moses settled on the fine farm now owned by John Miller. The other son, Nathaniel, lived until he died upon the farm now owned by Charles Patterson, five miles down the river. The Ayers bored the first salt well on the river in 1816. Capt. Monroe Ayers, for years one of the most successful steamboatmen, is a grandson of Jacob Ayers. He is now retired and lives in Zanesville.

In 1799 John Briggs came to Duncan's Falls from Lancaster county, Pa. Many of his grandchildren live in this county and two of them reside at Duncan's Falls, Mrs. Jacob Rutledge and Mrs. John Wilhelm. The village is beautifully situated on high ground in sight of the river, the railroad on the opposite side. The river, dam and rocky bluff at the head of the falls on the south side of the river, is one of the grandest views on the Muskingum river.

Taylorsville, a village opposite Duncan's Falls, is on a high bluff, and is one of the best locations for a town on this river. A bridge 898 feet long crosses the river, connecting Taylorsville and Duncan's Falls.

NEW CONCORD is sixteen miles east of Zanesville, on the B. & O. R. R. and old National road. It is the seat of Muskingum College, John D. Irons, D. D., president. Newspapers: *Enterprise*, Independent, Jas. H. Aiken, editor and publisher; *Muskingum Review*, Students of Muskingum College, editors and publishers. Churches: 1 Baptist, 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Reformed Presbyterian and 1 United Presbyterian.

Manufactures and Employees.—Robert Speer, flour and lumber, 3 hands; H. O. Wylie, flour and feed, 3; Given & Co., cigars, 8.—*State Report, 1888.* Population, 1880, 514. School census, 1888, 224; A. H. McCulloch, school superintendent. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, $15,000. Value of annual product, $16,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

In our edition of 1847 we gave the annexed paragraph in regard to the college here, including the picture: "Pleasantly located on an eminence north of the central part of the village is Muskingum College. In March, 1837, the Trustees of New Concord Academy —an institution which had been in operation several years—were vested with college powers

Drawn by Henry Howe, in 1846.
MUSKINGUM COLLEGE.

by the Legislature of Ohio, to be known by the name of Muskingum College. It is a strictly literary institution and the first class graduated in 1839. Although pecuniary embarrassments have impeded its progress, it has continued uninterruptedly its operations as a college. These difficulties having been recently removed, its prospects are brightening."—*Old Edition.*

The old building shown was destroyed by fire to be succeeded by a larger and better structure. In the now fifty-three years of the existence of this institution, its students have numbered several thousands and its graduates about three hundred young men and women. About one hundred of these have entered the Christian ministry and are now laboring in this country and in foreign lands, and her alumni are well represented in other professions.

Dresden in 1846.—Dresden is situated on the Muskingum side-cut of the Ohio canal, at the head of steamboat navigation on the Muskingum, fifteen miles above Zanesville. It is the market of a large and fertile country by which it is surrounded, and does a heavy business. It possesses superior manufacturing advantages, there being a fall of twenty-nine feet from the main canal to low water mark on the river. The adjacent hills abound with coal and iron ore. It contains 1 Presbyterian and 1 Methodist church, about 15 stores, a market-house and 1,000 or 1,200 inhabitants.—*Old Edition.*

DRESDEN is twelve miles north of Zanesville, on the Muskingum river and C. & M. V. R. R. Coal, limestone and iron-ore abound in the vicinity. City officers, 1888 : J. L. Adams, Mayor ; R. M. Hornung, Clerk ; F. H. F. Egbert, Treasurer ; Frank Comer, Marshal. Newspaper : *Doings*, Independent, W. M. Miller, editor and publisher. Churches : 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Episcopal, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Christian, 1 Lutheran and 1 German Methodist. Bank : L. J. Lemert & Sons. Population, 1880, 1,204. School census, 1888, 376 ; Corwin F. Palmer, school superintendent.

Dresden is in Cass township ; it is an interesting historic point from the fact that Major Jonathan Cass, of the Revolutionary army, the father of Gov. Lewis Cass, located hereabouts forty military land warrants, including 4,000 acres, and in 1801 brought his family here. Another of his sons, Charles L., served with such distinction in the war of 1812, particularly at the battle of Lake Erie, that the citizens of Zanesville presented him with a sword. A magnificent monument erected by the Cass family stands in the Dresden cemetery.

ROSEVILLE is in Clay township, ten miles south of Zanesville, on the C. & M. V. R. R. Newspaper : *Independent*, Independent, G. H. Stull, editor and publisher. Churches : 1 Christian, 1 Lutheran, 1 Methodist, 1 Protestant Methodist, and 1 Presbyterian.

Manufactures and Employees.—Henry Combs, flour and lumber, 2 hands ; Brough Brown, flour and feed, 4 ; J. B. Owens, flower-pots, etc., 23 ; W. B. Lowery, stew-pots, etc., 6 ; W. B. Brown, flour, etc., 3 ; G. W. Walker, fruit jars, etc., 4 ; H. Sowers, jugs, jars, etc., 3 ; Jas. L. Weaver, stoneware, 3 ; John Burton, jugs, jars, etc., 2 ; Kildow, Dugan & Co., stew-pans, 10 ; W. A. Hurl, wagons, buggies, etc., 4 ; Dollison & Parrott, wagons, buggies, etc, 5.—*State Report, 1888.*

Population, 1880, 531. School census, 1888, 208. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, $80,000. Value of annual product, $86,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

TAYLORSVILLE, laid out in 1832, by James Taylor (P. O., Philo), is ten miles

southeast of Zanesville, on the Muskingum river at Duncan's Falls, and Z. & O. R. R. It has 1 Methodist, 1 Catholic, 1 Lutheran and 1 United Presbyterian church. Population, 1880, 501. School census, 1888, 202.

FRAZEYSBURG is thirteen miles northwest of Zanesville, on the P. C. & St. L. R. R. It has churches—1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Presbyterian and 1 Disciples. Population, 1880, 484. School census, 1888, 190.

UNIONTOWN, P. O., Fultonham, is ten miles southwest of Zanesville, on the C. &. E. R. R. 1 Presbyterian, 1 Methodist and 1 Lutheran church. Population, 1880, 223. School census, 1888, 104.

ADAMSVILLE is thirteen miles northeast of Zanesville. Population, 1880, 280. School census, 1888, 142.

NOBLE.

NOBLE COUNTY was organized March 11, 1851, the last of the eighty-eight counties formed within the State, and named in honor of James Noble, one of the first settlers living near Sarahsville. His name had previously been given to Noble township, of Morgan county, and when this county was formed it was used for the entire county. The townships of Beaver, Wayne, Seneca and Buffalo came from Guernsey county; Marion, Stock, three-fifths of Centre, Enoch, Elk, and the greater part of Jefferson came from Monroe; Olive, Jackson, Sharon, Noble, Brookfield and two-fifths of Centre came from Morgan; and a small portion of Jefferson from Washington county.

Area about 400 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 63,935; woodland, 40,991; in pasture, 127,715; lying waste, 2,887; produced in wheat, 143,135 bushels; rye, 655; oats, 116,279; corn, 533,459; meadow hay, 28,721 tons; potatoes, 33,262 bushels; tobacco, 577,319 lbs.; butter, 538,790; sorghum, 11,862 gallons; honey, 14,743 lbs.; eggs, 511,330 dozen; apples, 1,474 bushels; peaches, 1,643; pears, 627; wool, 443,828 lbs.; milch cows owned, 5,276. Ohio mining statistics, 1888: Coal, 6,207 tons; employing 13 persons. School census, 1888, 7,238; teachers, 146. Miles of railroad track, 53.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Beaver,		1,829	Marion,		1,582
Brookfield,		1,000	Noble,		1,420
Buffalo,		804	Olive,		2,332
Centre,		1,850	Seneca,		1,004
Elk,		1,539	Sharon,		1,221
Enoch,		1,480	Stock,		1,543
Jackson,		1,267	Wayne,		761
Jefferson,		1,506			

Population of Noble in 1860 was 20,751; 1880, 21,138, of whom were born in Ohio, 19,101; Pennsylvania, 577; New York, 50; Virginia, 312; Kentucky, 6; Indiana, 27; German Empire, 305; Ireland, 117; England and Wales, 77; Scotland, 19; France, 10; and British America, 6. Census, 1890, 20,753.

This county, in its form, is exceedingly crooked. It has in its boundary line thirty corners, which we believe makes it the most zig-zag county in the State. It is divided into two main slopes by a dividing ridge across it nearly east and west through the townships of Marion, Centre, Noble, Buffalo and a corner of Brookfield. The streams north of this ridge are Will's creek and its tributaries, which flow into the Muskingum at Coshocton, Tuscarawas county; and those south, Duck creek and its tributaries, which flow into the Ohio four miles above Marietta.

The county is generally hilly and undulating, containing many natural mounds. The hills are not so rugged but what they can generally be cultivated to their summits, a feature not common to hilly countries. Hence there is but little waste land in the county. An abundance of limestone is found in the uneven sections, even to the tops of the largest hills. This being continually exposed to the air crumbles and mixes with the soil, rendering it akin in fertility with the lower levels. The variety of soil gives a wide scope to agriculture. The farms being generally small induce many of the farmers to direct their attention to the growing of grain and tobacco; consequently, the lands are under a higher state of cultivation than in other counties where the farms are larger.

The principal products are hay, corn, wheat, oats, rye, tobacco, sorghum, apples, pears, beef, cattle, sheep and swine. In 1873 it was the second county in the production of tobacco in Ohio. But finding its cultivation exhausted the soil, farmers turned their attention more to cattle-raising. It is one of the best apple-producing counties in Ohio. The mineral resources are abundant. Coal abounds and nearly all the hills contain iron-ore, building-stone, petroleum, salt, etc.

Enoch, Elk, and parts of Jefferson and Stock are exclusively of foreign German birth and of Catholic faith. In Enoch is a massively-built cathedral, costing $40,000. Marion township was originally settled by Scotch-Irish, a thrifty, substantial people. The balance of the county was settled by people from Pennsylvania and Virginia and a few New Englanders. These last were the very first settlers of the county. They were New Englanders from the Marietta settlement, who followed up the valley of Duck creek, a stream which empties into the Ohio, four miles above Marietta.

The early settlers were greatly troubled with wolves who committed depredations upon the stock. An old settler, who died in 1879, at the age of 93, caught in a trap a wolf that had been preying upon his sheep. He told a friend that he was so exasperated that he flayed him alive out of revenge.

In the novel "Prairie Rose," by Emerson Bennett, is a story of Lewis Wetzel recapturing a white girl named Rose from the Indians. (See Belmont county, Vol. I, page 308.) The scene of the rescue was a point on Wills creek, about five miles east of Summerfield.

A Monster Tree.—Near Sarahsville stood, as late as 1880, one of the mammoth white oak trees for which this section of Ohio was famous. In 1875 it was measured by then Gen. R. B. Hayes and Hon. John H. Bingham, while on a political tour. Above the articulation of the roots it girth was thirty-four feet six inches. Its trunk tapered but little and ran up to the height of seventy-eight feet without a single bend. At that height it branched out into one of the most majestic tops ever found on a tree of its kind.

General Garfield in 1879, on a visit to the county, having heard from the gentlemen above of this remarkable tree and being somewhat sceptical, went and measured the tree and found their statement correct. This monarch of the forest was uprooted by a storm in 1880 and converted into fence-rails, and its top branches into a bon-fire, burned to commemorate the election of Garfield to the Presidency.

Huge Skeletons.—In Seneca township was opened, in 1872, one of the numerous Indian mounds that abound in the neighborhood. This particular one was locally

known as the "Bates" mound. Upon being dug into it was found to contain a few broken pieces of earthenware, a lot of flint-heads and one or two stone implements and the remains of three skeletons, whose size would indicate they measured in life at least eight feet in height. The remarkable feature of these remains was they had double teeth in front as well as in back of mouth and in both upper and lower jaws. Upon exposure to the atmosphere the skeletons soon crumbled back to mother earth.

CALDWELL, county-seat of Noble, about eighty miles east of Columbus, thirty south from Zanesville and thirty north of Marietta, is on the C. & M. Division of the W. & L. E. and on the B. Z. & C. Railroads.

County officers, 1888: Auditor, A. C. Okey; Clerk, Isaac W. Danford; Commissioners, Julius R. Grover, J. R. Gorby, Nathan B. Barnes; Coroner, Corwin E. Bugher; Infirmary Directors, Peter Vorhies, Richard Iams, George Weekley; Probate Judge, C. Foster; Prosecuting Attorney, C. A. Leland; Recorder, Henry M. Roach; Sheriff, Henry J. Cleveland; Surveyor, C. S. McWilliams; Treasurer, James F. Rannells. City officers, 1888: C. Foster, Mayor; C. M. Watson, Clerk; T. W. Morris, Treasurer; David Dyer, Street Commissioner; F. C. Thompson, Marshal. Newspapers: *Journal*, Republican, Frank M. Martin, editor and publisher; *Noble County Democrat*, Democratic, C. W. Evans, editor and publisher; *Noble County Republican*, Republican, W. H. Cooley, editor and publisher; *Press*, Democratic, L. W. Finley & Son, editors and publishers. Churches: 1 Presbyterian, 1 Baptist, 1 Methodist. Bank: Noble County National, W. H. Frazier, president, Will A. Frazier, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—Stephen Mills & Co., doors, sash, etc., 12 hands; Caldwell Woollen Mills, blankets, etc., 25; T. H. Morris, flooring, etc., 3; P. H. Berry, flour, etc., 4; L. H. Berry & Co., hosiery, 22; *Noble County Republican*, printing, 5; *Caldwell Democrat*, printing, 4; *The Press*, printing, 6; Henry Schafer, tailoring, 6.—*State Reports. 1888.*

Population, 1880, 602. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, $32,000. Value of annual product, $40,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.* Census, 1890, 1,248.

TRAVELLING NOTES.

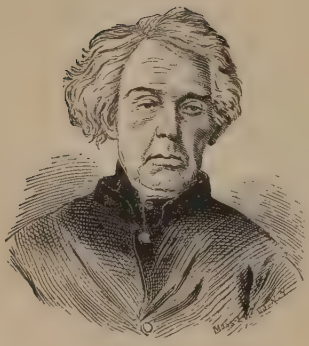
Caldwell was laid out in 1857, on lands belonging to Joseph and Samuel Caldwell on the west fork of Duck creek. A noble granite monument stands to the memory of the latter in the cemetery on a hill east of the town, from which we learn he died in 1869, at the age of sixty-nine years.

The first oil well in Ohio was drilled in 1814, near the town, by Mr. Thorley, father of Benjamin Thorley, drilling for salt brine; but, striking oil, it was covered up, oil not being what was wanted. About two years later, in 1816, a second well was drilled not far from the same spot, also for brine, when they struck oil mingled with the brine. This well was still running oil with the brine when we visited it. Mr. Joseph Caldwell, born in 1798, stated to us there that he helped to drill this well in company with his father, brother, John and Hughey Jackson. The drilling was done by a spring pole. They went one hundred and eighty feet when they struck oil, which they did not want. In five hundred feet they came to the brine, but it was weak.

The oil went by the name of Seneca oil. Pedlars were accustomed to gather the oil by soaking blankets in the spring, wringing out the oil and then travelling the country on horseback and selling it to farmers' wives for rheumatism, sprains and bruises, for which in its crude state particularly it is especially efficacious.

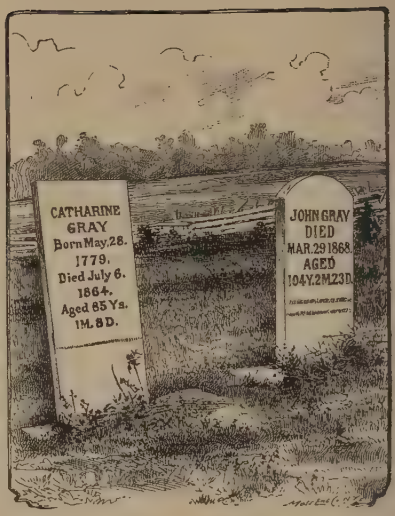
Caldwell is a pleasing little spot. In the centre is the public square of about two acres, on which are the county buildings; neat, inexpensive brick structures. The ground is thickly covered with shade trees and the whole enclosed by a neat iron fence. In summer evenings the population largely come out to hear there the village band.

I am told the population is almost entirely American, not a dozen families of foreign



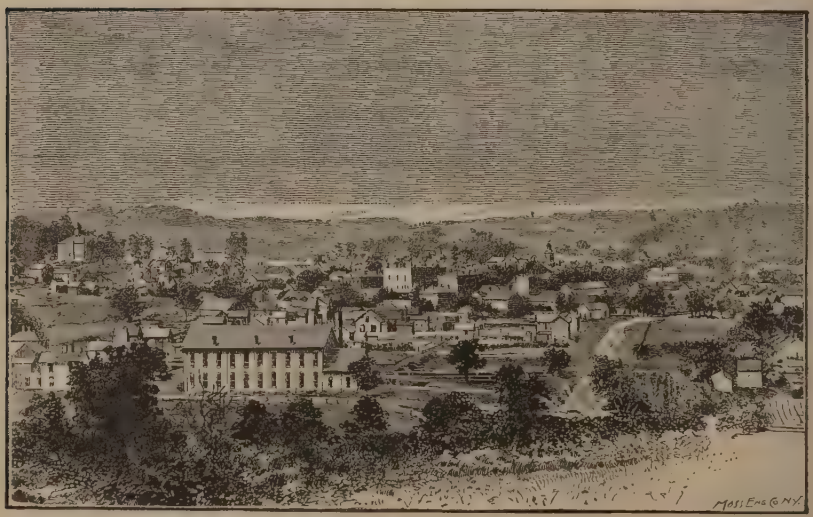
JOHN GRAY.

The last surviving soldier of the Revolutionary War.



C. S. Curry, Photographer.

THE GRAVE OF JOHN GRAY.



C. S. Curry, Photo., Caldwell, 1886.

CALDWELL.

birth in the village. The morals of the county are exceptionally good. There is very little crime, not a case of murder has occurred, and but two of manslaughter in its history, and the jailer's office is largely a sinecure; three-quarters of the time the jail is without a tenant. When used it is usually for such offences as violation of the liquor law or other trifling breaches of the peace. There are but few large farms in the county; probably not an individual worth $100,000 within its bounds and no very poor people. So the entire community is one that helps to give back-bone to the nation; one on which the heart rests with a sense of solid satisfaction.

Caldwell is the only spot in the Union that possesses a Union soldier who never was an officer who has a national reputation, for it is the home of one who has a higher name than that of a score of ordinary brigadiers, and that is *Private* Dalzell. There is a small swinging sign hanging from a small building on the public square, which is here shown:

JAMES M. DALZELL,
Attorney-at-Law.

Mr. Dalzell practises law and cultivates a family. A troop of little girls with one little boy are often at his heels on the street. Patriotism begins at home and the hearth-stone is its cradle. On my arrival at Caldwell that sentiment I found at fever heat. It was just on the eve of Decoration Day and the streets were full of children assembling to prepare for its celebration, and among them was those of the Private. Mr. Dalzell is of Scotch-Irish parentage, tall and wiry in person, with profuse yellowish locks, which once in the war time, when in Washington, caused him to retreat from a band of music, who were after him for a blast, mistaking him for General Custer.

CALDWELL is in the early noted Macksburg oil and gas field. For the following valuable historical article upon it we are indebted to Capt. I. C. Phillips, of Caldwell:

First Discovery of Petroleum.—Petroleum was first found in Ohio, and perhaps the world, in what is now Noble county, within one mile of Caldwell, the county-seat. In 1816 Robert McKee, one of the early pioneers and a man of great energy, began drilling a well for salt water, and struck a crevice containing oil, which gave him great trouble in the manufacture of salt, and which finally led to the abandonment of the well and the drilling of other wells to obtain a supply of salt water free from the oil. This well still continues to yield oil in small quantities.

When Col. E. L. Drake found oil in Pennsylvania, David McKee, a son of the man who first struck oil, happened to be in Pittsburg, and in conversation with some business men there who were interested in some ventures on Oil Creek, Pa., remarked, when shown a sample of the oil, that "There was plenty of that stuff on Duck creek where he lived," and promised to send his friends some of the oil, which he did, and a company was formed to develop the new region.

First Well Drilled for Oil.—To James Dutton, however, belongs the distinction of being the first man to strike oil in the new field, who was actually looking for it. He drilled a well about one and a half miles southeast of Macksburg, using a spring pole and kicking it down. At a depth of sixty-seven feet he struck what was undoubtedly a crevice containing the oil and water combined, but entirely without gas. From this well he pumped 100 barrels per day when at its best. Oil was worth from eight to ten dollars per barrel at that time. A season of intense excitement existed throughout the valley.

Oil Flowing into the Creek.—The valley of the West Fork of Duck creek bristled with derricks from below Macksburg to where the town of Caldwell stands. The drilling was done generally with the spring pole, and with varied success. Oil was generally obtained within 300 feet of the surface, and if not reached at that depth was abandoned. A noted well was struck near the Slocum village at a depth of eighty-nine feet, which flowed such large quantities of oil as to fill everything at hand, and flowed out over the bottoms and into the creek. Thousands of barrels of oil are said to have been wasted.

Oil Abandoned for War.—Meantime oil had been steadily declining in price, and as the only way to get it to market was to haul it by wagons over the wretched roads, often axle-deep in mud, to the Muskingum river, the net proceeds became very small to the producer. The consequent rapid exhaustion of the shallow wells reduced the production materially, and it was brought summarily to an end by the outbreak of the Rebellion. Dril-

lers abandoned their derricks to rot down and enlisted in the army. At this time steam-engines for drilling wells and rope tools had been introduced, but were in a primitive state compared with those of the present time.

Speculations in Oil.—When the Rebellion collapsed the oil business was resumed, not for the purpose of production, but for speculation, stimulated by the condition of the currency. The country was invaded by the men of New England, New York and Pennsylvania, who obtained control of old exhausted wells and undeveloped territory, either by purchase or lease, and proceeded to incorporate companies with capital stock ranging from $100,000 to $1,000,000, and placed the stock with Eastern people with more money than brains. Stock was readily disposed of and offers of fabulous sums were made for lands on which to base new oil companies; offers were made and refused of $1,000 per acre for valley lands.

Fortunes Made in a Day.—Those owning farms along the creek had within their grasp fortunes such as had never entered their minds in their wildest dreams; but the prices offered were generally refused, with, perhaps, a dozen exceptions. The advance was so rapid from $40 to $1,000 per acre, that land owners were afraid to let go for fear some one would make a profit beyond the price obtained by them, and they lost an opportunity to become rich which will never return again.

As an illustration:

"Two sisters who owned less than eighty acres of land, gave an option to buy at $30,000, for a limited time; when the parties holding the option were ready to pay the money, they refused to carry out their contract and barricaded themselves in the house, and stood a siege of several days' duration in order that the option might expire. They were finally induced to execute the deeds before the bubble burst and got their money."

The land was not worth $25 per acre for agricultural purposes, and there never has been a barrel of oil obtained from the land since.

George Rice and the Deckers.—After the bubble collapsed nothing was done in developing the oil interests of the Duck creek valley, except in the vicinity of Macksburg, in Washington county, a portion of which village is in Noble. The operations there were conducted principally by George Rice, and the Deckers, father and son, and they only drilled for the shallow oil in what is termed there the 500-foot sand, which in that locality was quite productive. In the year 1869 or 1870 Mr. Rice concluded that perhaps similar geological conditions existed in that field that did in Pennsylvania, and determined to test the matter with the drill, and was successful in finding a light well in the third sand, at the depth of 1,450 feet. The result Mr. Rice kept as a profound secret. In the winter of 1882–83 the "wild-catters" from the oil fields of Pennsylvania put in an appearance and began operations on Long Run, about three miles southeast of Macksburg, in Jefferson township, Noble county.

The "Greenies?"—They were successful in finding oil in the third sand, but plugged the well, removed the derrick, and reported, when questioned by the anxious farmers in the vicinity, that it was a failure, allowed their leases to expire, and to complete the hoax, hired a farmer under a pledge of secrecy to haul some oil over the hill from Macksburg, and pour it on the ground around the well, telling him that other oil men from Pennsylvania would come, and being deceived by the appearance of the oil at the well would buy his and his neighbors' lands at a good price for the purpose of drilling for oil. They then departed, and in a short time the supposed "greenies," strangers ignorant of the facts as the farmers supposed, arrived and were enabled to lease lands for a small royalty and a light bonus, and made purchases outright of lands at about what they were worth for agricultural purposes. After most of the land over a wide extent of country had been secured, drilling began in earnest, and there was a general rush to the new field from all quarters, and the field was rapidly developed and its limits defined.

"*Pay Sand.*"—Inside these limits there was scarcely a chance of failure to find oil in the third sand in paying quantities. Pumping stations were established to force water to the tops of the highest hills for the use of the drillers, and soon the ground was a network of pipes conveying water and oil to their different destinations. The wells range in depth from 1,425 in the valleys to 1,900 feet on the hilltops. The field has an area of about 4,000 acres, and is oval in shape, with its longest axis extending from the northwest to the southeast. The sand varies in thickness from three to twenty feet, and besides containing oil has enough gas in the same rock to force the oil to the surface with great energy, through a tube usually two inches in diameter, enclosed in a gum packer, located fifty or sixty feet above the oil-producing sand, which prevents the water from descending to the sand, and causes the oil and gas to flow through the tube and discharge into the receiving tank located near the well.

Storage Tanks—Then it is drawn off into the Standard Oil Company's tanks, erected for storage purposes. These tanks are erected in the valley above Elba, Washington county, and are connected with all the wells in the field except those belonging to George Rice. The receiving tanks number thirty-five or forty, and have a capacity of 600,000 barrels, and are connected with the refineries located at Parkersburg, W. Va., by a 3-inch pipe line. The Macksburg field at its best produced about 3,500 barrels of oil daily. The production has fallen to about 1,800 daily, at the present writing, November 1, 1886. This production is from about 500 wells.

George Rice, an independent producer and

refiner, erected receiving tanks at Macksburg and laid a 2-inch pipe line over the hills to Lowell, on the Muskingum river, through which he forces oil into boats at that place, and floats it to his refinery, located at Marietta. The Macksburg field could never boast of such wonderful "gushers" as were found in the Thorn creek and the Washington fields of Pennsylvania. The best well in the Macksburg field probably did not produce more than 300 barrels the first twenty-four hours after it was shot and tubed; the sand is more compact than any of the fields in Pennsylvania, and consequently yields its precious contents more slowly, and the well is not so soon exhausted.

Gas Wells.—Northeast of Macksburg, near the edge of the field, several large gas wells have been struck in the search for oil, which would have caused great excitement in any other locality, but which here were only referred to as a failure to find oil. One of these wells visited by the writer three months after the gas was tapped, threw a column of salt water ninety feet high, at intervals of five minutes; between these intervals the column stood about fifty feet high as steadily as a fountain in full play. In time the great salt rock here, 180 feet thick, became nearly exhausted of its water, and the intervals became longer, but the gas has not decreased perceptibly, although more than two years has elapsed since the well was drilled.

In the winter of 1885–86 a small pool was struck two and a half miles northwest of Macksburg, in Aurelius township, Washington county, in the 300-foot sand, which, in defiance of old experience, was free from water and had gas enough to force it to the surface. The well started with a yield of fifty barrels per day. The pool was soon drilled out and did not contain more than 100 acres, but was very profitable, owing to the low cost of the wells.

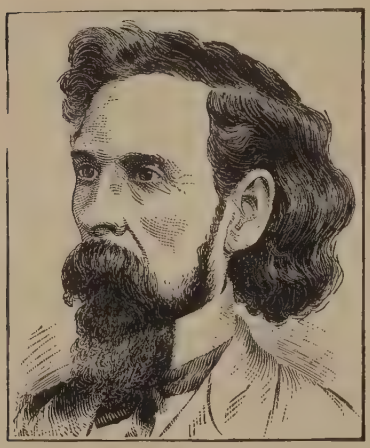
The "Wild-Catter."—There have been a number of "wild-cat" wells drilled in various parts of the county, at a considerable distance from the Macksburg field, without finding oil; but if oil should advance to a good price the "wild-catter," ever hopeful and sanguine of success, would renew with his old energy the search for oil, obtaining which, his dreams of the wealth and renown he seeks would be speedily realized. There is no doubt other fields and pools exist in southeastern Ohio, besides those already discovered. Nature is not likely to limit her gifts to two such small affairs as the Macksburg and Wickens pools. It remains to be demonstrated whether nature has been niggardly in her gifts to this section, and the "wild-catter" carries the key in the drill for its ultimate solution, and with him we leave it, confident that he will not fail in the future, as he has not in the past.

JAMES M. DALZELL was born in Allegheny City, Pa., September 3, 1838. When he was nine years of age his father removed to Ohio. Under great difficulties he succeeded in obtaining an education, and was a junior at Washington College, Pa., at the outbreak of the war.

He served two years as a private in the One Hundred and Sixteenth O. V. I. After the close of the war he studied law, fillled a clerkship at Washington, and in 1868 settled permanently in Caldwell. During his life Mr. Dalzell has been a prolific and able writer for the press; his championship of the cause of the private soldier of the Rebellion has been spirited, fearless and influential. Over the signature of Private Dalzell his writings have appeared in almost every newspaper in the land. In 1875, and again in 1877, he was elected to the Ohio Legislature, but withdrew from political life in 1882. He is a very able stump speaker, an ardent Republican, and associate and friend of such men as Sumner Garfield, Hayes, Sherman, and their contemporaries.

Mr. Dalzell was the originator and author of the popular Soldiers' Union, now held annually in all parts of the country. Mr. Dalzell takes great pride in his work in behalf of John Gray, the last soldier of the Revolution. In 1888 Robert Clarke & Co., of Cincinnati, published a volume entitled "Private Dalzell." It contains "My Autobiography," "My War Sketches," etc., and "John Gray." It is an interesting and valuable publication. We quote a restrospect of his political life. "In an evil hour, in the summer of 1885, I foolishly accepted a nomination to the Legislature, was elected, and there ended my prosperity. After the election, in October, my name was in all the papers, congratulations poured in on me from every quarter, and I was invited to take the stump in Pennsylvania, which I did, at a great waste of time and money. I thought nothing of it then. It was only when, years after, I looked into an empty flour barrel and hungry children's faces and felt in my empty pockets, that I fully apprehended my folly. Four years I now spent in the maelstrom of politics, whirled and tossed about at the caprice of fortune, without any power to control it. I look back on it with pain. . . . It is a grand game, and none but grand men need try to play it. Let men of moderate

abiltities, like myself, keep out of it if they



PRIVATE DALZELL.

would escape the chagrin and mortification of failure, accentuated with the pangs of poverty."

WILLIAM H. ENOCHS was born near Middleburg, March 29, 1842, and is the only native of Noble county who attained the rank of General in the late war. He enlisted as a private in April, 1861; saw much hard service and distinguished himself for bravery and gallantry. At twenty-two he commanded a brigade, and at twenty-three he was commissioned Brigadier-General. Ex-President Hayes says of him: "His courage, promptness and energy was extraordinary. His diligence was great and his ability and skill in managing and taking care of his regiment were rarely equalled." Gen. Enochs is now a prominent lawyer of Ironton, Ohio.

FREEMAN C. THOMPSON was born in Washington county, Pa., February 25, 1846. His family removed to Noble county, Ohio, in 1854. At sixteen years of age he enlisted in the 116th Ohio Volunteer Infantry, and in the assault on Fort Gregg, April 2, 1865, he performed the gallant action for which he received a medal of honor by vote of Congress. The County History says:

"In this engagement (which General Grant in his Memoirs says 'was the most desperate that was seen in the East'), through a perfect tornado of grape and canister, he and his comrade reached the last ditch. How to scale the parapet was a question requiring only a moment for solution. Using each other as ladders they commenced the ascent. Almost at the top one was shot and fell back into the ditch. Thompson was struck twice with a musket and fell into the ditch with several ribs broken, but in short time was again on the top of the parapet fighting with muskets loaded and handed him by his comrades below. Soon the advantage was taken possession of, the whole army swept in and the fort was ours." In 1865 Mr. Thompson was elected sheriff of Noble county and re-elected at the expiration of his term.

JAMES MADISON TUTTLE was born near Summerfield, Noble county, September 24, 1823. His father removed to Indiana when James was ten years old. James enlisted in the Union army at the outbreak of the war and at the battle of Fort Donelson he gallantly led his regiment into the enemy's works, it being the first to enter. The tender of this post of honor was first made to several other regiments and declined and Gen. Smith then said to him: "Colonel, will you take those works?" "Support me promptly," was the response, "and in twenty minutes I will go in." The Second Iowa "went in" with Col. Tuttle at its head and planted the first Union flag inside Donelson. Col. Tuttle was slightly wounded in this assault, but was able to stay with his command. In June, 1862, he was commissioned Brigadier-General for gallant service in the field.

After the war Gen. Tuttle settled in Des Moines, Iowa, and has been engaged in mining and manufacturing interests. He has been commander of the G. A. R. for the department of Iowa and twice a member of the Iowa Legislature.

JOHN GRAY, THE LAST SOLDIER OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

John Gray, the last surviving soldier of the American Revolution, was born at Mount Vernon, Virginia, January 6, 1764, and died at Hiramsburg, Ohio, March 29, 1868, aged 104 years.

His father fell at White Plains, and he, then only about sixteen years of age, promptly volunteered, took up the musket that had fallen from his father's hands and carried it until the war was over. He was in a skirmish at Williamsburg and was one of the one hundred and fifty men on that dangerous but successful expedition of Mayor Ramsey. He was also at Yorktown at the final surrender, which event occurred in his eighteenth year. He was mustered out at Richmond, Virginia, at the close of the war and returned to field labor near Mount Vernon, his first day's work after his muster out being performed for General Washington at Mount Vernon.

Mr. Gray married twice in Virginia and once in Ohio. He survived his three wives and all his children, except one daughter, who has since died over eighty years of age, and with whom he resided in Noble county, Ohio, at the time of his death.

In 1795 Mr. Gray left Mount Vernon and crossing the mountains settled at Grave creek. Here he remained until Ohio was admitted to the Union, when he removed to what is now Noble county. Mr. Gray was not illiterate; he learned to read and write before entering the Revolutionary army. In disposition he was quiet, kindly and generous; a good Christian, having joined the Methodist church at twenty-five years of age, and was for seventy-eight years a regular attendant.

His means of support was earned by farm labor. When in his old age, poor and infirm, Congress granted him a pension of $500 per annum. The bill providing this was introduced in the House in 1866, by Hon. John A. Bingham. This tardy act of justice to the old hero was the result of efforts in his behalf by Hon. J. M. Dalzell, whose kindly interest and generous efforts to make comfortable and peaceful the last years of Mr. Gray are highly honorable to him.

Mr. Dalzell has published a full and complete account of John Gray's career and it is to this work that we are chiefly indebted for the sketch here given.

On the occasion of Mr. Dalzell's last interview with John Gray, he asked if he were not growing fatter than when he last saw him. "Oh, no," laughingly replied Mr. Gray, "we old men don't fatten much on hog and hominy and the poor tobacco we get now-a-days."

Mr. Gray had used tobacco about a hundred years and knew something of its virtues as a solace, for later in the interview, speaking of deprivations in the past, he said: "I sometimes have had nothing else but a dog," and musing a moment he added, "a plug of tobacco, of course; for without a dog or tobacco I should feel lost."

This simple, inoffensive, kind-hearted old hero died of old age, in his one-story, hewed-log house, near Hiramsburg, where he had resided the last forty years or more of his life. His funeral services were held in a grove near his home, with an audience of more than a thousand people present and presided over by several clergymen, the principal speaker being Capt. Hoagland, of the 9th Ohio Volunteer Cavalry, a minister of the Protestant Methodist church.

He lies buried some two hundred and fifty yards north of the house in which he lived and died, in a family graveyard containing about thirty of his relatives and family connections. Near his remains lie those of two of his relatives, Samuel Halley and Gillespie David; the first fought under General Harrison at Fort Meigs during the war of 1812, the other died in the war of the Rebellion. Thus the heroes of three wars and of the same family lie side by side.

John Gray's grave is marked by a plain stone some three feet high, on which is inscribed:

JOHN GRAY,

DIED

March 29, 1868,

AGED

104 years, 2 months, 23 days.

The last of Washington's companions.

The hoary head is a crown of glory.

Soldiers' Reunion.

In 1873 J. M. Dalzell determined to call a soldiers' reunion, to be held at Caldwell, Ohio, September 16 and 17, 1874. The papers of the whole North threw open their columns to his ready pen and he spent the most of that year in writing up his beloved project. An interesting account of it is given in Mr. Dalzell's Autobiography, from which we extract the following:

"The first year I held my reunion in the woods near the little village where I live. Over twenty States were represented, and while the crowd was largely made up of privates, General Sherman and some of the leading men of the nation were present and spoke. It was an immense success. The number present was estimated at 25,000. The Associated Press spread its proceedings before the whole world every morning. It at once became National and known and read of all men."

In 1875 and again in 1876 similar reunions were held at Caldwell. In 1879 it was located at Cambridge. . . "I have been at scores of reunions since these, which sprang out of this rural beginning, and no one rejoices more than I at the growth of the idea which

I had the honor to originate and plant in American soil; even if it did cost me years of hard labor and all my little fortune. And it would be ungenerous of me to forget that Congress passed bills to help me carry out my programme; and the War Department, under General Grant, freely gave me guns, ammunition and other materials, without which I should have failed. The Legislature of Ohio did the same thing. The two men who were so soon to be President—Hayes and Garfield—honored it with their presence and were my guests. Not a man of any note, in war or peace, then living, but what sent me a generous God-speed. My object was attained. The rank and file, the poor, nameless private soldiers had commanded public attention and asserted their individuality. The nation had applauded the effort to compel the public to respect the rights of the rank and file and at the same time recognize the fact that sectional hatred no longer existed between the men who did the fighting North and South. My idea had won its way to popular favor and there I dropped it."

BATESVILLE, once called Williamsburg, is about sixteen miles northeast of Caldwell and five south of Spencer station of Guernsey county. It has 1 bank—First National, W. H. Atkinson, president, W. W. Elliott, cashier; 1 Catholic, 1 Lutheran and 1 Methodist church, and in 1880, 369 inhabitants. The Catholics are strong in this region. As early as 1825 they erected a log church, which in 1853 was succeeded by a brick edifice at a cost of $8,000. In 1828 the Methodists erected their first edifice, and of logs also.

Anecdote—Batesville, it is said, was named from an old Methodist preacher, Rev. Timothy Bates, who was noted throughout the county for his terse discourses and lack of physical beauty. It is related as an illustration of his homeliness that Ebenezer Zanes, founder of Zanesville, made salt kettles. He jocosely set one aside to be given to the ugliest looking man who would come to the town and claim it. One Bartlett, hearing this story, drove to Zanesville to secure this kettle, and having loaded it upon his wagon started home with it when he met Bates on the way. He was so startled by his ugliness that he told Bates about the kettle, and added, "I thought the kettle belonged to me, but now I have seen you I see I was mistaken; it don't, it belongs to you; here, take it," and suiting his action to his words passed the kettle over to Bates.

SUMMERFIELD, on the B. Z. & C. Railroad, near the Monroe county line, has 1 Episcopal, 2 Methodist churches, and in 1880, 435 inhabitants.

This place by the wagon-road is fourteen miles from Caldwell, but by railroad seventeen miles; this greater travelling distance arising from the topography of the country, which fact I learned while stopping off the cars from Mr. S. S. Philpot, merchant at Summerfield. He also stated, in illustration of the cost of making roads through this hill country, that in 1870 a McAdam road was made from here to Quaker City, fifteen miles, which cost $120,000. It is a toll road. This partly shows why the river hill counties are slow in their agricultural development—the cost of transportation. In speaking of large trees, he said that near Ringer's mill, on Beaver creek, not far from Batesville, was a huge sycamore tree which he entered about 1840 horizontally, and holding a fence rail, say ten and a half feet long, he was enabled to turn it around. The tree fell about 1864.

SARAHSVILLE is on the B. Z. & C. Railroad, six miles north of Caldwell. It was the original county-seat and so remained until 1858. In 1884 the town was mostly destroyed by fire. It has been rebuilt and has 3 Methodist churches, several tobacco packing-houses and, in 1880, 249 inhabitants.

DEXTER CITY is on the C. & M. R. R., nine miles south of Caldwell and twenty-seven north of Marietta. It has 1 Methodist church and about 350 inhabitants. It is on the county line and centre of the Maxsburg oil district.

The other small villages in this county, with twenty to fifty dwellings each, are Sharon, Hoskinsville, Renrock, Hiramsburg, Rochester, Bell Valley, Ava, Mount Ephraim, Kennonsburg, Freedom, Carlisle, East Union, South Olive, Middleburg, Harrietsville and Fulda.

OTTAWA.

OTTAWA COUNTY was formed March 6, 1840, from Sandusky, Erie and Lucas counties. Ottawa, says Bancroft, is an Indian word, signifying "*trader.*" It was applied to a tribe whose last home in Ohio was on the banks of the Maumee. The surface is level, and most of the county is within the Black Swamp, and contains much prairie and marshy land. A very small portion of the eastern part is within the "*fire-lands.*" There were but a few settlers previous to 1830. The emigration from Germany after 1849 was large, and its population is greatly of that origin. Their farms are generally small but highly productive, the draining of the Black Swamp bringing into use the richest of land. On the peninsula which puts out into Lake Erie are extensive plaster beds, from which large quantities of plaster are taken. Upon it are large limestone quarries, extensively worked. Area about 300 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 60,922: in pasture, 16,311; woodland, 19,601; lying waste, 6,989; produced in wheat, 228,461 bushels; rye, 46,961; buckwheat, 101; oats, 223,003; barley, 22,134; corn, 505,787; meadow hay, 12,166 tons; clover hay, 5,226; potatoes, 41,237 bushels; butter, 265,064 lbs.; sorghum, 317 gallons; maple sugar, 460 lbs.; honey, 8,786; eggs, 184,174 dozen; grapes, 6,993,216 lbs. (largest in the State); wine, 320,534 gallons (largest in the State); apples, 43,783 bushels; peaches, 86,424; pears, 1,867; wool, 49,823 lbs.; milch cows owned, 3,523.—*State Report, 1888.* Limestone, 167,054 tons burned for lime, 261,085 tons burned for fluxing, 56,000 cubic feet of dimension stone, 16,333 cubic yards of building stone, 40,272 cubic yards for piers and protection purposes, and 3,534 cubic yards of ballast or macadam.—*Ohio Mining Statistics, 1888.*

School census, 1888, 7,338; teachers, 137. Miles of railroad track, 89.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Bay,	231	509	Harris,	318	2,515
Benton,		2,712	Kelley's Island,	68	
Carroll,	262	1,697	Portage,	357	2,094
Catawba Island,		520	Put-in-Bay,		1,222
Clay,	176	3,616	Salem,	108	2,683
Danbury,	515	1,599	Van Rensselaer,	27	
Erie,	196	595			

Population in 1840 was 2,258; 1880, 19,762, of whom 12,793 were born in Ohio and 3,800 in the German Empire. Census, 1890, 21,974.

The first trial of arms in the war of 1812 in Ohio occurred in two small skirmishes on the peninsula between the Indians, September 29, 1812, and a party of soldiers, principally from Trumbull and Ashtabula counties, one of whom, then a lad of sixteen, was Joshua R. Giddings.

What is known as the PENINSULA is a tract of land, a little less than thirty square miles in area, lying between Lake Erie and Sandusky bay, and attached to the mainland by a narrow neck near the Portage river. Its early settlers were

from Danbury, Conn., and gave it the name of Danbury township. The western boundary of the Firelands cuts off a narrow strip of land on the west side of the township, though, as the township is now organized, the western line is that of the Firelands survey.

Catawba Island was organized as a separate township on the development of grape culture. It contains some 600 acres, situated north of the old Portage river bed, that stream now emptying into the lake some eight miles west of its original outlet, what is known as "The Harbors" being the old bed of the river. Catawba Island is connected with the mainland by a bridge over the west harbor.

Port Clinton in 1846.—Port Clinton, the county-seat, laid out in 1827, is 120 miles north of Columbus. It is situated on a beautiful bay, on the right bank of Portage river. It has a good harbor—in which is a light-house—and about sixty dwellings. It is about the only village in the county, and may ultimately be a place of considerable trade.—*Old Edition.*

PORT CLINTON, county-seat of Ottawa, is on Lake Erie at the mouth of Portage river, and about 110 miles north of Columbus, thirteen miles west of Sandusky, and thirty miles east of Toledo, on the L. S. & M. S. Railroad. County officers, 1888: Auditor, John H. Berleman; Clerk, Wm. A. Eisenhour; Commissioners, Alexander Scrymager, Frederick Hillman, Henry Rofkar; Coroner, George W. Woodward; Infirmary Directors, Robert Richardson, Henry Ryer, Wm. C. Lewis; Probate Judge, David R. McRitchie; Prosecuting Attorney, Charles I. York; Recorder, Frederick W. Camper; Sheriff, James Bisnette; Surveyor, Smith Motley; Treasurer, Washington Gordon. City officers, 1888: George R. Clark, Mayor; Wm. Bertsch, Clerk; John Orth, Treasurer; Sigmund Leimgruber, Marshal; Wm. Bodenstein, Sealer of Weights. Newspapers: *Lake Shore Bulletin*, Independent, A. W. Courchaine, editor and publisher; *Ottawa County News*, Democratic, George R. Clark, editor and publisher; *Ottawa County Republican*, Republican, J. W. Grisier, editor and publisher. Churches: one Catholic, one United Brethren, one Lutheran, one Methodist Episcopal. Bank: S. A. Magruder & Co., S. A. Magruder, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—A. Spies & Co., doors, sash, etc., 6 hands; Seuyfert & Co., carriages, etc., 5; O. J. True & Co., flour, etc., 4; A. Couche & Co., saw mill, 10; Robert Hoffinger, flour, etc., 8.—*State Report, 1887.*

Population, 1880, 1,600. School census, 1888, 546; John McConkie, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, $78,500; value of annual product, $172,900.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887.* Large fishing depots are located here. Census, 1890, 2,049.

THE TRIAL OF BENNET G. BURLEY AT PORT CLINTON.

This was an interesting trial involving the question of recognition of the Confederate States as a government *de facto*. It resulted from the arrest of Bennet G. Burley, one of the Johnson's Island raiders. (See Erie County, Vol. I., p. 572.) Burley was tried in the Common Pleas Court at Port Clinton on the charge of robbery, in forcibly taking the watch of W. O. Ashley, the clerk of the steamer "Philo Parsons."

In bar of proceedings was pleaded the fact that defendant was the authorized agent and acting under the directions of the Confederate government, in all that he did, and that he did nothing not warranted by the laws and usages of war. Judge John Fitch presiding, held that the Confederate States were, at the time named, a government *de facto*, exercising sovereignty, and being in a state of war with the Federal government; and hence the defendant could not be held amenable under the civil laws for acts performed under the authority of the Confederate government.

The Court cited, in support of such opinion, the fact that the United States had uniformly recognized the Confederate government as belligerent, and treated

OTTAWA COUNTY COURT-HOUSE, PORT CLINTON.

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1886.

LIGHTHOUSE AND METHODIST CHURCH, PORT CLINTON.

its soldiers and agents as prisoners of war. The Court, however, held that in case the jury should believe that the taking of Ashley's watch was for the personal benefit of defendant, and not in the interest of the Confederate government, he was punishable under the State laws. The result was a disagreement of the jury, which stood, eight for guilty and four for not guilty. The case was understood to be without precedent, and the result was, accordingly, of general interest. The ruling of Judge Fitch was generally accepted as correct. These facts are from Waggoner's "History of Toledo."

That noted event in the late war in the Northwest—*Perry's victory*—took place on Lake Erie, only a few miles distant from the line of Ottawa. A description of this action we annex, from Perkins' "Late War:"

Building a Navy in the Wilderness.—At Erie Commodore Perry was directed to prepare and superintend a naval establishment, the object of which was to create a superior force on the lake. The difficulties of building a navy in the wilderness can only be conceived by those who have experienced them. There was nothing at this spot out of which it could be built but the timber of the forest. Ship-builders, sailors, naval stores, guns and ammunition were to be transported by land, over bad roads, a distance of 400 miles, either from Albany by the way of Buffalo, or from Philadelphia by the way of Pittsburg. Under all these embarrassments, by the 1st of August, 1813, Commodore Perry had provided a flotilla, consisting of the ships Lawrence and Niagara, of twenty guns each, and seven smaller vessels, to wit, one of four guns, one of three, two of two and three of one—in the whole fifty-four guns. While the ships were building the enemy frequently appeared off the harbor and threatened their destruction; but the shallowness of waters on the bar—there being but five feet—prevented their approach. The same cause which insured the safety of the ships while building, seemed to prevent their being of any service. The two largest drew several feet more water than there was on the bar. The inventive genius of Commodore Perry, however, soon surmounted this difficulty. He placed large scows on each side of the two largest ships, filled them so as to sink to the water edge, then attached them to the ships by strong pieces of timber, and pumped out the water. The scows then buoyed up the ships so as to pass the bar in safety. This operation was performed on both the large ships in the presence of a superior enemy.

The Fleet Ready for Battle.—Having gotten his fleet in readiness, Commodore Perry proceeded to the head of the lake and anchored in Put-in-Bay, opposite to and distant thirty miles from Malden, where the British fleet lay under the guns of the fort. He lay at anchor here several days, watching the motions of the enemy, determined to give him battle the first favorable opportunity. On the 10th of September, at sunrise, the British fleet, consisting of one ship of nineteen guns, one of seventeen, one of thirteen, one of ten, one of three and one of one—amounting to sixty-four, and exceeding the Americans by ten guns, under the command of Commodore Barclay, appeared off Put-in-Bay, distant about ten miles. Commodore Perry immediately got under way, with a light breeze at southwest. At 10 o'clock the wind hauled to the southeast, which brought the American squadron to the windward, and gave them the weather-gauge. Commodore Perry, on board the Lawrence, then hoisted his Union Jack, having for a motto the dying words of Capt. Lawrence, "*Don't Give Up the Ship*," which was received with repeated cheers by the crew.

Awful Silence.—He then formed the line of battle, and bore up for the enemy, who at the same time hauled his courses and prepared for action. The lightness of the wind occasioned the hostile squadrons to approach each other but slowly, and prolonged for two hours the solemn interval of suspense and anxiety which precedes a battle. The order and regularity of naval discipline heightened the dreadful quiet of the moment. No noise, no bustle prevailed to distract the mind, except at intervals the shrill pipings of the boatswain's whistle, or a murmuring whisper among the men who stood around their guns with lighted matches, narrowly watching the movements of the foe, and sometimes stealing a glance at the countenances of their commanders. In this manner the hostile fleets gradually neared each other in awful silence. At fifteen minutes after 11 a bugle was sounded on board the enemy's headmost ship, Detroit, loud cheers burst from all their crews, and a tremendous fire opened upon the Lawrence from the British long guns, which, from the shortness of the Lawrence's, she was obliged to sustain for forty minutes without being able to return a shot.

The Lawrence Opens Fire.—Commodore Perry, without waiting for the other ships, kept on his course in such gallant and determined style that the enemy supposed he meant immediately to board. At five minutes before 12, having gained a nearer position, the Lawrence opened her fire, but the long guns of the British still gave them greatly the advantage, and the Lawrence was exceedingly cut up without being able to do but very little damage in return. Their shot pierced her sides in all directions, killing the men in the berth-deck and steerage, where the wounded had been carried to be dressed. One shot had nearly produced a fatal explosion. Passing through the light room it

knocked the snuff of the candle into the magazine. Fortunately, the gunner saw it, and had the presence of mind immediately to extinguish it. It appeared to be the enemy's plan at all events to destroy the commodore's ship. Their heaviest fire was directed against the Lawrence, and blazed incessantly from all their largest vessels. Commodore Perry, finding the hazard of his situation, made all sail, and directed the other vessels to follow, for the purpose of closing with the enemy. The tremendous fire, however, to which he was exposed soon cut away every brace and bowline of the Lawrence, and she became unmanageable. The other vessels were unable to get up, and in this disastrous situation she sustained the main force of the enemy's fire for upwards of two hours, within canister distance, though a considerable part of the time not more than two or three of her guns could be brought to bear on her antagonist. The utmost order and regularity prevailed during this scene of horror. As fast as the men at the guns were wounded they were carried below, and others stepped into their places. The dead remained where they fell until after the action. At this juncture the enemy believed the battle to be won.

The Lawrence a Mere Wreck.—The Lawrence was reduced to a mere wreck; her deck was streaming with blood and covered with the mangled limbs and bodies of the slain. Nearly the whole of her crew were either killed or wounded; her guns were dismounted and the commodore and his officers helped to work the last that was capable of service. At two Capt. Elliott was enabled, by the aid of a fresh breeze to bring his ship into close action in gallant style, and the commodore immediately determined to shift his flag on board that ship; and giving his own in charge to Lieut. Yarnell, he hauled down his Union Jack and, taking it under his arm, ordered a boat to put him on board the Niagara. Broadsides were levelled at his boat and a shower of musketry from three of the enemy's ships. He arrived safe and hoisted his Union Jack, with its animating motto, on board the Niagara. Capt. Elliott, by direction of the commodore, immediately put off in a boat to bring up the schooners which had been kept back by the lightness of the wind. At this moment the flag of the Lawrence was hauled down. She had sustained the principal force of the enemy's fire for two hours and was rendered incapable of defence. Any further show of resistance would have been a useless sacrifice of the relics of her brave and mangled crew. The enemy were at the same time so crippled that they were unable to take possession of her, and circumstances soon enabled her crew again to hoist her flag.

Closing in on the Enemy.—Commodore Perry now gave the signal to all the vessels for close action. The small vessels, under the command of Capt. Elliott, got out their sweeps and made all sail. Finding the Niagara but little injured the commander determined upon the bold and desperate expedient of breaking the enemy's line; he accordingly bore up and passed the head of the two ships and brig, giving them a raking fire from his starboard guns, and also a raking fire upon a large schooner and sloop from his larboard quarter at half pistol shot. Having gotten the whole squadron into action he luffed and and laid his ship alongside of the British commodore. The small vessels having now got up within good grape and canister distance on the other quarter, enclosed the enemy between them and the Niagara, and in this position kept up a most destructive fire on both quarters of the British until every ship struck her colors.

"*We have Met the Enemy and They are Ours.*"—The engagement lasted about three hours and never was victory more decisive and complete. More prisoners were taken than there were men on board the American squadron at the close of the action. The principal loss in killed and wounded was on board the Lawrence, before the other vessels were brought into action. Of her crew, twenty-two were killed and sixty wounded. When her flag was struck but twenty men remained on deck fit for duty. The loss on board of all the other vessels was only five killed and thirty-six wounded. The British loss must have been much more considerable. Commodore Barclay was dangerously wounded. He had lost one arm in the battle of Trafalgar. The other was now rendered useless by the loss of a part of his shoulder-blade; he received also a severe wound in the hip.

Commodore Perry, in his official despatch, speaks in the highest terms of respect and commiseration for his wounded antagonist and asks leave to grant him an immediate parole. Of Captain Elliott, his second in command, he says: "That he is already so well-known to the government that it would be almost superflous to speak. In this action he evinced his characteristic bravery and judgment, and since the close of it has given me the most able and essential assistance." The bold and desperate measure of pressing forward into action with the Lawrence alone and exposing her to the whole fire of the enemy's fleet for two hours, before the other ships could be got up, has been censured as rash and not warranted by the rules of naval war; but there are many seasons when the commander must rely more on the daring promptness of his measures than on nice calculations of comparative strength. Neither Bonaparte nor Nelson ever stopped to measure accurately the strength of the respective combatants. The result is the acknowledged and generally the best criterion of merit; and it should not detract from the eclat of the successful commander that his measures were bold and decisive.

Cowardly Indians.—Two days after the battle two Indian chiefs who had been selected for their skill as marksmen, and stationed in the tops of the Detroit for the purpose of picking off the American officers, were found snugly stowed away in the hold of the Detroit. These savages, who had been

accustomed to ships of no greater magnitude than what they could sling on their backs, when the action became warm were so panic-struck at the terrors of the scene and the strange perils that surrounded them, that, looking at each other with amazement, they vociferated their significant "*quonh*" and precipitately descended to the hold. In their British uniforms hanging in bags upon their famished bodies, they were brought before Commodore Perry, fed and discharged, no further parole being necessary to prevent their afterwards engaging in the contest.

Burial of Fallen Heroes.—The slain of the crews of both squadrons were committed to to the lake immediately after the action. The next day the funeral obsequies of the American and British officers who had fallen were performed at an opening on the margin of the bay in an appropriate and affecting manner. The crews of both fleets united in the ceremony. The stillness of the weather, the procession of boats, the music—the slow and regular motion of the oars striking in exact time with the notes of the solemn dirge—the mournful waving of the flags, the sound of the minute-guns from all the ships, the wild and solitary aspect of the place, gave to these funeral rites a most impressive influence and formed an affecting contrast with the terrible conflict of the preceding day. Then the people of the two squadrons were engaged in the deadly strife of arms; now they were associated as brothers to pay the last tribute of respect to the slain of both nations. Two American officers, Lieutenant Brooks and Midshipman Laub, of the Lawrence, and three British, Captain Finnis and Lieutenant Stoke, of the Charlotte, and Lieutenant Garland, of the Detroit, lie interred by the side of each other in this lonely place on the margin of the lake, a few paces from the beach.

This interesting battle was fought midway of the lake between the two hostile armies, who lay on the opposite shore waiting in anxious expectation its result. The allied British and Indian forces, to the amount of four thousand five hundred, under Proctor and Tecumseh, were at Malden ready, in case of a successful issue, to renew their ravages on the American borders.

TRAVELLING NOTES.

A Visit to Gibraltar.

Gibraltar is a very interesting islet. An indentation in Put-in-Bay Island forms Put-in-Bay harbor. Gibraltar lies within the mouth of the indentation and only about a furlong from either shore. It contains eight acres and rises, a forest-clad rock, forty-five feet above the lake. It bears forty-eight different kinds of trees. When the autumnal frosts cover the leaves it rounds up from the water as a huge bower of beauty, and sometimes when the air is calm the lake repeats the bower.

In the war of 1812 the island was fortified. Perry's fleet sailed out from here six miles to a point three miles north of Rattlesnake Island and there met the enemy.

An Island Castle.—The island is owned by Jay Cooke, and every year since the war era it has been his summer home. In 1864 and 1865 he built upon it his spacious castellated residence. Part of the materials for it were for a time in possession of the Southern Confederacy, the doors and window-casings. These were on board the "Island Queen" when she was captured by Beall, "The Pirate of Lake Erie." Mr. Cooke was not on board and so escaped molestation. But could they have secured and held him and used his great financial talents in their cause, it might not have been among the great variety of things "in the deep bosom of the ocean buried."

Upon the island Mr. Cooke has erected a monument to the memory of Commodore Perry with a suitable inscription, and near it stands mounted cannon trophies of the victory. A lookout tower one hundred and thirty feet above the water gives a magnificent outlook. Some twenty beautiful islands and islets come under the eye from its summit, and these are largely productive in grapes, peaches, pears, quinces, apples and other fruits.

Tempering Effect of Water.—It was on the 20th of October that by invitation I arrived at Gibraltar to pass a day with Mr. Cooke, and at even that late season the temperature of the lake air was so kindly that lima beans were still plucked for the table on Put-in-Bay Island, also cantaloupes and water melons; a few eatable peaches were lingering upon the trees, which Mr. Cooke gathered for my use when he took me over there on the succeeding morning. Flowers were also growing in the open air, as roses, heliotropes, pansies,

mignonettes, etc., and might be for a month to come, while thirty miles south on the mainland they had long been overtaken by frost; such was the tempering effect of surrounding water on the atmosphere of the island.

On the island are about eight hundred acres in grapes alone, the rest of the island mainly in other fruit. The yearly value from fruit and fishing for the people amounts to about a quarter of a million dollars. The population is about eight hundred. Peaches do remarkably well and also on the Peninsula. The making of fruit baskets is an important industry of this region. Peck baskets, wholesale, at about thirty cents, and half-bushel baskets at forty-two cents a dozen. When winter shuts down here it sometimes does it with so much vim that one can walk upon the ice from the Sandusky shore to that of Canada.

An Enterprising Polar Bear.—The winter of 1813 was especially severe; not a square yard of open water that anybody knew of between the islands and the North Pole. Whereupon, as the story goes, a white polar bear of enterprising spirit started South on an exploring tour until he reached the Peninsula, opposite Sandusky, when he was discovered by our kind, who treated him inhospitably, set upon him and carried off his fur coat. Poor bear!

Owning an Island.—There is something romantic in that idea of having an island all to one's self, as Mr. Cooke has in Gibraltar. Ex-President Hayes felt it years ago when his children were young, for he bought, a mile or so off the Peninsula, a small island as a recreation ground for them, where they could camp out and go a-sailing and a-fishing. It is a very small affair, so small one might some day take a fancy to pick it up, slip it in his vest pocket as he would his watch and walk off with it. It has a tiny name—Mouse Island—and it contains three acres.

When the war closed Mr. Cooke had his house finished. Being a Christian man he felt it was the Lord's work, thinking all the time of the text, "Except the Lord build the house they labor in vain that build it." So every summer for a term of ten years he was wont in gratitude to invite the Lord's ministers to enjoy it with him, generally picking out poor men with but lean salaries.

A Christian Plan.—His plan was to invite ten at a time, and two of a kind—two Methodists, two Presbyterians, two Episcopalians, two Lutherans, etc., whom he would keep two weeks and then they would depart for a second ten. When each departed he passed over checks to make good their travelling expenses to and fro. During their stay with him there was perfect concord, notwithstanding diverse theological beliefs. Of course, he took his guests sailing and fishing and their mutual enjoyment was huge. And sometimes when they sat down to the social meal there would lie on the platter for their regaling a magnificent white fish or bass that only an hour or two before had been sporting in the water not one hundred yards away from the dining-table.

The Lover's Cave.—This rock of Gibraltar has its curiosities. The formation being limestone and one side a perpendicular bluff, it has under it a cave into which a boat can go; it is called "Lover's Cave." Another is the "Needle's Eye," an arched passage-way formed by an overhanging rock and another coming up from the bottom of the lake. One spot on the overhanging bluff is called "Perry's Lookout," where Perry was wont to station a sentinel to watch for the British fleet, and early one morning he discovered it near the Canada shore, whereupon he hoisted his anchors, sailed out of the bay and met them, much to their sorrow.

Painful Suspense.—While the battle was in progress the sound of the guns was heard at Cleveland, about sixty miles away in a direct line over the water. The few settlers there were expecting the battle and listened with intense interest. Finally the sounds ceased. They waited for a renewal. None came; the lull was painful. Then they knew the battle was over; but the result, ah! that was the point. One old fellow who had been lying flat with his ear to the ground soon settled that point. Springing up he clapped his hands and shouted. "Thank God! they are whipped! they are whipped."

"How do you know?" the others exclaimed.

"Heard the big guns last!"

Perry's guns were the heaviest.

Power of Impressibility.—I had not met Mr. Cooke until this visit, and then I felt as though I had always known him; that, indeed, he was a very old friend. There are some characters that have that power of friendly impressibility and don't know it, and ought not to be blamed for having it. My philosophy of the matter is that it is the spirit of humanity and geniality that has got them in its full possession, and such would be miserable if they couldn't do good to everybody and everything around them, and this shows in every act, every word that falls from their lips and every expression of countenance. How those old divines must have enjoyed his princely hospitality and winning, heartful ways.

Mr. Cooke has a fine *personelle*. He is of the blonde type, half an inch less than six feet in stature and turns the scale at one hundred and ninety pounds. He is springy, alert in his movements and his mind acts with alike alertness. He has done a great work since that old Indian chief Ogontz carried him a small boy on his shoulders on the streets of Sandusky. Just glance at it.

A Remarkable Career.—In the spring of 1839, when eighteen years old, he went East to seek his fortune; entered as a boy the banking-house of E. W. Clarke & Co., Philadelphia, the largest domestic exchange and banking-house in the country. In a few months he was head-clerk; in his twentieth year had power of attorney to sign checks for the firm and at twenty-one was taken in as partner.

JAY COOKE.

GIBRALTAR, FROM PUT-IN BAY.

And when the war ensued he was the financial agent of the Government; and his house of Jay Cooke & Co., of Philadelphia, with branches in Washington, New York and London, did the greatest banking business the world has known. In the year 1865 it amounted to nearly three thousand millions of dollars. In placing the United States bonds he spent not less than a million of dollars in advertising and publications and took all risks. Being of strong religious convictions he feels as though he had been an instrument in the hands of Providence to provide the funds for putting down the Rebellion. And until there is revealed the inner financial history of that stupendous era, the nation will never know how greatly its salvation rested upon the financial genius and patriotism of Jay Cooke. But he knows, and that is for him the best part of it.

The Wine Islands.

The group of Islands in the western part of Lake Erie, sometimes called the "Wine Islands," lie principally within the State of Ohio, but the largest island—Point Pelee—and a few of the smallest are British possessions. They are as follows:

Ross Island, alias South Bass, alias Put-in-Bay,	Area	1,500 acres.
Floral Isle, alias Middle Bass,	"	750 "
Isle St. George, alias North Bass,	"	750 "
Rattlesnake Isle,	"	60 "
Sugar Isle,	"	30 "
Strontian, alias Green Island,	"	20 "
Ballast,	"	10 "
Gibraltar,	"	8 "
Glacial, alias Starve Island,	Area about	2 "
Buckeye,	" "	2 "

The above are the islands forming Put-in-Bay township, Ottawa county. Besides these are Mouse, a small island off Scott's Point, belonging to Ex-President Hayes; Kelley's Island, belonging to Erie county (see Vol. I, page 585); Gull, a small island, just north of Kelley's and West Sister's Island, some eighteen miles west of North Bass. North of the National boundary are Point Pelee Island, Middle Island, the small group known as Hen and Chickens, and East Sister's and Middle Sister's Islands.

Until 1854 these islands were sparsely settled. In that year Mr. J. D. Rivers, a Spanish merchant of New York, having been favorably impressed with their natural attractions purchased five entire islands, viz.: Put-in-Bay, Middle Bass, Ballast, Sugar and Gibraltar, at a cost of $44,000. He at first turned Put-in-Bay into a sheep ranch, having at one time a herd of 2,000, but gradually disposed of these and converted the island into a fruit farm.

In 1858 Phillip Vroman, L. Harms, Lawrence Miller and J. D. Rivers commenced the cultivation of the vine. Their success was so great that others followed their example and now the principal industry is the growing of grapes. The quality of the soil, natural drainage and climatic influence surrounding the islands is specially favorable to the growing of fruits. The development of this industry is shown by the facts that in 1887 more than one-third of the grape product and nearly one-half of the wine product of the entire State is credited to Ottawa county, while nearly three times as many peaches were produced as in any other county in the State.

The varieties of grapes grown are mainly Catawba, Delaware and Concord, with some Ives, Norton, Clinton, etc.

At one time the wines from these islands had an extended reputation and were pronounced by the best judges "worthy of being compared to the most prized productions of France;" but the alarming extent of wine adulteration and competition of California wines has seriously affected the industry. Nevertheless, there are several companies that manufacture large quantities of wine of a high grade. One of these has in its cellars two of the largest casks in the United States, each capable of holding 16,000 gallons of wine.

Some fifteen or twenty years ago Put-in-Bay was a famous summer resort, but the destruction by fire in 1878 of the principal hotel, and in recent years the influx of unwholesome characters on excursions from the cities of Cleveland, Toledo and Sandusky, who are encouraged to come here and patronize the numerous saloons that have sprung up, has done much to bring the place into disrepute. Happily, within the past year a project has been got under way which may once more bring this historic and picturesque isle again into popular favor as a summer resort. A large hotel and cottages are to be erected and efforts made to prevent the lawless element from monopolizing this, Nature's outing place, for the people of Ohio.

The sanitary conditions of these islands are unsurpassed, and although there is nothing striking or grand in the scenery, yet taken altogether they form a scene of great beauty, while the morning and evening breezes that blow from the waters of Lake Erie are bracing and invigorating. Rock bass and perch abound in the water; better boating could not be desired. Propellers ply between the islands and steamers make several daily round trips to Sandusky.

These islands are favorite places of resort for clubs from the larger cities. Ballast Isle is owned by the Cleveland Club; they have a fine club-house and numerous cottages are occupied in season by their Forest City owners. On Floral Isle the Toledo and Lake Erie Boating and Fishing Association have a fine club-house surrounded by the cottages of the club members.

Near the centre of Put-in-Bay Island is a subterranean cavern that is quite an object of interest. It is 200 feet long, 150 feet wide and has an average height of 7 feet. At the farther end is a lake, whose pure, limpid waters are ice cold and said to be fifty feet deep in one place and to extend under the rocks to regions and depths unknown.

Early in this century these islands were overrun with rattlesnakes. The caves, crevices of the limestone rocks, afforded secure retreats at all times, and in the spring season they were wont to come out and lie upon the warm rocks and bask in the sunshine. The name of this horrid reptile is perpetuated in Rattlesnake Island, so called because its line of rocky humps suggested to its christener the rattles of rattlesnakes.

JAY COOKE was born in Sandusky, Ohio, August 10, 1821, and went in 1838 to Philadelphia, where he entered the banking-house of E. W. Clarke & Co. as a clerk, and when twenty-one years of age became a partner. In 1840 he wrote the first money article that appeared in Philadelphia, and for a year edited the financial column of the *Daily Chronicle*.

In 1858 he retired from the firm of E. W. Clarke & Co., and in 1861 established a new firm of which he was the head. In the spring of 1861, when the Government called for subscription loans, the firm of Jay Cooke & Co. at once organized and carried into operation the machinery to obtain and forward to Washington large lists of subscribers. This was done without compensation.

In 1862 Mr. Cooke was appointed by Secretary Chase the special agent of the government to negotiate the five hundred million five-twenty loan. In this great transaction the government assumed no risks. If the loan failed the agent was to receive nothing, and with full success the remuneration was not one-twentieth of the amount which European bankers are accustomed to receive from a foreign power, in addition to absolute security from loss. The enormous negotiations of the great war loans of the United States were taken by the subscription agent, with the possible prospect of receiving no benefit therefrom, and the chance of ruining his own fortune and those of his partners.

The loan was sold, but even its remarkable success did not save Mr. Chase and Mr. Cooke from the detractions and accusations of the political enemies of the Secretary, who sought to damage his Presidential aspirations by charges of favoritism.

Whitelaw Reid, from whose *Ohio in the War* this sketch is abridged, says: The clamor of the opponents of Mr. Chase increased and finally succeeded. The treasury attempted to negotiate its own loans and failed. The consequence was that the Rebellion, which might have been suppressed in the later part of 1864, was defiant when the first of January, 1865, came. The force of financial success would have defeated the Richmond conspirators, but, familiar with the condition of National finances, the rebels waited confidently for the relapse of the Union effort to subdue them. The prospect was dark and dreary. The treasury was in debt for vouchers for the Quartermaster's

department, the armies were unpaid and heavy arrearages due, and a debt of three hundred millions of dollars stared the new Secretary in the face, while the financial burden steadily accumulated at the rate of four millions of dollars a day.

This was the condition of affairs when Mr. Fessenden was at the head of the Treasury Bureau. The government could only pay in vouchers and these were selling in every part of the country at a discount of twenty-five to thirty per cent. and gravitating rapidly downward. This was known to the Confederate authorities and excited the hopes of the Rebel armies at home and their sympathizers abroad. Had this condition continued gold would have reached a much higher premium, the vouchers of the government become unsaleable and ruin resulted. The government then tried to obtain money without the aid of a special agent. The endeavor was made, backed by the assistance of the National banks, but proved entirely abortive. With all this powerful machinery the receipts of the treasury averaged but seven hundred thousand per day, one-sixth of the regular expenditure. Mr. Chase and the leading friends of the government earnestly advised Mr. Fessenden to employ Mr. Cooke as the special agent of the Treasury Department, and the Secretary sent for the banker.

The interview was successful. Mr. Cooke asked the amount of the daily sales which would meet the urgent demands upon the treasury. The reply was "Two million five hundred thousand dollars; can you raise the money?" "I can," was the ready reply. "When will you commence?" "On the first of February," and the conference ended. This was on the 24th of January, 1865. His commission was sent to Mr. Cooke; he organized his staff of agents and by the first of February was in full operation. Innumerable assistants were appointed; special and travelling agents were set at work; advertising was ordered by hundreds of thousands of dollars, and in a few days money began to flow into the depleted treasury and cash instead of vouchers paid the purchases for the maintenance of the government and the subsistence of the army.

From the first organization of Mr. Cooke's machines for popularizing the loan the daily sales averaged from two to three millions of dollars and steadily increased, until at the close of the loan the receipts averaged five millions of dollars per day. In about five months the last note was sold, fifteen or sixteen millions of dollars being sold occasionally in one day, and once forty-two millions. The result of these grand successes was the speedy collapse of the hopes of the Rebels. The vouchers of the government were paid off and new purchases were paid for promptly at a saving of from thirty to fifty per cent. on former prices. Since the close of the war Mr. Cooke has continued to act for the government in connection with other parties in many important matters. He was also the most efficient assistant in the establishment of the National banking system.

It should be added that Mr. Cooke's profits from the per centage allowed by the government were far less than has been generally supposed; they were three-eighths of one per cent. There are on file in the Treasury Department letters from him making repeated offers to give up the per centage and do the work for nothing if the government would release him from his liabilities for loss through any of his thousands of agents—a risk which constantly threatened him with ruin. The department always refused this offer.

TRAVELLING NOTES.

A Visit to Lakeside.

An Ohio Chautauqua—Lakeside is a peculiar place, a summer resort on the northeast shore of the Peninsula, about ten miles from Sandusky, with which there is constant communication by steamers passing to and from the islands. It is modelled after Chautauqua, and is owned by an association of gentlemen connected with the Methodist Episcopal church. It was founded in 1873 for the renovation of health and moral and religious instruction.

The location is in a forest, on a level site, with an expansive lake view, the nearest prominent visible object being Kelley's Island, rising from the water four miles farther out in the lake. The grounds contain 175 acres, fronting the lake with a wharf. It is enclosed by a high barb fence, the entrance gates guarded, and it is under stringent police regulations. Neither tobacco nor liquors are allowed to be sold.

The visitor is taxed for the use of the grounds; it is 25 cents for a single day, $1 for a week, and $2 for the season. I came here Saturday, by steamer, from Sandusky, to rest over the Sabbath. In the evening the police brought into the business office a neighboring farmer who had evaded paying entrance fee by crawling, snake-like, under the fence. The tongue-lashing he received from the gentleman in charge showed "the way of the transgressor is hard"—that is, when caught.

A Wholesome Community.—The place has a large hotel, a business office with a post-office, bathing houses on the shore, about 400 cottages, and an auditorium—a huge open shed with seats for 3,000. The cottages are scattered about in the woods, generally are mere shells, externally painted, internally not so; built usually at a cost of from $350 to $400 each; some, from $1,000 to $1,600. Then, tents are brought here and some go into camp. On rare occasions 6,000 have slept on the grounds. The visitors are largely school marms, mothers with children, and boys camping out. The cost of living and boarding is cheap. Some females hire cottage rooms and do their own cooking. I felt it good to pass a Sabbath in a place from whence unwholesome people were excluded, and the moral air was so good. The Methodists, from their eminently social nature, are the best of all religionists to manage such a retreat,

On my trip over we passed Marblehead light-house, which is about two miles from Lakeside. Near that point are the famed Marblehead limestone quarries, which supply the best of limestone. The light-houses on the lakes are largely built with it, while a large portion of northern Ohio gets its lime from there.

Preaching to the Wyandots.—On the boat with me was an old gentleman, Rev. William Runness, a superannuated Methodist minister, who began his life in Portland, Maine, in 1802. He preached among the Wyandots once a quarter the last four years they remained in Ohio, he being the presiding elder in the district embracing them. As the Wyandots had no written language, he preached to them through an interpreter. This was Jonathan Pointer, a colored man, taken prisoner when a youth in the war of 1812 and adopted by them.

The Wyandots were very emotional and excellent singers. Some of their members were prone to prolixity in speaking, and "sometimes," said he, "they had to choke them off. On one occasion I saw one of the sisters get very much excited during one of their meetings, when 'Between-the-Logs,' an ordained minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, a native Wyandot, struck up a tune and put her down. Then several speakers spoke and without interruption. 'Between-the-Logs' followed them, and had uttered but a few words, when the squelched sister, who had a loud, ringing voice, began, at the top of her register, singing—

"How happy are they
Who their Saviour obey."

'Between-the-Logs' was fairly drowned out, and took his seat, as much overcome by the merriment as the music."

Saved Enough to Bury Himself.—On the boat with us was an old gentleman whose talk was lugubrious. He was lamenting the degeneracy of the young men. "In old times," said he, "boys were bound out to trades, and boarded with their employers, who looked after their habits, required them to keep good hours, and watched them with a father-like interest. With the introduction of machinery this is now all gone by. The young men are largely careless of money and dissolute. In my village of 1,000 people there are not three young men who do not drink and smoke; not one who has saved enough money to pay his funeral expenses, and yet there is not one who could not have saved enough to *bury* himself *three times over.*"

Considering the profession of my informant, his illustration was exactly in his line, and shows how prone mankind are, when they open their mouths, to introduce the shop—he was the village *undertaker.*

When the old gentleman thus spoke, it was doubtless under a dreadful sense of great depression from the memory of unpaid bills. He had my sympathy.

Soldiers' Reunion.—At Lakeside was recently held one of those soldiers' reunions that have been so frequent since the war. These, with thinning, dissolving ranks of the old veterans—now fast getting into the sere and yellow leaf—will soon pass away and be held no more. Photography will preserve for posterity views of many of these meetings, and so help to keep alive and cherish the memory of those brave men who perilled all to save our beautiful country. The reunion that was lately held here was that of the Twenty-third Ohio, Gen. Hayes' old regiment. I have recently seen a photograph of it by Mr. Oswald, photographer, of Toledo. In the background, near together, are Mrs. Hayes, Stanley Matthews, Gen. Comly and Gen. Hayes. And it is a sad reflection that the ex-president is the only one of the four named at this present writing living.

Mrs. Hayes' Sympathy for the Soldier.—On their left is the drum-major, a very old man, then up in the eighties, having enlisted at the age of 60 years. Mr. Oswald himself is shown in the foreground, holding a child. The interest in this picture is greatly enhanced by the presence of Mrs. Hayes. Indeed, without her, it could not be the Twenty-third Ohio Volunteer Infantry. Mr. Oswald tells me that when the regiment went into winter-quarters the general was wont to put his family into a hired house near by, when Mrs. Hayes became a sort of mother to the boys. Whenever any of them were sick her sympathies were keenly aroused and she was all attention.

It is a precious time to the old soldiers—these reunions—the last of which, alas, is too near. The careless thinker, or observer, can have no conception of the sad joy of these men when they meet with more than brotherly affection and talk over their mutual experiences in that period of stupendous events—of bloody fields and agonizing hearts. The influence of these meetings upon these patriotic men, and the *power of comradeship* in the scenes through which they passed are beautifully delineated in a speech of Gen. Hayes at Cincinnati, August 10, 1889, before

THE PUT-IN BAY AND OTHER ISLANDS IN LAKE ERIE.

the Ohio Commadery of the Loyal Legion. From it we make this extract:

SPEECH OF GEN. HAYES.

Commander and Companions: Among our most cherished associations we have come to know that *comradeship* in the *Union Army* holds a place in the very front rank. It has given us a host of army societies, great and small. . . . For us and those who are nearest and dearest to us, what an addition the war for the Union has contributed to the attractiveness of our American society! Strike out from each of our lives, since the grand review at Washington, in May, 1865, all entertainments whose chief satisfaction, happiness and glory can be fairly traced to the comradeship of the war, and who does not see how meagre and barren those years would become?

Memory's Review.—The interest which the war has imparted to our lives is not to be measured by the contemplation merely of assemblages that are marked by the turmoil and blare of multitudes marching with banners and gathered by music and cannon; but we must reckon, also, the ever-recurring hours of domestic and other quiet scenes, when in narrow and noiseless circles the tremendous events of our recent history, with their countless incidents, sometimes humorous, sometimes tragic and pathetic, are recalled, and pass and repass before us in never-ending review. The pictures on our walls, the books we read with most delight, the magazines and newspapers, the collections of mementos and relics gathered in those golden years, all do their part to keep in fresh remembrance the good old times when we were comrades, and almost all seemed and were, true and brave.

Soldiers' Friendships—It is often said that, outside of the family, no tie is stronger, more tender, and more lasting than that of comradeship. This is not the time nor place to compare as critics or philosophers the various sorts of friendship which grow up between men according to occupation and other circumstances. The fact we do know, and rejoice to know, is that to meet our old commander, or the brave, good men we commanded, or the trusted comrade of many a camp and march and battle, is always like good news from home, and fills the heart to overflowing with happiness which no words can fully tell.

ELMORE is nineteen miles west of Port Clinton, seventeen miles southeast of Toledo, on the L. S. & M. S. Railroad and Portage river. Newspapers: *Independent*, Independent, W. L. Foulke & Co., editors and publishers; the *Elmore Tribune*, Independent, Bradrick Bros., publishers. Churches: 1 Presbyterian, 1 Disciples, 1 German Methodist, 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 United Brethren, 1 German Lutheran, 1 German Reformed, and 1 Catholic. Bank: Bank of Elmore, John H. McGee, president, Thomas E. Baynes, cashier. Population, 1880, 1,044. School census, 1888, 414.

OAK HARBOR is ten miles west of Port Clinton, on the L. S. & M. S. Railroad and the W. & L. E. Railroad. Newspapers: *Ottawa County Exponent*, Democratic, J. H. Kraemer, editor; *Press*, Democratic, George Gosline, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Disciples, 1 Methodist, 3 Lutheran, and 1 Catholic.

Manufactures and Employees.—Charles A. Leow, carriages, etc., 6 hands; H. H. Mylander, staves and headings, 33; J. Watts, planing mill, 5; Ampach Bros., saw mill and hoop factory, 55; Wash. Gordon, planing and saw mill, 25; C. Roose, staves and headings, 42; Portage Mills, flour, etc., 2.—*State Report, 1887.*

Population, 1880, 987. School census, 1888, 551. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, $127,000; value of annual product, $181,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

Tile and brick are manufactured here of an excellent quality, and it is in a natural gas field.

CARROLL, P. O. Lacarne, is six miles west of Port Clinton, on the L. S. & M. S. Railroad. School census, 1888, 227.

GENOA is twenty-two miles west of Port Clinton, thirteen miles southeast of Toledo, on the L. S. & M. S. Railroad. It has six churches. Population, 1880, 930. School census 1888, 373; I. N. Sadler, school superintendent.

PUT-IN-BAY is on an island in Lake Erie, twelve miles north of Port Clinton, twenty two miles northwest of Sandusky. It is a famous summer resort, with daily steamers from Sandusky and Detroit during the summer season. Population, 1880, 381. School census, 1888, 231.

LAKESIDE is a summer resort on Lake Erie, and on the L. S. & M. S. Railroad, ten miles north of Sandusky.

PAULDING.

PAULDING COUNTY was formed from old Indian Territory, April 1, 1820. It was named from John Paulding, a native of Peekskill, N. Y., and one of the three militia men who captured Major Andre in the war of the Revolution; he died in 1818. The surface is level and the county covered by the Black Swamp.

Area about 420 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 61,555: in pasture, 6,167; woodland, 56,362; lying waste, 1,469; produced in wheat, 154,723 bushels; rye, 5,379; buckwheat, 1,056; oats, 205,373; barley, 593; corn, 478,972; broom corn, 300 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 9,872 tons; clover hay, 2,103; potatoes, 30,922 bushels; tobacco, 5,050 lbs.; butter, 261,187; sorghum, 5,181 gallons; maple sugar, 430 lbs.; honey, 5,703; eggs, 335,593 dozen; grapes, 1,400 lbs.; sweet potatoes, 207 bushels; apples, 10,684; pears, 112; wool, 23,587 lbs.; milch cows owned, 3,809. School census, 1888, 8,063; teachers, 186. Miles of railroad track, 75.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Auglaize,	298	1,069	Emerald,		996
Benton,		798	Harrison,		770
Blue Creek,		616	Jackson,		974
Brown,	181	1,458	Latty,		609
Carryall,	345	2,582	Paulding,		1,065
Crane,	211	1,202	Washington,		1,346

Population of Paulding in 1840, 1,035; 1860, 4,945; 1880, 13,485, of whom 10,842 were born in Ohio; 570, Indiana; 421, Pennsylvania; 258, New York; 142, Kentucky; 141, Virginia; 267, German Empire; 165, British America; 96, Ireland; 77, France; 63, England and Wales; 7, Scotland; and 4, Norway and Sweden. Census, 1890, 25,932.

This county is all within the Black Swamp tract and is almost everywhere to the eye a dead level. The country roads having no obstacles to surmount are laid out through the woods with which the county is mostly covered, straight as an arrow, and the traveller over them can see immense distances on almost any road over which he may be passing. This with the wilderness aspect of the country strikes one with peculiar emotions.

As an illustration of the general water-like flatness of the Black Swamp region, one on a clear night can stand near the depot in Defiance and see the head-light of the locomotive just after it emerges from the curve and is coming East at the west end of the straight line which is the water tank, two and-a-half miles west of Antwerp and twenty-three miles away. Other places in the country have longer stretches of railroad line; but inequalities of grade prevent such a long vision.

The county has no basins; every acre is drainable. There is no boggy or swampy land. Where drained it is solid and every acre can be drained and cultivated. They are beginning to tile extensively and many tile factories are scattered over the county; the tiles varying from two-and-a-half to ten inches.

The county is being ditched extensively under the State statutes. An engineer appointed by the County Commissioners lays out the ditches and dictates the dimensions. They vary from to three to six feet deep and from seven to even sometimes twenty feet in width, and from six to nine feet width at bottom. These ditches are in the swales or the lowest places, often not discernible to the eye and which the engineer's level alone can detect. Thousands of acres are now drained

and in time the entire county will be so, when it will be one of the most level fertile tracts anywhere, producing enormous crops, especially grass.

Two great streams run through the county, the Maumee and the Auglaize, which unite at Defiance and form what is termed on ancient maps "The Miami of the Lakes." The Maumee runs very crooked, northeast through the northwest corner townships, Carryall and Crane.

In that narrow strip north of the Maumee, south of the Defiance county line, the streams empty into the Maumee. In this tract are *Fountain Wells* or Natural Springs, which by piping rise two or three feet above the surface. South of the river are no fountains anywhere.

South of the Maumee all the streams run into the Auglaize. The first of these is "Six-Mile creek," which runs the entire width of the county and is so-called because it empties into the Auglaize six miles from its mouth. On it is the "Six Miles Reservoir," containing four and one-third square miles for the Maumee and Wabash canal, but it is now abandoned. Six Mile runs from one to three miles from the Maumee and parallel to it. The next considerable stream is "Crooked Creek," called by the Indians Flat Rock, because the bed is a flat limestone for nearly a mile from its mouth. The streams show the county to be a plain, sloping towards the northeast, the highest parts being in the southwest.

Sketch of John Paulding.

This county, as stated, was named from one of the three militia men, John Paulding, David Williams and Isaac Van Wert, who took Major Andre prisoner, September 23, 1780. Paulding was born in New York in 1758, and died at Staatsburg, Dutchess co., New York, in 1818. All three were Dutch and neither could speak English well. Paulding served through the war and was three times taken prisoner. The oldest of the three was Williams, who had but passed his twenty-third birthday. The circumstances of the capture were these:

They were seated among some bushes by the road-side amusing themselves by playing cards when they were aroused by the sound of the galloping of a horse, and on going to the road saw a man approaching on a large brown horse which they afterwards observed was branded near the shoulder U. S. A. The rider was a light, trim-built man, about five feet seven inches in height, with a bold, military countenance and dark eyes and was dressed in a round hat, blue surtout, crimson coat, with pantaloons and vest of nankeen. As he neared them the three cocked their muskets and aimed at the rider, who immediately checked his horse, when the following conversation ensued:

Andre.—"Gentlemen, I hope you are of our party."

Paulding.—"What party?"

Andre.—"The lower party."

Paulding.—"We are."

Andre.—"I am a British officer; I have been up the country on particular business and do not wish to be detained a single moment."

Paulding.—"We are *Americans*."

Andre.—"God bless my soul, a man must do anything to get along. I am a Continental officer going down to Dobb's Ferry to get information from below."

Andre then drew out and presented a pass from General Arnold, in which was the assumed name of John Anderson; but it was of no avail. Andre exclaimed, "You will get yourselves into trouble." "We care not for that," was the reply. They then compelled him to dismount, searched him and as a last thing ordered him to take off his boots. At this he changed color. Williams drew off the left boot first, and Paulding seizing it exclaimed, "My God, here it is!" In it three half sheets of written paper were found enveloped by a half sheet, marked "Contents, West Point." Paulding again exclaimed, "My God, he's a spy." A similar package was found in the other boot.

Andre was now allowed to dress. The young men now winked to each other to make further discoveries and inquired from whom he got the papers. "Of a man at Pines Bridge, a stranger to me," replied Andre. He then offered for his liberty his horse and equipage, watch and one hundred guineas. This they refused unless he informed them where he obtained his manuscript. He refused to comply, but again offered his horse, equipage and one thousand guineas. They were firm in their denial and Andre increased his offer to ten thousand guineas and as many dry goods as they wished, which should be deposited in any place desired; that they might keep him and send any one to New York with his order so that they could obtain them unmolested. To this they replied that it did not signify to make any offer, for he should not go. They delivered him to the nearest military station, Newcastle, twelve miles distant.

Williams, Paulding and Van Wert stood within the ring when Andre was hung. When an officer informed him that his time was nearly expired and inquired if he had anything to say, he answered, "Nothing for them but to witness to the world that he died like a brave man." The hangman, who was painted black, offered to put on the noose. "Take off your black hands," said Andre; then, putting on the noose himself, took out his handkerchief, tied it on, drew it up, bowed with a smile to his acquaintances and died.

Congress gave each of Andre's captors a farm in West Chester county, valued at $2,500, a life pension of $200, together with an elegant silver medal, on one side of which was the inscription, "*Fidelity*," and on the reverse the motto, "*Amo patriæ vincit*"—"The love of country conquers."

The preceding account is from the *Historical Collections of New York*, by John W. Barber and Henry Howe (myself), to which it was original:

On the night previous to the execution my great-uncle, Major Nathan Beers, of New Haven, was officer of the guard and in the morning he stood beside him. He said that Andre was perfectly calm. The only sign of nervousness he exhibited was the rolling of a pebble to and fro under his shoe as he was standing awaiting the order for his execution. As a last thing, although he was a stranger to Mr. Beers, but probably attracted by the kindness of his countenance, he took from his coat pocket a pen and ink sketch and handed it to him, saying in effect, "This is my portrait which I drew last night by looking in a mirror. I have no further use for it and I should like you to take it." He accompanied this gift with a lock of his hair. I have often seen the portrait, which Mr. Beers gave to Yale College.

Mr. Beers was a man of singular beauty of character and lived to nearly the age of one hundred years. Though so deaf he could not hear a word that was uttered, he was every Sabbath in his seat at the church of which he was a deacon; his face was upturned to the minister with an expression so calm, so peaceful, that one could but feel that every feature was under the celestial light.

In the war Mr. Beers was Ensign of the Governor's Guards, the identical company which under the command of Benedict Arnold marched to Boston at its outbreak. In his old age the company, at the close of a parade day would often march to his residence on Hillhouse Avenue, draw up in line and give the aged veteran a salute. On one of these occasions he said: "Boys, I am not much of a speech-maker, but I can thank you. Although I am too deaf to hear the report of your guns, I will say your powder *smells good.*"

PAULDING, county-seat of Paulding, is about one hundred and twenty miles northwest of Columbus, on the C. J. & M. R. R.

County officers, 1888: Auditor, R. D. Webster; Clerk, Thomas J. Champion; Commissioners, Daniel Davidson, Michael Maloy, Thomas Chester; Coroner. Daniel W. Hixon; Infirmary Directors, Henry Downhour, Samuel Dotterer, Daniel H. Dunlap; Probate Judge, Vance Brodnix; Prosecuting Attorney, W. H. Snook; Recorder, Frank M. Bashore; Sheriff, Edward C. Swain; Surveyor, Oliver Morrow; Treasurer, Michael Finan. City officers, 1888: H. E. McClure, Mayor; Bell Smith, Clerk; Joseph B. Cromley, Treasurer; John Bashore, Marshal. Newspapers: *Democrat*, Democratic, N. R. Webster, editor and publisher, *Paulding County Republican*, Republican, A. Durfey, editor and publisher. Churches: one Methodist, one United Brethren and one Presbyterian. Banks:

Paulding Deposit, C. H. Allen, president, W. H. Mohr, cashier; Potter's, George W. Potter, cashier.

It has 2 hoop and stave factories, 1 hub and buggy spoke factory—the hubs are made from elm and spokes from hickory—2 saw mills in town, while the country around is full of saw mills; also, two wagon and buggy shops and 1 planing mill.

Population, 1880, 454. School census, 1888, 606. Capital invested in industrial establishments, $93,500. Value of annual product, $218,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887.* Census, 1890, 1,879.

CALVIN L. NOBLE, commonly called "The Judge," died at Paulding, April 10, 1889, where he had located in 1858. He was born in Trumbull county, October 13, 1813. Learned printing and founded a Democratic newspaper in in Cleveland. As the type was too wide for his display head-line he left out one letter and changed the spelling from "Cleaveland" to "Cleveland," and the public adopted the change. See page 508.

In September, 1833, he located at Fort Defiance, when all the Northwestern Territory was a howling wilderness inhabited by Indians. Mr. Noble became agent for the American Fur Company and purchased large amounts of fur, which was then the principal source of revenue in all this region. He was also agent for the American Land Company; superintended the laying out of Bryan; was in the Legislature; held many offices, as Recorder and Commissioner of Williams county; was first Sheriff of Defiance county; Probate Judge of Paulding county and for twelve years collector of the leases of the Miami and Erie canal. He was one of the most widely known and respected of the pioneers of Northwestern Ohio.

TRAVELLING NOTES.

Paulding, Wednesday Evening, December 8, 1886.—I came to this place this morning from Cecil, six miles, by rail and have had a very interesting day. This is about the wildest county in Ohio. It is a new county, but rapidly improving; has doubled in population in the last eight years. The town is emerging from the forest and has a very primitive, woodsy look.

The place is girt around with the grand primitive forest, waiting its turn to sink beneath the labor of man. The single trees that are left and stand scattered around in the town, like sentinels on duty, have the peculiar look of trees grown in the forest of the Black Swamp, where they run up like bare naked poles with their spreading limbs and tufts of foliage on top, to welcome the sunlight and the shower.

The place pleases me beyond measure; carries me back to the aspect of the new places I have travelled through on old Pomp, when much of Ohio was a new country like this. And the people are filled with the same good spirits then so largely seen, which comes to settlers in a new rapidly developing country. They already halloo because they see their way out of the woods and a bright chance for themselves and boys and girls after them. The new-comers are crowding in inquiring for land improved and timbered, and then they buy and go into the interior and erect the old-time log hut, level the forest and drain the land.

How Hoops and Staves are Made.—The people of Paulding mainly get their living from the products of the forest. This afternoon I made a visit to the large hoop and stave factory of A. B. Holcombe & Co., and obtained these interesting facts from their manager, Mr. Charles Cook.

One man makes about 500 round hoops in a day; wages, 30 cents per 100. They are made from ash, white oak, hickory and maple and are used for flour, pork, syrup and liquor barrels.

Coiled or flat hoops are made by machinery out of elm and are used for light packing, as eggs, sugar, etc. The ordinary flat hoop is made largely hereabouts in the shanties in the woods and from black ash. They are *rived out* and delivered straight to the cooper and he puts them on by interlocking. His ordinary charge is about 12 cents a barrel.

This concern makes the patent hoop; it is made of elm. The log is taken to the saw mill, sawed into bolts 6½ feet long, 4½ inches thick. These bolts are steamed, then are

cut with knives similar to the stave knife, making bars 4½ inches wide, ⅝ of an inch thick and 6½ feet long. These bars are then run through a planer that rounds one side of the hoop and so bevels the inner side, making a hoop 1½ inches wide and ⅝ of an inch thick, the required dimensions for a standard hoop. These hoops are taken to a machine called a pointer and lapper—points one end and thins the other—then the hoops are boiled in a vat; then, when hot, are coiled in a coiling machine and are ready for market—8 hoops are put in a coil. The capacity of the machine is 40,000 per diem. The cooper puts these on a barrel for 4 or 5 cents.

A single nail holds together a coil of hoops ready for market. Some millers use the flat hoop and others the patent hoop. The patent hoop here finds its market entirely in New York City.

Staves are made entirely of elm, because it is easily worked and the woods abound in elms. The wood-cutters saw up the trees into lengths of thirty-two inches in the woods. These are split into parts from six to ten inches thick. They are then called bolts. These are then put into vats or boxes, and steamed, and thus rendered pliable. In A. B. Holcombe & Co.'s works the boxes have a capacity for twenty-five cords. These bolts are then sawed or "equalized" the required length of a barrel, which for sugar is 30 inches, for flour 28½, and for a half-barrel 24 inches. The half-barrel has a smaller heading and narrower staves.

These bolts are then put into a machine and split into long, thin pieces. The machine cuts each of these pieces into the required curves, to adapt each to forming part of the curve of a barrel.

The staves are then cut to the required width by a knife, which also gives a slight bevel to each, so as to fit it to its companion stave and the right bilge for the shape of the barrel. This concern makes about 30,000 staves per day. Eighteen staves are required for a sugar barrel and the diameter of its head is 19 inches.

Charcoal Furnaces.—On my way on the railroad from Cecil to Paulding, about a mile and a half south of the former, my attention was attracted by a huge brown building, and on the plateau beside it, and in contrast with it, lines of structures shaped like beehives, about fifteen feet at the base and about as high. These were on the line of the railroad and Wabash Canal. The beehive-like structures were twenty-three in number, and being white as snow (constructed, I believe, of brick and plastered with lime), formed a strong contrast to the dingy buildings and the dead aspect of the landscape around them. Attracted by the oddity of the scene as I gazed upon it from the cars, I was told that this was the Paulding furnace, the only one in northwest Ohio, and the beehive-like structures were kilns for the burning of the charcoal. The ores smelted were from Lake Superior. I am informed that beehive ovens will yield, in four days' burning, from forty-five to fifty bushels of charcoal per cord of wood.

This furnace was established here in 1864 by Graft, Bennett & Co., of Pittsburg, and because the country was full of wood. The ore is brought from Lake Superior by lake to Toledo, thence to this point by railroad and canal.

This furnace proved a great civilizer. In taking up land there could be no agriculture until the woods were cleared. In a short time they were employing 250 hands in clearing the forest and in other ways, clearing annually 1,000 acres of woodland. They used about 120 cords of wood per day, making forty-five tons of iron. The company built the first railroad in the county, the line from Cecil to Paulding. The furnace is not now running, and the increased and increasing value of the woodland will probably prevent a resumption.

All the furnaces in the United States originally used charcoal. Its place is now being supplied with anthracite and bituminous coal and coke.

Items of Talk with an Old Settler.

An old gentleman, Judge A. S. Latta, of Paulding, has given me some interesting items in conversation. When he first came to the country in 1837 there were but two families in the territory now comprising Emerald, Paulding and Blue Creek townships, in all 108 square miles. They were John Musselman, now living, and George Platter. There were only three families in Jackson, those of John R. and William Moss, and Mr. Fox. In Latta was only Leonard Kimmel, none in Harrison, and probably none in Benton. In 1842 there were only four organized townships, viz.: Auglaize; Brown, so named from Fort Brown, at the junction of the canals; Crane, so called after Oliver Crane, one of the first settlers, and Carryall, so called from the resemblance of a rock in the river to a French carryall or sleigh. The county census of 1840 gave a population of 1,025; but these were largely a floating population, including laborers on the canal. Paulding, in 1840, had the smallest population of any county in Ohio. Van Wert, the county south, had 1,577, Ottawa 2,258, Henry 2,492, Williams 4,464, Wood 5,458, Putnam 5,142.

D. C. Winters, Photo., Paulding.

THE PAULDING FURNACE, NEAR CECIL.

The white beehive-shaped structures are the kilns for the burning of the charcoal.

D. C. Winters, Photo., Paulding, 1887.

A HOOP-POLE SHANTY.

This is the home of a family who had moved in from Richland County to follow the business of making hoops. The county is full of such. Woodsmen here work the forest as fishermen work the sea.

The great obstacle to the settlement of the county has been the immense amount of fallen timber, which clogs up and stops the flow of water. The early settlers were fairly starved and drowned out; the ground was so wet they could not raise anything.

An old surveyor, running a line for a State road from Greenville in Darke county into Williams county, on entering Paulding made a note in his survey-book:

"*Water!—water!—water!—tall timber!—deep water!—not a blade of grass growing, nor a bird to be seen.*"

A stranger was making some invidious comparisons in regard to the Black Swamp lands, when a resident retorted by saying:

"Why, we do what you cannot; we raise two crops upon them."

"How is that?" asked the other; "it can't be possible."

"Yes," rejoined he; "one of *ice*, and the other of *frogs!*"

As late as 1878 wild timbered lands could be bought within four miles of Paulding from $4 to $6 per acre; now, from $10 to $20; improved lands from $30 to $50 an acre.

The population is mixed, largely foreign—German, some Irish and native English and Scotch. The prevailing religious denominations are Methodists and United Brethren, some Lutherans and a few Catholics.

It is claimed for Paulding that in the war she supplied more soldiers, *pro rata*, to the population, than any other county in Ohio. During the war the crops, therefore, could only be harvested by importing laborers from the adjoining counties. It may be so, as the population here then consisted largely of floating laborers. Noble county makes the same claim, but in neither case have we seen the data for it.

Destruction of the Reservoir.

Just east of Antwerp, in this county, was the reservoir of the Wabash & Erie Canal, which connected with the Miami & Erie Canal at Junction City. When, some years ago, the State of Indiana abandoned the Wabash & Erie, this section became practically useless, and the reservoir of some 2,000 acres was a constant source of ill-health in the region about it. It was originally the valley of a small stream, and was dammed and diked to make a reservoir. An effort has been made to have the State abandon it, but the bill failed to pass the Legislature. On the night of April 25, 1888, a band of some 200 men, residents of the county, proceeded to the lower end of the reservoir, captured the guards, who had been there since an attempt at destruction a few weeks previous, and proceeded systematically to destroy it. Two locks were blown up with dynamite, and the bulkhead at the lower end of the reservoir. The building occupied by the gatekeeper was burned. The band worked all night cutting the dikes with pick and spade. The volume of water was thus largely reduced, though the reservoir was not entirely drained.

Immediately on learning of these lawless acts, Gov. Foraker issued a proclamation to the rioters to disperse, and ordered to the scene of action Gen. Axline with several companies of militia to protect the State's property and to preserve peace. When the militia arrived, however, the rioters had dispersed, and owing to the sympathy with their acts on the part of the residents of the county, it was found impossible to discover the perpetrators of the damage. The unnecessary injury to the health of the residents of this region, and the waste of a vast area of fine farming land, justified the destruction of the reservoir, but the means adopted to encompass this are deserving of severe condemnation. Later the reservoir and canal were abandoned by the State. In 1843 the Mercer county reservoir was in like manner subjected to the hostility of the inhabitants. (See Vol. II, 503.)

TRAVELLING NOTES.

Thursday Morning, December 9.—Left Paulding in the cars for Van Wert half-an-hour ago and they have stopped at a clearing in the woods called Latty, three miles below. This railroad, the "Cincinnati, Jackson and Mackinaw," runs through the wildest part of the State parallel with and a few miles only from the Indiana line. It has in this region no through travel. I am on a freight train with a caboose attached. It goes only about six miles an hour, making many stops.

The Timber Business and People.—The railroad is supported mainly by the transportation of timber, there being but little agriculture in Paulding county. The greater part of the population live with their families in hoop shanties or log cabins in the woods and engage in the getting out of staves and hoops. There are fifteen or sixteen stave factories in the county. The barrel heads are made of basswood and sycamore.

Latty is composed of a collection of huts in the woods for laborers who are at work cutting down timber for hoops and staves that are made here. The soft timber is cut down by cross-cut saws; the hardest trees are chopped. The principal timber of the country is oak, cottonwood, hickory, basswood and sycamore in immense quantities. The sycamore, they tell me, is of great value for the inside of houses; regarded as preferable to black walnut, ash or cherry, color resembling mahogany and beautifully grained.

Around Latty the trees had mostly been cut down by cross-cut saws. There are establishments here for making hoops and staves. Latty is a wild spot and very interesting to look upon. What piles of logs! what almost acres of staves!—some under sheds and some in the open. Around stand the woods in the deadness of winter, their trunks largely white and hoary.

The cutting down the forests is mere child's play compared to the labor of the pioneers with the axe. Now there are firms of men who travel even into the heart of Ohio, where yet remain scattered large bodies of woodland, with their portable saw-mills and make contracts to clear the land. They saw down the trees with cross-cut saws and convert them into lumber on the spot, living in the woods at the time in shanties and often with their families. By the use of the cross-cut saw a few men will clear one hundred acres in a few months and with a portable saw-mill of twenty-horse-power convert such a hard timber as oak into lumber at the rate of six thousand feet per day. I met, in travelling, one of a firm, Strack & Angell, of these modern clearers of the woods. He told me they had just cleared off in less than a year three hundred acres, yielding 900,000 feet of lumber.

Directing the Fall of Trees.—Such is the skill of these modern woodsmen that they will make a tree fall in any desired direction. If the top should lean as much as even ten feet over, say a gulch, and they wish it to lie in an opposite direction, they will work as follows: First, chip with an axe part way through the tree in the desired direction for its fall near its base, then on the opposite side begin with their cross-cut saw, driving in thicker and thicker wedges in the fissure made by the saw, which after a while changes the centre of gravity to the opposite side.

Costly Trees.—Sometimes trees of rare value are found in the woods. I am told an enormous black walnut, some years ago, found in Williams county, brought $1,000, and a bird's-eye oak, very rare, discovered in Indiana, sold for $1,700. These were exorbitant sums, reached by furniture men in rivalry to each other.

Wild Game.—At a stopping-place in front of a cabin we saw some foxes chained and one of our passengers got out and played with them. The woods are full of foxes and wild game generally, as partridge, duck, quail, wild turkey, plover, jack-snipe, woodcock, etc.

Speech of the Twentieth Century.—In front of the cabins at Latty, the ground seemed alive with midgets, children playing in the warm, golden sunlight of a perfect December day. The air was pure and bracing; nature calm and peaceful and it seemed as though the very spirit of liberty dwelt here in this wilderness for the growth and nurture of these little ones, and then I thought, in a twinkling the Twentieth Century, in the freshness of youth and hope, will be here and he will call out to them. "Come, I want you. That old fellow, the Nineteenth Century, is dead; yes, dead as a hammer. You know, for you were at his funeral and nobody wept. We respect his memory, but will not put on mourning. He thought, as Old Father Time was notching out his last years, he had done great things in his day and generation. And so he had; but oh, law me! it's not a circumstance to what I shall do with my one

hundred years; that is, starting with your help." And they will help him, even if they were born in the woods of Paulding, and the nightly hooting of owls resounded from its dark, lonely recesses.

The original county-seat was CHARLOE, on the Auglaize river and Miami extension canal, twelve miles south of Defiance. It was laid out about 1840 and was never but little more than a mere hamlet. Ockenoxy's town stood on the site of Charloe, named from a chief who resided there, and who was reported an obstinate, cruel man. The village derived its name later from Charloe, an Ottawa chief, distinguished for his eloquence and sprightliness in debate.

ANTWERP is ten miles northwest of Paulding, twenty-one west of Defiance, on the M. W. St. L. & P. R. R. and Wabash canal.

City officers, 1888: W. F. Fleck, Mayor; A. E. Lane, Clerk; O. S. Applegate, Treasurer; Joel Dresser, Marshal. Newspaper: *Argus*, Republican, W. E. & N. H. Osborn, editors. Churches: 1 Presbyterian, 1 Catholic and 1 Christian. Population, 1880, 1,275. School census, 1888, 471; A. K. Grubb, school superintendent.

Antwerp has 2 large stave factories, one of which combines with it the manufacture of dressed and rough lumber; 2 factories for tobacco, candy, and jelly pails and cannicans—small, wooden cans—axle grease boxes, 1 patent hoop manufactory, flouring mill, etc. It is an excellent market for grain and live stock, and it exports largely poultry and wild game, as wild turkeys, ducks, quail, partridges, etc.

PAYNE is eight miles southwest of Paulding, on the N. Y. C. & St. L. R. R. Newspaper: *Review*, Republican, W. J. Johnson, editor and publisher.

Manufactures and Employees.—N. E. Prentice, flour, etc., 9 hands; P. H. Hyman, lumber and staves, 18; Payne, Hoop & Co., hoops, 41; H. F. Schnelker & Co., staves, 24; *Payne Review*, printing, 2; Jacob Ream, lumber and flooring, 10; Miller & Zind, wagons, etc., 3.—*State Reports, 1887.*

School census, 1888, 354. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, $60,000. Value of annual product, $65,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

CECIL is six miles north of Paulding, on the W. St. L. & P. and C. J. & M. Railroads.

Manufactures and Employees.—J. B. Bugenot, Bros. & Co., staves and heading, 50 hands; M. Simpson, lumber and tile, 6.—*State Report, 1888.*

School census, 1888, 115.

DAGUE is six miles south of Paulding, on the C. J. & M. R. R. School census, 1888, 130.

LATTY is three miles south of Paulding, on the C. J. & M. and N. Y. C. & St. L. Railroads. School census, 1888, 169.

OAKWOOD is eleven miles southeast of Paulding, on the Auglaize river and N. Y. C. & St. L. R. R. School census, 1888, 136.

PERRY.

PERRY COUNTY was formed March 1, 1817, from Washington, Muskingum and Fairfield, and named from Commodore Oliver H. Perry. The surface is mostly rolling, and in the South hilly; the soil is clayey, and in the middle and northern part fertile.

Area about 410 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 66,709; in pasture, 102,176; woodland, 33,929; lying waste, 2,487; produced in wheat, 159,585 bushels; rye, 2,898; buckwheat, 212; oats, 54,621; barley, 108; corn, 517,542; meadow hay, 23,029 tons; clover hay, 883; potatoes, 34,286 bushels; tobacco, 500 lbs.; butter, 431,940; sorghum, 2,087 gallons; maple syrup, 11,472; honey, 3,005 lbs.; eggs, 370,713 dozen; grapes, 20,286 lbs.; wine, 270 gallons; sweet potatoes, 1,643 bushels; apples, 3,944; peaches, 1,017; pears, 622; wool, 334,183 lbs.; milch cows owned, 4,747. Ohio mining statistics, 1888: Coal mined, 1,736,805 tons, employing 3,301 miners and 433 outside employees; iron ore, 10,129 tons; fire-clay, 45 tons; limestone, 4,217 tons burned for fluxing.

School census, 1888, 8,063; teachers, 195. Miles of railroad track, 139.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Bearfield,	1,455	997	Monday Creek,	986	1,636
Clayton,	1,602	1,164	Monroe,	999	1,780
Coal,		3,836	Pike,		3,059
Harrison,	1,034	1,562	Pleasant,		1,053
Hopewell,	1,544	1,284	Reading,	3,936	3,367
Jackson,	1,700	1,896	Salt Lick,	1,243	3,970
Madison,	1,167	714	Thorn,	2,006	1,900

Population of Perry in 1820 was 8,459; 1830, 14,063; 1840, 19,340; 1860, 19,678; 1880, 28,218, of whom 22,528 were born in Ohio; 1,165, Pennsylvania; 523, Virginia; 149, Kentucky; 136, New York; 48, Indiana; 1,346, England and Wales; 925, Ireland; 269, Scotland; 249, German Empire; 56, British America; 39, France; and 17, Sweden and Norway. Census of 1890, 31,151.

COAL AND IRON.

Perry is the largest coal-producing county in the State. It also produces large quantities of hematite iron ore. A few miles south of McLuney Station, Bearfield township, a valuable deposit of black-band ore has been discovered and quite extensively worked on the Whitlock farm, for Moxahala furnace. Within three miles of New Lexington, the so-called Baird ore is mined quite extensively on many farms. It has been demonstrated that the Baird ore of Perry county is the limestone ore of the Hanging Rock district.

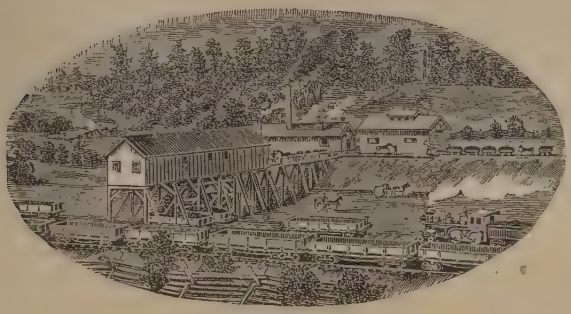
Monday Creek, Salt Lick, Coal and Monroe townships belong to the Hocking Valley coal field, constituting an important portion of what is known as the "Great Vein" territory, in which the Middle Kittanning seam ranges from five to thirteen and one-half feet in thickness.

The coal mines of the northern and central townships of Perry are similar in character to those of Muskingum county; they are specially adapted to domestic uses and for making steam. The Columbus and Eastern railroad is doing much for the development of the coal fields of this region.

This county was *first settled* by Pennsylvania Germans, about the years 1802 and 1803. Of the early settlers the names of the following are recollected: John

Hammond, David Pugh, Robt. McClung, Isaac Brown, John and Anthony Clayton, Isaac Reynolds, Daniel Shearer, Peter Overmyer, Adam Binckley, Wm. and Jacob Dusenbury, John Poorman, John Finck, Daniel Parkinson, John Lashley, Peter Dittoe, John Dittoe, and Michael Dittoe. The first church erected in the county was at New Reading; it was a Lutheran church, of which the Rev. Mr. Foster was the pastor; shortly after, a Baptist church was built about three miles east of Somerset.

The road through this county was, "from 1800 to 1815, the great thoroughfare between Kentucky, Indiana, Ohio and the Eastern States, or until steamboat navigation created a new era in the history of travellers—a perpetual stream of



View at the Coal Mines, Shawnee.

emigrants rolled Westward along its course, giving constant occupation to hundreds of tavern-keepers, seated at short distances along its borders and consuming all the spare grain raised by the inhabitants for many miles north and south of its line. Groups of merchants on horseback with led horses, laden with Spanish dollars, travelled by easy stages every spring and autumn along its route, congregated in parties of ten or twenty individuals, for mutual protection, and armed with dirks, pocket pistols, and pistols in holsters, as robberies sometimes took place in the more wilderness parts of the road. The goods, when purchased, were wagoned to Pittsburg and sent in large flat boats, or keel boats, to their destination below, while the merchant returned on horseback to his home, occupying eight or ten weeks in the whole tour."

Somerset in 1846.—Somerset, the county-seat, is forty-three miles easterly from Columbus, on the Macadamized road leading from Zanesville to Lancaster, from each of which it is eighteen miles, or midway, which circumstance gave it, when originally laid out, the name of *Middletown.*

In 1807 John Finck erected the first log-cabin in the vicinity of this place. Having purchased a half-section of land he laid out, in 1810, the eastern part of the town; the western part was laid out by Jacob Miller. They became the first settlers: the first died about eleven and the last about twenty years since. The present name, Somerset, was derived from Somerset, Penn., from which place and vicinity most of the early settlers came. The board of directors of the Lutheran seminary at Columbus have voted to remove it to this place. The town contains 1 Lutheran, 2 Catholic and 1 Methodist church; 1 iron foundry, 1 tobacco warehouse, 3 newspaper printing offices, 16 mercantile stores and about 1,400 inhabitants. A very large proportion of the population of the county are Catholics. They have in the town a nunnery, to which is attached St. Mary's seminary, a

school for young females. It is well conducted and many Protestant families send their daughters here to be educated.—*Old Edition.*

About two miles south of Somerset are the buildings shown in the annexed view. The elegant building in the centre is St. Joseph's church, recently erected; on the right is seen the convent building; the structure partly shown beyond St.

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

SAINT JOSEPH'S CHURCH AND CONVENT.

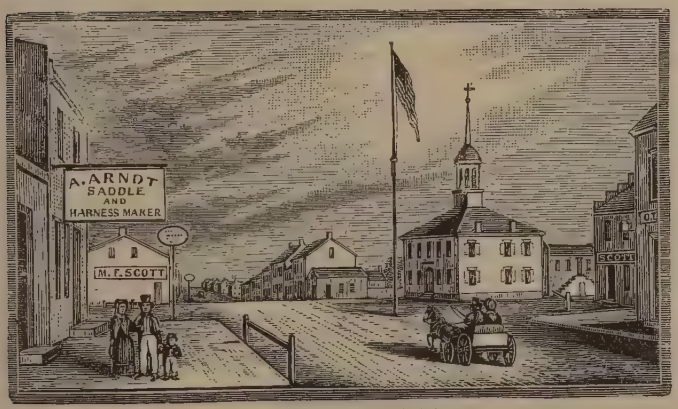
Joseph's church is the oldest Catholic church in the State, the history of which we give in an extract from an article in the *United States Catholic Magazine* for January, 1847, entitled "The Catholic Church in Ohio."

The first chapel of which we have any authentic record that was ever consecrated to Almighty God within our borders was St. Joseph's, in Perry county, which was solemnly blessed on the 6th of December, 1818, by Rev. Edward Fenwick and his nephew, Rev. N. D. Young, of the order of St. Dominic, both natives of Maryland, and deriving their jurisdiction from the venerable Dr. Flaget, who was then the only bishop between the Alleghenies and the Mississippi. This chapel was first built of logs, to which an addition of stone was subsequently made, so that it was for a considerable time "partly logs and partly stone." When the congregation, which consisted of only ten families when the chapel was first opened, had increased in number, the logs disappeared and a new addition, or, to speak more correctly, a separate church of brick, marked the progress of improvement and afforded new facilities for the accommodation of the faithful. An humble convent, whose reverend inmates, one American, N. D. Young, one Irishman, Thomas Martin, and one Belgian, Vincent de Rymacher, cheerfully shared in all the hardships and privations incident to the new colony, was erected near the church, and from its peaceful precincts the saving truths of faith were conveyed and its divine sacraments administered to many a weary emigrant who had almost despaired of enjoying those blessings in the solitude which he had selected for his home. The benedictions of the poor and the refreshing dews of heaven descended on the spiritual seed thus sown. It increased and multiplied the hundred fold. New congregations were formed in Somerset, Lancaster, Zanesville, St. Barnabas, Morgan county, Rehoboth and St. Patrick's, seven miles from St. Joseph's, and in Sapp's settlement and various other stations still more distant was the white habit of St. Dominic hailed by the lonely Catholic as the harbinger of glad tidings and the symbol of the joy, the purity and the triumphs which attest the presence of the Holy Spirit and the fufilment of the promises made by her divine founder to the church.

At this place a number of young men are being educated for the priesthood of the Dominican order. A large library is connected with the institution, which affords facilities to the students in becoming acquainted with church history and literature. Among them are the writings of many of the fathers and rare books, some of which were printed before the discovery of America.—*Old Edition.*

THE PERRY COUNTY COURT-HOUSE, NEW LEXINGTON.

OLIVER H. PERRY.



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

CENTRAL VIEW IN SOMERSET.

The old County Court-House shown on the right is yet standing, and M. F. Scott still in his store ready for customers.

SOMERSET, for many years the county-seat, is seven miles northwest of New Lexington, the present county-seat, on the Straitsville Branch of the B. & O. Railroad. City officers, 1888: D. O. Brunner, Mayor; Thomas Scanlon, Clerk; Owen Yost, Solicitor; E. T. Droege, Treasurer; W. C. Weir, Marshal and Street Commissioner. Newspaper: *Press*, Labor, W. P. Magruder, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Lutheran, 1 German Reformed, 1 Catholic and 1 Methodist. Population, 1880, 1,207. School census, 1888, 361; J. B. Phinney, school superintendent.

In the old description of Somerset we have spoken of the female academy of St. Mary's. It has long been a famed institution. It was established at Somerset in 1830 by Bishop Fenwick, the first Catholic Bishop of Cincinnati. Years after our visit it was destroyed by fire, and it was removed to about four miles east of the capitol building at Columbus. It was incorporated in July, 1868, under the direction of the Dominican Sisters. It is now widely known as the "Academy of St. Mary of the Springs," and is a highly popular institution. It is near Alum creek, a branch of the Scioto, and under the general charge of Bishop Watterson. The building is large and commodious. "The location is unsurpassed in its salubrity and beauty of landscape; the distracting sights and sounds of the bustling world are excluded by shady groves and sloping hills."

St. Joseph's Church, shown in the view taken in 1846, was also destroyed by fire, but another replaces it and with a noble college building standing by it.

TRAVELLING NOTES.

SOMERSET, May 21.—Somerset has changed but little. The old picture fits even to this day. As I was making the drawing for it a brother of Phil Sheridan, then 9 years old, on his way to school, looked over my shoulder as he now tells me, while Phil himself was clerking it in the town somewhere—may be saw me seated in a chair near A. Arndt's sign. The old sign has gone—no longer creaks in the wind—catches no snow—gone, too, is Andy. Nobody lives forever. The old court-house is still standing, with the same old inscription over the door, with its Irish bull—

"Let Justice be Done IF the Heavens should Fall."

The one-story brown building beyond it exists now only in my picture; never was a sparkling gem set in the brow of Somerset. It was Garlinger's grocery—a great institution in the times of the thirsty and free fights.

Free Fights.—Says an old citizen to me: "I remember one muster-day, about forty years ago, seeing a crowd of men pouring out of that grocery and indulging in a free fight, and all wearing red warmers, *i. e.*, roundabout loose jackets of red flannel. At that time there were often fights on the square. When parties had a grievance, they would put off settling it until muster-day. Then they would have it out, rough and tumble, often with rings around. The fight over, they would become good friends again. Frequently these fights would be to see who was the best man." "In those days, when any farmer was sick, his neighbors would get in his crops and take good care of him."

"They do that now; don't they?"

"No!" he replied; "but they don't fight any more."

The sign "M. F. Scott," is gone, but the building is there, and so is M. F. Scott; for I found him on an evening and had an hour's chat with him. Mr. Scott is a small, hale, rosy-cheeked old gentleman, 74 years of age, hair of snow and never was sick a day. I think he is of Irish extraction or birth. He told me he came here in 1838, and paid $7 per 100 pounds freight for his goods from Philadelphia, and "now," added he, "the charge being fifty cents, some of my neighbors complain of the extortionate charges of railroads.

Phil. Sheridan's Boyhood.—I asked about Phil. Sheridan. He replied, "Sheridan was a very bright, trusty boy. Before going to West Point he clerked for various parties in town; once clerked in this very store." I asked, "How did he get his appointment?" "Why, he got it himself. There was a vacancy from this district, when he wrote to Gen. Richey, our member of Congress, that he wanted it." In speaking of it, years afterwards, and just after Stone River, Richey said: "It was at the close of the Mexican war; the pressure upon me was so tremendous for a cadetship, backed by strong, influential recommendations, that I was in great anxiety which way to move when I got Phil.'s letter backed by no one. I knew him, and it was so manly and so spirited that I that very day went to the War Department and ordered the warrant to be made out, fearful that if I deferred it some malign influence would be brought to bear to make me reject the application; and having done it, I had a deep sense of relief."

The Boyhood Home of Sheridan.—The next morning after this conversation I sketched the boyhood home of Phil. Sheridan. His father was a laboring man, and took contracts for macadamizing the National Road and other roads. The house was occupied by the family in their more humble days. In his later years he built a neat cottage residence about half a mile south of the town. He died at the age of 75 years from blood-poisoning, which originated from a kick at night in the wrist from a vicious horse, the wound not healing.

The old homestead is but three minutes' walk from M. F. Scott's store, and yet quite out of town. Somerset, like the old towns built upon the National Road, and like other macadamized thoroughfares, consists mainly of a single street with the buildings compact, like poor pieces of cities set down in the country. Such places have no pleasant village aspects, and therefore make one sad in thinking of what "might have been."

The main building of the old homestead consists of three rooms only, and is unoccupied and dilapidated, and we have tried to make it look as it did in "Phil.'s" boyhood days, and so have introduced the boy galloping on a horse around the corner, which is supposed to be "Phil." as he then was, preparing, unknown to himself, for that later ride, "Up at morning, at break of day."

The wing this way, consisting of a single room, was built in 1847, and is occupied by Mr. Zortman and wife, laboring people. Germans, of course, they are, for they had flowers blooming in the windows of their very humble home. I asked Mrs. Maggie Morris, who lived next door, the name of the street. She answered, "I don't know; some call it the 'Happy alley.'" The Happy alley has upon it but three or four houses, and commands a grateful, open prospect of green fields and sweet smelling slopes, falling away down to the Hocking valley, fifteen miles away to the south, and where, some three years ago, one night, when the mills at Logan were burned, the light was seen reddening the sky.

From here, on the left, over an apple orchard, quarter of a mile away, on a slight hill, stands the old St. Mary's. It was a female seminary, with nunnery attached. St Mary's has been removed to Columbus. It brought back pleasant recollections of hospitable entertainment there, and at St. Joseph's, from the Catholic Fathers and Sisters.

Talk upon Corn and Grapes.—From the cottage I walked to the present Sheridan homestead, half a mile south. Passed a large field where two men and three boys were hoeing open ground for corn, while two girls were following them, planting. They wore sunbonnets and their aprons were filled with the kernels, which they held up with one hand and dropped from the other—a pleasant sight. My companion, Mr. ——, a friend of the Sheridan family, said: "In corn-planting the women and the girls often help. Under the most favorable weather corn will mature in ninety days from planting; sometimes it requires 120 days. The ground must be right as to moisture. If too wet, the corn will decay. The season being short the planting has to be hurried; hence, all of a family help. The heavy frost of June 5, 1859, destroyed the wheat of this region. Yet that was one of the most fruitful years here known, for the entire population turned out, put in varied crops, and, the autumn being long and warm, everything ripened."

"Some fifteen or twenty years ago," he continued, "there was a great furore hereabouts for planting grapes, the soil and climate seeming especially adapted to them, the varieties being Catawba, Ives' Seedling, Delaware and Concord, the last the most prolific. Some parties went into it so largely that it ruined them. For a while, wine was made largely and sold even as low as eighteen cents a gallon, and even then there was no market. Physicians were anxious to prescribe it, but Americans can't be taught to drink sour wines."

The Sheridan Homestead.—I found this to be a neat, simple cottage of wood with eight rooms. It stands back about twenty yards from the road, midst trees and shrubbery. Among these were evergreens and honeysuckles climbing trellis-work. The location of the cottage is in a small valley, in front of a grove, now called "Sheridan's Grove." A big tree stands by the house, marking the spot where, in the campaign of 1840, Harrison, Corwin, Ewing and Hamer addressed political meetings. Here, too, in the grove was held the first meeting of the three years' men in the civil war.

The Mother of Sheridan, now in her 87th year, is a short, slender, delicate woman, with sparkling black eyes. She could not have weighed over ninety pounds, erect, active and sprightly as a girl. She was all volubility and seemed overflowing with good spirits. At lunch she asked me, "Please to take that

seat." I replied. "Any seat at the table with the mother of Gen. Sheridan is an honor." She gracefully bowed, smiled, and gave a "Thank you, sir."

To a question, later, in the parlor, about her son, she replied, "Oh, he's an Ohio boy." The way she replied, "Oh, he's an Ohio boy." showed she was filled with the sense of the greatness of Ohio. Just as she answered it, the subject was changed by my companion, Mr. ——, a friend of the family, interrupting. He took from the shelf and showed me a war bonnet of the Cheyennes. It was a gorgeous affair of fuss and feathers, and the only garment which those wild creatures wear when they go naked, riding and whooping, into battle.

Among the curiosities in the house was the inkstand used by Gen. Lee in signing the articles of surrender. In the parlor Mrs. Sheridan showed me "Phil.'s" photograph in a line with his staff, some fifteen or twenty young men. With a single exception he was the shortest of the group, and so worn down at the close of the war, she said he weighed but 130 pounds. It was evident that Sheridan's activity of mind and person came from this bright little woman. It is quite a satisfaction to me that I have had interviews with the mothers of both Sheridan and Grant—the latter is given in Vol. I., p. 333.

From the Sheridan place we continued our walk to St. Joseph. The church shown in the picture had been burnt and rebuilt, and a new noble college building added. The Fathers showed me a large billiard-room for the recreation of the students, an innovation upon the idea of the old time as to the proprieties; also the library, which is famous for its rare collection of ancient theological works.

South of St. Joseph the whole country looms up into one huge rounded hill, dotted with fields, forests and farms, and thus to the eye ends the globe in that direction. St. Joseph is a very secluded "shut-out-of-the-world" spot. In my original visit I passed over the Sabbath with the Fathers at St. Joseph.

The Sisters were at St. Mary's and were teachers in the seminary. Pleasant young women I found them, social and kindly. One with whom I conversed, I alone remember—Sister Veronica. I inquired about her and the answer was, "She died about seventeen years ago;" and about Father Wilson, whom I also met there, and the answer also was, "dead."

Sister Veronica is a pleasing memory of a blue-eyed, fair-haired girl. I could not well forget her, for she told me in such a simple, artless way why she had that name given to her, by relating the beautiful legend on which it was founded, which we here give for the reading of such as may never have heard it:

"As Christ was bearing the cross a woman advanced from the crowd and taking her veil from her head, wiped the sweat and blood from his face and brow, when a miracle was performed; an exact image of our Saviour's face was printed thereon. Thereafter she was called 'Veronica, the woman of the veil.' That concluded, she is one of the legends of the church. It is not essential to our faith that we should believe them."

Father Wilson was a different character, but interesting. He was, I believe, New England born, and I think from the State of Maine. He had first gone from a carpenter's bench into the ministry of the Methodist church and then into that of the Catholic. As is usual in such cases his zeal was proportionate to the greatness of the change. He invited me to hear him the Sunday I was here. I remember only the opening words, "In the world's great progress. . . ." At the same time he outstretched his palms and carried into his preaching the shoutings and mannerisms of an old-style Methodist camp-meeting orator. This must have sometimes astonished his associate priests, being so different from their own.

With tender sympathy he approached me on the subject of my soul's salvation. I inquired if after the manner of the Protestants would not answer every practical purpose? He shook his head. Thereupon. I said: "I have a cousin, a Protestant, a cashier in a bank; his name, Amos Townsend. For years when a young man, he boarded himself; lived on the most frugal fare and dressed in simple attire; this was to save money that he might alleviate human woe. All his spare time was given to religious ministrations and visiting the poor and sick, and his purse was ever open to objects of suffering. When well advanced in life he married a woman who was his counterpart; she had long been his helpmeet in works of charity and they had grown into each other's lives. Then he took a little cottage and kept a horse and buggy. For his own gratification? Not in the least; but to take out the sick poor that they might have the benefit of fresh air and green fields. So holy, pure and self-denying is he that his townsmen look upon him as a wonder. the single one man among them all who follows to the last syllable the teachings of the 'Sermon on the Mount.' He is small in person, face sad, calm and saintly—so saintly that his townsmen call him *Saint Paul.*"

Having thus stated, I asked the reverend father, "Where he would go when he died?"

He replied, "Amos Townsend is doubtless a good man. He has repented, but not believed. He has fulfilled only a part of the law, so can't be saved."

"Go to Purgatory?"

"No!"

"What! lower?"

Upon this he simply nodded, but uttered no dreadful word; neither did I.

Were Father Wilson living to-day he would doubtless find that "in the world's great progress" his opinions had changed.

Furthermore, he would see that this world is growing wiser, more humane as it grows older. The angelic in man is rising. The children are better than their fathers, because

wiser. With true religion, intelligence, and not ignorance, must be considered the mother of Devotion. The conception of a recluse of the middle ages was weak compared to the sublime thought which filled the soul of Cardinal Newman when he was brought to face that ever unanswerable question, "Canst thou by searching find out God?" Science teaches Him in the universe and but supplements and enlarges our conception of the "Great First Cause least understood," the all-soul-filling ONE. Justice is the armor of love. In the ultimate, love must triumph. God reigns. "God is love." These, my lines, express in part my theology.

THE SUPREME POWER.

JEHOVAH moves the mighty worlds,
And spreads the silent stars in view,
With glory lights the summer clouds,
Beneath the beauteous dome of blue.

He whispers in the rustling leaves
And sparkles in the smiling morn;
Awakes the soul with sweetest strains,
And blesses from our very dawn.

No woe betides and no storm alarms,
Offspring of His great, loving heart,
Cast in his celestial form
'Mid mystery all, we form a part;

While every sound that charms the ear,
And every scene that glads the eye—
Innocence, love and starry worlds—
Alike proclaim DIVINITY:—

Who spake, when light from darkness flashed,
Mountains from oceans skyward sprang,
While star sang unto star
As each in glory on its course began.

GENERAL PHILIP HENRY SHERIDAN

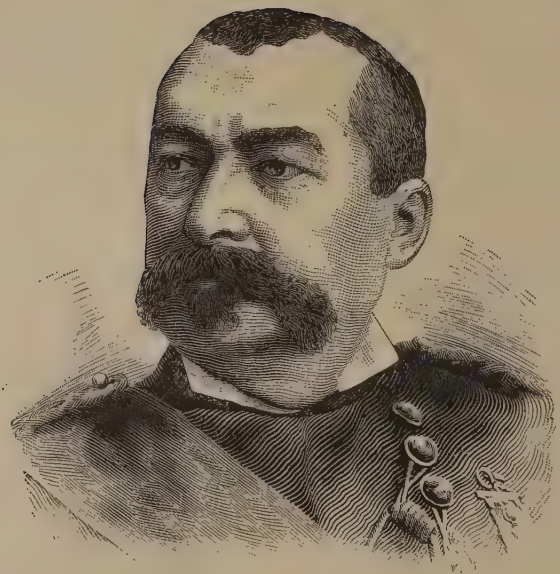
CHRONOLOGY.

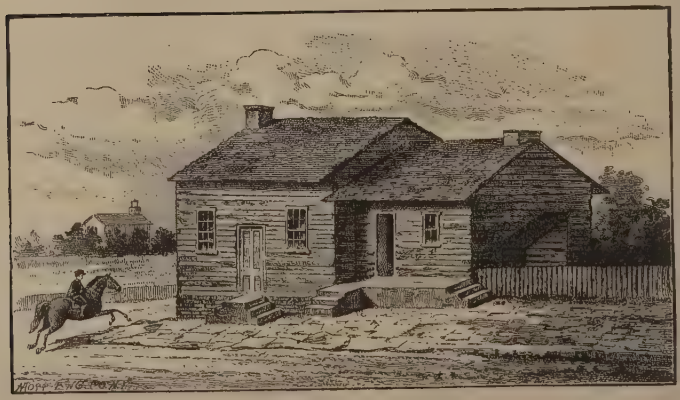
Born in Albany, New York, March 6, 1831, the son of Irish laboring people. Lived his infancy and youth in Somerset, Ohio; was a clerk for a while in Somerset in the hardware store of John Talbot and then in the dry-goods store of Finck & Dittoe, and from there entered as a cadet the United States Military Academy, July 1, 1848. Graduated July 1, 1853, thirty-fourth in his class of fifty-two, of which James B. McPherson was the head, and of which General Hood, of the Confederate, and Schofield, of the Union army, were also members. Then he entered the army as Brevet Second Lieutenant, 1st Infantry, May 14, 1851; became Captain, 13th Infantry. In the volunteer service the ranks and dates of appointment were: May 25, 1862, Colonel, 2d Michigan Cavalry; July, 1862, Brigadier-General; January 31, 1863, Major-General. In the regular army the dates and ranks were: September 20, 1864, Brigadier-General; November 8, 1864, Major-General; March 4, 1869, Lieutenant-General; June 1, 1888, *General*. Three officers only had before received this commission, viz.: Washington, Grant and Sherman. He was the nineteenth General-in chief of the United States army. For forty years—1848 to 1888—from Cadet to General, he was in his country's service. He died, August 5, 1888, at Nonquitt, Mass., fifty-seven years five months of age, and lies buried in the National Cemetery, Arlington, the greatest city of the soldier's dead, and he the greatest soldier of them all. His grave is on the hill-slope, overlooking the capital of his country, which he loved so well. In 1879 Sheridan married Miss Lucker, the daughter of Daniel H. Lucker, of the United States army. He was a Roman Catholic and devoted to his duties as such.

Sheridan never was defeated and often plucked victory out of the jaws of defeat. He was thoroughly trusted and admired, and loved by his officers and men. He bore the nickname of "Little Phil," a term of endearment due to his size, like the "Petite Corporal" of Napoleon I. He was below the middle height, five feet five inches; but powerfully built, with a strong countenance, indicative of valor and resolution. His energy and endurance were remarkable. He could, when occasion required great efforts, endure for long periods great physical strain and loss of sleep.

It was frequently said that Sheridan had seen the backs of more rebels than any other federal General. This is doubtless true, and of itself expresses as well as implies a good deal. It was known that he was about equally skilful in the command of artillery, cavalry and infantry. He commanded in the East as well as in the West and was popular and successful with both armies. He changed the cavalry arm of the service from an inefficient, unreliable force, into a well-disciplined, invincible, victorious army. He brought his division—all there was left of it—intact out of the deadly struggle in the tall cedars at Stone river. Though badly cut up with General McCook's corps at Chickamauga, Sheridan rallied the remnant of his division and proceeded to march in the direction of the sound of General Thomas' guns.

It was Sheridan who changed the valley of the Shenandoah from a valley of humiliation into a land of triumph. After the Shenandoah was cleared of the enemy he was called back to the main army in front of Richmond.





Drawn by Henry Howe in 1886.

PORTRAIT AND BOYHOOD HOME OF GENERAL SHERIDAN.

Grant's whole operations during the summer of 1864 and the early part of the year 1865, had been little less than a series of bloody disasters, and, as offensive movements, were certainly not successful. Eventually, Grant decided to make a last desperate effort to break the rebel lines and General Sheridan was selected to lead the momentous expedition. About three o'clock one morning Grant called Sheridan from his bed and told him what was to be done. "I want you to break the rebel lines," says General Grant, "and if you fail go and join Sherman." "I'll make the attempt," replies Sheridan," but I'll not go to Sherman; I propose to end it right here." Right there, in the breast of little Phil Sheridan, was the crack of doom for the Southern Confederacy. Sheridan's command charged at Five Forks, the hitherto invincible lines of General Lee were broken, and Richmond doomed. Lee's army was routed; retreated in great confusion and the Confederate administration hastily deserted the rebel capital. It was a great victory for the army of the Potomac; but few dreamed—not even General Grant—that the war was virtually over. It was Sheridan who, with his accustomed habit of following closely upon the backs of the defeated rebels, at once discovered the true condition of things and despatched back to Grant: "Hurry up the troops; Lee must surrender if closely pressed. I am sure of it."

Meanwhile Sheridan had a sharp engagement at or near Hanover Court-house, the last stand Lee's ragged and brave veterans ever made. Grant hurried up the troops and Appomattox was the result.

From the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, Ohio Commandery, issued *in memoriam* of Sheridan, we extract these passages:

His humble birth and humble life to his cadetship was not the least important in shaping his subsequent career. Though of foreign parentage he was imbued with the true spirit of Americanism which possessed him in mature manhood to a marked degree. The warm Irish blood flowing in his veins made service for his country a passion as well as a duty.

General Sheridan, with true soldierly instinct, preferred to attack the enemy and keep him employed, rather than to allow him time to make combinations and execute his own plans.

A characteristic of General Sheridan, not common to many other commanders on the field, and the one without doubt that enabled him to achieve success and fame, was the quality of being more self-possessed and fuller of resources and expedients in the tumult of the battle than at any other time. He gave conclusive evidence to those who observed him closely before and during a great and severely contested field engagement of awakening to a higher degree of mental power when danger was most imminent, than he displayed at any other time, or under ordinary circumstances. His original plan of battle, as is common through unforseen causes, might prove to be defective, or become impracticable; yet he under such circumstances never became disconcerted or dismayed, and he was always fortunate enough to instantaneously make a new plan of battle or other new combinations, which were executed to meet the exigencies and to insure final and complete success.

Success and generalship are synonyms in war.

He had no patience with mediocrity in an officer high in command—it was not ordinary acts that were required to win a battle, but *extraordinary* ones, and an officer incapable of such should be removed.

Shortly after General Grant took command of all the armies of the United States, and on April 4, 1864, Sheridan was placed in command of the cavalry corps operating with the Army of the Potomac. At once his superiority as a cavalry officer showed itself. To confront him was the flower of the Confederate cavalry under an active, renowned leader, with other experienced officers under him. The pride of the South was in the efficiency and chivalry of its mounted soldiers and their best were concentrated in the East.

General Sheridan decided to fight with the sword and thenceforth the carbine and pistol became comparatively useless instruments in the hands of the enemy's cavalry; as, in close conflicts or melee, friend was as likely to be shot as foe, and the sabre wielded by the strong-armed Northern soldier was irresistible. When confronted by infantry, he fought his cavalry dismounted, then using the carbine efficiently.

From the time this mode of warfare was put in practice to the end of the war, Sheridan's cavalry against a like arm of the service was invincible, regardless of any disparity of numbers. We have the recent testimony of the present Emperor of Germany that, in the manner of fighting cavalry and in the mode of conducting campaigns, Sheridan has taught great military men new lessons in warfare.

The greatest soldiers of modern Europe, Von Moltke and others, and the most illustrious soldier of our own country, General Grant, have concurred in pronouncing Sheridan the most accomplished of the great field-generals of the world.

When, after the battle of Cedar Creek, in recognition of that great exploit, Sheridan was commissioned to be Major-General in the regular army, the veteran journalist, Chas. A. Dana, then Assistant Secretary of War, was despatched with the commission from Washington to Sheridan's camp, where he arrived late that night. What followed he related, years after, in his paper the New York *Sun:*

The next morning the General took me on foot through his camp, and as we went among the regiments and brigades and greeted old acquaintances on every hand, I was everywhere struck with the manifestations of the personal attachment to Sheridan. I had not seen anything like it in either of our great armies. Grant, Sherman, Thomas, all moved among their troops with every mark of respect and confidence on the part of the men; but in Sheridan's camp it was quite different. They seemed to regard him more as a boy regards the father he believes in, relies on and loves, than as soldiers are wont to regard their commander. Finally, as we were completing our morning's tour and had got nearly back to headquarters, I said to him: "General, how is this? These men appear to have a special affection for you, more than I have ever seen displayed toward any other officer. What is the reason?"

"Well," said he, "I think I can tell you. I always fight in the front rank myself. I was long ago convinced that it would not do for a commanding general to stay in the rear of the troops and carry on a battle with paper orders, as they do in the Army of the Potomac. These men all know that where it is hottest there I am, and they like it, and that is the reason they like me."

"One thing more, General," I said. "Are you afraid, or don't you care? What is the real truth about it?"

"The man who says he isn't afraid under fire," he answered, "is a liar. I am damned afraid, and if I followed my own impulse I should turn and get out. It is all a question of the power of the mind over the body."

Sheridan's Ride.

This famous poem beginning with—

"Up from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,"

was a great factor in spreading the fame of Sheridan, and goes linked with it to posterity, together with the name of Buchanan Read, the poet-painter, who wrote it for James E. Murdoch, the elocutionist. Read died, May 11, 1872, in New York, while Murdoch is still living in Cincinnati, where he is greatly respected, and at the advanced age of eighty years.

The history of its production is thus given in the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette* of July 17, 1887, by Henry W. Teetor:

"*Sheridan's Ride*" was composed Monday, November 1, 1864, in the front room of a three-story brick building, yet standing, and now known as No. 49 West Eighth street, then occupied by Cyrus Garrett, Esq., brother-in-law of Mr. Read.

The simple story of the composition of the famous ode is this: The evening of that day had been set apart for the Murdoch ovation, which took place at Pike's Opera-house. Mr. E. D. Grafton, the eminent artist, had met Garrett upon Fourth street in the morning and handed him *Harper's Weekly*, containing the picture of "Sheridan's Ride to the Front." After a word of conversation in regard to the illustration, Garrett took the picture to his residence and soon after the subject of the celebrated ride, as sketched, came up. The following is Mr. Murdoch's account of that conversation, as told upon the stage by way of a prelude to reading the poem: "During the morning a friend with whom I was conversing

happened to pick up the last issue of *Harper's Weekly*, on the title-page of which was the picture of Sheridan. 'There's a poem in that picture,' said my friend. 'Suppose I have one written for you to read to-night?' 'But,' I replied, 'I shall not have time to look it over and catch its inner meaning and beauties, and besides I am not in the habit of reading a poem at night written in the morning.'"

That *friend* was Cyrus Garrett, who had previously familiarly said to his brother-in-law, "Buck, there is a poem in that picture." To which Read replied, "Do you suppose I can write a poem to order, just as you go to Sprague's and order a coat?" [It is Mr. Alexander Hill's impression, however, that this remark was also made by Mr. Murdoch to Read.] After this Read and Murdoch parted—Read to his room and Murdoch to his musings.

When Read retired to his room he said to his wife: "Hattie, do not let me be interrupted. I am not to be called even if the house takes fire." During his seclusion Read called for a cup of strong tea and then resumed his pen. About noon his work was done. The poem was given to his wife to copy, while Read at once left home and, going over to the studio of his friend, said, "Grafton, I have just written something fresh—hot from the oven—and left Murdoch committing it for a recitation to-night."

Concerning the reception of that poem, as inimitably interpreted by Murdoch, the *Commercial's* report was, "Peal after peal of enthusiasm punctuated the last three glowing verses. So long and loud was the applause at its end that Mr. Murdoch was called to the footlights, and Mr. Read only escaped the congratulations of the audience by refusing to respond, as he could not adequately do, he seemed to think, to the clamorous utterances of his name."

A remark made by a prominent citizen may also be given as indicating the effect upon the audience. When the poem was ended and Sheridan had "got there," with profound relief the late William Resor said: "Thank God! I was afraid Sheridan would not get there."

"In a conversation with Read," said Mr. Grafton to the writer, "I once ventured to say, 'Read, did you take nothing but a pot of black tea into your room with you when you invoked the muse for 'Sheridan's Ride?' To my surprise, in a most unexpected, placid manner, he said: 'I took nothing else but that. Let me confess to you a fact: I can do nothing with the pen unless I am clear-headed. I know,' he continued, 'that poem, with its faults, came from no inspiration of the bottle. I would like, however, to have corrected some of those faults, but Bayard Taylor advised me not to allow the least change or emendation, but to let it stand as written.' The wisdom of this advice insured its acceptance, and if I mistake not, it now stands word for word as the muse gave it, nothing to add or subtract."

"Mr. Read also said this to me: 'They may talk what they choose about Byron, Burns, Poe and others writing so finely under the influence of drink, but I don't believe a word of it. If the tongue does wag, the brain will lag when much drink has been indulged in, for then I have discovered I am just about as dumb as a Prince's Bay oyster."

Not long before "Death bowed to him his sable plume," Read thus wrote to his friend, Henry C. Townsend, Esq.:

"I want to tell you now and solemnly that a deep sense of my duty to my God, as well as to my fellow-man, has gradually been descending upon me, and it is to me a source of infinite pleasure that I can look back upon all the poetry I have ever written and find it contains no line breathing a doubt upon the blessed Trinity and the great Redemption of man. When I have written my verses I have been alone with my soul and with God, and not only dared not lie, but the inspiration of the truth was to me so beautiful that no unworthy thought dared obtrude itself upon the page. This was entirely owing to the goodness of God, who saw what it was to be, and saved me from subsequent mortification and regret."

NEW LEXINGTON, county-seat of Perry, is about fifty miles southwest of Columbus, on the C. & M. V. and T. & O. C. Railroads. This town was laid out in 1817, by James Comly, on farm land bought by him of Samuel Clayton, whose farm it had been. Just before the outbreak of the Rebellion, after a struggle of years with the people of Somerset, the county-seat was removed from that place to this.

County officers, 1888: Auditor, Asbury F. Randolph; Clerk, Philip Allen; Commissioners, Levi H. Kennedy, Z. S. Poulson, Joshua B. Larimer; Coroner, Glen A. Emery; Infirmary Directors, James Danison, Charles Watts, William T. Stevens; Probate Judge, Charles E. Spencer; Prosecuting Attorney, Maurice H. Donahoe; Recorder, David E. McCloy; Sheriff, George W. Irvin; Surveyor, John D. Minaugh; Treasurer, B. F. Rodgers. City officers, 1888: Edgar M. Braddock, Mayor; Frank E. Fox, Clerk; Jas. W. Montgomery, Treasurer; A. J. Robinson, Marshal; Jefferson Tracy, Street Commissioner; Henry D. Cochrain, Solicitor. Newspapers: *Democratic Herald*, Democratic, Cullinan & Meloy,

editors and publishers; *Tribune*, Republican, J. F. McMahon, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Methodist, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Catholic, 1 Lutheran and 2 Baptist.

Manufactures and Employees.—Oliver K. Granger, flour, etc., 3 hands; Starr Manufacturing Co., Powers' feed grinders, 18; S. A. Arnold, flour and feed, 3; Selden McGirr, doors, sash, etc., 5; D. C. Fowler, lumber, 3; Perry Creamery Co., butter, 3.—*State Report, 1888.*

Population, 1880, 1,357. School census, 1888, 525; Celwin Fowler, school superintendent. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, $43,000. Value of annual product, $48,300.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.* Census, 1890, 1,470.

The site of New Lexington is pleasant. It is on a gentle elevation, just south of the "Pan Handle" Railroad. I entered it May 19, 1886. The best building in the place was the school-house, an imposing brick structure on a commanding site, the court-house then being unfinished. I noticed that north and east the country consisted mostly of gently rolling hills, on whose surface were broad fields luxuriant in growing wheat.

The one great absorbing point of interest connected with the place is that near here was born one of the world's great heroes, and in the cemetery here were laid his mortal remains, Sept. 9, 1884, and with great honors.

MACGAHAN, BULGARIA'S DELIVERER.

It is remarkable that a little interior county of Ohio should have produced two such extraordinary characters in the line of heroism as Philip Henry Sheridan and Januarius Aloysius MacGahan. Both were of Irish stock and both of Catholic birth and training.

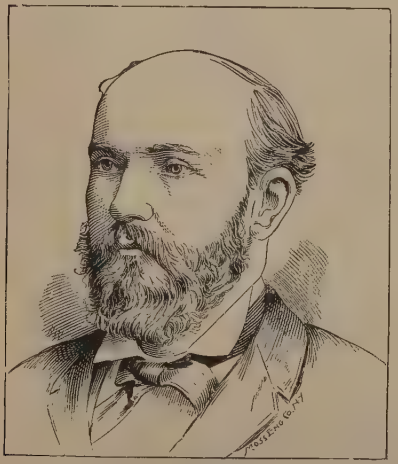
MacGahan was born June 12, 1844, on the Logan Road, about three miles south of New Lexington, on what is known as Pigeon Roost Ridge. His father was James MacGahan, a native of County Derry, Ireland, and his mother, Esther Dempsey, of mixed Irish and German stock. They were married in St. Patrick's Church, in 1840, and settled on a little farm near by. When MacGahan was 6 years old his father died, leaving the widow in straitened circumstances. But she had a dower interest in the farm, and managed by struggling to get along with her little flock, in her little cabin nestled among the hills and almost surrounded by an unbroken forest.

MacGahan, as a boy in the district school, was far ahead in his studies, and he is spoken of as the mildest-mannered boy of the school and neighborhood—almost feminine and girlish in his ways and manners. He read all the books in the house and neighborhood, and when a boy of about 12 got hold of Dick's works—a great acquisition. Then, at night, he often wandered about, studying and locating and naming the stars, as described by Dick; also, would frequently rise in the morning, before daybreak, to see and locate the stars and planets not visible in the early part of the night.

When about 14 years old he began working on farms in Hocking, Fairfield and Fayette counties, returning winters with the money he had thus earned to Pigeon Roost to attend school. In 1861 he applied to teach the Pigeon Roost school, but was refused on the ground of youth and inexperience. He took this to heart and left Pigeon Roost as a home forever, and went to Huntington, Indiana.

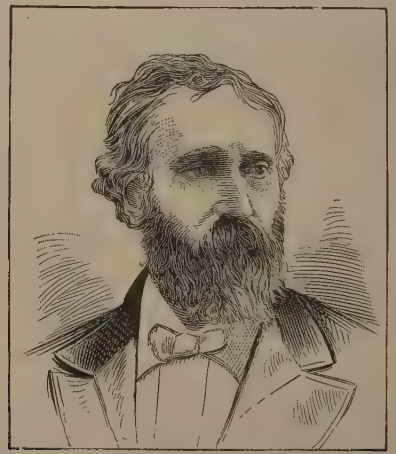
There he got a school and taught with very great success two winters, astonishing his patrons by using the word and object methods. Then he sent for his mother and the rest of the family.

In the winter of 1863–64 he removed to St. Louis, where he remained four years, studying and writing for the press and finding employment as book-keeper in the house of John J. Daly & Co. While there, he met for the first time Gen.



JANUARIUS ALOYSIUS MACGAHAN,
Bulgaria's Deliverer.

MACGAHAN, the War Correspondent.



GEN. JAMES M. COMLY,
Journalist and Soldier.

Sheridan, and gave a brilliant description to the Huntington *Democrat* of a grand ovation to that officer; later he met Sheridan in Europe.

In December, 1868, he sailed for Europe, to study the languages—Latin, German and French—and with the ultimate design of returning to his native country and practising the law.

Just at the juncture when he had his trunk packed to return home, his funds being about exhausted, the Franco-Prussian war broke out, when he was engaged by the New York *Herald* to go with the French army as its war correspondent. He speedily procured a rough suit, rode hastily to the front, and soon after the wing of the army which he was with was driven back with considerable haste and disorder. His graphic letter describing the retreat immediately placed its author among the foremost war correspondents of the world. He then made a similar engagement with the London *News*. As a correspondent of these journals MacGahan was in all the wars of Europe for eight or ten years previous to his death. He was an unparalleled correspondent, for he seemed destitute of fear; would ride into the midst of a battle with the commanding officers that he might truthfully describe the thick of the fight—then, perchance, at times sit down under the shade of a tree with bullets whistling all around, and coolly spread out a lunch and partake thereof, or make notes of tragic events as they were transpiring around him.

His experiences, in variety, during the few years of his foreign life, were not probably ever equalled by any journalist, and never did one accomplish so much, excepting Stanley. These included his experience with the Commune in Paris, when he was arrested and condemned to death, and his life only saved through the influence of United States Minister Washburne; his travels through Europe with Gen. Sherman and party in 1871–72; his long and lonesome journey across the Asiatic country to Khiva in the early part of 1873; his cruise on board of a war ship on the Mediterranean, and his accidental and unexpected visit with the same to Cuba, Key West, New York and elsewhere in the United States in the latter part of 1873; his ten months with Don Carlos' army in 1874; his capture by the Republicans, who took him for a Carlist, and he undoubtedly would have suffered death but for the intervention of a United States representative; his voyage to the Arctic seas with the Pandora expedition in 1875; his experience with the Turkish army, and his memorable trip through Bulgaria in 1876; his visit to St. Petersburg and subsequent accompaniment of the Russian army to Bulgaria in 1877, where he was everywhere hailed as a liberator and deliverer; for the grateful people ran after him as he rode through the streets of the towns and villages of that country, kissing his boots, saddle, bridle, and even the little pet horse that he rode. Archibald Forbes, the great English writer and correspondent, who rode by his side, says the grateful and affectionate demonstrations of the people of Bulgaria towards MacGahan, surpassed anything of the kind he ever saw or imagined.

Forbes, who loved him as a brother, in an article on MacGahan, pays this tribute to his great services:

"MacGahan's work in the exposures of the Turkish atrocities in Bulgaria, which he carried out so thoroughly and effectively in 1876, produced very remarkable results. Regarded simply on its literary merits, there is nothing I know of to excel it in vividness, in pathos, in a burning earnestness, in a glow of conviction that fires from the heart to the heart. His letters stirred Mr. Gladstone into a convulsive paroxysm of burning revolt against the barbarities they described. They moved England to its very depths, and men travelling in railway carriages were to be noticed with flushed faces and moistened eyes as they read them. Lord Beaconsfield tried to whistle down the wind the awful significance of the disclosures made in those wonderful letters. The master of jeers jibed at, as 'coffee-house babble,' the revelations that were making the nations to throb with indignant passion.

"A British official, Mr. Walter Baring, was sent into Bulgaria on the track of the two Americans, MacGahan and Schuyler, with the intent to disparage their testimony by the results of cold official investigation. But lo! Baring, official as he was, nevertheless was an honest man with eyes and a heart; and he who had been sent out on the mission to curse MacGahan, blessed him instead altogether, for he more than confirmed the latter's figures and pictures of murder, brutality and atrocity. It is not too much to say that this Ohio boy, who worked on a farm in his youth and picked up his education anyhow, changed the face of Eastern Europe. When he began to write of the Bulgarian atrocities, the Turk swayed direct rule to the bank of the Danube, and his suzerainty stretched to the Carpathians. Now Roumania owns no more the suzerainty, Servia is an independent kingdom. Bulgaria is tributary but in name, and Roumelia is governed, not for the Turks, but for the Roumelians. All this reform is the direct and immediate outcome of the Russo-Turkish war.

"But what brought about the Russo-Turkish war? What forced the Czar, reluctant as he was and inadequately prepared, to cross the Danube and wage with varying fortune the war that brought his legions finally to the very gates of Stamboul? The passionate, irresistible pressure of the Pan-Slavist section of his subjects, burning with ungovernable fury against the ruthless Turk,

because of his cruelties on those brother Slavs of Bulgaria and Roumelia; and the man who told the world and those Russian Slavs of those horrors—the man whose voice rang out clear through the nations with its burden of wrongs and shame and deviltry, was no illustrious statesman, no famed litterateur, but just this young American from off the little farm in Perry county, Ohio."

MacGahan was preparing to attend and write up the International Congress at Berlin, when, declining to abandon a sick friend at Constantinople, he was himself attacked with the malignant fever that had prostrated his friend, and died after a few days' illness, June 9, 1878. Had he lived three days longer he would have exactly completed his 34th year.

MacGahan's meeting with the lady who subsequently became his wife, is full of romance. He was travelling through the provinces of Russia, along with Gen. Sherman and party, when his horse stumbled and threw him, spraining his ankle so severely that he was taken to the nearest house, where he was compelled to remain quiet for several days. News of the accident, and the further fact that the sufferer was a young stranger, from a far-off country, brought many to see him; among others a company of young girls of whom one was Miss Barbara D'Elaguine. MacGahan could not speak Russian at that time, and the lady could not speak English. Both could speak French, however, and that was the language of their courtship. There is one child of this marriage, a boy, born in Spain in 1874, during the Carlist war. The United States has been the home of widow and son for several years.

The Obsequies.

Thursday, September 12, 1884, was an ever-memorable day in New Lexington. It was the occasion of the funeral of MacGahan, who six years after his death was laid to rest in his native land. His remains at Constantinople were disinterred and brought by the United States steamer "Powhatan" in an outer casket to New York at the expense of the Press Club of that city, and were accompanied here from thence by his widow and child. They had previously lain in state in the City Hall, New York, and in the State Capitol, at Columbus.

Over 8,000 people were present, among them about sixty representatives of the press from various parts of the State. The streets and houses were decorated with evergreen arches and interminglied flags of black and white. One large streamer bore the inscription: Bulgaria's Liberator; and another, Rest in thy Native Land. The casket was taken into St. Rose's church. On it was a handsome plate, bearing the inscription:

J. A. MACGAHAN;
Born, June 12, 1844,
Died, June 9. 1878.

At the head of the casket was placed a large photograph of the dead journalist as he appeared in life, in citizen's dress, and at the foot was a full-length likeness of him in the costume of a war correspondent, as he roughed it with the boys or slept and dined in the tents of generals.

In the church was conducted the religious exercises, when Bishop Watterson preached on the "Power and Responsibility of the Newspaper Press."

The following-named gentlemen acted as pall-bearers:

Gen. James M. Comly, Toledo *Telegram;* Senator John Evans, of Gallia county; D. L. Bowersmith, of the *O. S. Journal;* S. J. Flickinger, Cincinnati *Enquirer;* Senator John O'Neil, Zanesville; Thomas Wetzler, *Ohio Eagle;* Lecky Harper, Mt. Vernon *Banner;* Hon. W. E. Finck, Somerset; Ed. L Davenport, Logan *Republican Gazette;* Hon. J. L. Vance, Gallipolis *Bulletin;* Dr. F. L. Flowers, Lancaster; Jas. T. Irvine, Zanesville; James W. Newman, Secretary of State; L. C. Smith, Shawnee *Banner;* Capt. Charles N. Allen, Columbus; T. M. Gaumer, Zanesville *Signal;* C. E. Bonebrake, Springfield *Globe.*

About 11.30 the casket was brought out of the church and the procession began to form, under the direction of Hon. H. C. Greiner, assisted by several aids, in the following order:

Platoon of G. A. R. men, with reversed swords; Columbus Barracks Band; G. A. R. Posts; Military organizations; Military Band; Members of the Press; Committees and Speakers; Pall-bearers; Hearse with guard of honor; Relatives of deceased; Citizens, etc.

The guard of honor was composed of a detachment of the New Lexington Guards.

After the usual religious rites at the grave, the people gathered about the stand which had been erected near by, to be used for the public exercises. Hon. H. C. Greiner took the chair and acted as President. The exercises consisted of:

1st—Eulogy on Life and Character of J. A. MacGahan, by E. S. Colborn.

2d—Poem, written for the occasion, by W. A. Taylor.

3d—An Address on the Office of the Newspaper Correspondent, by Silas H. Wright.

The New Lexington *Tribune*, from which the foregoing sketch is largely taken, thus aptly concludes:

The great event has come and gone and the mortal remains of the famous Ohio boy, who perished so honorably and bravely in a far distant country, now repose in his native land.

The Nation, the State and the people of this county have heartily united in paying a just tribute to a brilliant genius, to a patient, hard worker, to a brave, noble man, who lived and toiled for others more than himself; who freed a nation of people, who opened the way for the story of the Cross, and who,

with his young wife and child awaiting his return in Russia, stopped amid malaria and malignant disease to lay down his life for a friend.

When qualities like these cease to attract the admiration and love of men and women, the world will scarcely be worth living in, and finis may be appropriately written upon its outer walls.

The Central Press Association of Ohio, after the funeral, organized to collect funds for the erection of a monument to the memory of their illustrious brother.

GEN. JAMES M. COMLY, journalist, was descended from a family of Friends who came to Philadelphia with William Penn, in 1682. His grandfather James and great-uncle located, after the war of 1812, on the site of New Lexington, which the latter laid out. James was born there March 6, 1832. He went to Columbus to learn the trade of a printer, and was successively "devil," journeyman, foreman, local editor and finally, editor and proprietor of the *Ohio State Journal*. He was Colonel of the 23d Ohio, Hayes' regiment; then General in the army, postmaster of Columbus, and was subsequently appointed by President Hayes as Minister to the Sandwich Islands. He afterwards removed to Toledo and edited the *Toledo Commercial*, and died July 26, 1887, from wounds received in the late war, and which had made his later life one of great suffering, borne with noble fortitude.

General Comly had a high place among Ohio's gifted men. The Memorial volume published of his life and services bears this motto, which truthfully characterized him:

"Whose wit in the combat, as gentle as bright,
Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade."

And his old commander, Rutherford B. Hayes, in the same memorial work, gives this testimony: "Knowing General Comly intimately more than twenty-five years, and specially having lived by his side day and night during almost the whole of the war, it would be strange indeed if I did not deem it a privilege and a labor of love to unite with his comrades in strewing flowers on the grave of one whose talents and achievements were so ample and admirable and whose life and character were rounded to a completeness rarely found among the best and most gifted of men."

STEPHEN BENTON ELKINS, the eminent politician of the Republican party and railroad magnate, was born in Thorn township, September 26, 1841; removed when very young to Missouri, and eventually to New York City. JACOB STRAWN was one of the early settlers of the same township; removed to Illinois, and at the time of his death became there the greatest cattle owner in the world. JOHN W. ILIFF, was born and brought up in Harrison township; removed to Colorado; received there the name of the "Cattle King," for he also, in turn, became the greatest cattle owner in the world. He died leaving an estate valued at two millions. WALTER C. HOOD, pronounced "a walking library and dictionary," was born at Somerset, and died while honoring the position of State Librarian under Governor Allen.

OLIVER HAZARD PERRY, in whose honor this county was named, was of chivalrous stock, and the name fell to the right county, considering how she has responded by producing a Sheridan, a MacGahan and a Comly. His father, Capt. Christopher Raymond Perry, was a native of Newport, R. I., a gallant naval officer of the old Revolutionary War, and his mother, Sarah Alexander, was born of Scotch-Irish stock, in County Down, Ireland. She had five sons and three daughters. "To great strength of character Mrs. Perry added high intellectual power and rare social grace, training her children with extraordinary care to high ideals of life and duty. After the victory on Lake Erie, some farmers in Rhode Island declared it was *Mrs. Perry's Victory*."

Her son Oliver was born at South Kingston, R. I., August 23, 1785. She carefully trained him to obedience and gifted him with the spirit of heroism by narrating to him the deeds of her military ancestors—the old Scotch Covenanters. His favorite books were the Bible, Plutarch's Lives, Shakespeare and Addison. He excelled in the study of navigation and mathematics; at the age of 11 was confirmed a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and in 1799, at the age of 14, was commissioned midshipman; in 1807 was a lieutenant in the Tripolitan war. When the war of 1812 broke out he had, in expectation of hostilities, been unwearied in the training of his crews and in gunnery, and by assembling gunboats occasionally, gained experience in the evolutions of a fleet, with which he practised also sham battles, dividing them into hostile squadrons. Within twenty-four hours after receipt of orders to go to Lake Erie and build a squadron, February 17, 1813, he had sent off a detachment of fifty men, and on the 22d following started thither with his younger brother, Alexander. He was five weeks on the way, going mostly in sleighs through the wilderness to Erie, Pa. A few months later the squadron had been built, the battle fought, and the victory won.

At the time of the battle Perry was but 28 years of age. In June, 1819, he died of

yellow fever, at the age of 33 years, in Port Spain, island of Trinidad, while in command of a squadron. A brother, Matthew Galbraith, was also a very accomplished naval officer. He figured in the bombardment of Vera Cruz and commanded the famed expedition to Japan.

In 1806 the State of Ohio purchased W. H. Powell's famous painting of Perry's Victory, and suspended it in the rotunda of the Capitol at Columbus. It represents Perry just as he has left the Lawrence for the Niagara, in a naval launch. The launch is in the foreground, while the vessels are shown around engaged in action. The chief merit of the painting lies in the lifelike figures of Commodore Perry and his brave crew.

In this county are many ancient mounds of various dimensions, and four or five miles in a northwesterly direction from Somerset is an ancient stone fort. Although irregular in shape it approaches a triangle. Near the centre is a stone mound, about twelve feet high, and in the wall a smaller one. The fort encloses about forty acres. Just south of it is a square work, containing about half an acre.

SHAWNEE is eight miles south of New Lexington, on the Straitsville branch of the B. & O. R. R. It is one of the greatest coal-mining points in Ohio.

City officers, 1888: E. W. Williams, Mayor; D. C. Thomas, Clerk; C. C. Marsh, Treasurer; John Welch, Street Commissioner; Thomas M. Jones, Marshal. Newspaper: *Banner*, Independent, A. Maynard, editor and publisher. Population, 1880, 2,770. School census, 1888, 1,094; C. Pierce, superintendent of schools.

NEW STRAITSVILLE is ten miles south of New Lexington, on the Straitsville Division of the C. H. V. & T. R. R. The largest veins of coal in the State are found here and the daily shipments are very large. It has seven churches.

City officers, 1888: Henry Spurrier, Mayor; John E. Evans, Clerk; J. L. West, Treasurer; John Park, Street Commissioner; Leonard Harbaugh, Marshal. Bank of Straitsville, H. H. Todd, president, C. B. Todd, cashier. Population, 1880, 2,872. School census, 1888, 1,152; C. L. Williams, superintendent of schools.

A recent visitor writes: "New Straitsville is in the heart of the richest coal-producing district west of Pennsylvania; it is only three miles over the high, steep hills to bustling Shawnee, with its mines and blast furnaces; southward are Gore, Carbon Hill, and finally Nelsonville, all strong mining towns of the Hocking Valley. A good deal of life is underground. When a stranger comes to Straitsville and beholds a few houses on half-a-dozen ridges and but two streets of consequence, he is scarcely ready to think that there is a population of nearly three thousand in the town, but if he went into many of the houses he would find them packed with people, and very often one roof shelters half-a-dozen families.

"Straitsville and Shawnee were desperate places during the great strikes that prevailed in Hoadly's administration. A good many deeds of violence were planned and executed in this neighborhood. At times human life was lightly valued, and yesterday a tree was pointed out to me from the limbs of which a man was lynched for shooting an officer during stormy times.

"These are good, happy and busy days in the Hocking Valley. The mining region has not been so prosperous for half-a-dozen years. There is an abundance of work and a steady demand for more coal. The railroads are working their men night and day and still they can not haul coal away from the mines rapidly enough to meet the current market demands."

CORNING is twelve miles southeast of New Lexington, on the T. & O. C. and K. & O. Railroads. The surrounding country is rich in coal and iron. It has four churches.

City officers, 1888: G. W. Carroll, Mayor; Chas. W. Roof, Clerk; Dessa Donnelly, Treasurer; A. T. Winning, Marshal; John Clifford, Street Commissioner. Newspaper: *Times-Monitor*, Independent, *Times-Monitor* Publishing Company, editors and publishers. Population, 1880, 2,500 (estimated).

JUNCTION CITY is at the crossing of the B. & O. and C. & M. V. and T. & O. C. Railroads, five miles west of New Lexington. School census, 1888, 190.

RENDVILLE is on the T. & O. C. R. R., eleven miles from New Lexington. Population about 500. In 1887 Dr. I. S. Tuppins, born a slave and a graduate of Columbus Medical College, was elected Mayor. He is said to have been the first of his race elected to such a position in Ohio.

THORNVILLE is near the eastern end of the Licking Reservoir, on the line of the T. & O. R. R., and has a population of about 500.

THORNPORT is about two miles north of Thornville, on the B. & O. R. R. and on the Reservoir. In our old edition is stated:

"This portion of country was settled about 1810; land was then so cheap in the neighborhood that one Beesacker purchased twenty acres for an old, black mare; luckily, in laying out the country, two important roads intersected his purchase. He immediately had it surveyed into town lots, naming it New Lebanon. An embryo town sprung into existence. This took place about 1815. It was afterwards changed to Thornville, from being in the township of Thorn."

PICKAWAY.

PICKAWAY COUNTY was formed January 12, 1810, from Ross, Fairfield and Franklin; the name is a misspelling of *Piqua*, the name of a tribe of the Shawanese, for the significance of which see p. 517, Vol. II. The name was immediately derived from the plains in the county. The surface is level and the soil generally very fertile and productive in grain. In many places the eye will take in at a single glance five hundred acres of corn at one view. The country has the four varieties of woodland, barren, plain and prairie. The barrens were originally covered with shrub oak and were at first supposed to be valueless, but proved to be excellent for grass and oats. The original settlers were mainly from Pennsylvania and Virginia. The principal productions are corn, wheat, oats, grass, pork, wool and neat cattle.

Area about 480 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 144,968; in pasture, 80,135; woodland, 32,053; lying waste, 6,436; produced in wheat, 765,883 bushels; rye, 2,146; buckwheat, 600; oats, 64,584; barley, 11,671; corn, 2,088,965; broom corn, 21,500 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 11,355 tons; clover hay, 4,865; flax, 585 bushels seed; potatoes, 37,483; butter, 416,059 lbs.; sorghum, 611 gallons; maple syrup, 2,326; honey, 4,155 lbs.; eggs, 526, 839 dozen; grapes, 9,750 lbs.; wine, 60 gallons; sweet potatoes, 790 bushels; apples, 6,797; peaches, 767; pears, 276; wool, 53,577 lbs.; milch cows owned, 5,465. School census, 1888, 9,024; teachers, 209. Miles of railroad track, 62.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Circleville,	2,973	6,541	Perry,		1,794
Darby,	1,052	1,500	Pickaway,	1,574	1,514
Deer Creek,	1,376	1,636	Salt Creek,	1,815	1,858
Harrison,	1,149	1,461	Scioto,	920	2,310
Jackson,	993	1,339	Walnut,	1,798	1,591
Madison,	851	896	Washington,	1,194	1,145
Monroe,	1,352	1,880	Wayne,	779	811
Muhlenburg,	653	1,139			

Population of Pickaway in 1820 was 18,143; 1830, 15,935; 1840, 20,169; 1860, 23,469; 1880, 27,415, of whom 24,013 were born in Ohio; 861, Virginia; 604, Pennsylvania; 155, New York; 102, Indiana; 88, Kentucky; 471, German Empire; 283, Ireland; 89, England and Wales; 22, France; 20, British America; and 14, Scotland. Census, 1890, 26,959.

In my first edition of 1847, I stated: "Much of the land on the west side of the Scioto is farmed by tenants, who receive either a certain proportion of the profits, or pay stated rents. The further removed the ownership of land from from those who cultivate it, the worse is it for the development of the resources of a country. Slavery is worse than the tenant system and actual ownership the best of all. Hence it is that the Virginia military district, much of which is held in large tracts by wealthy men, with tenants under them, does not thrive as well as some other parts of the State having a poorer soil, but cultivated by those who both hold the plow and own the land." Then I quoted from a writer of the time, as follows:

Within the county, on the west side of the river, is a territory of about 290 square miles, containing a population of 8,376, averaging a fraction less than thirty to the square mile; while the territory on the east side of the river, within the county, embracing only 209 square miles, sustains a population of 11,349, averaging almost fifty-five to the square mile. This disparity in the density of population of the territory on the east and west sides of the river arises principally from four causes: 1st, the large surveys on which the land on the west side of the river was originally located. This prevented persons of small means from seeking farms there; 2d, the difficulty of finding the real owner of these surveys, who generally resided in some of the Southern Atlantic States, or Kentucky, and who frequently had no agent here to subdivide, show, or sell the lands; 3d, the frequent interference of different entries and surveys there with each other, which rendered the titles insecure. Though only a small portion of the lands were subject to this last difficulty, yet many persons were thereby deterred from purchasing and settling upon them; 4th, the greater disposition in the inhabitants there to engross large tracts of land, instead of purchasing smaller tracts, and expending more upon their improvements. This last continues to be the great obstacle in the way of increase of population *now* on those lands.

To an observing traveller passing directly through the county from east to west, the contrast is very striking. While on the one side he finds the lands well improved, with fields of moderate size, well fenced, with a good barn and neat dwelling-house to each adjacent farm; on the other, he finds occasionally baronial mansions, "like angel's visits, few and far between," with rarely a barn, and each field large enough for two or three good farms. Between these mansions he will find the old pioneer log dwellings and the slovenly cultivation of the first settlers. The prices of the same quality of land on the east side are generally about double those on the west side. A part of this difference in the artificial appearance and cultivation of the country upon the opposite sides of the river results, no doubt, from the different origin of the inhabitants. Those on the east side originated mostly from Pennsylvania; while those on the west side had their origin generally in the more northern slave States. Habits brought with the first emigrants cannot be changed at once, though time and the operation of our laws will gradually modify them. Already, in several neighborhoods west of the river, the plan of smaller farms and better improvements has commenced; and a few years of prosperous industry will produce the neat farm cottage and the well-stored barn, with the productive fields of variegated crops and delicious fruits, which render the pursuits of agriculture so desirable. These are the blessings designed by a bountiful Benefactor to compensate for the toils, exposures and hardships incident to the pursuit of farming. Without these comforts it would be the barren drudgery of the toil worn slave.

The Pickaway Plains.

Three-and-a-half miles south of Circleville are the celebrated *Pickaway Plains*, said to contain the richest body of land in Ohio. They are divided into two parts, the greater or upper plain and the lesser or lower one. The soil was very black when first cultivated; the result of vegetable decomposition through a long succession of ages. These plains are based on water-worn gravel and pebbles. The upper plain is at least 150 feet above the bed of the river, which passes

MAP OF THE ANCIENT SHAWANOESE TOWNS, ON THE PICKAWAY PLAINS.

[*Explanations.*—A. Ancient works, on which Circleville now stands.

B. Logan's cabin at Old Chillicothe, now Westfall, four miles below Circleville: from this place a trail led through Grenadier Squaw town, and from thence up the Congo valley, and crossed to the opposite side of the creek, about 1½ miles from its mouth.

C. Black mountain, a short distance west of the old Barr mansion.

D. Council house, a short distance northeast of the residence of Wm. Renick, Jr. The two parallel lines at this point represent the gauntlet through which prisoners were forced to run, and O the stake at which they were burnt, which last is on a commanding elevation.

F. The camp of Col. Lewis, just south of the residence of Geo. Wolf. The Logan elm is about a mile north of the site of the camp of Lewis on Congo creek.

E. The point where Lord Dunmore met with and stopped the army of Lewis when on their way to attack the Indians: it is opposite the mansion of Major John Boggs.

G. The residence of Judge Gills, near which is shown the position of Camp Charlotte.]

about a mile west of them. Their form is elliptical, with the longest diameter from northeast to southwest, being about seven miles by three and a half or four miles. They were destitute of trees when first visited by the whites. The fertility was such as to produce one hundred bushels of corn, or fifty of wheat, to the acre for many years, but they are now less productive. These plains have but few trees or shrubs within reach of the eye, except along the distant borders. The early settlers in the vicinity procured all their fodder, a coarse, natural grass, from the plains, which grew several feet above a man's head. It was extremely difficult to break up, requiring the strongest teams. The cultivation of corn, which grew up to a height of twelve or fifteen feet, weakened their natural fertility. Originally, the plains were adorned with a great variety of beautiful flowers.

The annexed map is reduced from one 20½ inches by 17½, made from the survey of P. N. White, for Felix Renick, of Ross. The country represented is about seven miles square. Of all places in the West, this pre-eminently deserves the name of "classic ground." Here, in olden time, burned the council-fires of the red man; here the affairs of the nation in general council were discussed, and the important questions of peace and war decided. On these plains the allied tribes marched forth and met General Lewis, and fought the sanguinary battle at Point Pleasant. Here it was that Logan made his memorable speech, and here, too, that the noted campaign of Dunmore was brought to a close by a treaty, or rather a truce, at Camp Charlotte.

From the "Remarks" appended to this map by Mr. Renick, we extract the following:

Among the circumstances which invest this region with extrordinary interest is the fact that to these towns were brought so many of the truly unfortunate prisoners who were abducted from the neighboring States. Here they were immolated on the altar of the red man's vengeance, and made to suffer to the death all the tortures savage ingenuity could invent, as a sort of expiation for the aggressions of their race. Strange does it seem that human beings, on whom Nature had bestowed such riches of intellect, could be brought by force of habit, not only to commit, but to delight in committing, such enormous cruelties as they often practised on many of their helpless victims—acts which had the direct effect of bringing down retaliation, in some form or other, on their own heads. But that they should contend to the last extremity for so delightful a spot, will not be wondered at by the most common observer on a view of the premises. For picturesqueness, fertility of soil, and other concomitants to make it desirable for human habitation, it is not surpassed by any other locality in the Western country, or perhaps in the world. The towns were well supplied with good spring water; some of the adjacent bottom-lands were susceptible of being made to produce, as nature has left them, one hundred bushels of Indian corn to the acre and all other grains and vegetables in proportion.

The Black Mountain, represented on the map by C (so called by the natives, but why so named tradition hath not informed us), is a ridge somewhat in the shape of an inverted boat, elevated from 130 to 150 feet above the bottom of the prairie immediately in its vicinity, and commands from its summit a full view of the high plains and the country around it to a great extent. This facility the natives enjoyed, for they were in the practice yearly of burning over the country, which kept down the undergrowth, while the larger growth was so sparse as not materially to intercept the view. This elevated ridge answered the Indian some valuable purposes. No enemy could approach in day time, who could not from its summit be descried at a great distance; and by repairing thither the red man could often have a choice of the game in view, and his sagacity seldom failed him in the endeavor to approach it with success.

The Burning Ground, in the suburbs of Grenadier Squawtown, represented on the map, was also situated on an elevated spot, which commands a full view of all the other towns within the drawing, so that when a victim was at the stake and the flames ascending, all the inhabitants of the other towns who could not be present, might, in a great measure, enjoy the scene by sight and imagination. The burning-ground at Old Chillicothe was somewhat similar, being in full view of the burning-ground at Squawtown, the Black Mountain and two or three other small towns in other parts of the plains.

The Grenadier Squaw, whose name the above town bore, was a sister to Cornstalk. She was represented as being a woman of great muscular strength, and, like her brother, possessed of a superior intellect.

Slover's Escape.—From accounts most to be relied on, it was to Grenadier Squawtown

that Slover, who was taken prisoner at Crawford's defeat, in 1782, was brought to suffer a similar death to that which Crawford, his commander, had undergone a few days before, but from which, through Providential aid, he was relieved and enabled to make his escape. The circumstances of his escape have been previously published; but as they seem to be inseparably connected with the history of this spot, I hope to be excused for repeating them here. After his capture on his way thither, he had been very much abused at the different towns he passed through, beaten with clubs, etc. On his arrival here he had a similar punishment to undergo. A council was held over him and he was doomed to die the death that Crawford had suffered. The day was appointed for the consummation of the horrid deed, and its morning dawned without any unpropitious appearances to mar the anticipated enjoyments of the natives collected from the neighboring towns to witness the scene. At the appointed time Slover was led forth, stripped naked, tied to the fatal stake, and the fire kindled around him.

Just as his tormentors were about to commence the torture, it seemed that the Great Spirit looked down, and said: "No! this horrid deed shall not be done!" Immediately the heavens were overcast; the forked lightnings in all directions flew; in mighty peals the thunder rolled and seemed to shake the earth to its centre; the rain in copious torrents fell and quenched the threatening flames before they had done the victim much injury—continuing to a late hour. The natives stood dumbfounded—somewhat fearing that the Great Spirit was not pleased with what they were about to do. But had they been ever so much inclined, there was not time left that evening to carry out their usual savage observances. Slover was therefore taken from the stake and conducted to an empty house, to an upper log of which he was fastened by a buffalo-tug tied around his neck, and his arms were pinioned behind him by a cord. Two warriors were set over him as a guard to prevent his escape in the night. Here again Providence seemed to interfere in favor of Slover, by causing a restless sleep to come over his guard. Until a late hour the Indians sat up, smoking their pipes and talking to Slover—using all their ingenuity to tantalize him, asking "how would he like to eat fire," etc. At length one of them lay down and soon fell asleep. The other continued smoking and talking to Slover some time. After midnight a deep sleep came upon him. He also lay down, and soon thought of nothing save in dreams of the anticipated pleasure to be enjoyed in torturing their prisoner next day.

Slover then resolved to make an effort to get loose, and soon extricated one of his hands from the cords. He then tried to unloose the tug around his neck, but without effect. He had not long been thus engaged before one of the Indians got up and smoked his pipe. While he was thus engaged Slover kept very still for fear of a discovery; but the Indian being again overcome with sleep, again lay down. Slover then renewed his exertions, but for some time without effect, and he resigned himself to his fate. After resting awhile, however, he resolved to make another and a last effort. He put his hand again to the tug, and, as he related, he slipped it over his head without difficulty. He then got out of the house as quietly as possible, sprang over a fence into a cornfield. While passing through the field he came near running over a squaw and her children, who were sleeping under a tree. To avoid discovery he deviated from a straight track and rapidly hurried to the upper plain, where, as he had expected, he found a number of Indian horses grazing. Day was then fairly breaking. He untied the cord from the other arm, which by this time was very much swelled. Selecting, as he thought, the best horse he could see, he made a bridle of the cord, mounted him, and rode off at full speed. About ten o'clock the horse gave out. Slover then had to travel on foot with all possible speed; and between mosquitos, nettles, brush, briars, thorns, etc., by the time he got home he had more the appearance of a mass of raw flesh than an animated being.

Dunmore's Expedition.

The history of the expedition of Lord Dunmore against these towns on the Scioto, in 1774, we derive from the discourse upon this subject delivered by Chas. Whittlesey, Esq., before the Historical and Philosophical Society of Ohio, at Columbus, in 1840.

In August, 1774, Lord Dunmore collected a force of 3,000 men, destined for the destruction of their towns on the Scioto, situated within the present limits of Pickaway county. One half of the corps was raised in Botetourt, Fincastle, and the adjoining counties, by Col. Andrew Lewis, and of these 1,100 were in rendezvous at the levels of Green Briar on the 5th of September. It advanced in two divisions; the left wing, commanded by Lewis, struck the great Kenhawa and followed that stream to the Ohio. The right wing, attended by Dunmore in person, passed the mountains at the Potomac gap, and came to the Ohio somewhere above Wheeling. About the 6th of October a talk was had with the chiefs of the Six Nations and the Delawares, some of whom had been to the Shawanese towns on a mission of peace. They reported unfavorably.

Battle of Point Pleasant.—The plan of the campaign was to form a junction before reaching the Indian villages, and Lewis accordingly halted at the mouth of the Kenhawa on the 6th of October for communication and orders from the commander-in-chief. While there he encamped on the ground now occupied by the village of Point Pleasant, without entrenchments or other defences. On the morning of the 10th of October he was attacked by 1,000 chosen warriors of the Western Confederacy, who had abandoned their towns on the Pickaway plains to meet the Virginia troops, and gave them battle before the two corps could be united. The Virginia riflemen occupied a triangular point of land, between the right bank of the Kenhawa and the left bank of the Ohio, accessible only by the rear. The assault was therefore in this quarter. Within an hour after the scouts had reported the presence of the Indians a general engagement took place, extending from one bank of one river to the other, half a mile from the point.

Colonel Andrew Lewis, who seems to have been possessed of military talent, acted with steadiness and decision in this emergency. He arrayed his forces promptly and advanced to meet the enemy, with force equal to his own. Col. Charles Lewis, with 300 men, forming the right of the line, met the Indians at sunrise and sustained the first attack. Here he was mortally wounded in the onset, and his troops, receiving almost the entire weight of the charge, were broken and gave way. Col. Fleming with a portion of the command had advanced along the shore of the Ohio, and in a few moments fell in with the right of the Indian line, which rested on the river.

The effect of the first shock was to stagger the left wing as it had done the right, and its commander, also, was severely wounded at an early stage of the conflict; but his men succeeded in reaching a piece of timber land and maintained their position until the reserve under Col. Field reached the ground. It will be seen by examining Lewis's plan of the engagement and the ground on which it was fought, that an advance on his part and a retreat of his opponent necessarily weakened their line by constantly increasing its length, if it extended from river to river, and would eventually force him to break it or leave his flanks unprotected. Those acquainted with Indian tactics inform us that it is the great point of his generalship to preserve his flanks and over-reach those of his enemy. They continued, therefore, contrary to their usual practice, to dispute the ground with the pertinacity of veterans along the whole line, retreating slowly from tree to tree, till one o'clock, P. M., when they reached a strong position. Here both parties rested, within rifle-range of each other, and continued a desultory fire along a front of a mile and a quarter, until after sunset.

The desperate nature of this fight may be inferred from the deep-seated animosity of both parties towards each other, the high courage which both possessed and the consequences which hung upon the issue. The Virginians lost one-half their commissioned officers and fifty-two men killed. Of the Indians, twenty-one were left on the field, and the loss in killed and wounded is stated at 233. During the night the Indians retreated and were not pursued.

Having failed in this contest with the troops while they were still divided in two parties, they changed their plan and determined at once to save their towns from destruction by offers of peace.

Soon after the battle was over a reinforcement of 300 Fincastle troops, and also an express from Lord Dunmore arrived, with an order directing this division to advance towards the Shawanese villages without delay. Notwithstanding the order was given in ignorance of the engagement, and commanded them to enter the enemy's country unsupported, Col. Lewis and his men were glad to comply with it and thus complete the overthrow of the allied Indians.

The Virginians, made eager with success, and maddened by the loss of so many brave officers, dashed across the Ohio in pursuit of more victims, leaving a garrison at Point Pleasant. Our next information of them is, that a march of eighty miles through an untrodden wilderness has been performed, and on the 24th of October they are encamped on the banks of the Congo creek, in Pickaway township, Pickaway county, within striking distance of the Indian towns. Their principal village was occupied by Shawnees, and stood upon the ground where the village of Westfall is now situated, on the west bank of the Scioto and on the Ohio canal, near the south line of the same county. This was the headquarters of the confederate tribes, and was called Chillicothe; and because there were other towns, either at that time or soon after, of the same name, it was known as *Old* Chillicothe. One of them was located at the present village of Frankfort, in Ross county, on the north fork of Paint creek and others on the waters of the Great Miami. In the meantime Lord Dunmore and his men had descended the Ohio to the mouth of the Great Hockhocking, established a depot and erected some defences called Fort Gower. From this point he probably started the express directed to Lewis, at the mouth of Kenhawa, about fifty miles below, and immediately commenced his march up the Hockhocking into the Indian country. For the next that is known of him he is in the vicinity of Camp Charlotte, on the left bank of Sippo creek, about seven miles southeast of Circleville, where he arrived before Lewis reached the station on Congo, as above stated. Camp Charlotte was situated about four and one-half miles northeast of Camp Lewis, on the farm now [1840] owned by Thos. J. Winship, Esq., and was consequently farther from the Chillicothe villages than the position occupied by the left wing. There has been much diversity of opinion and statement re-

specting the location of the true Old Chillicothe town, and also in regard to the positions of Camp Charlotte and Camp Lewis. The associations connected with those places have given them an interest which will never decline. This is probably a sufficient excuse for presenting here, in detail, the evidence upon which the positions of these several points are established.

It was at the Chillicothe towns that Logan delivered his famous speech. It was not made in council, for he refused to attend at Camp Charlotte where the talk was held, and Dunmore sent a trader, by the name of John Gibson, to inquire the cause of his absence. The Indians, as before intimated, had made propositions to the governor for peace, and probably before he was aware of the result of the action at Kenhawa. When Gibson arrived at the village Logan came to him, and by his (Logan's) request they went into an adjoining wood and sat down. Here, after shedding abundance of tears, the honored chief told his pathetic story. Gibson repeated it to the officers, who caused it to be published in the *Virginia Gazette* of that year. Mr. Jefferson was charged with making improvements and alterations when he published it in his notes on Virginia; but from the concurrent testimony of Gibson, Lord Dunmore, and several others, it appears to be as close a representation of the original as could be obtained under the circumstances. The only versions of the speech that I have seen are here contrasted, in order to show that the substance and sentiments correspond, and that it must be the production of Logan, or of John Gibson, the only white man who heard the original.

WILLIAMSBURG, VA., *Feb.* 4, 1775.

The following is said to be a message from Captain Logan, an Indian warrior, to Gov. Dunmore, after the battle in which Colonel Charles Lewis was slain, delivered at the treaty:

"I appeal to any white man to say that he ever entered Logan's cabin, but I gave him meat; that he ever came naked, but I clothed him.

"In the course of the last war, Logan remained in his cabin an advocate for peace. I had such an affection for the white people, that I was pointed at by the rest of my nation. I should have ever lived with them had it not been for Col. Cresap, who, last year, cut off, in cold blood, all the relations of Logan, not sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any human creature. This called upon me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many, and fully glutted my revenge. I am glad there is a prospect of peace on account of the nation; but I beg you will not entertain a thought that any thing I have said proceeds from fear. Logan disdains the thought. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? No one."

NEW YORK, *Feb.* 16, 1775.

Extract of a letter from Va:

"I make no doubt the following specimen of Indian eloquence and mistaken valor will please you, but you must make allowances for the unskilfulness of the interpreter.

"I appeal to any white man to say, if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry and I gave him not meat; if ever he came cold or naked and I gave him not clothing.

"During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained in his tent an advocate for peace. Nay, such was my love for the whites, that those of my own country pointed at me as they passed by and said, 'Logan is the friend of white men.' I had even thought to live with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood, and unprovoked, cut off all the relatives of Logan; not sparing even my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any human creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace. Yet, do not harbor the thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one."

The right hand translation is literally the same as the copy given in Jefferson's Notes, page 124, and is doubtless the version given out by himself at the time.

It was repeated throughout the North American colonies as a lesson of eloquence in the schools, and copied upon the pages of literary journals in Great Britain and the Continent. This brief effusion of mingled pride, courage and sorrow, elevated the character of the native American throughout the intelligent world; and the

place where it was delivered can never be forgotten so long as touching eloquence is admired by men.

Camp Charlotte was situated on the southwest quarter of section 12, town 10, range 21, upon a pleasant piece of ground in view of the Pickaway plains. It was without permanent defences, or, at least, there are no remains of intrenchments, and is accessible on all sides. The creek in front formed no impediment to an approach from that quarter, and the country is level in the rear. Camp Lewis is said to be upon more defensible ground on the northeast quarter of section 30, same township and range. The two encampments have often been confounded with each other.

Before Lord Dunmore reached the vicinity of the Indian towns, he was met by a flag of truce, borne by a white man named Elliott, desiring a halt on the part of the troops, and requesting for the chiefs an interpreter with whom they could communicate. To this his lordship, who, according to the Virginians, had an aversion to fighting, readily assented. They furthermore charged him with the design of forming an alliance with the confederacy, to assist Great Britain against the colonies in the crisis of the revolution, which every one foresaw. He, however, moved forward to Camp Charlotte, which was established rather as a convenient council ground, than as a place of security or defence. The Virginia militia came here for the purpose of fighting, and their dissatisfaction and disappointment at the result amounted almost to mutiny. Lewis refused to obey the order for a halt, considering the enemy as already with his grasp, and of inferior numbers to his own. Dunmore, as we have seen, went in person to enforce his orders, and it is said drew his sword upon Colonel Lewis, threatening him with instant death if he persisted in further disobedience.

The troops were concentrated at Camp Charlotte, numbering about 2,500 men. The principal chiefs of the Scioto tribes had been assembled, and some days were spent in negotiations. A compact or treaty was at length concluded, and *four* hostages put in possession of the governor to be taken to Virginia. We know very little of the precise terms of this treaty, nor even of the tribes who gave it their assent, It is said the Indians agreed to make the Ohio their boundary, and the whites stipulated not to pass beyond that river. An agreement was entered into for a talk at Pittsburg in the following spring, where a more full treaty was to be made; but the revolutionary movements prevented.

When the army returned, they took the route by Fort Gower, at the mouth of the Hocking, in what is now Athens county, where, on the 5th of November, and 10 days after the arrival of Lewis at Camp Charlotte, the officers held a meeting "for the purpose of considering the grievances of *British America:* an officer present addressed the meeting in the following words:"

Gentlemen:—Having now concluded the campaign, by the assistance of Providence, with honor and advantage to the colony and ourselves, it only remains that we should give our country the stronger assurance that we are ready at all times, to the utmost of our power, to maintain and defend her just rights and privileges. We have lived about three months in the woods, without any intelligence from Boston, or from the delegates at Philadelphia. It is possible, from the groundless reports of designing men, that our countrymen may be jealous of the use such a body would make of arms in their hands at this critical juncture. That we are a respectable body is certain, when it is considered that we can live weeks without bread or salt; that we can sleep in the open air without any covering but that of the canopy of heaven; and that we can march and shoot with any in the known world. Blessed with these talents, let us solemnly engage to one another, and our country in particular, that we will use them for no purpose but for the honor and advantage of America and of Virginia in particular. It behooves us, then, for the satisfaction of our country, that we should give them our real sentiments by way of resolves, at this very alarming crisis.

Whereupon the meeting made choice of a committee to draw up and prepare resolves for their consideration; who immediately withdrew, and after some time spent therein, reported that they had agreed to and prepared the following resolves, which were read, maturely considered, and agreed to *nem. con.* by the meeting, and ordered to be published in the *Virginia Gazette:*

Resolved, That we will bear the most faithful allegiance to his majesty King George the Third, while his majesty delights to reign over a brave and a free people; that we will, at the expense of life and everything dear and valuable, exert ourselves in the support of the honor of his crown and the dignity of the British empire. But as the love of liberty and attachment to the real interests and just rights of America outweigh every other consideration, we resolve, that we will exert every power within us for the defence of

American liberty, and for the support of her just rights and privileges, not in any precipitous, riotous, or tumultuous manner, but when regularly called forth by the unanimous voice of our countrymen.

Resolved, That we entertain the greatest respect for his excellency the Rt. Hon. Lord Dunmore, who commanded the expedition against the *Shawanese*, and who, we are confident, underwent the great fatigue of this singular campaign from no other motive than the true interests of the country.

Signed by order and in behalf of the whole corps.

BENJAMIN ASHBY, *Clerk.*

Notwithstanding the evidence above produced, derived from the American Archives, it is said that the troops, who had wished to give an efficient blow, reached Virginia highly dissatisfied with the governor and the treaty: the conduct of the governor could not be well explained by them, "except by supposing him to act with reference to the expected contest with England and her colonies —a motive which the colonists regarded as little less than treasonable."—*Perkins' Annals.*

Of the feeling in camp towards Dunmore at the time of the treaty, we have some evidence in the statement of the late venerable Abrm. Thomas, one of the early settlers of Miami county, published in the *Troy Times*, in 1839.

We (Dunmore's army) lay at the mouth of the Hocking for some time. One day, as I was going down to the boats, I met Dunmore just leaving them. He expressed his fears that Gen. Lewis was attacked by the Indians. The men had noticed Dunmore for several days with his ear close to the water, but did not then suspect the reason. He told me he thought he heard the roaring of guns upon the water, and requested me to put my ear to it, and although it was ten or twelve [28] miles distant, I distinctly heard the roar of musketry. The next day we took up the line of march for Chillicothe, up the Hockhocking. On the second or third day, some Indians came running into the camp, beseeching Dunmore to stop Lewis's division, which had crossed the Ohio and was in full pursuit of the Indians; to use their own words, "like so many devils, that would kill them all." This was the first certain information our men had of that battle. On the solicitation of the savages, Dunmore twice sent orders to check the progress of Lewis, but he refused to obey them, until Dunmore himself took command of the division and led them back to the Ohio. The troops were indignant at the conduct of Dunmore, and believed his object was to give up both divisions of the army to the Indians. It was thought he knew the attack would be made at Point Pleasant about the time it took place, calulated on the defeat of Lewis, and led our army into the defiles of the Hocking, that they might the more easily become the prey of infuriated savages, flushed with recent victory. An incident occurred here, showing the state of feeling among the men. At the time the Indians who came into the camp were sitting with Dunmore in his tent, a backwoodsman passing observed them and stepped around the tent. When he thought he had them in range, he discharged his rifle through the canvass, with the intention of killing the three at once. It was a close cut—it missed: the man escaped through the crowd and no one knew who did it. From this time until he left the camp, Dunmore tried to conciliate what he could by indulgence and talking; but this would not have availed him had he not taken other precautions, for many in the camp believed him the enemy of their country and the betrayer of the army.

The chief, Cornstalk, whose town is shown on the map, was a man of true nobility of soul, and a brave warrior.

At the battle of Point Pleasant he commanded the Indians with consummate skill, and if at any time his warriors were believed to waver, his voice could be heard above the din of battle, exclaiming in his native tongue, "Be strong! Be strong!" When he returned to the Pickaway towns, after the battle, he called a council of the nation to consult what should be done, and upbraided them in not suffering him to make peace, as he desired, on the evening before the battle. "What," said he, "will you do now? The Big Knife is coming on us, and we shall all be killed. Now you must fight or we are done." But no one answering, he said, "Then let us kill all our women and children, and go and fight until we die." But no answer was made, when, rising, he struck his tomahawk in a post of the council house and exclaimed, "I'll go and make peace," to which all the warriors grunted "Ough! ough!" and runners were instantly despatched to Dunmore to solicit peace.

In the summer of 1777, he was atrociously murdered at Point Pleasant. As his murderers were approaching, his son Elinipsico trembled violently. "His father encouraged him not to be afraid, for that the *Great Man*

THE LOGAN ELM.

The above is a view of the Logan Elm, commonly called the Treaty Elm, as photographed by J. H. Nugent of Chillicothe in 1876. It is on the farm of James Boggs, about six miles south of Circleville, two and a half miles east of the Scioto, and one mile west of the Scioto Valley Railroad.

Congo Creek is shown in the foreground. James Boggs stands on the left and Nelson Kellenberger on the right. The cabin on the left, it is said, was built in 1798 and was the residence of the Boggs family, and when taken down, about 1882, had been in use as a tool house. Dimensions of the tree are: girth, 20 feet, height, 79 feet, spread of branches, in diameter, 120 feet.

above had sent him there to be killed and die with him. As the men advanced to the door, the Cornstalk rose up and met them : they fired, and seven or eight bullets went through him. So fell the great Cornstalk warrior—whose name was bestowed upon him by the consent of the nation, as their great strength and support." Had he lived, it is believed that he would have been friendly with the Americans, as he had come over to visit the garrison at Point Pleasant to communicate the design of the Indians of uniting with the British. His grave is to be seen at Point Pleasant to the present day.

The last years of Logan were truly melancholy. He wandered about from tribe to tribe, a solitary and lonely man ; dejected and broken-hearted by the loss of his friends and the decay of his tribe, he resorted to the stimulus of strong drink to drown his sorrow. He was at last murdered, in Michigan, near Detroit. He was, at the time, sitting with his blanket over his head before a camp fire, his elbows resting on his knees and his head upon his hands, buried in profound reflection, when an Indian, who had taken some offence, stole behind him and buried his tomahawk in his brains. Thus perished the immortal Logan, the last of his race. These foregoing facts were given to me by Mr. Henry C. Brish, of Tiffin, who had been an Indian agent. He had them from the "Good Hunter," an aged Mingo chief and a familiar acquaintance of Logan.

In view of the question of authenticity of Logan's celebrated speech we append the following extract from Butterfield's *History of the Girtys*, published in 1890, by Robert Clarke & Co. :

"His lordship (Lord Dunmore) was met, before he reached the Indian villages by a messenger (a white man) from the enemy, anxious for an accommodation. Dunmore sent back the messenger with John Gibson and Simon Girty." (The latter was then a scout for Lord Dunmore and had not yet commenced his notorious renegade career.)

"The two soon brought an answer to his lordship from the Shawanese. Gibson, nearly twenty-six years after, in relating the affair, ignores the presence of Girty entirely. But his memory was certainly at fault, for a number of persons present afterward declared that he was accompanied by Girty.

"While negotiations were going forward, the Mingo chief, Logan, held himself aloof. 'Two or three days before the treaty,' says an eye-witness, 'when I was on the outguard, Simon Girty, who was passing by, stopped me and conversed ; he said he was going after Logan, but he did not like his business, for he was a surly fellow. He, however, proceeded on, and I saw him return on the day of the treaty and Logan was not with him. At this time a circle was formed and the treaty begun. I saw John Gibson on Girty's arrival, get up and go out of the circle and talk with Girty, after which he (Gibson) went into a tent, and soon after, returning into the circle, drew out of his pocket a piece of clean, new paper, on which was written, in his own handwriting, a speech for and in the name of Logan.' This was the famous speech about which there has been so much controversy. It is now well established that the version as first printed was substantially the words of Logan ; but it is equally certain that he (Logan), in attributing the murder of his relatives to Colonel Cresap, was mistaken. Girty, from recollection, translated the 'speech' to Gibson, and the latter put it into excellent English, as he was abundantly capable of doing."

The Famed Logan Elm.

On the farm of the Boggs family, on the Pickaway Plains, stands the famed Logan Elm. It is on Congo creek, distant about six miles directly south of Circleville, two and a half miles east of the Scioto, and one and a half miles west of the line of the Scioto Valley Railroad. According to the general tradition it was under this elm that Logan made his celebrated speech. It is a monster tree ; twenty feet in girth, seventy-nine feet in height and the circle overspread by its branches is one hundred and twenty feet in diameter.

The Boggs family settled on this spot about the year 1798. "The tradition," says the *County History*, "relates that Capt. Williamson, an officer under Lord Dunmore, recited to Capt. John Boggs the circumstances connected with the treaty of the Indians, and described the place of meeting as being near Congo creek, about a mile below Camp Lewis, in a small piece of prairie of about thirty acres, in the middle of which was a mound. Logan was present and delivered the speech under an elm that stood a short distance southwest of said mound.

Capt. Boggs had no difficulty subsequently in finding said tree from the description given him by Williamson, and it has ever since been carefully preserved by members of the family, because of the historical associations that are believed to surround it."

The victory at Point Pleasant, as stated, broke the power of the Indians. The site of the battle is four miles above Gallipolis, on the Virginia side of the Ohio. In the fall of 1844, while travelling over Western Virginia collecting historical materials, I stayed over night in the cabin of a mountaineer, named Jesse Van Bibber, then an old man. I had sought him for information, because his family had been engaged in the border wars. This old man sung to me, in pathetic tones, the song of that battle, sometimes called by them "The Shawanese Battle." I wrote it down from his lips, and published it in my works on Virginia, and now reproduce it here;

BATTLE OF POINT PLEASANT.

Let us mind the tenth day of October,
Seventy-four, which caused woe;
The Indian savages they did cover
The pleasant banks of the Ohio.

The battle beginning in the morning—
Throughout the day it lasted sore,
Till the evening shades were returning down
Upon the banks of the Ohio.

Judgment proceedes to execution—
Let fame throughout all dangers go;
Our heroes fought with resolution,
Upon the banks of the Ohio.

Seven score lay dead and wounded,
Of champions that did face their foes;
By which the heathen were confounded
Upon the banks of the Ohio.

Colonel Lewis and some noble captains,
Did down to death like Uriah go;
Alas! their heads wound up in napkins
Upon the banks of the Ohio.

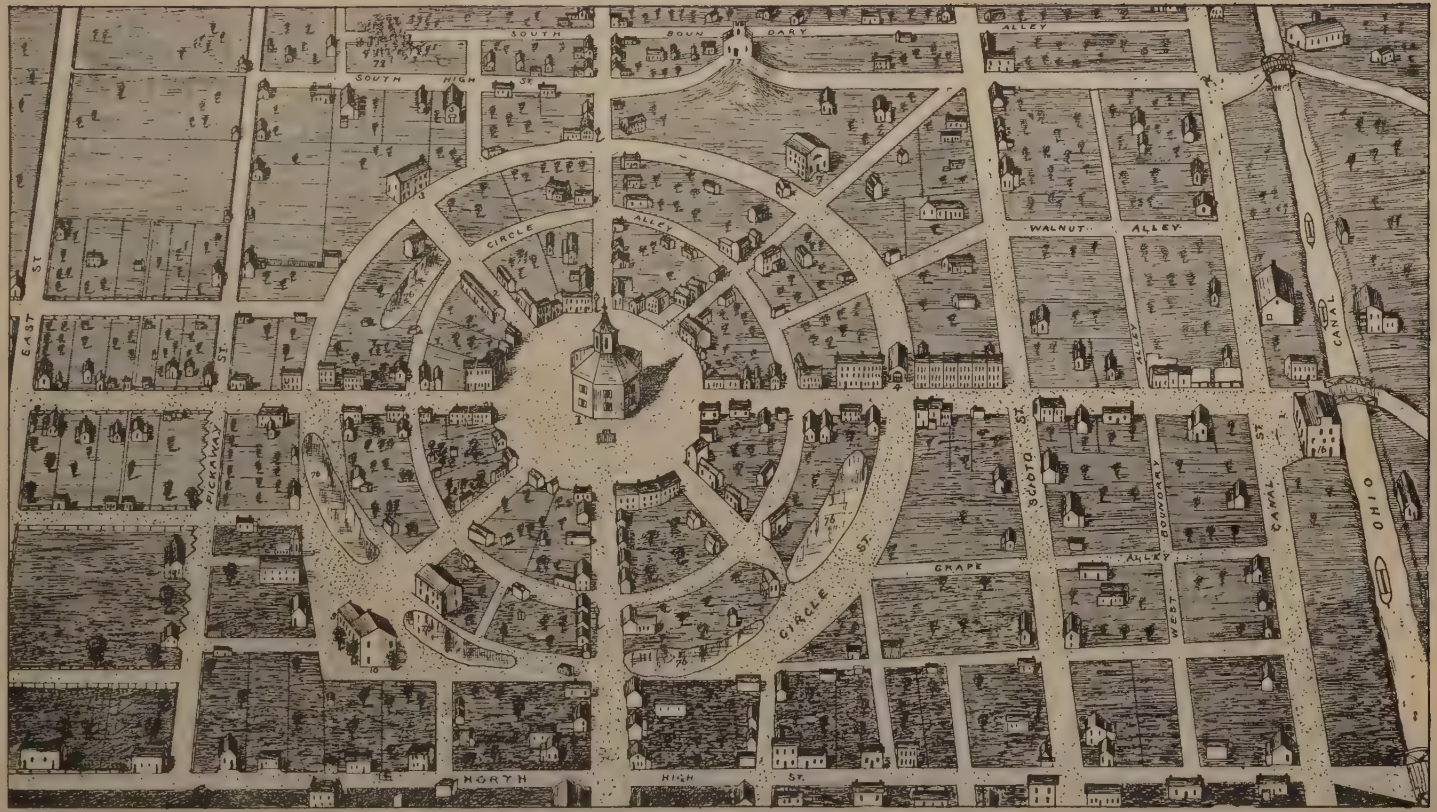
Kings lamented their mighty fallen
Upon the mountains of Gilboa;
And now we mourn for brave Hugh Allen
Far from the banks of the Ohio.

Oh! bless the mighty King of Heaven,
For all his wondrous works below,
Who hath to us the victory given
Upon the banks of the Ohio.

Circleville in 1846.—Circleville, the county-seat, is on the Ohio canal and Scioto river, twenty-six miles south of Columbus, and nineteen south of Chillicothe. It was laid out in 1810, as the seat of justice, by Daniel Dresbach, on land originally belonging to Zeigler & Watt, and the first lot sold on the 10th of September. The town is on the site of ancient fortifications, one of which, having been circular, originated the name of the place. The old court-house, built in the form of an octagon, and destroyed in 1841, stood in the centre of the circle. Few, if any, vestiges remain of these forts, but we find them described at length in the *Archæologia Americana*, by Caleb Atwater, published in 1820. The description and accompanying cut are appended:

There are two forts, one being an exact circle, the other being an exact square. The former is surrounded by two walls, with a deep ditch between them; the latter is encompassed by one wall without any ditch. The former was sixty-nine feet in diameter, measuring from outside to outside of the circular outer wall; the latter is exactly fifty-five rods square, measuring the same way. The walls of the circular fort were at least twenty feet in height, measuring from the bottom of the ditch, before the town of Circleville was built. The inner wall was of clay, taken up probably in the northern part of the fort, where was a low place, which is still considerably lower than any other part of the work. The outside wall was taken from the ditch which is between these walls, and is alluvial, consisting of pebbles, worn smooth in water, and sand, to a very considerable depth, more than fifty feet at least. The outside of the walls is about five or six feet in height now; on the inside the ditch is at present generally not more than fifteen feet. They are disappearing before us daily and will soon be gone. The walls of the square fort are at this time, where left standing, about ten feet in height. There were eight gateways, or openings, leading into the square fort and only one into the circular fort. Before each of these openings was a mound of earth, perhaps four feet high, forty feet perhaps in diameter at the base, and twenty or upwards at the summit. These mounds, for two rods or more, are exactly in front of the gateways and were intended for the defence of these openings.

As this work is a perfect square, so the gateways and their watch-towers were equi-



BIRDSEYE VIEW OF CIRCLEVILLE IN 1836, LOOKING SOUTH.

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

WEST MAIN STREET, CIRCLEVILLE.

The foreground was originally a part of the old circle, which in time was "squared."

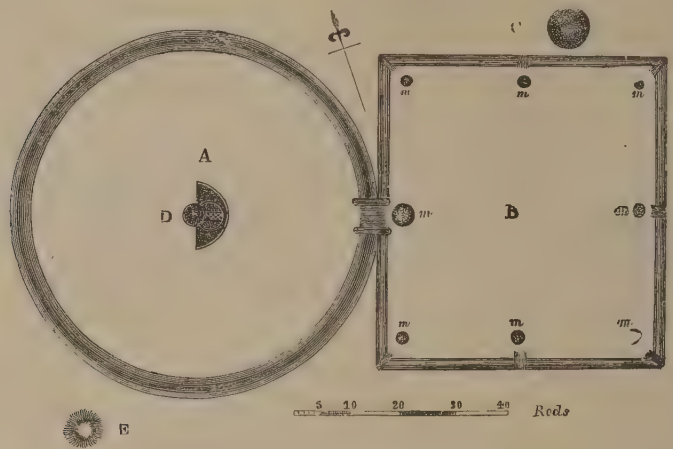
Reed & Bock, Photo., 1886.

VIEW IN CIRCLEVILLE.

The County Court-House is shown on the left; the old circle was a few hundred yards distant, farther up the street.

distant from each other. These mounds were in a perfectly straight line, and exactly parallel with the wall. Those small mounds were at *m*, *m*, *m*, *m*, *m*, *m*, *m*. The black line at *d* represents the ditch, and *w*, *w*, represent the two circular walls.

D [the reader is referred to the plate] shows the site of a once very remarkable ancient mound of earth, with a semi-circular pavement on its eastern side, nearly fronting, as the plate represents, the only gateway leading into this fort. This mound is entirely



ANCIENT FORTIFICATIONS AT CIRCLEVILLE.

removed; but the outline of the semi-circular pavement may still be seen in many places, notwithstanding the dilapidations of time and those occasioned by the hand of man.

The earth in these walls was as nearly perpendicular as it could be made to lie. This fort had originally but one gateway leading into it on its eastern side, and that was defended by a mound of earth several feet in height, at *m*, *i*. Near the centre of this work was a mound, with a semi-circular pavement on its eastern side, some of the remains of which may still be seen by an intelligent observer. The mound at *m*, *i*, has been entirely removed so as to make the street level, from where it once stood.

B is a square fort adjoining the circular one, as represented by the plate, the area of which has been stated already. The wall which surrounds this work is generally now about 10 feet in height, where it has not been manufactured into brick. There are seven gateways leading into the fort, besides the one which communicates with the square fortification—that is, one at each angle, and another in the wall, just half way between the angular ones. Before each of these gateways was a mound of earth of four or five feet in height, intended for the defence of these openings.

The extreme care of the authors of these works to protect and defend every part of the circle is no where visible about this square fort. The former is defended by two high walls—the latter by one. The former has a deep ditch encircling it—this has none. The former could be entered at one place only—this at eight, and those about twenty feet broad. The present town of Circleville covers all the round and the western half of the square fort. These fortifications, where the town stands, will entirely disappear in a few years; and I have used the only means within my power to perpetuate their memory, by the annexed drawing and this brief description.

Another writer gives some additional facts. Writing in 1834, he says:

On the southwest side of the circle stands a conical hill crowned with an artificial mound. Indeed, so much does the whole elevation resemble the work of man, that many have mistaken it for a large mound. A street has lately been opened across the little mound which crowned the hill, and in removing the earth many skeletons were found in good preservation. A cranium of one of them was in my possession, and is a noble specimen of the race which once occupied these ancient walls. It has a high forehead and large and bold features, with all the phrenological marks of daring and bravery. Poor fellow, he died overwhelmed by numbers; as the fracture of the right parietal bone by the battle-axe and five large stone arrows sticking in and about his bones, still

bear silent, but sure testimony. The elevated ground a little north of the town, across Hargus creek, which washes the base of the plain of Circleville, appears to have been the common burying-ground. Human bones in great quantities are found in digging away the gravel for repairing the streets and for constructing the banks of the canal which runs near the base of the highlands. They were buried in the common earth without any attempt at tumuli, and occupy so large a space that only a dense population and a long period of time could have furnished such numbers.

Circleville is a thriving business town, surrounded by a beautiful, level country. Opposite the town, the bottom land on the Scioto is banked up for several miles, to prevent being overflowed by the river. Circleville has 1 Presbyterian, 2 Lutheran, 1 Episcopal, 2 Methodist, 2 Baptist, 1 Catholic, 1 Evangelical and 2 United Brethren churches; an elegant court-house, recently erected; 1 or 2 academies, 3 printing offices, about 20 mercantile stores, 1 bank, 9 warehouses on the canal, and had in 1830, 1,136, and in 1840, 2,330 inhabitants; it has now over 3,000. The business by the canal is heavy. Of the clearances made from this port in 1846, there were of corn, 106,465 bushels; wheat, 24,918 bushels; broom corn, 426,374 pounds; bacon and pork, 1,277,212 pounds; and lard, 1,458,259 pounds.—*Old Edition.*

CIRCLEVILLE, county-seat, is twenty-six miles south of Columbus, on the east bank of the Scioto river, which is crossed at this point by the Ohio canal. Circleville is on the C. & M. Division of the P. C. & St L. and the S. V. Railroads. It is in one of the richest agricultural regions in the State and is noted as shipping more broom corn than any other point in the United States, and having the largest straw-board manufacturing concern, it is claimed, in the world. This is one of the finest agricultural sections of Ohio; so Circleville's industries are principally devoted to working up the products of the soil. Pork-packing, sweet-corn canning and drying, tanning, and milling are conducted here on a large scale. It has the largest straw-board and straw-paper mill in the world, employing a capital of about half a million dollars and a large force of employees.

County officers, 1888: Auditor, S. W. Miller; Clerk, George H. Pontius; Commissioners, George Betts, Alexander C. Bell, Cyrus Purcell; Coroner, Mack A. Lanum; Infirmary Directors, John G. Haas, Daniel Myers, Jacob B. Rife; Probate Judge, D. J. Myers; Prosecuting Attorney, Clarence Curtain; Recorder, John McCrady; Sheriff, James T. Wallace; Surveyor, Cyrus F. Abernethy; Treasurer, Joseph C. Harper. City officers, 1888: J. Wheeler Lowe, Mayor; R. P. Dresbach, Clerk; R. C. Anderson, Marshal; Daniel Brown, Commissioner; John Schleyer, Solicitor. Newspapers; *Herald*, Democratic, Murphy & Darst, editors and publishers; *Democrat and Watchman*, Democratic, A. R. Van Cleaf, editor and publisher; *Union Herald*, Republican, Harry E. Lutz, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 United Brethren, 1 Baptist, 1 Episcopal, 1 Methodist, 3 Evangelical, 2 Lutheran, 1 Catholic and 1 Presbyterian. Banks: First National, J. A. Hawkes, president, Otis Ballard, cashier; Second National, S. H. Ruggles, president, E. E. Winship, cashier; Third National, S. Morris, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—George H. Spangler, carriages and buggies, 4 hands; C. B. Tyler, doors, sash, etc., 20; Delaplane & Parks, grain elevator, 2; Roth Brothers, oak harness leather, 15; McEwing & Oliver, engines and repairs, 10; Bell & Caldwell, meal and elevator, 5; Jacob Young, flour and feed, 3; H. A. Jackson, grain elevator, 3; Heffner & Co., Saginaw corn meal, 19; Circleville *Union Herald*, printing, 7; Pickaway Machine Works, machine work, 4; William Heffner & Son, flour and feed, 7; J. P. Strahm, cigars, 6; *Democrat and Watchman*, printing, 7; Portage Straw Board Co., straw boards, 210; Conrad Richards, barrels, 10; Edison Electric Light Co., electric light, 4.—*State Report, 1888.*

Population, 1880, 6,046. School census, 1888, 2,285; M. H. Lewis, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, $511,000.

Value of annual product, $609,500.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887.* Census, 1890, 6,556.

Circleville, having derived its name from being built around a circle, in process of time has changed its nucleus spot to a square; and hence claims that it has performed that impossible feat to mathematicians, squared the circle.

REMINISCENCES.

Circleville is noted from having long been the home of Ohio's earliest historian, CALEB ATWATER. His life was long, and he had a national reputation. It included many things—minister, lawyer, educator, business man, legislator, Indian Commissioner, author and antiquarian.

He was a direct descendant of David Atwater, one of the wealthiest of the original settlers who founded New Haven, in 1638, and these were the richest body of colonists in America. This David Atwater was the progenitor of all the Atwaters on the Continent. One of my four great-grandfathers was a Caleb Atwater; so I have some of the same blood in my veins.

But all of that old New England stock is nearly related. Almost the entire emigration to New England was in fourteen years, from 1628 to 1642, when in all 20,000 people came over. After that there was no emigration, only as the scattering snow-flakes after a snow squall. These 20,000 married young; had large families, often a dozen of children in each, so that at the beginning of this century they had increased to over a million. The result is, as genealogists ascertain, they are about all in some degree of cousinship to the rest. This, by some lines, is often near and others remote. Often a genealogist may ascertain for a man such a fact as this, that his wife is his third cousin by such a line, and by another the sixth cousin.

Caleb Atwater, Ohio's first historian, was born on Christmas Day, 1778, at North Adams, Massachusetts, was educated at Williams College, taught a ladies' school in New York, and at the same time studied theology; was ordained a Presbyterian minister, married and then quickly lost his wife, which event greatly affected his health and spirits. He later studied law, was admitted to the bar; and finally paid the best compliment in his power to the charms of wedded life that any poor, forlorn soul can—married the second time. Went into business, and failing, anticipated the advice of the sage of the New York *Tribune* "to go West," and got an early start.

The attractive point was Circleville, the year, 1815, and he remained until his death in 1854, at the patriarchal age of eighty-nine. He opened a law office to engage in the practice of law. The people sent him to the Ohio Legislature, where he became prominent as the friend of public schools, and as one of the original minority to advocate the introduction of canals. At the close of his legislative duties he was sent by General Jackson as Commissioner to the Winnebago Indians, at Galena, Illinois.

He early turned his attention to authorship, and his first book grew out of his coming to a town which was built around a circle, laid out by the Mound Builders. They had arranged their dwellings around it as a nucleus, put their Temple of Justice, *i. e.*, the Pickaway county court-house, in the centre, and radiated their streets from the circumference line. He, therefore, became interested in Archæology and issued his "Archæologia Americana upon Western Antiquities." This work attracted great attention among savans at home and abroad, and made him widely known. Beside this he published "A Tour to the Prairie du Chien," "An Essay on Education," "Writings of Caleb Atwater," and in 1838, his "History of Ohio."

He was the associate of the first men of Ohio and the country at large from the nature of his pursuits and objects of public interest.

I made the acquaintance of Caleb Atwater, in 1846, at Circleville. He had

the Atwater physique—a large, heavily-moulded man, with dark eyes and complexion, and a Romanesque nose. He was a queer talker, and appeared to me like a disappointed, unhappy man. One of his favorite topics was General Jackson, whose friendship he greatly valued. He had visited him at the Hermitage, where Old Hickory, who was a genial personage, had entertained him, talking, I presume, between the whiffs of his corn-cob pipe, which he smoked even when in the White House. His life appears to have been a struggle with penury. He did but little, if any, law business; he had a large family, six sons and three daughters, and his books were but a meagre source of support, and these he sold by personal solicitation. He was, however, blest with an excellent wife, and that is the all-important point with a struggling man.

In my recent visit to Circleville, Mr. Henry S. Page took me out to the Forest Cemetery, and there I found a beautiful monument, a cube about fourteen feet in height, of Italian marble, and surmounted by a figure of Christ asking a blessing. Upon it was this inscription:

> JOHN CRADLEBAUGH, born at Circleville, Ohio, February 22, 1819. He was a Judge of the District Court of the United States for Utah Territory. He distinguished himself by his great courage in attempting to bring to justice the persons who were guilty of that horrible curse, the Mountain Meadow Massacre. He was a Delegate in Congress for Nevada Territory. He took part in the Siege of Vicksburg, where he commanded the 114th Regt. O. V. I., and was severely wounded. He died in Nevada, February 19, 1872.

Judge Cradlebaugh graduated at Miami University, practised the law in Logan and then in Circleville, was in 1850 and in 1852 a member of the Ohio Senate from Pickaway and Franklin counties. In 1858 he made a speech in Circleville strongly sustaining the policy of Buchanan in his policy in regard to the Missouri Compromise, which led to his appointment as one of the judges of Utah by Buchanan. After he left Utah he removed to Nevada, from which territory he was sent a delegate to Congress. He had expected to be Senator when Nevada was admitted as a State, but finally saw and predicted that "some rich man would come up from San Francisco with a pile of money and buy the Legislature," which proved true.

While residing in Nevada the war broke out, he returned to Pickaway county and raised the 114th O. V. I., which he commanded. He was badly wounded by a bullet passing through his mouth, which compelled him to retire from service. He returned to Nevada, but could not practise his profession, his mouth being so badly lacerated that he could not speak distinctly. So he became very poor. He died in 1872, and his remains were brought home and laid beside the beautiful monument he had erected in 1852, to the memory of his wife.

Judge Cradlebaugh greatly distinguished himself by his heroic conduct while acting as Judge in Utah. He tried to bring the Mormon murderers to account: boldly defied the power of the Mormon church, and in vain appealed to President Buchanan for aid to bring the authors of the Mountain Meadow massacre to

account. The details are given in the *Circleville Union Herald* of January 29 and July 2, 1889.

OHIO BIRDS.

A remarkable literary and scientific enterprise was that of Genevieve E. Jones and Eliza J. Schultze, in the projection of the "Illustrations of the Nests and Eggs of Birds of Ohio." In the course of the work Miss Jones died and her mother completed the illustrations. After eight years of untiring industry the work was published by Dr. N. E. Jones, with Mrs. N. E. Jones as illustrator and Dr. Howard Jones writer of the text. It consists of 68 plates, $15\frac{1}{4}$ x $17\frac{1}{4}$ inches, accurately colored by hand, representing the nests and eggs of one hundred and thirty species, all the birds known to breed in Ohio, with over 300 pages of text from original field notes.

It is one of the most beautiful and desirable works that has ever appeared in the United States upon any branch of natural history and ranks with Audubon's celebrated work on birds. The two volumes cost about $350.00.

Another noteworthy work on birds of Ohio is that of Dr. J. M. Wheaton, of Columbus, Ohio, which is contained in Vol. IV. of the Ohio Geological Survey.

Dr. Wheaton during his lifetime was a deep student of birds of Ohio and their habits; he collected and preserved at great expense and years of labor, one male and one female of each species of Ohio birds, many of which are now extinct and others fast disappearing before the changing conditions of increasing population. This valuable collection is now in the possession of his widow, but should be purchased and preserved by the State. An effort to this end was made during the legislative session of 1889, but owing to a clerical error failed.

Still another notable work on birds is "Nests and Eggs of North American Birds," by Oliver Davie, of Columbus, Ohio (1889). It is illustrated with engraved plates. This is the most complete and accurate work on North American birds' eggs and nests that has yet appeared, and is regarded as a standard by the most eminent authorities. Its author, Mr. Davie, is an expert taxidermist, and is now engaged on a work on that subject, which in its completeness and accuracy will equal his excellent work on "Nests and Eggs."

SAMUEL LUTZ was born in Lehigh county, Pa., March 13, 1789, and died at Circleville, Ohio, September 1, 1890, aged 101 years, 5 months, and 19 days.

In 1802 he removed to Circleville, became a surveyor; served in the war of 1812 under General Harrison. In 1830 was elected to the Ohio legislature and re-elected three times.

On Mr. Lutz's one hundredth birthday more than 1,200 friends and relatives gathered at his residence and in a temporary auditorium erected for the purpose took part in commemorative exercises. Each guest was given a card containing his autograph in a strong round hand, and an ample dinner was served on the grounds.

NEW HOLLAND is seventeen miles southwest of Circleville, on the C. & M. V. R. R. Newspaper: *Plain Talk*, Republican, E. B. Lewis, editor and publisher. Population in 1880, 478. School census, 1888, 186.

WILLIAMSPORT is nine miles southwest of Circleville, on the C. & M. V. R. R. Newspaper: *Rip Saw*, publisher, Homer Cooksey, editor. It has 1 Methodist and 1 Christian church and a fine sulphur spring. The main industry is carriage-making. Population in 1880, 313. School census, 1888, 164.

ASHVILLE is nine miles north of Circleville, on the S. V. R. R. Newspaper: *Enterprise*, Independent, Nessmith and Fraundfelter, editors and publishers. Churches: 1 United Brethren and 1 Evangelical Lutheran. Population about 450.

SOUTH BLOOMFIELD is nine miles northwest of Circleville. Population, 1880, 303. School census, 1888, 126.

TARLTON is ten miles southeast of Circleville. Population, 1880, 425. School census, 1888, 148.

WHISTLER is eleven miles southeast of Circleville. School census, 1888, 89.

DARBYVILLE is thirteen miles northwest of Circleville, on Big Darby creek. Population, 1880, 262. School census, 1888, 88.

COMMERCIAL POINT is fifteen miles northwest of Circleville. School census, 1888, 82.

PIKE.

PIKE COUNTY was formed in 1815 from Ross, Highland, Adams, Scioto and Jackson counties. Excepting the rich bottom lands of the Scioto and its tributaries, its surface is generally hilly. The hills abound with the noted Waverly sandstone. Area, about 470 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 59,554; in pasture, 50,068; woodland, 61,078; lying waste, 6,492; produced in wheat, 135,490 bushels; rye, 324; buckwheat, 30; oats, 84,125; barley, 490; corn, 500,281; meadow hay, 6,608 tons; clover hay, 1,063; potatoes, 21,327 bushels; tobacco, 1,345 lbs.; butter, 168,541; sorghum, 4,808 gallons; maple syrup, 1,719; eggs, 201,612 dozen; grapes, 11,400 lbs.; wine, 15 gallons; sweet potatoes, 550 bushels; apples, 14,685; peaches, 4,545; pears, 271; wool, 21,314 lbs.; milch cows owned, 2,621. School census, 1888, 6,191; teachers, 149. Miles of railroad track, 44.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Beaver,	1,075	750	Pebble,	504	1,594
Benton,		1,474	Pee Pee,	813	2,725
Camp Creek,	299	947	Perry,	565	879
Jackson,	1,096	2,067	Scioto,		921
Marion,		908	Seal,	1,875	1,411
Mifflin,	645	1,230	Sunfish,	325	976
Newton,	337	1,369	Union,		676

Population of Pike county in 1820 was 4,253; 1830, 6,024; 1840, 7,536; 1860, 13,643; 1880, 17,937; of whom 15,620 were born in Ohio; 661, Virginia; 359, Pennsylvania; 144, Kentucky; 67 New York; 58, Indiana; 606, German Empire; 44, Ireland; 24, England and Wales; 5, Scotland; 4, France, and 3, British America. Census, 1890, 17,482.

The Origin of Names is always a matter of interest. It is a tradition that an Irishman whose initials were P. P., cut them in the bark of a beech, on the banks of a creek. This gave its name to the creek—Pee Pee, and later to a township. Waverly is in Pee Pee, and James Emmitt, the founder, had called the place Uniontown until 1830, when the Ohio canal was in progress at that point. An attempt was then made to establish a post-office, when it was discovered there was already an Uniontown in Northern Ohio. In this quandary Capt. Francis Cleveland, later an uncle of Grover Cleveland (for Grover was then unborn), an engineer on the canal who had been deeply engrossed in reading Scott's novels, suggested the name Waverly, and it was adopted. The uncle died at Portsmouth in 1882.

BIOGRAPHY.

ZEBULON MONTGOMERY PIKE, from whom Pike county was named, was born in Lamberton, N. J., January 5, 1779, and died in York (now Toronto), Canada, April 27, 1813. His father was a captain in the Revolutionary army; was in St. Clair's defeat in 1791, and was brevetted a lieutenant-colonel in the regular army. His son was an ensign in his regiment, and while serving as such was an earnest student of Latin, French and mathematics. After the Louisiana purchase had been made from the French, Pike, who had been promoted to the grade of lieutenant, was given command of an expedition to trace the Mississippi to its source. Leaving St. Louis in August, 1805, he returned after nine months of hardship and exposure, having satisfactorily accomplished the service.

In 1806–7, while engaged in geographical explorations, he discovered Pike's Peak in the Rocky mountains, and reached the Rio Grande river. He and his party were arrested on Spanish territory and taken to Santa Fé, but were subsequently released. He arrived at Natchitoches in July, 1807, received the thanks of the government, and three years later published an account of his explorations. In 1813 he was placed in command of an expedition against York (now Toronto), Canada. His troops had taken one of the redoubts, which had been constructed by the enemy for defence, and arrangements were being carried forward for an attack upon another redoubt, when the magazine of the fort exploded, and Gen. Pike was fatally wounded, surviving but a few hours.

ROBERT LUCAS was born in Shepherdstown, Va., April 1, 1781. His father was a captain in the Revolutionary army and a descendant of William Penn. The son removed to Ohio in 1802 and settled near the mouth of the Scioto, where Portsmouth now stands. He raised a battalion of volunteers for the war of 1812; served as a brigadier-general, and saw considerable service at Fort Meigs and Lower Sandusky. He removed to Piketon, and there, in connection with his brother, conducted a general store. He was several times elected to the Ohio Senate and House, serving as Speaker of the latter. In 1832 he presided over the Democratic National Convention that nominated Andrew Jackson for a second term. The same year he was elected Governor of Ohio, defeating his opponent, Gen. Duncan McArthur, by one vote. In 1834 he was re-elected Governor. While Governor the "Toledo war" occurred, and he successfully maintained the Ohio side of the controversy. In 1848 he was appointed by President Van Buren the first Territorial Governor of Iowa. He died in Iowa City, Iowa, February 7, 1853.

JAMES EMMITT was born in Armstrong county, Pa., November 6, 1806. His career is a striking example of what may be accomplished by persistent energy, industry and frugality. He removed to Ohio when a boy, and before he was 13 years of age was hired out to a farmer for the sum of $6 per month and board. He had the board, but the $6 were turned over to his father to aid him in his struggle to earn a home. Later he worked at blacksmithing at a country tavern; again at farm labor, and then as wood-chopper at $4 per month. From 1825 to 1828 he was a teamster between Portsmouth and Chillicothe. At 22 he engaged in a partnership with Mr. Henry Jefferds in a small grocery business in Waverly. In 1831 he was appointed postmaster. The next year he bought a mill, and for the next forty years he gradually accumulated property interests, until the taxes he paid were one-tenth of the total tax receipts of Pike county, and one-half the population of Waverly was employed in his various establishments, such as a bank, a store, a huge distillery, a furniture factory, a lumber yard and saw and grist-mills.

He was the principal factor in the removal of the county-seat from Piketon to Waverly in 1861, and when this was accomplished he presented a fine court-house to the people. He served two years in the State Senate.

His opportunities for an education were meagre, but his force of character, strong common sense and great energy made his success in life something almost phenomenal for a small place like Waverly.

Mr. Emmitt is over six feet in height and almost gigantic in his proportions. For his recollections, he may be considered a walking history of Pike county, and from this source much herein is derived.

The first permanent settlers in the county were Pennsylvanians and Virginians. From about 1825 and later many Germans settled in the eastern part. The first settlement in the vicinity of Piketon was made on the Pee Pee prairie, by John Noland, from Pennsylvania; Abraham, Arthur and John Chenoweth, three brothers from Virginia, who settled there about the same time Chillicothe was laid out, in 1796.

Piketon in 1846.—Piketon, the county-seat, was laid out about the year 1814. It is on the Scioto, on the Columbus and Portsmouth turnpike, sixty-four miles from the first, twenty-six from the last, and two east of the Ohio canal. Piketon contains 1 Presbyterian, 1 Methodist, and 1 German Lutheran church, an academy, a newspaper printing-office, 4 mercantile stores, and had, in 1840, 507 inhabitants.—*Old Edition.*

In 1861 the county-seat was removed to Waverly.

In our old edition were given these historical items: Piketon was originally called Jefferson, and was laid off on what was called "Miller's Bank." The origin of this last name is thus given in the *American Pioneer:* "About the year 1795 two parties set off from Mason county, Ky., to locate land by making improvements, as it was believed the tract ceded to the United States, east of the Scioto, would be held by pre-emption. One of these parties was conducted by a Mr. Miller, and the other by a Mr. Kenton. In Kenton's company was a man by the name of Owens, between whom and Miller there arose a quarrel about the right of settling this beautiful spot. In the fray Owens shot Miller, whose bones may be found interred near the lower end of the high bank. His death and burial there gave name to the high bank, which was then in Washington county, the Scioto being then the line between Washington and Adams counties. Owens was taken to Marietta, where he was tried and acquitted."

On Lewis Evans' map of the middle British Colonies, published in 1755, is laid down, on the right bank of the river, a short distance below the site of Piketon, a place called "Hurricane Tom's;" it might have been the abode of an Indian chief or a French trader's station.—*Old Edition.*

A late writer states: Piketon was surveyed and platted by Peter Dunnon, a Virginian and a good surveyor—as surveyors went in those days. The court-house was not built at Piketon until about 1817, and prior to its completion court was held in a stone building near Piketon, owned by John Chenoweth. The court-house built at Piketon, which is still standing, was of brick. Among the earliest settlers in and about Piketon, were Jonathan Clark, Charley Cissna, Major Daniels, Joseph J. Martin—who was for years Lord High Everything of Pike county—the Brambles, Moores, Browns, Sargents, Praters, Nolans, Guthries and the Lucases. Most of these families first came into "the prairie" about 1797, but the Lucas brothers came later. Robert Lucas, one of these pioneers, afterward became Governor of Ohio. His brother founded the town of Lucasville. About 1820 Robert Lucas was conducting a general store at Piketon, which he afterward sold to Duke Swearingen. In 1829 Lucas was elected to the Legislature from Pike county, and thus began his political career.

The Graded Way at Piketon.

Among the many examples of ancient earthworks in Ohio occurs a most remarkable one about one mile below Piketon, described as follows in Squier & Davis's "Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley:" It consists of a graded ascent from the second to the third terrace, the level of which is here seventeen feet above that of the former. The way is 1,080 feet long, by 215 feet wide at one extremity, and 203 feet wide at the other, measured between the bases of the banks. The earth is thrown outward on either hand, forming embankments varying upon the outer sides from five to eleven feet in height; yet it appears that much more earth has been excavated than enters into these walls. At the lower extremity of the grade the walls upon the interior sides measure no less than twenty-two feet in perpendicular height. The easy ascent here afforded has been rendered available in the construction of the Chillicothe and Portsmouth turnpike, which passes through it. The walls are covered with trees and bushes, and resemble parallel natural hills, and probably would be regarded as such by the superficial observer. Indeed, hundreds pass along without suspecting that they are in the midst of one of the most interesting monuments which the country affords, and one which bears a marked resemblance to some of those works which are described to us in connection with the causeways and aqueducts of Mexico.

A singular work of art occurs on the top of a high hill, standing in the rear of the town of Piketon, and overlooking it, which it may not be out of place to mention here. It consists of a perfectly circular excavation, thirty feet in diameter, and twelve feet deep, terminating in a point at the bottom. It contains water for the greater part of the year. A slight and regular wall is thrown up around its edge. A full and very distinct view of the graded way just described is commanded from this point.

To the foregoing account of the "Graded Way" we append the conclusions of Mr. Gerard Fowke on this work. Mr. Fowke was for years connected with the

THE GRADED WAY, PIKETON.

E. P. Miller, Photo., Waverly, 1886.

WAVERLY.

The view is from the west on the road to the Quarry; the hills are those bounding the Scioto valley on the east.

Smithsonian Institution, and has done much to explode many absurd theories and notions on archæology promulgated by authors ignorant of their subject and writing only to strike the popular mind and pocket.

It may be well to state that the celebrated "Graded Way" near Piketon, whose use has caused much speculation, is not a graded way at all in the sense usually employed. The point cannot be made clear without a diagram, but the depression is simply an old waterway or thoroughfare of Beaver creek, through which, in former ages, a portion of its waters were discharged, probably in times of flood. It is *not* just "1,080 feet in length," but reaches to the creek, nearly half a mile away. The artificial walls on either side are not "composed of earth excavated in forming the ascent," for the earth from the ravine or cut-off went down the Scioto before the lower terraces were formed, but are made of earth scraped up near by and piled along the edge of the ravine, just as any other earth walls are made. The walls are of different lengths, both less than 800 feet in length along the top; neither do they taper off to a point, the west wall in particular being considerably higher and wider at the southern extremity, looking, when viewed from the end, like an ordinary conical mound. The earth in the walls thus built up, if spread evenly over the hollow between them, would not fill it up more than two feet, and that for less than a third of its length.

Conflict for the County-seat.

The history of every new State is replete with the conflicts between towns for county-seats. That between Waverly and Piketon is thus told in the Chillicothe *Leader*:

A Strange Fatality has overhung Piketon from its earliest day. A town of fair promise, it has "just missed" everything good but the county-seat, and that was taken from her. When the course of the great Ohio & Erie canal was first laid out, it passed through Piketon. When the survey was completed, the people of that town were jubilant; they believed the future success of their town was assured, and that the death-warrant of Waverly—its rival—was written and sealed. It so chanced that Hon. Robert Lucas was in the Legislature at this time—Speaker of the House. Mr. Lucas owned large tracts of land about the present town of Jasper, and so it happened that after a while the people of Piketon were startled by the information that another survey was being made, with the view of running the canal down on the Waverly and Jasper side of the river, completely cutting them off. The hand of Robert Lucas was plainly discernible in this new deal, and his influence was great enough to secure the location of the canal through his Jasper lands. This was a blow between the eyes for Piketon—a most fortunate circumstance for Waverly.

The canal gave Waverly water-power for her mills, an advantage that was of great importance to any town in the days before steam-power was introduced. Waverly very promptly felt the impetus that this advantage gave her, and began to exhibit a vigorous growth.

About 1850 a project was gotten up to build a railroad from Columbus to Portsmouth, down the valley, which was to pass through Piketon. Every county along the line voted $100,000 or more to this railroad, but Pike, and there the road was refused an appropriation by the people at the polls. Pike's refusal to do anything was the result of the work of the Waverly people, who did not want Piketon to get a road, to carry away the trade they were building up. The project was thus defeated, although a part of the road, from Portsmouth to Jackson, was built. This piece of road is now the C., W. & B.'s "Portsmouth Branch." This was another blow at Piketon's prosperity—one more link in her chain of calamity.

When the Marietta & Cincinnati Railroad was projected, it was to run from Cincinnati to Hillsboro, thence on down to Chillicothe and on to Marietta. The road was built to Hillsboro, but for some reason, best known to the managers of the road and the schemers who were hand-in-glove with them, the line stopped right there, and the road shot off at a tangent and struck out for Chillicothe from Blanchester. This left Hillsboro stuck out at one end of a railroad's arm, without direct connection with anybody or anything. Mr. Mat. Trimble, the brother of Dr. Carey A. Trimble, was the soul of the scheme for getting Hillsboro into connection with the world, and he was enraged at this treachery of the M. & C. people toward that city. So, to get even with Hillsboro's enemies, he set to work to organize a company to build a road—an air-line—from Hillsboro to a point on the river near Gallipolis. This company was organized, the line surveyed and work commenced at both ends of the road. The roadway was built, culverts and abutments for bridges put in, immense levees built, a great tunnel through the hills near Jasper started, the heaviest kind of stone-work was done wherever required ties were bought and laid along the road, iron was imported from England, and everything was getting into nice shape, when the company bursted, after

sinking two million dollars. The road was a very expensive one, as the engineers wouldn't get out of the way for anything. If a house was in the way, they bought it. "Brown's Mill," Pike county, was purchased and razed to the ground. If a hill was encountered, they cut right through it, rather than go around it. This sort of "air-line" work ate up capital rapidly and ruined the company—and Piketon's chance for a railroad.

If Piketon had gotten this railroad, the fate of Waverly would have been sealed. But she didn't get it.

Waverly had always boasted that she would capture the county-seat, and "down" Piketon. The towns were always jealous of each other, and as early as 1836 the county-seat question became a political issue. In 1836 the Democrats nominated James McLeish, of Waverly, for the Legislature. The people of Piketon took alarm at this, and set to work vigorously to beat him. Some of the leading Whigs—Dr. Blackstone, James Row and others—came up to Chillicothe and had a lot of circulars printed with a cut thereon, showing a man with a house on a wheelbarrow, and labelled, "Jimmy McLeish moving the Court-house from Piketon to Waverly." That circular settled the political aspirations of Jimmy McLeish. His defeat so enraged him that he left Waverly and removed to Sharonville.

From that time on, the "county-seat question" grew in prominence. But it was not until 1859 that Mr. Emmitt inaugurated the great "war" that resulted in Waverly capturing the desired plum.

Waverly in 1846.—Waverly, four miles above Piketon, on the Scioto river and Ohio canal, was laid out about the year 1829 by M. Downing. It contains one Presbyterian and one Methodist church, four stores, and had, in 1840, 306 inhabitants.—*Old Edition.*

WAVERLY, county-seat, about eighty-five miles east of Cincinnati, sixty miles south of Columbus, is on the west bank of the Scioto river, on the Ohio canal, and the S. V. & O. S. Railroads.

County Officers, 1888: Auditor, Snowden C. Sargent; Clerk, George W. Eager; Commissioners: George W. Brodbeck, John Motz, Jacob Gehres; Coroner, John R. Heath; Infirmary Directors, Henry Shy, Thomas Markham, Jacob Butler; Probate Judge, Branson Holton; Prosecuting Attorney, Stephen D. McLaughlin; Recorder, Newton E. Givens; Sheriff, James H. Watkins; Surveyor, Henry W. Overman; Treasurer, Frank Ehrman, City officers, 1888: Mayor, Philip Gabelman; Clerk, George Baringer; Treasurer, George Hoeflinger; Marshal, Jas. R. Bateman. Newspapers: *Pike County Republican*, Republican, H. R. Snyder, editor and publisher; *Watchman*, Democratic, John H. Jones, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 German Methodist Episcopal, 1 Presbyterian, 1 German Lutheran, 1 German United Brethren, and 1 Catholic. Bank: Emmitt & Co., James Emmitt, president, John F. Masters, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—James Emmitt, doors, sash, etc., 6 hands; Gehres Brothers, doors, sash, etc., 5; James Emmitt, flour and high wines, 15; James Emmitt, lumber, 4; Pee Pee Milling Co., flour and feed, 8; M. D. Scholler & Co., oak harness leather, 3; Waverly Spoke Works, wagon spokes, 12.—*State Report, 1888.*

Population, 1880, 1,539. School census, 1888, 522; James A. Douglass, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, $120,200. Value of annual product, $145,500. In addition to the handling of grain and stock, ties, bark and hoop-poles are largely shipped, and, although the place is largely known as a whiskey town, local option is in force. Census, 1890, 1,514.

RECOLLECTIONS OF HON. JAMES EMMITT.

In 1886 the *Chillicothe Leader* published a series of valuable and interesting articles on the pioneer history of Pike county and the surrounding region. These articles were largely the recollections of the Hon. James Emmitt, whose father settled in Pike county when all about was a wilderness. James Emmitt, then a small boy, developed with the country, and his career is largely identified with the history of the Scioto Valley. We quote the following from this series of articles.

Why Pioneers Settled in the Hills.—It is often cause for wonderment to people now-a-days why the pioneers of the Scioto Valley, as a rule, settled in the hills, some distance away from the river, instead of in the rich bottoms, which are now our most prized lands, said Mr. Emmitt. But if they had seen this country about here as it was when I first saw it, they would understand why the first settlers took to the high ground. Vegetation in the bottoms, in those days, was absolutely rank. Sycamore, black walnut and hackberry trees grew abundantly and to splendid proportions, and the vines of the wild grape clambered up in a dense and tangled mass to their very tops, interlacing their branches, and often uniting many trees in a common bond of clinging vines. The growth of weeds and underbrush was wonderfully dense, and when the floods would come and cover the bottoms, several inches of water would remain in those brakes of weeds for months after it had receded from less densely overgrown ground. As a matter of fact, the water would stand almost the year around, in lagoons, over a large portion of the bottoms, converting them into huge marshes, and causing them to closely resemble much of the swamp land now so abundant in the South.

Poison Breeding Land.—The bottoms, under the conditions that then existed, were nothing more than immense tracts of poison-breeding land, marshy in nature, and wholly unfit for the agreeable habitation of man. The atmosphere of the bottoms was fairly reeking with malaria, and it was simply impossible to live in the low lands without suffering constantly with fever and ague. And the ague of those far-off days was of an entirely different type from that with which we now have acquaintance. It took on a form, at times, almost as malignant as yellow fever. When a man was seized with the "shaking ague," as it manifested itself in 1818–20, he imagined that a score of fiends were indulging in a fierce warfare over the dismemberment of his poor person.

Physical Suffering.—Every member, every nerve, every fibre of his wretched body was on the rack, and the sufferer thought that surely something must give way and permit his being shaken into bits. Oh, what torture it was! After the terrible quaking ceased then came the racking, burning fever, that scorched the blood, parched the flesh, and made one pray for death. Torture more absolute and prostrating could not well be conceived of. And when it is remembered that no one who dared brave the dangers of the bottoms was exempt from ague, in some one of its many distressing forms, during the entire spring and summer seasons, and often year in and out, it is not surprising that the early settlers shunned what was to them a plague-stricken district. The consequence was, that the hill country bordering the bottoms was first settled up, and the bottom lands were gradually conquered by working into them from their outer boundaries and clearing away timber, vines, underbrush, debris and weeds. When land was cleared of timber, the sun speedily converted it into workable condition. Fever nd ague grew less prevalent as the land was cleared up.

Floods Enrich the Land.—Nothing could be richer than these bottom lands when first turned up by the pioneer's plow. Before the timber was cleared away, as has been said, there was so much underbrush and debris—logs and limbs and all forms of flotsam and jetsam—covering the lands adjacent to the river, that a flood could not quickly recede, having so many impediments. As a consequence, at every rise in the river, the water was held on the bottoms until they had become enriched by a heavy deposit of the soil carried down from the hill-tops. There is a point here worthy of consideration. Our bottoms are now almost entirely cleared of timber, and, as a result, they yearly receive less benefit from the floods that sweep over them. They are, in many instances, impoverished, instead of being enriched by the high water, which now flows over them with a strong current, and carries away tons of the finest soil.

Blacksmith Shop in a Tree.—Some idea of the size of the sycamores that were then so abundant in the bottoms may be had when I tell you that the trunk of one of these trees, not far from Waverly, was used as a blacksmith shop. The hollow of the tree was so large that a man could stand in the middle of it, with a ten-foot rail balanced in his hand, and turn completely around without either end of the rail striking the sides of the trunk. Both the hackberry and walnut trees made splendid rails. They were favorite woods for this purpose, as they split so nice and straight.

Dangerous Plowing.—A man took his life in his hands when he went out into the newly cleared field to plow, in those days. Stumps and roots and rocks were but trifles compared with what they had to contend with. Mr. Emmitt says that he has followed the plow, when, at an average of twenty feet, a nest of bees—yellow-jackets, with a most terrible sting—would be turned up. Enraged at the destruction of their homes, these bees—and the air was full of them from morning until night—would keep up an incessant warfare on the plowmen and attack them at every exposed point. Their sufferings from the stinging of bees was really frightful.

Their danger was even increased when harvest time came. When the reapers, wielding sickles, would enter a wheat field, they would find the ground fairly full of snakes—vipers and copperheads and black snakes—which not only threatened human life, but dealt great destruction among the cattle.

"*Squirrel Plague.*"—The invasion of squirrels was one of the most remarkable events of that period, and spread the widest devastation over the land. There had not been an unusual number of squirrels in the woods the year before, and only an average number were observable the year following.

But the year of the "squirrel plague," the bushy-tailed pests came like an irresistible army of invasion, laying waste every foot of territory they invested. They spared nothing. They utterly annihilated the crops of every kind. Nothing comparable to this invasion can be pointed to in our later history, save the grasshopper plague, that a few years ago almost impoverished Kansas and Missouri.

Squirrels Set the Fashions.—The squirrel invasion had an important effect upon the "fashions" of the day. Fur became so plentiful that everybody decorated their clothing with it, and every man in this section of country wore a Davy Crockett outfit. A jaunty coon-skin cap, with squirrel-fur trimming was just the thing at that time; and if a young man was particularly anxious to do the swell act, he would decorate his fur-trimmed buckskin shirt with brightly polished pewter buttons, made by melting down a piece of pewter plate, or the handle of a water pitcher or tea-pot, and moulding it into the desired form.

Locusts and Crows.—Then later came the dreaded locusts to eat up the crops and blight the trees and make life unbearable with their hideous and never-ceasing singing; and with all the other afflictions, the pioneer had to constantly battle with his smaller foes—the birds, crows, rabbits and squirrels.

Mr. Emmitt says that the crows would follow the plow in such numbers, to gather the worms turned up to the surface, that the furrows would be absolutely black with them. After the corn was planted, two or more of the older children, and often men, would be compelled to watch the fields from morning until dark, to keep the cawing, black thieves from scratching up and eating the grain, and destroying the sprouting corn.

Phenomenal Fog.—About 1820 the pioneers were overawed by one of the strangest phenomenons of their experience. A great fog or smoke came up, about midsummer, so dense that one could not see a light ten feet away, or a man or a tree even a few feet distant. The sun appeared as a great fiery ball in the heavens, and had a rather fearful aspect. All-enveloping and dense as was this fog, it did not in anyway interfere with one's breathing.

In the days of flat-boating on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, the mysterious disappearance of men who had started for New Orleans with cargoes of produce, was no uncommon occurrence. It was the custom to take a cargo down the rivers, and if the pioneer merchant had escaped the perils of the river and successfully disposed of his cargo, he had a still greater peril to face when, with his gold on his person, he journeyed on horseback toward home. The Mississippi country was infested with robbers and murderers, ever on the lookout for unwary victims.

The Swearingen Mystery.—A black mystery to this day enshrouds the fate of Duke Swearingen, who succeded Gov. Lucas in his mercantile business at Piketon. About 1823 Swearingen started for New Orleans with a flat-boat load of flour and meat. After he passed out of the Ohio into the Mississippi he was never again heard of. When the time had passed when he was due at home, his friends at Piketon became uneasy about him. Weeks and months passed, and no word was received from him. A search was made for him up and down the river, and at New Orleans, and he was advertised for, but Duke Swearingen was never again heard from. Shortly after Mr. Swearingen's disappearance another merchant of Piketon, Mr. Willard, forever disappeared after a manner identical with the circumstances surrounding Swearingen, becoming lost to the knowledge of his friends.

Opening of the Canal.—The canal was opened in 1832. It was announced that the water would reach Waverly on the morning of September 6th, of that year, and preparations had been made to welcome its advent. Almost the entire population of the surrounding country had flocked into Waverly "to see the water come down the big ditch." The citizens had arranged to give a grand public dinner in the open air, and Governor Lucas and Governor McArthur—who were opposing each other in the race for the governorship—were present.

The Water does not Come.—The canal banks were packed for a long distance on either side with people eagerly awaiting the advent of the water. But it didn't come—although it was struggling bravely to reach the point where hundreds of people were waiting to greet, with ringing cheers and noisy salutes, its advancing, incurving amber wave.

The trouble was, the canal was for long distances cut through gravelly land, and as a matter of course, when the water reached these gravel-bottomed channels, it was absorbed, as though by a huge sponge. It was not until such places had become well waterlogged that the south-bound tide made much progress toward Waverly, but at noon a mighty shout announced its arrival at that point.

The First Canal Boat.—Following close in the wake of the advancing tide was a boat bearing a party of jolly Chillicotheans—among them Gen. James Rowe, Dr. Coates, James Campbell and Edward Edwards—to whom the odd little craft belonged. They were the first navigators of the waters of the canal south from Chillicothe to Waverly. Their badly-built and leaky boat had an ec-

centric fashion of sinking every night, while they were afloat, and they were forced to amuse themselves every morning by "raising the craft" and pumping her out. The first regular passenger and freight-boat that reached Waverly, and it came down with the water too, was the "Governor Worthington," owned by Michael Miller and Martin Bowman, of Chillicothe. It brought down quite a number of passengers from Chillicothe, and was a great curiosity. The owners had mounted a little brass cannon on the "Gov. Worthington's" deck, and fired it off at brief intervals on the way down, attracting the widest attention.

All those who came, either by land or water, were feasted at the great public dinner, bountifully served by a rejoicing people. Both Governor Lucas and Governor McArthur made after-dinner speeches—McArthur addressing himself directly to the Whig element present, and Lucas to the Democrats; but both joined in prophesying the incalculable blessings and wonderfully increased prosperity that would follow close upon the opening of travel and traffic on the then great waterway.

The great developments of the past few years in the direction of combination and consolidation of financial enterprises, give historic interest to this combination of an early day.

Must Have Hogs.—In 1850 a very strong syndicate was formed by men of abundant capital with the view of getting up a corner on stock hogs. Their organization extended all over the country, their headquarters for Ohio being at Columbus. The syndicate sent out its agents everywhere, and was rapidly getting the control of all the young hogs in the market.

They seemed to make a particularly clean sweep of southern Ohio, and before the magnitude of their operations was discovered they had secured about every stock hog in sight. This was a move that Emmitt & Davis could not stand, as they were always in need of stock hogs to which to feed their distillery slops. Mr. Emmitt got track of a nice bunch of young hogs that could be secured in Franklin county. The hogs were held at a stiff price, and before deciding to buy them, Mr. Emmitt sent for Mr. Davis.

"We need the hogs, don't we, Davis?" he asked.

"Yes, sir." was the answer.

"I think you had better go up and buy them."

A Tough Experience.—Mr. Davis mounted his little gray mare the next morning and rode up into Franklin county to buy the stock hogs and drive them home. It was a miserable journey of sixty miles, over rough roads and in very distressing weather. He reached his destination, bought and paid for the hogs, and made all arrangements for starting them on the homeward road the morning after the deal was completed. The hogs were quartered that night in an exposed field near the road. A heavy rain had fallen, and later on a terrible sleet veneered all creation outdoors with a thick encasement of ice. The poor hogs caught the full fury of the storm, and when Mr. Davis went into the field at daylight the next morning, he kicked hog after hog in the endeavor to get them to their feet, but many of them were stark dead. With the animals that were in a condition to be driven, he started for Waverly. It was a terrible trip, but Davis, although an old man, never complained of the hardships of it.

Race Hatred.

An unusual history of race hatred within the limits of Ohio is that related by a correspondent of the Chillicothe *Leader*, as existing in Waverly, and which we give herewith:

A Town Without a Negro Citizen.—The one thing that distinguishes Waverly over every other city or town in Ohio having a population of 2,000, is the fact that she does not harbor a single negro within her borders. This antipathy to the negro at Waverly dates back to the earliest settlement of the town. When Waverly was still in its swaddling-clothes there was a "yellow nigger" named Love living on the outskirts of the town. He was a low-minded, impudent, vicious fellow, very insulting, and made enemies on every hand. His conduct finally became so objectionable that a lot of the better class of citizens got together one night, made a descent upon his cabin, drove him out and stoned him a long way in his flight toward Sharonville. He never dared to come back. Our first acquaintance with negroes about Waverly was with rather rough, objectionable members of that race, and many things occurred to intensify the prejudice which many of our people always held against the negroes.

A Friend of the Negro.—Dr. William Blackstone was a strong exception to the general rule. He was a friend of the negro, their champion, and the prejudiced whites accused the doctor of "encouraging the d——d niggers to be impudent and sassy to us." Opposed to Blackstone was a strong family of Burkes, and a number of the Downings,

who thought that the only correct way to treat a negro was to kill him. This was their doctrine, and they proclaimed it, with much bravado, on all occasions.

Outrages on Negroes.—There was a splendid fellow, a darkey named Dennis Hill, who settled at Piketon and established a tanning business, who was almost harassed to death by the negro-haters. He finally left this section and went to Michigan, where he grew rich.

A lot of Virginia negroes settled up on Pee Pee creek, in the neighborhood of the Burkes and the Downings. Some of them prospered nicely, and this enraged their white neighbors. Tim Downing was the leader of the gang that made almost constant war on these negroes. Downing's crowd got to burning the hay and wheat of the colored farmers, harassing their stock, interfering in their private business, and doing everything in their power to make life absolutely miserable to the colored people. They concentrated the brunt of their hatred against the most prosperous of these colored farmers, whose names I can't recall.

Raiding the Wrong Man.—One night they organized a big raid into the colored settlement, with the avowed purpose of "clearing out the whole nest of d——d niggers." They went fully armed, and didn't propose to stop short of doing a little killing and burning. One of the first cabins they surrounded was that of the especially hated colored man spoken of. They opened fire upon it, hoping to drive the negro out. But the darkey—an honest, peaceable fellow—wasn't to be easily frightened. He, too, had a gun, and taking a safe position near one of the windows of his cabin, he blazed away into the darkness in the direction from which the shots had come. A wild cry of pain followed his shot. The buckshot from his gun plunged into the right leg of Tim Downing's brother, cutting an artery. Downing fell, but he was picked up and carried to the home of Bill Burke.

Downing's Death.—The crowd abandoned the attack after Downing's fall, and followed him to Burke's house. There Downing bled to death. A coroner's jury, of which I was a member, was empanelled and returned a verdict to the effect that Downing had come to his death from the effects of a gunshot wound—but the jury refrained from saying who had discharged the gun. The gang of whites to which Downing belonged surrounded the house in which the jury was in session, and threatened it with all sorts of vengeance if it did not return a verdict expressing the belief that Downing had been murdered by the negro. But their threats didn't procure the desired verdict. They afterwards had the negro arrested and tried for murder, but he was acquitted.

Cowardly Revenge.—The morning after the fatal raid the Downings, Burkes and their friends, armed themselves and marched to the negro's cabin. They lay in wait there until the darkey's son, a nice, young fellow, came out of the cabin. They opened fire on him, and one of the bullets struck him in the head, fracturing his skull and allowing a portion of his brains to escape. When the young man fell the crowd broke and ran. The wounded negro lingered quite a long while, suffering most frightfully, and finally died. No one was ever punished for this crime. After these two tragedies the negro moved away.

He Met his Match.—Tim Downing had a brother, Taylor, living up near Sharonville, and this man concluded that he had to have "an eye for an eye," to avenge his brother's death. One morning, just after Downing's death, he was going through the woods with his gun on his shoulder, and came upon a negro chopping rails. He told the darkey to make his peace with God, as he was going to kill him right there.

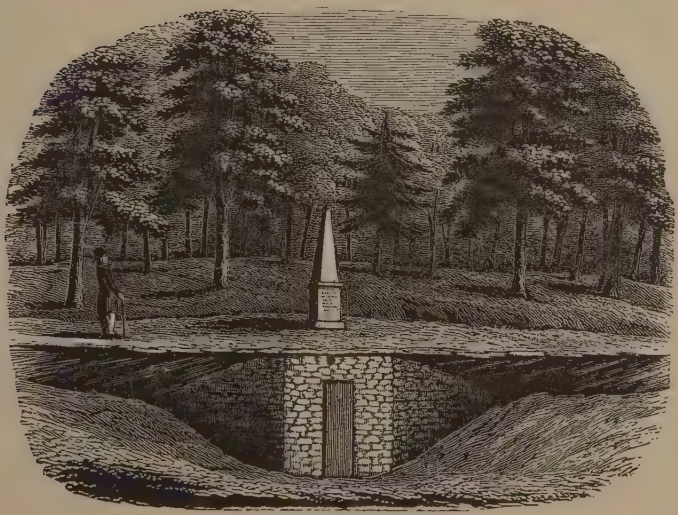
The darkey knew that Downing meant what he said, and quick as a squirrel's jump he made a dash at Downing with his ax, striking him full on the side of the face, and shattering his jaw in the most frightful fashion. Downing lived, but he was horribly marked for life. The negro was arrested and tried, but was acquitted. This only enraged the white gang more, and they made life in this neighborhood entirely too hot for the negro. It was under such circumstances as these that the bitter anti-negro feeling at Waverly had its origin. This race hatred was fostered and extended until even moderate-thinking people, on any other subject, came to believe that they couldn't stand the presence of a negro in Waverly.

William Hewitt, the Hermit.

On an adjoining page is given a view of the Cave of the Scioto Hermit, which we visited to make the drawing for our first edition, and therein gave the following account: About eleven miles south of Chillicothe, on the turnpike road to Portsmouth, is the cave of the hermit of the Scioto. When built, many years ago, it was in the wilderness, the road having since been laid out by it. It is a rude structure, formed by successive layers of stone, under a shelving rock, which serves as a back and roof.

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

CENTRAL VIEW IN PIKETON.



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

CAVE OF WILLIAM HEWIT,

The Hermit of the Scioto.

Over it is a monument, bearing the following inscription:

> WILLIAM HEWIT,
>
> THE HERMIT,
>
> Occupied this cave fourteen years, while all was a wilderness around him.
>
> He died in 1834, aged 70 years.

But little is known of the history of the hermit. He was, it is said, a Virginian, and married early in life into a family of respectability. Returning one night from a journey, he had ocular proof of the infidelity of his wife, killed her paramour, and instantly fled to the woods, never to return or associate with mankind. He eventually settled in the Scioto valley and built this cave, where he passed a solitary life, his rifle furnishing him with provisions and clothing, which consisted of skins of animals. As the country gradually filled up he became an object of curiosity to the settlers. He was mild and inoffensive in his address, avoided companionship with those around, and if any allusion was made to his history, evaded the subject. Occasionally he visited Chillicothe, to exchange the skins of his game for ammunition, when his singular appearance attracted observation. In person, he was large and muscular; the whole of his dress, from his cap to his moccasins, was of deerskin; his beard was long and unshaven, and his eye wild and piercing. In passing from place to place he walked in the street to prevent encountering his fellow-men. Many anecdotes are related of him.

He planted an orchard on government land, which afterwards became the property of a settler; but so sensitive was he in regard to the rights of others, that he would not pluck any of the fruit without first asking liberty of the legal owner. While sitting concealed in the recesses of the forest, he once observed a teamster deliberately cut down and carry off some fine venison he had placed to dry on a limb of a tree before his cave. Hewitt followed, got before him, and as he came up, suddenly sprang from behind some bushes beside the road, and presenting his rifle to his bosom, with fierce and determined manner bade him instantly return and replace the venison. The man tremblingly obeyed, receiving the admonition, "never again to rob the hermit." A physician riding by, stopped to gratify the curiosity of his companions. He found the hermit ill, administered medicine, visited him often gratuitously during his illness, and effected a cure. The hermit ever after evinced the warmest gratitude.

In the above account, William Hewitt is stated to have refused to associate with mankind, a result of the infidelity of his wife and the killing of her paramour. This fact was related by the hermit to the father of Col. John McDonald. Hon. James Emmitt, who knew Hewitt intimately, states that the cause of his solitary life was a quarrel with other members of his family over the disposition of his father's estate. Disgusted by the avariciousness of his relatives he sought the solitude of the Western wilderness. This occurred about 1790, when Hewitt was twenty-six years old. He first located in a cave in what is now Jackson county, Ohio, but as the game upon which he subsisted began to grow scarce with the advent of the settler and trader, he removed into what is now Pike county.

Mr. Emmitt gives many interesting reminiscences of Hewitt, from which we extract the following:

The Hermit's Cave.—Almost at the base of the Dividing Ridge's gentle slope to the southward, he found a cave in a lowly hillside. This cave was nothing more than a great ledge of rock, projecting out eight or ten feet over a shelving bank, and forming a one-sided room of fair dimensions. The rock-ceiling was so low, however, that at no point could a man of ordinary stature stand erect. He enclosed the cave's open front with a loosely laid up wall of rock. At one end of the cave he erected a heavy oaken door, which he had hewn out with his little tomahawk. This door was swung on very clumsy wooden hinges, and was fastened by driving a peg through its outer board and into a crevice in the rocky wall.

A Magnificent Physique.—When Hewitt first came into this section, and took possession of his cave, he was a splendid specimen of a man. He was six feet two inches in height, broad and deep-chested, and as straight as a nickel-tipped lightning rod. He weighed something over 200 pounds, and was as strong and active as a gladiator.

Clad from head to foot in buckskin—moccasins, leggins, hunting shirt, belt and hat—and always armed with gun, tomahawk and knife, Hewitt, the hermit, was a very picturesque citizen to suddenly meet in the woods.

An Ohio Robinson Crusoe.—When he took possession of his cave, be it remembered, there were very few people in this section, and the only road traversing this country from north to south, was known as Yoakum's

Trace. It was merely a wagon trail, and passed Hewitt's cave at a point about 100 yards distant from the present curve-beautified turnpike. When the travellers up and down Yoakum's Trace first became aware of the fact that there was a sort of buckskin-clad Robinson Crusoe skulking about the woods, armed to the teeth, they were much alarmed, and their alarm was heightened when it became evident that the Recluse of Dividing Ridge didn't seek their company. But this fear gradually diminished as they became more familiar with his appearance and manners, and managed to strike up an acquaintance with him. There was this peculiarity about Hewitt, while he never sought any man's company, he never acted the fool about meeting people, when a meeting was unavoidable. When brought into contact with his fellow-men, he always bore himself with striking native dignity; rather with the air of a man who felt himself to be a trifle superior to the ordinary run of citizens.

The Hermit's Antecedents.—One day, in 1832, Mr. Emmitt, while at the Madeira Hotel, in Chillicothe, was accosted by a gentleman, who introduced himself, and said that he was from Virginia. He came to Ohio, he said, to look up a man named William Hewitt, who years before had disappeared from his Virginia home, and had been lost to the knowledge of his friends until a few months before.

Mr. Emmitt heard the story of Hewitt's flight from home—related above—and then proffered to accompany the stranger to Hewitt's cave. The two men rode down to the cave, knocked, and were bidden to enter. They found Hewitt comfortably seated on his fur-carpeted floor. He did not get up to receive his visitors, but in a friendly way made them welcome. He did not at first recognize the stranger, but when told who he was, he said:

"How are you, Bill," as though it had only been yesterday that they had met.

The stranger sought Hewitt to acquaint him with the condition of his property back in Virginia, and how it had been abused by those who then had unlawful possession of it. Hewitt heard him through, with but little show of interest, and when urged by the stranger to return and claim his property, he answered, with some vehemence: "Never mind; I'm going back some of these days, and then I'll give 'em hell." He didn't seem to care anything about the value of his property, but showed that he was filled with bitterness toward those on whose account he had renounced civilization and home.

The stranger went back to Virginia, a dissatisfied and rather disgusted man.

A Pitiable Condition.—Hewitt, as he grew old, became very careless in his personal habits, and for two years preceding his death never changed his buckskin garments. He had grown fat and lazy, and made no exertion that was not a necessity. And as he grew old he became more sociable. One day, in the winter of 1834, he stopped at the house of a widow woman, named Lockhard, with whom he ate a hearty dinner.

After dinner he was taken violently ill with a chill. Mr. Emmitt, who was then one of the Poor Commissioners of Pike county, was notified of Hewitt's illness, and he had the old man removed to a frame building in Waverly. Dr. Blackstone was summoned and gave the man needed medical assistance. The Hermit was stricken with pneumonia.

His person was in an absolutely filthy condition. The dirty buckskin garments were cut from his person, and he was given a thorough bath—the first he had had for three years, or longer. He was newly and comfortably clothed by Mr. Emmitt, was provided with a male nurse, and made as comfortable as possible. The ladies of Waverly were very kind to him, and daily brought him many delicacies. He began to improve, and one night, about a week after he was taken ill, his nurse, a man named Cole, left him alone, and went up to Downing's Hotel to spend the night. When he returned in the morning Hewitt was dead.

The Hermit's Skeleton.—Hewitt was buried in the old graveyard at Waverly, about one square southeast of the court-house. But he was not allowed to remain long in his grave. He was resurrected by Dr. Wm. Blackstone, and carved up in artistic shape. A portion of Hewitt's skeleton—the entire skull, and the bones composing the chest, ribs and backbone—was mounted by Dr. Blackstone. No one knew what became of the remainder of the skeleton until 1883, when they came to light in a most unexpected way. One day, while some of Mr. Emmitt's workmen were digging a cellarway to a house he owned, adjoining what had been Dr. Blackstone's office, they came upon a pile of bones, buried four feet below the surface of the ground, and close to the stone foundation wall. The bones were evidently those of a victim of the Doctor's dissecting-table, and Mr. Emmitt promptly concluded that they were a portion of Hewitt's skeleton. This opinion found its way into print, and a few days later he received a letter from Dr. Blackstone, of Circleville, making inquiry about the discovered bones. He said that he was in possession of what he believed to be the other portion of Hewitt's frame, bequeathed to him by his uncle, Dr. Wm. Blackstone. Mr. Emmitt boxed and sent him the bones, and they fitted, exactly, the upper half of the skeleton in Dr. Blackstone's possession. This was a remarkable reunion of bones, surely, after a separation of a half-century.

Hewitt's Monument.—The Columbus & Portsmouth turnpike was built past the mouth of Hewitt's cave in 1840, and in 1842, Mr. Felix Renick, the first President of the company, had a respectable freestone monument erected on the shelving rock forming the roof to the cave, to mark the grewsome home that Hewitt occupied from 1820 to 1834.

The erection of this monument was a wise.

money-making scheme, and has paid for itself an hundred times over. Thousands of people have driven up or down that pike—and paid their toll both ways—in order to see the monument, and the cave where the old Hermit lived, slept on a bed of finest deerskin, ate his choice venison, and laughed at the cares of a struggling, feverish world.

He always ate his pawpaws in peace.

PIKETON is five miles south of Waverly, on the Scioto river and S. V. R. R. Newspaper: *Sun*, Republican, W. E. Bateman, editor and publisher. Population, 1880, 665. School census, 1888, 217.

JASPER is seven miles southwest of Waverly, on the Scioto river and Ohio canal. School census, 1888, 103.

BEAVERTOWN, P. O. Beaver, is eleven miles southeast of Waverly, on the O. S. R. R. It has three churches. School census, 1888, 66.

PORTAGE.

PORTAGE COUNTY was formed from Trumbull, June 7, 1807; all that part of the Reserve west of the Cuyahoga and south of the townships numbered five was also annexed as part of the county, and the temporary seat of justice appointed at the house of Benjamin Tappan. The name was derived from the old Indian *portage* path of about seven miles in length, between the Cuyahoga and Tuscarawas, which was within its limits. The surface is slightly rolling; the upland is generally sandy or gravelly, and the flat land to a considerable extent clay. The country is wealthy and thriving, and the dairy business is largely carried on.

Area about 490 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 118,744; in pasture, 149,678; woodland, 44,233; lying waste, 2,340; produced in wheat, 375,877 bushels; rye, 932; buckwheat, 635; oats, 555,086; barley, 194; corn, 425,143; meadow hay, 29,845 tons; clover hay, 15,164; flax, 64,900 lbs. fibre; potatoes, 183,263 bushels; tobacco, 40 lbs.; butter, 931,376; cheese, 1,786,500; sorghum, 45 gallons; maple syrup, 88,282; honey, 11,993 lbs.; eggs, 966,965 dozen; grapes, 7,990 lbs.; wine, 45 gallons; apples, 166,784 bushels; peaches, 22,301; pears, 1,408; wool, 199,946 lbs.; milch cows owned, 12,240. *Ohio Mining Statistics, 1888*: Coal mined, 70,923 tons, employing 157 miners and 23 outside employees; fire-clay, 308 tons.

School census, 1888, 8,131; teachers, 378. Miles of railroad track, 154.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Atwater,	756	1,147	Nelson,	1,398	890
Aurora,	906	666	Palmyra,	1,359	1,105
Brimfield,	1,154	1,030	Paris,	931	666
Charlestown,	851	633	Randolph,	1,649	1,684
Deerfield,	1,184	985	Ravenna,	1,542	4,224
Edinburg,	1,085	910	Rootstown,	1,112	1,217
Franklin,	1,497	4,141	Shalersville,	1,281	960
Freedom,	888	804	Streetsboro,	1,136	702
Garrettsville,		969	Suffield,	1,200	1,530
Hiram,	1,080	1,058	Windham,	907	1,029
Mantua,	1,187	1,150			

Population of Portage in 1820 was 10,093 ; 1830, 18,792 ; 1840, 23,107 ; 1860, 24,208 ; 1880, 27,500 : of whom 19,940 were born in Ohio ; 1,476, Pennsylvania ; 1,115, New York ; 112, Indiana ; 81, Virginia ; 24, Kentucky ; 918, England and Wales ; 750, German Empire ; 561, Ireland ; 165, British America ; 104, Scotland ; 46, France, and 22, Norway and Sweden. Census, 1890, 27,868.

The cheese industry in this county, as in others of the Western Reserve, has grown to very large proportions ; hence the term CHEESEDOM has sometimes, in slang parlance, been applied to this section of the State. The beginning of this industry dates from the first settlement, when, as soon as the pioneer cabin was up, and the family domiciled, the women prepared for cheese-making. A rail or pole with one end under the lower log of the cabin, and lying across a rudely-constructed cheese-hoop, with a weight attached to the outer end, constituted the primitive cheese-press.

After the settlers had succeeded in enclosing and seeding pastures, cheese-making increased, but great difficulty was experienced in getting it to market. In the summer of 1820 Mr. Harvey Baldwin took from Aurora the first cargo of cheese to a Southern market. He had less than 2,000 pounds hauled to Beaver Point, Pa., by wagon, there transferred to a pine skiff, and then commenced voyaging down stream, selling cheese at Wheeling, Marietta, and other river towns, until he reached Louisville, Ky., where he disposed of the last of his stock, having made a profitable venture. Later he united with Samuel Taylor and Apollis White, purchased several dairies in Bainbridge and Auburn in 1825, and sent cheese down the Ohio river.

In 1826 Mr. Royal Taylor and Russell G. McCarty gathered a cargo of thirty tons of cheese in Aurora and Bainbridge, and took it to Louisville, where it was divided into two lots. McCarty took his to Alabama. Taylor carried his goods to Nashville, but found the market overstocked.

He says : "I hired two six-horse teams, with large Pennsylvania wagons (as they were then called), to haul 8,000 pounds each, over the Cumberland mountains to Knoxville, East Tennessee, at $2.50 per 100 pounds. I accompanied the wagons on foot, and sold cheese at McMinnville, Sparta, and other places where we stayed overnight. The people with whom we stayed overnight usually purchased a cheese, called the family together around a table, and they generally ate nothing but cheese until they had satisfied their appetites, and then the balance (if anything was left) was sent to the negro quarters to be consumed by the slaves. My sales in Tennessee and North Carolina at that time ranged between twenty-five and thirty-seven cents per pound. The trip was somewhat protracted, as the teams could not travel more than ten or fifteen miles each day. On my return to Knoxville I purchased a horse and came home on horseback after an absence of about six and a half months.

"Until after 1834 the Western Reserve cheese had entire control of the Southern markets. About this time the Yankee population on the Darby Plains, in Ohio, commenced its manufacture and came into competition with ours at Cincinnati, Louisville and some other markets. The article they offered was equal, if not superior in quality to ours, but the quantity was much less ; consequently they did not greatly diminish our sales. The increase of the consumers at the South and West kept even pace with manufacturers in the North, and hence the enormous quantities now manufactured find a ready sale. I only regret to say that the quality has not improved in the same ratio as the quantity has increased."

EARLY SETTLEMENTS AND INCIDENTS.

RAVENNA was originally settled by Benjamin Tappan, Jr., in 1799. He was the afterwards eminent Benjamin Tappan, Senator from Ohio, who later removed to Steubenville. In making the settlement at Ravenna he acted as the agent of his father, Benjamin Tappan, Sr., who was the principal proprietor. At this time

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

CENTRAL VIEW IN RAVENNA.

From Photograph in 1887.

CENTRAL VIEW IN RAVENNA.

there was but one white person, a Mr. Honey, residing in the county. A solitary log-cabin in each place marked the sites of the flourishing cities of Buffalo and Cleveland. On his journey out from New England, Mr. Tappan fell in with the late David Hudson, the founder of Hudson, Summit county, at Gerondaquet, N. Y., and "assisted him on the journey for the sake of his company. After some days of tedious navigation up the Cuyahoga river, he landed at a prairie, where is now the town of Boston, in the county of Summit. There he left all his goods under a tent with one K—— and his family to take care of them, and with another hired man proceeded to make out a road to Ravenna. There they built a dray, and with a yoke of oxen which had been driven from the Connecticut river, and were found on his arrival, he conveyed a load of farming utensils to his settlement. Returning for a second load, the tent was found abandoned and partly plundered by the Indians. He soon after learned that Hudson had persuaded K—— to join his own settlement."

On Mr. Tappan "removing his second load of goods, one of his oxen was overheated and died, leaving him in a vast forest, distant from any habitation, without a team, and what was still worse, with but a single dollar in money. He was not depressed for an instant by these untoward circumstances. He sent one of his men through the woods with a compass to Erie, Pa., a distance of about 100 miles, requesting from Capt. Lyman, the commandant at the fort, a loan of money. At the same time he followed himself the township lines to 'Youngstown,' where he became acquainted with Col. James Hillman, who did not hesitate to sell him an ox on credit at a fair price—an act of generosity which proved of great value, as the want of a team must have broken up his settlement. The unexpected delays upon the journey, and other hindrances, prevented them from raising a crop at this season, and they had, after the provisions brought with him were exhausted, to depend for meat upon their skill in hunting and purchases from the Indians, and for meal upon the scanty supplies procured from Western Pennsylvania. Having set out with the determination to spend the winter, he erected a log-cabin, into which himself and one Bixby, to whom he had agreed to give 100 acres of land on condition of settlement, moved on the 1st day of January, 1800, before which they had lived under a bark camp and their tent."

About the time of Mr. Tappan's settlement at Ravenna, others were commenced in several of the townships of the county. The sketches of Deerfield and Palmyra we annex from the Barr manuscripts.

Deerfield received its name from Deerfield, Mass., the native place of the mother of Lewis Day, Esq. Early in May, 1799, Lewis Day and his son Horatio, of Granby, Conn., and Moses Tibbals and Green Frost, of Granville, Mass., left their homes in a one-horse wagon, and arrived in Deerfield on the 29th of the same month. This was the first wagon that had ever penetrated farther westward in this region than Canfield. The country west of that place had been an unbroken wilderness until within a few days. Capt. Caleb Atwater, of Wallingford, Conn., had hired some men to open a road to township No. 1, in the seventh range, of which he was the owner. This road passed through Deerfield, and was completed to that place when the party arrived at the point of their destination. These emigrants selected sites for their future dwellings, and commenced clearing up the land. In July Lewis Ely and family arrived from Granville, and wintered here, while the first named, having spent the summer in making improvements, returned east. On the 4th of March, 1800, Alva Day (son of Lewis), John Campbell and Joel Thrall, all arrived in company. In April George and Robert Taylor and James Laughlin, from Pennsylvania, with their families, made permanent settlements. Mr. Laughlin built a grist-mill, which, in the succeeding year, was a great convenience to the settlers. On the 29th of June Lewis Day returned from Connecticut, accompanied by his family and his brother-in-law, Major Rogers, who the next year also brought out his family.

Much suffering was experienced on account of the scarcity of provisions. They were supplied from settlements on the opposite side of the Ohio, the nearest of which was Georgetown, forty miles distant. These were conveyed on pack-horses through the wilderness. On the 22d of August Mrs. Alva Day gave birth to the first child—a female—born in the township, and on the 7th of November the first wedding took place. John Campbell and Sarah Ely—daughter of Lewis—were joined in wedlock by Calvin Austin, Esq., of Warren. He was accompanied from Warren, a distance of twenty-seven miles, by the late

Judge Pease, then a young lawyer of that place. They came on foot (there not being any road), and as they threaded their way through the woods young Pease taught the justice the marriage ceremony by oft repetition.

The first civil organization was effected in 1802, under the name of Franklin township, embracing all of the present Portage and parts of Trumbull and Summit counties.

About this time the settlement received accessions from New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Virginia. The Rev. Mr. Badger, the missionary of the Presbyterians, preached here as early as February 16, 1801. In 1803 Dr. Shadrach Bostwick organized an Episcopal Methodist society. The Presbyterian society was organized October 8, 1818, and that of the Disciples in 1828.

In 1806 there was an encampment of seven Mohawk Indians in Deerfield, with whom a serious difficulty occurred. John Diver, it is thought, in a horse-trade overreached one of these Indians named John Nicksaw. There was much dissatisfaction expressed by the Indians at the bargain, and Nicksaw vainly endeavored to effect a re-exchange of horses.

On stating his grievances to Squire Day, that gentleman advised him to see Diver again and persuade him to do justice. Nicksaw replied, "No! you speak him! me no speak him again!" and immediately left. On this very evening (January 20, 1806) there was a sleighing party at the house of John Diver. Early in the evening while amusing themselves, they were interrupted by the rude entrance of five Indians—John Nicksaw, John Mohawk, Bigson and his two sons, from the encampment.

They were excited with whiskey and endeavored to decoy John Diver to their camp on some frivolous pretence. Failing in this stratagem they became more and more boisterous, but were quieted by the mildness of Daniel Diver. They changed their tone, reciprocated his courteousness, and vainly urged him to drink whiskey with them. They now again resumed their impudent manner, and charging Daniel with stealing their guns, declared they would not leave until he returned them. With much loss of time and altercation he at last got them out of the house. Shortly after John Diver opened the door, and was on the point of stepping out, when he espied Mohawk standing in front of him, with uplifted tomahawk, in the attitude of striking. Diver shrunk back unobserved by the company and, not wishing to alarm them, said nothing at the time about the circumstance.

About 10 o'clock, the moon shining with unusual brightness, the night being cold and clear with snow about two feet deep, Daniel observed the Indians standing in a ravine several rods from the house. He ran up and accosted them in a friendly manner. They treacherously returned his salutation, said they had found their guns, and before returning to camp wished to apologize for their conduct and part good friends. Passing along the line he took each and all by the hand until he came to Mohawk, who was the only one that had a gun in his hands. He refused to shake hands, and at the moment Diver turned for the house, he received a ball through his temples destroying both of his eyes. He immediately fell. On the report of the gun John Diver ran to the spot, by which time Daniel had regained his feet and was staggering about. Mohawk was standing a few paces off, looking on in silence, but his companions had fled. John eagerly inquired of his brother what was the matter? "I am shot by Mohawk," was the reply. John instantly darted at Mohawk, intending to make him atone in a frightful manner for the injury done his brother. The savage fled toward the camp, and as Diver gained rapidly upon him, Mohawk threw himself from the road into the woods, uttering a horrid yell. Diver, now perceiving the other Indians returning toward him, fled in turn to his brother, and took him into the house. The wound, although dangerous, was not mortal, and he was living as late as 1847.

The Indians hurried to their encampment, and from thence fled in a northwest direction. The alarm spread through the settlement, and in a few hours there were twenty-five men on the spot, ready for the pursuit. Before daylight this party (among which were Alva Day, Major H. Rogers, James Laughlin, Alex. K. Hubbard and Ira Mansfield) were in hot pursuit upon their trail. The weather being intensely cold and the settlements far apart they suffered exceedingly. Twenty of them had their feet frozen, and many of them were compelled to stop; but their number was kept good by additions from the settlements through which they passed.

On the succeeding night the party came up with the fugitives, encamped on the west side of the Cuyahoga, in the present town of Boston. The whites surrounded them; but Nicksaw and Mohawk escaped. They were overtaken and commanded

to surrender or be shot. Continuing their flight, Williams, of Hudson, fired, and Nicksaw fell dead; but Mohawk escaped. The whites returned to Deerfield with Bigson and his two sons. A squaw belonging to them was allowed to escape, and it is said perished in the snow. On arriving at the centre of Deerfield, where the tragedy had been acted, Bigson appeared to be overpowered with grief, and giving vent to a flood of tears, took an affectionate leave of his sons, expecting here to lose his life, according to a custom of the Indians. They were taken before Lewis Day, Esq., who, after examination, committed them to prison at Warren.

Mr. Cornelius Feather, in the papers of the Ashtabula Historical Society, says:

It was heart-rending to visit this group of human misery at Warren and hear their lamentations. The poor Indians were not confined, for they could not run away. The narrator has seen this old, frost-crippled chief Bigson, who had been almost frozen to death, sitting with the others on the bank of the Mahoning, and heard him, in the Indian tongue, with deep touching emotions, in the highest strain of his native oratory, addressing his companions in misery—speaking the language of his heart; pointing toward the rising, then toward the setting sun, to the north, to the south, till sobs choked his utterance and tears followed tears down his sorrow-worn cheeks.

We now return to the Barr manuscript for another incident of early times, exhibiting something of Indian gratitude and customs:

John Hendricks, an Indian, for some time lived in a camp on the bank of the Mahoning, with his family—a wife and two sons—and was much respected by the settlers. Early in 1802 one of his sons, a child of about 4 years of age, was taken sick, and during his illness was treated with great kindness by Mr. James Laughlin and lady, who lived near. He died on the 4th of March, and his father having expressed a desire to have him interred in the place where the whites intended to bury their dead, a spot was selected near the residence of Lewis Day, which is to this time used as a graveyard. A coffin was prepared by Mr. Laughlin and Alva Day, and he was buried according to the custom of the whites. Observing the earth to fall upon the board, and not upon the body of his deceased' son, Hendricks exclaimed in a fit of ecstasy, "Body no broken!" Some days after Mr. Day observed these Indians near the grave, apparently washing some clothing, and then digging at the grave. After they had retired, prompted by curiosity, Mr. Day examined the grave, and found the child's clothes just washed and carefully deposited with the body. Shortly after he inquired of Hendricks why he had not buried them at the funeral. "Because they were not clean," replied he. These Indians soon left the neighborhood, and did not return for one or two years. Meeting with Mr. Laughlin, Hendricks ran towards him, and throwing himself into his arms, embraced and kissed him with the deepest affection, exclaiming, "Body no broke! body no broke!"

The first improvements in Palmyra were made in 1799 by David Daniels, from Salisbury, Conn. The succeeding year he brought out his family. E., N. and W. Bacon, E. Cutler, A. Thurber, A. Preston, N. Bois, J. T. Baldwin, T. and C. Gilbert, D., A. and S. Waller, N. Smith, Joseph Fisher, J. Tuttle, and others came not long after.

On the first settlement of the township there were several families of Onondaga and Oneida Indians who carried on a friendly intercourse with the people, until the difficulty at Deerfield, in 1806, in the shooting of Diver.

When this region was first settled, there was an Indian trail commencing at Fort McIntosh (where Beaver, Pa., now is) and extending westward to Sandusky and Detroit. This trail followed the highest ground. It passed by the Salt Springs in Howland, Trumbull county, and running through the northern part of Palmyra, crossed Silver Creek, in Edinburg, one and a half miles north of the centre road. Along this trail parties of Indians were frequently seen passing for several years after the white settlers came. In fact, it seemed to be the great thoroughfare from Sandusky to the Ohio river and Du Quesne. There are several large piles of stones by this trail in Palmyra, under which human skeletons have been discovered. These are supposed to be the remains of Indians slain in war, or murdered by their enemies; as tradition says it is an Indian practice for each one to cast a stone upon the grave of an enemy whenever he passes by. These stones appear to have been picked up along the trail and cast upon heaps at different times.

At the point where this trail crosses Silver creek, Frederick Daniels and others, in 1814, discovered painted on several trees various devices, evidently the work of Indians. The bark was carefully shaved off two-thirds of the way around, and figures cut upon the wood. On one of these were delineated seven Indians, equipped in a particular manner, one of which was without a head. This was supposed to have been made by a party on their return westward, to give intelligence to their friends behind of the loss of one of their party at this place; and on making search a human skeleton was discovered near by.

Ravenna in 1846.—Ravenna, the county-seat, so named from an Italian city, is thirty-four miles southeast of Cleveland and 140 northeast of Columbus. It is situated on the Cleveland & Pittsburg road, on the crest of land dividing the waters flowing into the lakes from those emptying into the Gulf of Mexico; the Ohio & Pennsylvania canal runs a short distance south of the town. The engraving represents the public buildings in the central part of the village; in the centre is seen the court-house and jail; on the right in the distance the Congregational, and on the left the Universalist church. Ravenna contains one Congregational, one Disciples, one Methodist and one Universalist church, ten mercantile stores, an academy, two newspaper printing-offices, and about 1,200 inhabitants. It is a thriving, pleasant village, and is noted for the manufacture of carriages.—*Old Edition.*

RAVENNA, county-seat of Portage, about 125 miles northeast of Columbus, about thirty-five miles southeast of Cleveland, at the junction of the C. & P. and N. Y., P. & O. and P. C. & T. Railroads, is the shipping-point for a fine farming district; the principal shipments are grain, wool, cheese, etc. It is also a considerable manufacturing centre. County officers, 1888: Auditor, S. R. Freeman; Clerk, A. E. Seaton; Commissioners, John L. Thompson, Wanzer Holcomb, Wesley Hubbard; Coroner, A. M. Erwin; Infirmary Directors, William Fox, Thomas C. Stewart, F. B. Cannon; Probate Judge, C. D. Ingall; Prosecuting Attorney, E. W. Maxon; Recorder, Sidney J. Post; Sheriff, James Jones; Surveyor, Jedediah Cole; Treasurer, Marvin Collins. City officers, 1888: Mayor, J. W. Holcomb; Clerk, Arthur Seaton; Treasurer, W. T. Grundel; Marshal, William Dietch. Newspapers: *Democratic Press*, Democratic, S. D. Harris & Son, editors and publishers; *Republican*, Republican, John Meharg, editor and publisher. Churches: one Methodist Episcopal, one Catholic, one Episcopal, one Congregational, one Lutheran, one Disciples, one United Brethren, one Universalist. Banks: First National, Newell D. Clark, president, R. B. Carnahan, cashier; Second National, E. T. Richardson, president, W. H. Beebe, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—Merts & Riddle, coaches, etc., 50 hands; Johnston, Johnston & Co., cigar boxes, 8; Buckeye Foundry, iron castings, 2; E. & R. Knapp, pumps, 3; Ravenna Glass Co., glass bottles, etc., 83; Ravenna Mills, flour, etc., 2; D. L. Baldwin & Son, planing-mill, etc., 8; Quaker Mill Co., oat meal, 83; O. A. Bissell, cooperage, 5; Ravenna Woollen Mills, woollen goods, 5; Seymore & Olin, flour, etc.; Diamond Glass Co., window glass, 58.—*State Report, 1888.*

Population, 1880, 3,255. School census, 1888, 1,061; D. D. Pickett, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, $443,800. Value of annual product, $604,500.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887.*

Census, 1890, 3,417.

The first settler, Benjamin Tappan, built his cabin in 1799 in the southeast part of the township; in 1808 he laid the foundation for the town. He offered a town lot as a prize for the first child born on the site. This prize fell to the son of a David Thompson, born in 1810. Tappan also gave a graveyard, which came into use in 1809. Nathan Chapman, aged 51 years, was its first tenant. The present cemetery was laid out in 1813. A few years later Ravenna had quite a village appearance. Jesse R. Grant, father of General Grant, when a young man of about 23 years of age, carried on a tannery here. It was nearly opposite

the site of the Presbyterian church, on the northeast corner of the street. The shop stood a little back from the street, and in the yard in front were the tan-vats. In 1835 Dr. Isaac Swift lived opposite, and had a little drug-store by his house. A sign which read

JESSE GRANT, TANNER,

then leaned endways against the old building, which was then used as a tannery, although Grant had left years before. A few years ago the old vats were taken up, and some of the wood made into walking-sticks.

Kent in 1846.—Franklin Mills [now Kent] is six miles west of Ravenna, on the Cleveland road, Cuyahoga river and Mahoning canal. In the era of speculation a large town was laid out here, great prices paid for "city lots," and in the event large quantities of money changed hands. It, however, possesses natural advantages that in time may make it an important manufacturing town, the Cuyahoga having here two falls, one of seventeen and the other of twenty-five feet. The village is much scattered. It contains one Congregational, one Baptist, one Episcopal and one Methodist church, four mercantile stores, two flouring mills, two woollen factories and about 400 inhabitants.—*Old Edition.*

KENT, formerly Franklin Mills, is six miles west of Ravenna, on the Cuyahoga river and N. Y., P. & O., C. & C. and P. Y. & C. Railroads. The Cuyahoga river furnishes inexhaustible water-power. City officers, 1888: Mayor, James Wark; Clerk, Frank Arighi; Marshal, James Logan; Treasurer, M. G. Garrison; Street Commissioner, E. Minnick. Newspapers: *Courier*, Independent, Charles H. Scott, editor and publisher; *News*, Democratic, H. E. Gridley, editor; *Saturday Bulletin*, Republican, N. J. H. Minich, editor and publisher. Churches: one Universalist, one Catholic, one Methodist, one Congregational, one Disciples, one Baptist, and one Lutheran. Banks: City, D. L. Rockwell, president, M. G. Garrison, cashier; Kent National, Marvin Kent, president, Charles K. Clapp, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—J. Turner & Sons' Manufacturing Co., worsted goods, 175 hands; H. A. & M. Kent, flour, etc., 2; N. Y., P. & O. Railroad Shops, repair shops, 320; T. G. Parsons, planing mill, 10; Williams Bros., flour, 30; Railway Speed Recorder Co., 88; Grohe Bros., planing mill, 5; John F. Byers, machine work, 5; C. T. Goeppinger, tannery, 4.—*State Report, 1887.*

Population, 1880, 3,309. School census, 1888, 369; A. B. Stutzman, school superintendent. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, $484,500. Value of annual product, $956,250.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

Census, 1890, 3,481.

Franklin, the township in which Kent now is, comprising 16,000 acres in 1798, was bought for twelve and a half cents an acre, or $2,000, by Aaron Olmstead, of Hartford, Conn. As early as 1803 Benjamin Tappan and others built a bridge over the river about four yards from the spot where Brady made his leap. The first settlers were the Haymaker family, German Pennsylvanians, who temporarily occupied a hut built by Olmstead's surveyors.

One day, while they were in this hut, a party of Indians gave them a call, when a squaw among them leaned a board, to which she had, in Indian fashion, tied her pappoose, against the hut. After the mother had gone in a wild hog came through the brush, and grasping the Indian baby, ran off with it. The mother, hearing the noise, ran to its rescue; but the infuriated hog would not give up its prize until he was badly beaten.

A son of one of the family, Frederick Haymaker, a bright, educated man, became the private secretary of Aaron Burr, and it is said knew the secret plans of Burr;

but to his dying day he never divulged them. He died in 1851. The Haymakers, in 1807, put up a mill, and eventually bought 600 acres on the site of Kent. In 1815, when the township was organized, the entire voting population was twelve.

In 1827, on the site were an upper and a lower village, the first called Carthage and the last Franklin Mills. In 1863 the name of the combined villages was changed to Kent, in honor of Marvin Kent, the proprietor of the N. Y., P. & O. Railroad, and its then president. On the 7th of March of that year its first passenger train entered the place. Kent became the geographical centre of the road, and the location of the principal shops of its two divisions; so the place, which had been languishing, got a fresh impetus through the indomitable energy of one of its citizens.

John Brown, of Harper's Ferry, about the year 1835, with his father, was for a short time a resident. He was then about 35 years of age.

The noted Indian fighter, Brady, made his celebrated leap across the Cuyahoga about 200 yards above the bridge at Kent. The appearance of the locality has been materially altered by blasting rocks for the canal.

The picture shown is from the drawing made for this work by Mr. F. E. Poister, of Kent, who drew it as it was about 1809, from the recollection of early settlers. The stand-point for the view was on the north and left bank of the Cuyahoga.

Brady's Pond, so called from being the place where he secreted himself after the leap (related below from a published source), is about two and a half miles from the village, and a few hundred yards north of the road to Ravenna. It is a small but beautiful sheet of water, the shores of which are composed of a white sand, finely adapted to the manufacture of glass.

Capt. Samuel Brady seems to have been as much the Daniel Boone of the northeast part of the valley of the Ohio, as the other was of the southwest, and the country is equally full of traditionary legends of his hardy adventures and hair-breadth escapes. From undoubted authority, it seems the following incident actually transpired in this vicinity. Brady's residence was on Chartier's creek, on the south side of the Ohio, and being a man of herculean strength, activity and courage, he was generally selected as the leader of the hardy borderers in all their incursions into the Indian territory north of the river. On this occasion, which was about the year 1780, a large party of warriors from the falls of the Cuyahoga and the adjacent country had made an inroad on the south side of the Ohio river, in the lower part of what is now Washington county, on what was then known as the settlement of "Catfish Camp," after an old Indian of that name who lived there when the whites first came into the country on the Monongahela river.

This party had murdered several families, and with the "plunder" had recrossed the Ohio before effectual pursuit could be made. By Brady a party was directly summoned, of his chosen followers, who hastened on after them, but the Indians having one or two days the start, he could not overtake them in time to arrest their return to their villages.

Near the spot where the town of Ravenna now stands, the Indians separated into two parties, one of which went to the north, and the other west, to the falls of the Cuyahoga. Brady's men also divided; a part pursued the northern trail, and a part went with their commander to the Indian village, lying on the river in the present township of Northampton, Summit county. Although Brady made his approaches with the utmost caution, the Indians, expecting a pursuit, were on the look-out, and ready to receive him, with numbers four-fold to those of Brady, whose only safety was in hasty retreat, which, from the ardor of the pursuit, soon became a perfect flight. Brady directed his men to separate, and each one to take care of himself; but the Indians knowing Brady, and having a most inveterate hatred and dread of him, from the numerous chastisements which he had inflicted upon them, left all the others, and with united strength pursued him alone.

The Cuyahoga here makes a wide bend to the south, including a large tract of several miles of surface, in the form of a peninsula; within this tract the pursuit was hotly contested. The Indians, by extending their line to the right and left, forced him on to the bank of the stream. Having in peaceable times often hunted over this ground with the Indians, and knowing every turn of the Cuyahoga as familiarly as the villager knows the streets of his own hamlet, Brady directed his course to the river at a spot where the whole stream is compressed by the rocky cliffs into a narrow channel of only twenty-two feet across the top of the chasm, although it is considerably wider beneath, near the water, and in height more than twice that number of feet above the current. Through this pass the water rushes like a race-horse, chafing and roaring at the confinement of its current by

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

BRADY'S POND.

When pursued by the Indians, after his leap, Brady secreted himself under a log in this pond.

F. E. Poister, Photo., Kent.

THE SPOT OF BRADY'S LEAP,

On the Cuyahoga river, a few hundred yards above the bridge at Kent.

the rocky channel, while, a short distance above, the stream is at least fifty yards wide.

As he approached the chasm, Brady, knowing that life or death was in the effort, concentrated his mighty powers, and leaped the stream at a single bound. It so happened that on the opposite cliff the leap was favored by a low place, into which he dropped, and grasping the bushes he thus helped himself to ascend to the top of the cliff. The Indians, for a few moments, were lost in wonder and admiration, and before they had recovered their recollection, he was half-way up the side of the opposite hill, but still within reach of their rifles. They could easily have shot him at any moment before, but being bent on taking him alive, for torture, and to glut their long-delayed revenge, they forbore to use the rifle; but now, seeing him likely to escape, they all fired upon him; one bullet severely wounded him in the hip, but not so badly as to prevent his progress. The Indians, having to make a considerable circuit before they could cross the stream, Brady advanced a good distance ahead.

His limb was growing stiff from the wound, and as the Indians gained on him, he made for the pond which now bears his name and, plunging in, swam under water a considerable distance, and came up under the trunk of a large oak, which had fallen into the pond. This, although leaving only a small breathing place to support life, still completely sheltered him from their sight. The Indians, tracing him by the blood to the water, made diligent search all around the pond, but finding no signs of his exit, finally came to the conclusion that he had sunk and was drowned. As they were at one time standing on the very tree beneath which he was concealed, Brady, understanding their language, was very glad to hear the result of their deliberations, and after they had gone, weary, lame and hungry, he made good his retreat to his own home. His followers also returned in safety. The chasm across which he leaped is in sight of the bridge where we crossed the Cuyahoga, and is known in all that region by the name of *Brady's Leap.*

Beside Brady's Pond there are quite a number of small lakes in this part of the county. One, just south of Ravenna, is called "Mother Ward's Wash Tub." It is a phenomenal reservoir, with a hidden outlet eastward, and the water is very soft and remarkably well adapted for washing purposes.

The late Col. Charles Whittlesey, a few weeks before his decease in the fall of 1886, sent me from Cleveland the following communication, in the course of which he speaks of a noted natural object in Kent:

In your first edition, in Lucas County, you have "Roche de Beuf,"—an error of the printer, probably. It should be *Roche de Bout*, the French for standing stone or rock on end. They are natural columns, common in Ohio and in the Northwest.

Lancaster, Ohio, was at first known as the "Standing Stone." There was a very singular one in the gorge of the Cuyahoga at Kent, Portage county. It stood in the midst of the rushing waters with a small pine on the top, not far above the present bridge and near where Brady made his famous leap. The great Indian trail to the lake, Old Portage and Sandusky, crossed just above the place, being known as the "Standing Stone." The rock here is conglomerate, that at Maumee limestone. There was another in Randolph, Portage county, about a mile southwest of the centre, and another in the channel of the south fork of Mahoning river, where the east line of Deerfield crosses it. These were sandstone. I gave sketches and descriptions of these in Portage county in the *Family Visitor*, Hudson, 1850, edited by Prof. G. P. Kirtland, of which there are files in our Historical Society.

There are on our files here several literal reports of interviews with old settlers, of which the professional county historians made very little use. Also, a statement of the "Boston Bankers," alias the counterfeiters, Jim Brown, Wm. Ashley and their confederates, most of whom I knew.

BIOGRAPHY.

LUCIUS FAIRCHILD was born in Franklin, Portage county, Ohio, December 31, 1831. At the age of 16 he removed with his parents to Madison, Wisconsin. In 1849 he went from Wisconsin, where his family had moved, to California; but six years of speculating and mining did not bring substantial returns, and he returned to Madison. In 1859 he was admitted to the bar, and was the first man from the Badger State to head a recruiting party when the war broke out. As lieutenant-colonel of the Second Wisconsin he made a noted career in the field. He was the last man to leave the field at the second battle of Bull Run. He lost his left arm at the shoulder in a desperate charge at Gettysburg. His military career closed with the rank of brigadier-general at the age of 34. He was originally a Democrat, but the Republicans of Wisconsin elected him secretary of state in 1864 and governor in 1865, re-electing him in 1867. In 1869 he was elected governor for the third time. In 1871 he was appointed consul to Liverpool, and remained abroad nearly ten years, as he was transferred to Paris as consul-general and to Madrid as

minister. In 1866 he was elected Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic.

FLORUS B. PLIMPTON was born in Palmyra, Portage county, Ohio, September 4, 1830. His father, Billings O. Plimpton, removed from Connecticut at the beginning of the century and engaged in the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church as an itinerant. He died the day after Florus was born, aged 90. Florus worked on his father's farm in Hartford, Trumbull county, attended Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa., for three years, and in 1851 entered into journalism at Warren, Ohio. In 1853 he married Miss Cordelia A. Bushnell, of Hartford, Ohio. He was connected with newspapers in Niles, Mich., Ravenna, Ohio, and Elmira, N. Y., until 1857, when he became one of the editors of the Pittsburg *Dispatch*. In 1866 he became one of the staff of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, and his labors with it and with the *Commercial-Gazette* continued without interruption for a quarter of a century, and were of an unusually important character, breadth and responsibility. He died April 23, 1886, and in accordance with his request his remains were cremated.

Mr. Murat Halstead, his intimate associate and friend for more than twenty-five years, said of him: "He was a man of absolute probity, of perfect truthfulness, of unquestioned sincerity. He was a man of marked characteristics and individuality, whose opinions, whose modes of thought, whose methods of labor were all his own. He was a man of singularly fine independence, and there was never any doubt or question as to where he was to be found."

Mr. Plimpton was a born poet and began to write poetry as a boy. To devote himself to poetry would doubtless have been the ideal life for him, but the arduous duties of a journalist did not admit of his devoting much time to his muse. The small collection of his poems gathered by his wife, and published after his death, bear testimony to his genius. His lines are very musical, and owe their melody to an inborn sense of rhythm.

We quote the last three verses of a poem of The Police Court, in dialect, and entitled.

"MAKE IT FOUR, YER HONER."

Shakin' her gray hairs backward
Out of her eyes and face;
"It's thrue that ye say, yer Honer,
It's thrue is my disgrace.
It wasn't the coat I cared for;
It's stharving I was to ate,
And I want a friendly shilter
Out av a friendless sthrate.

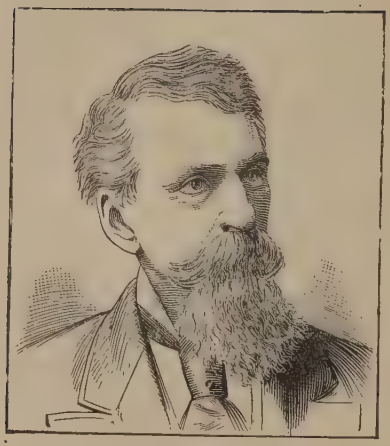
"Sind me back to the prisin,
For the winter it is could,
An' there isn't a heart that's warmin'
For the likes av me that's ould;
There isn't a heart that's warmin',
Nor a hand that takes me in—
If I sthale to kape from stharvin',
May God forgive the sin!"

Then kindly spakes his Honer:
"Well, Mary, will it do
If I sind ye to the prisin
For jist a *a month or two?*"
"The prisin's a friend," says Mary;
"I fear the winter more—
An' it's all the same, yer Honer,
Ye'll plaze to make it FOUR."

ALBERT GALLATIN RIDDLE was born in Monson, Mass., May 28, 1816. A year later his father removed to Geauga county, Ohio, where he died when Albert was seven years of age. The family was broken up and Albert was apprenticed to Seth Harmon, a farmer living near Mantua, Portage county. In 1831 he returned to Geauga county, studied law, was admitted to the bar, and became a famous advocate, with great power as an orator. He was a member of the Ohio legislature of 1848–49, and called in 1848 the first free-soil convention in Ohio. Two years later he removed to Cleveland. His able conduct, in 1859, of the celebrated Oberlin "slave rescuers" case gave him a widespread reputation. He was elected to Congress as a Republican in 1861, and made the first speeches delivered in Congress in favor of arming slaves. In 1863 he was appointed United States consul at Matanzas. For the past twenty-five years he has practised law in Washington. He aided in the prosecution of John H. Surratt for the murder of President Lincoln; from 1877 to 1889 was law officer for the District of Columbia, and for several years had charge of the law department of Howard University.

Mr. Riddle is the author of a "Life of Garfield," also one of Benjamin F. Wade, a number of novels and other publications. His "Bart Ridgely, a Story of Northern Ohio," is a work of great power. "The Portrait, a Romance of Cuyahoga Valley," describes many of the scenes and events of his boyhood life in Portage county.

MARVIN KENT was born at Ravenna, Portage county, Ohio, September 21, 1816. He attended Tallmadge Academy, and in mercantile pursuits early displayed unusual sa-



ADAM G. RIDDLE,
Lawyer and Author.

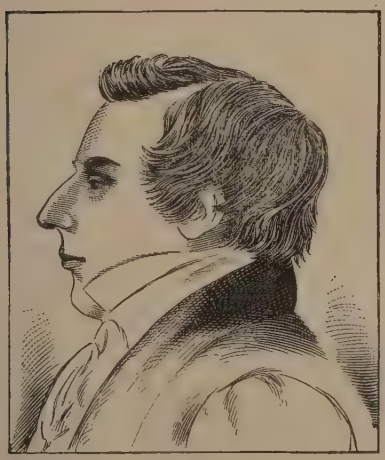
FLORUS B. PLIMPTON,
Journalist and Poet.

HIRAM COLLEGE.
The institution where Garfield received his early education and of which he was subsequently President.

gacity and executive ability. In 1850, while engaged in manufacturing in Franklin Mills (now Kent), he devised, planned and projected the Atlantic & Great Western Railroad, designed to connect the Erie with the Ohio & Mississippi, forming a grand trunk line from New York to St. Louis. He was elected president of the company then incorporated, and conducted its affairs through all its trials and vicissitudes, save for a period of three years, until the completion of the road in 1864. The construction of this road encountered, perhaps, more obstacles and greater opposition than any other in the country. Upon its completion Mr. Kent retired from active business life. In 1875 he was elected to the State senate. He has been a generous promoter of the interests of the city of Kent, which bears his name.

Mrs. FANNIE B. WARD, correspondent, is a literary lady of Ravenna, who wields an interesting and instructive pen. Moved by a spirit of professional enterprise, early in the eighties, she singly and alone went down into Mexico and lived among the people that she might properly describe the domestic life of these, our neighbors, and thus has greatly added to our knowledge of them.

HIRAM occupies the highest elevation on the Reserve, being 1,300 feet above sea-level, which gives it great salubrity and healthfulness. This is a fine fruit and dairy region. It is twelve miles northeast of Ravenna, two miles from the N. Y., P. & O. Railroad. It has one newspaper (*Bugle Echo*), D. H. Beaman, editor, and about 500 inhabitants. It is especially noted as the seat of Hiram College, the institution where James A. Garfield was educated. Its president is George H. McLaughlin. It was opened in 1851 as the Western Reserve Eclectic Institute, received its charter in 1867, and was rebuilt and enlarged in 1886.



JO. SMITH—The Mormon Prophet.

In the winter of 1831 JOSEPH SMITH and SIDNEY came to Hiram, held meetings and made many converts to the then new faith of the Latter-Day Saints, or Mormonism. But after a while it was rumored that they designed eventually to get possession of all the property of their converts. The people became alarmed; among them were some of their dupes, who went to the house of Smith and Rigdon, stripped them, gave them a coat of tar and feathers, and rode them on a rail—whereupon they left the place.

Jo. Smith in his personal appearance was well adapted to impose upon the weak and credulous. His complexion was of corpselike paleness and waxy, his expression grave and peculiarly sanctimonious, his words few and in sepulchral tones. At Nauvoo he claimed a revelation from Heaven to take spiritual wives and established polygamy.

GARRETTSVILLE is twelve miles northeast of Ravenna, on the N. Y., P. & O. Railroad. Newspapers: *Journal*, Independent, Charles B. Webb, editor and publisher; *Saturday Item*, Independent, O. S. Ferris, editor and publisher. Churches: one Congregationalist, one Methodist and one Baptist. Bank: First National, W. B. McConnell, president, J. S. Tilden, cashier. Population, 1880, 969. School census, 1888, 290; J. J. Jackson, school superintendent. It is in a rich agricultural and dairy region.

EDINBURG is seven miles southeast of Ravenna. It has one Congregational and one Methodist Episcopal church. School census, 1888, 66.

MANTUA is twelve miles north of Ravenna. It has one Methodist, one Disciples and one Congregational church. Population, about 750. School census, 1888, 159.

MANTUA STATION is nine miles north of Ravenna, on the Cuyahoga river and

N. Y., P. & O. Railroad. It has one newspaper, *Gazette*, Independent, D. B. Sherwood, editor; one bank, Crafts, Hine & Co., and a population of about 600.

PALMYRA is one and a half miles from Palmyra Station, on the L. E. A. & S. Railroad. It is eleven miles southeast of Ravenna. School census, 1888, 120.

RANDOLPH is nine miles south of Ravenna. School census, 1888, 77.

WINDHAM is twelve miles northeast of Ravenna, on the N. Y., P. & O. Railroad. School census, 1888, 100. It has one newspaper, the *Herald*, F. D. Snow, editor; one Congregational and one Methodist Episcopal church; a tub and pail and basket factory, and stone quarries.

PREBLE.

PREBLE COUNTY was formed from Montgomery and Butler, March 1, 1808; it was named from Capt. Edward Preble, who was born at Portland, Maine, August 15, 1761, and distinguished himself as a naval commander in the war of the Revolution, and particularly in the Tripolitan war, and died on the 25th of August, 1806. The soil is various; the southern part is a light rich soil, and is interspersed by numerous streams; the remainder of the county is upland, in places wet, but fertile when brought under cultivation. There is an abundance of water power for milling purposes, and large quantities of flour are manufactured.

Area about 440 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 186,275; in pasture, 35,426; woodland, 33,294; lying waste, 5,873; produced in wheat, 529,637 bushels; rye, 1,136; buckwheat, 85; oats, 464,627; barley, 13,563; corn, 1,522,636; broom-corn, 17,100 pounds brush; meadow hay, 8,814 tons; clover hay, 4,096; flax, 81,500 pounds, fibre; potatoes, 30,830 bushels; tobacco, 1,044,210 pounds; butter, 611,300; cheese, 300; sorghum, 6,668 gallons; maple syrup, 9,169; honey, 11,137 pounds; eggs, 549,135 dozen; grapes, 30,870 pounds; wine, 149 gallons; sweet potatoes, 3,242 bushels; apples, 1,643; peaches, 61; pears, 749; wool, 28,183 pounds; milch cows owned, 5,959. Ohio Mining Statistics, 1888: Limestone, 64,500 tons burned for lime; 3,000 tons burned for fluxing; 23,750 cubic feet of dimension stone; 10,397 cubic yards building stone; 30,000 square feet of flagging; 12,460 square feet of paving; 8,571 lineal feet of curbing; 3,492 cubic yards of ballast or macadam. School census, 1888, 7,139; teachers, 183; miles of railroad track, 75.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Dixon,	1,281	1,162	Jefferson,	2,165	2,244
Gasper,	836	863	Lanier,	1,624	1,909
Gratis,	1,950	2,186	Monroe,	1,176	1,986
Harrison,	1,696	2,663	Somers,	1,823	2,233
Israel,	1,538	1,807	Twin,	1,676	1,973
Jackson,	1,257	1,398	Washington,	2,459	4,118

Population of Preble in 1820 was 10,237; 1830, 16,296; 1840, 19,481; 1860, 21,820; 1880, 24,533; of whom 19,293 were born in Ohio; 1,042, Indiana; 768, Virginia; 722, Pennsylvania; 322, Kentucky; 87, New York; 478, German Empire; 425, Ireland; 51, British America; 44, England and Wales; 10, France, and 6, Scotland. Census, 1890, 23,421.

Limestone Quarries.

The quarrying of limestone is an important industry in this county. The limestones principally quarried belong to the Niagara group; these in Ohio are very often called cliff limestones, because they stand in the bluffs along the river valleys. The quarries in the vicinity of Eaton turn out a number of grades of stone, suitable for flaggings and copings as well as for fine and rough constructions. It is stated in Orton's Geological Report, that a stone 10 x 12 feet in superficial dimensions has been taken out and that very much larger stones can be obtained. The Clinton limestone has not been so extensively quarried, but is very much in demand for chimney backs and has been found especially desirable for those constructions which are exposed to fire or heat.

Old Block House.—On what is known as the Wolf farm, Harrison township, stood one of a series of block houses built and manned by citizen-soldiers in the fall of 1813. Dr. J. W. Miller, of West Baltimore, has given us the following facts concerning it.

This block-house was built by a party of drafted men, belonging to a company of riflemen which formed a part of the Old Battalion under the command of Major Alexander C. Lanier. This company occupied the block-house during the winter of 1813-14 to protect the settlements on Miller's Fork.

It was one of a series of block-houses, built and manned by citizen-soldiers, in communication with the settlements and line of forts between Cincinnati and the Lakes. The following is a true copy of a discharge which is in my possession.

I do certify that —— ——, a sargeant of my company of Ohio Riflemen, in the Old Battalion, under the command of Alexander C. Lanier, has served a regular tour of duty, and is hereby honorably discharged.

Given under my hand this 5th day of April, 1814. Simon Phillips, Capt.

The members of this company have been left out of the roster of Ohio's soldiers in the war of 1812, as least so far as Ohio's record is concerned. The Locks, Hapners, McNults and others of Lewisburg, and the Tillmans, Loys, Rices, Abbots, Phillipses, Myerses and others on Miller's Fork, were prominent in the settlements referred to.

TRAVELLING NOTES.

A Caboose Ride.—On Tuesday at noon, April 13, I took the caboose at Hamilton, and rode to Eaton, distant some 25 miles. The caboose was at the end of a very long freight train, perhaps a quarter of a mile in length. In the roof of the caboose was a lookout. I took advantage of it, ascended by a few steps, seated myself in a chair on a little platform, when perhaps half of my body was outside and above everything, there being a scuttle-hole in the roof for this purpose.

Our progress was very slow, about 6 or 8 miles an hour, which gave ample opportunity if one passed anything particularly attractive, to fully take it all in; I especially appreciated this as we slowly went by a scattered village, with a quaint-appearing church, with deep red roof, and red roofs here and there upturned to the sky, which showed that the people whose homes I was gazing upon came to Ohio from the Rhineland. The ride was a delight, and also historically interesting, up the gentle valley in which, in the days of the savage and the wilderness, the armies of St. Clair and Wayne had marched—the one to defeat and massacre; the other to victory and peace.

I looked down as from the upper deck of a steamer upon our long train, which was twisting and winding under my eyes, with its little black pony ahead (at least seeming little from its distance from me) sending out its black smoke and doing his work so nicely and honestly, as to fill me with a sense of gratitude for his marvellous performance. If I don't give the black pony credit, I must those who first thought him out, and then made him to go (the little creatures generally known as human beings), and this without a crack of a whip, nor a quart of oats, but simply with fire, wood and plenty of water, and a strong, brave manly fellow to drive him.

The fields in broad areas were green with the deep verdure of the winter wheat, on which the snow had lain and nurtured, and then the sun came out warm and smiling and it was exhaled to the skies. Thus the bright green wheat, with the black and as yet leafless woods, the scattered white houses of the farmers, and now and then a red one, the windings of the Seven Mile or St. Clair's Creek, indicated from my lookout by the un-

dulating course of our train which was going up it, the tall windmills by the farm houses, called wind pumps, because used for supply of water; the gentle undulations of the country largely open to the view, together with the clear overarching sky, were all pleasing, peace-filling objects for my contemplation. I had no cares and so drank to my fill from the varied objects of the changing landscape. Ordinary railroad travelling gives one but a faint idea of the beauties of natural objects, and so I felt favored.

Aunt Sally and her Pet.—In my original visit to Eaton, the landlady at the village tavern was a comical, good-natured creature, whom, if I rightly remember, the young men of the village (who largely boarded with her) addressed as "Aunt Sally."

In those days the pigs had the liberty of the streets in the small towns; yes, even in Cincinnati they roamed abroad, doing good scavenger work, while sending forth their notes loud and strong.

Whether Aunt Sally was unwedded or wedded I know not, but she evidently felt the want of some object to pet. Woman's heart has many tendrils and sometimes these fasten queerly; hence Aunt Sally's especial attentions to a pig, which were gratefully returned, all to the daily amusement of her boarders.

Piggie was not over cleanly, had only one ear, some dog having appropriated the other, and once, to my astonished eyes, during my stay, dashed into and through the house with the freedom of one of the family. I was told he had once even appeared in the dining-room. I doubted this; it was altogether too premature. Odd characters in the olden time diversified village life. There are few such anywhere in our time—a great loss in the line of what Barnum might term "moral entertainment."

At Eaton I was pleased to find my old friend Judge John V. Campbell, a large, heavy man of sweet and gentle spirit, who had aided me on my original visit and all through a long life has been doing good. He took me toward evening on a ride in his buggy to the Preble County Children's Home, about a mile southwest from the town, of which institution he was the principal trustee.

The Judge's Crust.—In a few minutes after starting my attention was arrested by an old mill and tool shop in ruins on the margin of "Seven Mile Creek" and near an old bridge.

"What a fine picture," I said, "that would make if it only had some big, old trees around it."

"Yes," replied the Judge, "and I must tell you a story.

"When I was a boy about fifteen years old, a missionary, one Sunday morning, preached a charity discourse in our church. His eloquence so moved me that I felt it my duty to contribute. I had a quarter in my pocket. I hated to part with it; it was all the money I had in the world, and money was hard for me to get; but I dropped it in the box all the same. That afternoon I was wandering about that old tool shop, when my eye was attracted by something shiny; stooping down I picked it up; when, rubbing off the dirt, I found it to be half-a-dollar."

Thus the Judge's crust cast upon the waters went ahead of the Scripture promise, it being doubly returned, and that too before sundown.

The Children's Home has about forty children. This place contains about twenty-five acres. The Home building was originally a hotel, a health resort called St. Clair's Springs. Here are several flowing mineral springs, said to be good for many diseases. It is on the line of St. Clair's Military Trace, and near the site of old Fort St. Clair. There are six springs at the Home, and more can be made anywhere there by driving gas pipes down a few feet.

These Children's Homes are one of the most commendable features of the State. They originated in Washington county, under which heading is given a sketch and portrait of Mrs. Ewing, the noble woman who originated them.

As we drove out to the gate to leave, a little midget in the form of a four-year-old boy stood in waiting. He looked up at the Judge with a reverential air, thumb in mouth.

"Well, Tommy," asked the Judge, "what do you want?"

"Some new shoes," timidly replied he.

We looked down at his feet; he seemed well, but coarsely shod, the toes well protected with shining, metallic tips.

"You shall have a new pair soon, Tommy," rejoined the Judge. Then as we drove along he told me this incident:

"A group of the children were chatting among themselves about their mothers, saying how much they would like to have visits from their mothers, when one little fellow, who had been silent, added, 'I don't care ever to see my mother no more, since she has forsaken me and left me alone in this place.'"

About a year after this ride with me, the Judge illustrated in his history the text that points to the finale for each of us in turn, "We have here no continuing city."

Eaton in 1846.—Eaton, the county-seat, is twenty-four miles west of Dayton, ninety-four west of Columbus, and nine east of the State line. It was laid out in 1806 by William Bruce, then proprietor of the soil. It was named from Gen. William Eaton, who was born in Woodstock, Ct., in 1764, served in the war of the revolution, was graduated at Dartmouth in 1790, was appointed a captain under Wayne, in 1792, also consul at Tunis in 1798; in April, 1804, he was appointed navy agent of the United States with the Barbary powers, to co-operate

with Hamet, bashaw, in the war against Tripoli, in which he evinced great energy of character: he died in 1811. He was brave, patriotic and generous.

The turnpike from Dayton west leads through Eaton, and one also connects the place with Hamilton. The village contains 1 Presbyterian, 1 Methodist and 1 Public church, 1 book, 2 grocery and 4 dry-goods stores, 1 or 2 newspaper printing offices, 1 woollen factory, 1 saw mill and about 1,000 inhabitants. Near the town is an overflowing well of strong sulphur water, possessing medicinal properties. About two miles south is Halderman's quarry, from which is obtained a beautiful grey clouded stone: at the village is a limestone quarry, and the county abounds in fine building stone.—*Old Edition.*

Among the earlier settlers of the town were: Samuel Hawkins, Cornelius Vanausdal, David E. Hendricks, Alexander Mitchell, Alexander C. Lanier and Paul Larsh. Cornelius Vanausdal kept the first store and David E. Hendricks the first tavern.

EATON, county-seat of Preble, is fifty-three miles north of Cincinnati, on the C. R. & C. R. R. It is the centre of a great tobacco and grain-growing section. Cigar manufacturing is a large industry.

County officers, 1888: Auditor, Hiram L. Robbins; Clerk, Leander D. Lesh; Commissioners, William Mills, John C. Riner, Werter D. Pugh; Coroner, Philip M. Small; Infirmary Directors, Frank Ridenour, Nathaniel B. Stephens, Joseph W. Coffman; Probate Judge, William A. Neal; Prosecuting Attorney, John Risinger; Recorder, Peter S. Eikenberry; Sheriff, William Watters; Surveyor, Robert E. Lowry; Treasurer, Silas Laird. City officers, 1888: W. B. Marsh, Mayor; J. N. Sliver, Clerk; Geo. W. Nelson, Treasurer; Court Corwin, Marshal. Newspapers: *Democrat*, Democratic, L. G. Gould, editor and publisher; *Register*, Republican, W. F. Albright & Sons, editors and publishers. Churches: 1 Lutheran, 2 Methodist, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Catholic, 1 Baptist, and 1 Disciples. Banks: Farmers' and Citizens', Abner Dunlap, president, C. F. Brooke, Jr., cashier; Preble County, H. C. Hrestand & Co.

Manufactures and Employees.—F. P. Filbert, cigars, 35 hands; Coovert & Cooper, cigars, 29; G. A. & J. F. Lugar, builders' wood-work, 11; Frank Rhinehart, builders' wood-work, 4; H. Sanders, flour, etc., 3; W. F. Jones, cigars, 13; Straw Bros., cigar boxes, 5.—*State Report, 1887.*

Population in 1880, 2,143. School census, 1888, 730; J. P. Sharkey, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, $51,000. Value of annual product, $100,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887.* Census, 1890, 2,996.

"At Eaton are mineral springs and flowing wells," writes Dr. F. M. Michael. "*Artesian Wells* are obtained in the north part of the town by boring thirty or thirty-five feet in the earth. The waters are strongly impregnated with iron, bicarbonate of sodium, potassium, with traces of lithium; very little lime salts enter into the composition; in fact, the water is much softer than the surface wells.

"One of these wells has been flowing for many years. Several new wells have been flowing for eight years; the water rises several feet above the ground.

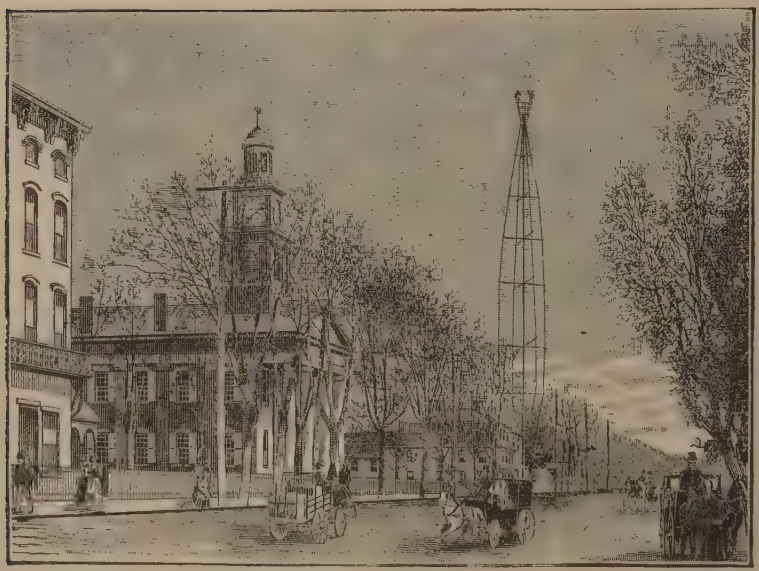
"A well at the court-house, over one hundred feet in depth, affords white sulphur waters. Has been in use many years for its medicinal qualities."

Eaton is a healthy town, but in 1849 few places in the State suffered so severely from *Asiatic Cholera;* about one hundred and twenty deaths in the course of the summer out of a population of about six hundred who remained behind, while of the other half of the population who fled, not one died.

The first male person born in this county was Col. George D. Hendricks. This was on the site of Camden, October 3, 1805. He had a varied experience; was a soldier under Sam Houston, in the war between Texas and Mexico, and then returned and settled at Eaton, where he became a most useful citizen; served in the Legislature; was County Auditor, County Sheriff and Village Postmaster. This child of the wilderness remembered many interesting things.

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

THE COURT-HOUSE, ETC., EATON.



C. O. Harlan, Photo., Eaton, 1890.

THE COURT-HOUSE, ETC., EATON.

The One-Eyed Ox.

This was an animal that roamed through the woods when he was a boy. This historic ox was a noble animal, with large and stately horns of a dark brindle color, and a grand type of the bovine race, whom the first settlers found here on their arrival. It was supposed he had strayed from Wayne's army on his march into the Indian country. They caught him and reduced him to their service. When a boy Hendricks rode "One-Eyed" to mill on several occasions, and his father harnessed him and employed him to haul logs in the clearing. He was quite celebrated among the early settlers and lived for several years among them as common property, and when he died they largely turned out to his funeral and buried him in honor on Garrison Branch.

Nettle Shirts.

Another of Mr. Hendrick's experiences was the wearing a nettle shirt. Nettles were found wild in the woods, and before they could break up the country and grow flax for linen, the settlers resorted to it as a material for underclothing. This shirt so irritated his back, he was frequently compelled to lean against the trees and rub it to allay the irritation. Scott, in his *History of Fairfield County*, says:

"The pioneers in some parts manufactured fine linen from the fibre of wild nettles, but it was not known to all even of them. It grew in great abundance in some sections and always on the low and richest soil. It resembled boneset or ague weed, and grew about four feet in height. Its fibre was fine as the finest flax and was treated in the same way, by rotting, breaking, scutching and spinning; but unlike flax, it was mowed down and not pulled up by the root. The nettle has entirely disappeared from the country and is never seen except in remote and wild spots. It has on its stem a prickly beard that, upon touching with the hands, inserts itself into the skin, producing a most intolerable itching, almost unendurable; hence, everybody soon learned to go round 'the nettle patch.'"

Girls Stolen by Indians.

A year or two before the war of 1812, two little girls were stolen from Harrison township by Indians. One was named Tharp and the other Harper. The incidents connected with this affair were related by Mr. G. D. Hendricks, January 18, 1885, at which time he was a resident of Hiawatha, Kansas.

Mr. Harper Finds His Child.—When the children were first missed, they were supposed to be lost; but their captivity was assured by the discovery of Indian tracks. All efforts to find their whereabouts were of no avail, until many years after the close of the war, when Mr. Harper learned from an Indian that a white woman was at Kaskaskia, Illinois, whence the father sought and found his long-lost child, but so changed by time and association that she was past recognition. But through the kind offices of a French interpreter, it became self-evident as to her identity. Notwithstanding this, she seemed unable to realize that she was other than one of the tribe, and refused to converse with her father, or return with him to civilization.

Wife of an Indian Chief.—Years rolled on without any tidings of the daughter of Mr. Tharp, until about the year 1837 or 1838, when he received word from a friend and Indian trader, that the wife of an Indian chief, named Captain Dixon, was a white woman. Dixon was a younger brother of the Miami chief Shinglemacy, whose Indian name was Meto-Sina. This tribe were on their Reservation, a few miles below where Marion, Grant county, Indiana, is located. The fond father sped his way to the vicinity of the village, and called on my brother, William E. Hendricks, who had a traditional knowledge of the abduction of the Tharp and Harper children. As his farm was adjoining the Reservation, and he knew personally Captain Dixon and the tribe generally, the meeting of father and daughter was at my brother's house.

Refused to Leave.—The result of the conference was disheartening to the father; for this child of misfortune persistently refused to leave her Indian home, arguing that with the whites she would be an object of sport or ridicule, on account of her Indian habits and training, and was too old to learn the habits and customs of civilized life; and, in fact, she had but a faint recollection of her childhood home and kindred. The meeting and parting, as described by my nephew, were heartrending to the bereaved father; and the more so, because of the cold indifference of his alienated daughter, who, in a few years after, committed suicide, by drowning, at "Hog-back," in the Mississinewa, four miles below the village, because her liege lord returned home from a drunken spree with another wife. Captain Dixon, though a fair scholar, and speaking good English, was a drunken desperado, as were two of his brothers, who were killed at an Indian powwow, by a Pottawatomie brave; his oldest brother, Meto-Sina, was temperate.

Vanausdal's Store.

When the county of Preble was organized there was not a store in the county. The necessity for one induced Cornelius Vanausdal, a young man of 25, to leave his father's

farm and start the enterprise at Eaton. He and his store soon became known throughout the surrounding country, and his venture proved a profitable one. Started in 1808, he conducted it either alone or in partnership with others until 1863. Among his familiar acquaintances were Tecumseh, his brother, the Prophet, Honest John, Indian John, and others.

It is related of Indian John, that he brought furs to the store to swap for salt. The old-fashioned steelyards with long and short, or light and heavy slides, were used in weighing the articles involved in the trade. John had never seen steelyards before, and watched the weighing closely. The light side was used in weighing the furs. When the salt was to be weighed the steelyards were turned over so as to use the heavy side. John watched this operation with suspicion, and when he saw the yard fly up when the pea was not so far from the fulcrum as when his furs were weighed, he was convinced that there was something wrong, and seizing the steelyards with an exclamation pronouncing them a lie, ran to the door and threw them as far as he could into the weeds and brush. Mr. Vanausdal, in his dealings with Indians, would never give them credit, although he freely trusted white men. Mr. Vanausdal was born in Virginia, October 2, 1783; in 1805 came with his father to what is now Lanier township, Preble county. In 1810 he took the first census of Preble county. During the war of 1812 he was assistant paymaster in the United States army, and engaged in furnishing supplies to the army operating between the Ohio river and Lake Erie. In 1819 he represented Preble county in the Legislature. His death occurred in 1870.

About a mile west of Eaton is the site of Fort St. Clair, erected in the severe winter of 1791–2. At this time Fort Jefferson was the farthest-advanced post, being forty-four miles from Fort Hamilton. This spot was chosen as a place of security, and to guard the communication between them. Gen. Wilkinson sent Major John S. Gano, belonging to the militia of the Territory, with a party to build the work. Gen. Harrison, then an ensign, commanded a guard every other night for about three weeks, during the building of the fort. They had neither fire nor covering of any kind, and suffered much from the intense cold. It was a stockade, and had about twenty acres cleared around it. The outline can yet be distinctly traced.

On the 6th of November, 1792, a severe battle was fought almost under cover of the guns of Fort St. Clair, between a corps of riflemen and a body of Indians. Judge Joel Collins, of Oxford, who was in the action, gives the following facts respecting it in a letter to James McBride, dated June 20, 1843:

Indians Led by Little Turtle.—The parties engaged were a band of 250 Mingo and Wyandot warriors, under the command of the celebrated chief Little Turtle, and an escort of 100 mounted riflemen of the Kentucky militia, commanded by Capt. John Adair, subsequently governor of Kentucky. These men had been called out to escort a brigade of pack-horses, under an order from Gen. Wilkinson. They could then make a trip from Fort Washington, past Fort St. Clair, to Fort Jefferson, and return in six days, encamping each night under the walls of one of these military posts for protection. The Indians being elated by the check they had given our army the previous year, in defeating St. Clair, determined to make a descent upon a settlement then forming at Columbia, at the mouth of the Little Miami. Some time in September 250 warriors *struck the war pole*, and took up their line of march. Fortunately for the infant settlement, in passing Fort Hamilton they discovered a fatigue party, with a small guard, chopping firewood, east of the fort. While the men were gone to dinner the Indians formed an ambuscade, and on their return captured two of the men. The prisoners informed the Indians that on the morning previous—which must have been on Friday—a brigade of some fifty or 100 pack-horses, loaded with supplies for the two military posts in advance, had left Fort Hamilton, escorted by a company of riflemen, mounted on fine horses, and that if they made their trip in the usual time, they would be at Fort Hamilton, on their return, Monday night.

Ambuscade.—Upon this information, Little Turtle abandoned his design of breaking up the settlement above Cincinnati, and fell back some twelve or fifteen miles, with a view of intercepting the brigade on its return. He formed an ambuscade on the trace, at a well-selected position, which he occupied through the day that he expected the return of the escort. But as Capt. Adair arrived at Fort Jefferson on Saturday night, he permitted his men and horses to rest themselves over Sunday, and thus escaped the ambuscade. On Monday night, when on their return, they encamped within a short distance of Fort St. Clair. The judge says:

"The chief of the band of Indians being informed of our position by his runners, concluded that by a night attack he could drive us out of our encampment. Accordingly, he left his ambush, and a short time before daybreak, on Tuesday morning, the Indians, by a discharge of rifles and raising the hideous yells for which they were distinguished, made

a simultaneous attack on three sides of the encampment, leaving that open next to the fort. The horses became frightened, and numbers of them broke from their fastenings. The camp, in consequence of this, being thrown into some confusion, Capt. Adair retired with his men and formed them in three divisions, just beyond the *shine of the fires*, on the side next the fort; and while the enemy were endeavoring to secure the horses and plunder the camp—which seemed to be their main object—they were in turn attacked by us, on their right, by the captain and his division; on the left by Lieut. George Madison, and in the centre by Lieut. Job Hale, with their respective divisions. The enemy, however, were sufficiently strong to detail a fighting party, double our numbers, to protect those plundering the camp and driving off the horses, and as we had left the side from the fort open to them, they soon began to move off, taking all with them.

"*Close Fighting.*—As soon as the day-dawn afforded light sufficient to distinguish a white man from an Indian, there ensued some pretty sharp fighting, so close in some instances as to bring in use the war-club and tomahawk. Here Lieut. Hale was killed and Lieut. Madison wounded. As soon as the Indians retreated the white men hung on their rear, but when we pressed them too close, they would turn and drive us back. In this way a kind of running fight was kept up until after sun-rising, when we lost sight of the enemy and nearly all our horses, somewhere about where the town of Eaton now stands. On returning from the pursuit our camp presented rather a discouraging appearance. Not more than six or eight horses were saved; some twenty or thirty lay dead on the ground. The loss of the enemy remains unknown; the bodies of two Indians were found among the dead horses. We gathered up our wounded, six in number, took them to the fort, where a room was assigned them as a hospital, and their wounds dressed by Surgeon Boyd of the regular army. The wound of one man, John James, consisted of little more than the loss of his scalp. It appeared from his statement that in the heat of the action he received a blow on the side of his head with a war-club, which stunned so as to barely knock him down, when two or three Indians fell to skinning his head, and in a very short time took from him an unusually large scalp, and in the hurry of the operation a piece of one of his ears. He recovered, and I understood some years afterwards that he was then living. Another of the wounded, Luke Vores, was a few years since living in Preble county.

"*Melancholy Duty.*—By sunset on the day of the action we had some kind of rough coffins prepared for the slain. For the satisfaction of surviving friends I will name them, and state that in one grave, some fifty paces west of the site of Fort St. Clair, are the remains of Lieut. Job Hale; next to him, on his left, we laid our orderly sergeant, Matthew English; then followed the four privates, Robert Bowling, Joseph Clinton, Isaac Jett and John Williams. Dejection and even sorrow hung on the countenances of every member of the escort as we stood around or assisted in the interment of these, our fellow-comrades. Hale was a noble and brave man, fascinating in his appearance and deportment as an officer. It was dusk in the evening before we completed the performance of this melancholy duty. What a change! The evening before nothing within the encampment was to be seen or heard but life and animation. Of those not on duty, some were measuring their strength and dexterity at athletic exercises; some nursing, rubbing and feeding their horses; others cooking, etc. But look at us now, and behold the ways, chances and uncertainties of war. I saw and felt the contrast then, and feel it still, but am unable further to describe it here!"

Between the site of Fort St. Clair and Eaton is the village graveyard. This cemetery is adorned with several beautiful monuments. Among them is one to the memory of Fergus Holderman, who died in 1838. Upon it are some exquisitely beautiful devices, carved by "the lamented Clevenger," which are among his first attempts at sculpture. The principal object of attraction, however, is the monument to the memory of Lieut. Lowry and others who fell with him in an engagement with a party of Indians commanded by Little Turtle, at Ludlow's Spring, near the Forty-foot Pitch, in this county, on the 17th of October, 1793. This monument has recently been constructed by La Dow & Hamilton, of Dayton, at an expense of about $300, contributed by public-spirited individuals of this vicinity. It is composed of the elegant Rutland marble, is about twelve feet in height, and stands upon one of those small artificial mounds common in this region. The view was taken from the east, beyond which, in the extreme distance, in the forest on the left, is the site of Fort St. Clair.

This Lieut. Lowry was a brave man. His last words were: "My brave boys, all you that can fight, now display your activity and let your balls fly!" The slain in the engagement were buried at the fort. On the 4th of July, 1822, the remains of Lowry were taken up and reinterred with the honors of war in this

graveyard, twelve military officers acting as pall-bearers, followed by the orator, chaplain and physicians, under whose direction the removal was made, with a large concourse of citizens and two military companies. The remains of the slain commander and soldiers have been recently removed to the mound, which, with the monument, will "mark their resting-place, and be a memento of their glory for ages to come."

E. D. Mansfield, in his Personal Memoirs, published by Robert Clarke & Co., in 1879, speaks of meeting Little Turtle at his father's house, then Ludlow's Station, now Cumminsville, Cincinnati.

One day a dark man, with swarthy countenance, riding a very fine horse, dismounted at our house and went into my father's office. I wanted to go in and see him, but for some reason or other was not allowed to. After some time—it was in the forenoon, I think—I saw him come out, mount his horse and ride rapidly away. I was struck by the man, and asked, "Who is that, Ma?" She said it was "LITTLE TURTLE," the great Indian chief.

The last Indian Confederacy had been founded by Brandt, but the figure which stands out on the historical canvas in bold relief is that of MECHE CUNNAQUA, the Little Turtle, chief of the Miamis. This most acute and sagacious of Indian statesmen, was, it is said, even a polished gentleman. He had wit, humor and intelligence.

Thirty years after the treaty of Greenville he died at Fort Wayne, of the *gout* (!), which would seem a marvellous fact, did we not remember that the Turtle was a high liver and a gentleman; equally remarkable was it that his body was borne to the grave with the highest honors by his great enemy, the white man.

The muffled drum, the funeral salute, announced that a great soldier had fallen, and even enemies paid their mournful tribute to his memory. The sun of Indian glory set with him; and the clouds and shadows, which for two hundred years had gathered around their destiny, now closed in the starless night of death.

We give a letter narrating an account of this action, written by Gen. Wayne to the Secretary of War, and dated "Camp, southwest branch of the Miami, six miles advanced of Fort Jefferson, October 23, 1793."

The greatest difficulty which at present presents, is that of furnishing a sufficient escort to secure our convoy of provisions and other supplies from insult and disaster, and at the same time retain a sufficient force in camp to sustain and repel the attacks of the enemy, who appear desperate and determined. We have recently experienced a little check to our convoys, which may probably be exaggerated into something serious by the tongue of fame, before this reaches you. The following, however, is the fact, viz.: Lieut. Lowry, of the 2d sub-legion, and Ensign Boyd, of the 1st, with a command consisting of ninety non-commissioned officers and privates, having in charge twenty wagons belonging to the Quartermaster-General's department, loaded with grain, and one of the contractor's [wagons], loaded with stores, were attacked early on the morning of the 17th inst., about seven miles advanced of Fort St. Clair, by a party of Indians. Those gallant young gentlemen—who promised at a future day to be ornaments to their profession—together with thirteen non-commissioned officers and privates, bravely fell, after an obstinate resistance against superior numbers, being abandoned by the greater part of the escort upon the first discharge. The savages killed or carried off about seventy horses, leaving the wagons and stores standing in the road, which have all been brought to this camp without any other loss or damage, except some trifling articles.

LITTLE TURTLE, who name has been mentioned in the preceding pages, was a distinguished chief and counsellor of the Miamis, by whom he was called *Meshekenoghqua*. He commanded the Indians at St. Clair's defeat. We annex a sketch of him from *Drake's Indian Biography*.

A Chief who Never Sleeps.—It has been generally said, that had the advice of this chief been taken at the disastrous fight afterwards with General Wayne, there is but little doubt but he had met as ill-success as General St. Clair. He was not for fighting General Wayne at Presque Isle, and inclined rather to peace than fighting him at all. In a council held the night before the battle, he argued as follows: "We have beaten the enemy twice, under separate commanders. We cannot expect the same good fortune always to attend us. The Americans are now led by a chief who never sleeps; the night and the day are alike to him. And during all the time that he has been marching upon

our villages, notwithstanding the watchfulness of our young men, we have never been able to surprise him. Think well of it. There is something whispers me, it would be prudent to listen to his offers of peace." For using this language he was reproached by another chief with cowardice, which put an end to all further discourse. Nothing wounds the feelings of a warrior like the reproach of cowardice, but he stifled his resentment, did his duty in the battle, and its issue proved him a truer prophet than his accuser believed.

A Wise and Humane Indian Chief.—Little Turtle lived some years after the war in great esteem among men of high standing. He was alike courageous and humane, possessing great wisdom. "And," says Schoolcraft, "there have been few individuals among aborigines who have done so much to abolish the rites of human sacrifice. The grave of this noted warrior is shown to visitors, near Fort Wayne. It is frequently visited by the Indians in that part of the country, by whom his memory is cherished with the greatest respect and veneration."

When the philosopher and famous traveller, Volney, was in America, in the winter of 1797, Little Turtle came to Philadelphia, where he then was, and he sought immediate acquaintance with the celebrated chief, for highly valuable purposes, which in some measure he effected. He made a vocabulary of his language, which he printed in the appendix to his travels. A copy in manuscript, more extensive than the printed one, is in the library of the Philosophical Society of Pennsylvania.

Having become convinced that all resistance to the whites was vain, he brought his nation to consent to peace and to adopt agricultural pursuits. And it was with the view of soliciting Congress and the benevolent Society of Friends for assistance to effect this latter purpose that he now visited Philadelphia. While here he was inoculated for the small pox, and was afflicted with the gout and rheumatism.

Indians Descendants of Tartars.—At the time of Mr. Volney's interview with him for information, he took no notice of the conversation while the interpreter was communicating with Mr. Volney, for he did not understand English, but walked about, plucking out his beard and eye-brows. He was dressed now in English clothes. His skin, where not exposed, Mr. Volney says, was as white as his; and on speaking upon the subject, Little Turtle said: "I have seen Spaniards in Louisiana, and found no difference of color between them and me. And why should there be any? In them, as in us, it is the work of the *father of colors*, the *sun* that burns us. You white people compare the color of your face with that of your bodies." Mr. Volney explained to him the notion of many, that his race was descended from the Tartars, and by a map showed him the supposed communication between Asia and America. To this Little Turtle replied: "*Why should not these Tartars, who resemble us, have come from America? Are there any reasons to the contrary?* Or why should we not both have been in our own country?" It is a fact that the Indians give themselves a name which is equivalent to our word *indigine*, that is, *one sprung from the soil*, or natural to it.

An Indian out of Place.—When Mr. Volney asked Little Turtle what prevented him from living among the whites, and if he were not more comfortable in Philadelphia than upon the banks of the Wabash, he said: "Taking all things together you have the advantage over us; but here I am deaf and dumb. I do not talk your language; I can neither hear, nor make myself heard. When I walk through the streets I see every person in his shop employed about something: one makes shoes, another hats, a third sells cloth, and every one lives by his labor. I say to myself, Which of all these things can you do? Not one. I can make a bow or an arrow, catch fish, kill game, and go to war; but none of these is of any use here. To learn what is done here would require a long time. Old age comes on. I should be a useless piece of furniture, useless to my nation, useless to the whites, and useless to myself. I must return to my own country."

Col. John Johnston has given in his "Recollections," published in *Cist's Advertiser*, some anecdotes of Little Turtle.

A Companionable Indian.—Little Turtle was a man of great wit, humor and vivacity, fond of the company of gentlemen, and delighted in good eating. When I knew him he had two wives living with him under the same roof in the greatest harmony; one, an old woman, about his own age—fifty—the choice of his youth, who performed the drudgery of the house; the other, a young and beautiful creature of eighteen, who was his favorite; yet it was never discovered by any one that the least unkind feeling existed between them. This distinguished chief died at Fort Wayne, about twenty-five years ago, of a confirmed case of the gout, brought on by high living, and was buried with military honors by the troops of the United States. The Little Turtle used to entertain us with many of his war adventures, and would laugh immoderately at the recital of the following:

A Tricky Prisoner.—A white man, a prisoner of many years in the tribe, had often solicited permission to go on a war party to Kentucky, and had been refused. It never was the practice with the Indians to ask or encourage white prisoners among them to go to war against their countrymen. This man,

however, had so far acquired the confidence of the Indians, and being very importunate to go to war, the Turtle at last consented, and took him on an expedition into Kentucky. As was their practice, they had reconnoitred during the day, and had fixed on a house, recently built and occupied, as the object to be attacked next morning a little before the dawn of day. The house was surrounded by a clearing, there being much brush and fallen timber on the ground. At the appointed time, the Indians, with the white man, began to move to the attack. At all such times no talking or noise is to be made. They crawl along the ground on hands and feet; all is done by signs from the leader. The white man all the time was striving to be foremost, the Indians beckoning him to keep back. In spite of all their efforts he would keep foremost, and having at length got within running distance of the house, he jumped to his feet and went with all his speed, shouting at the top of his voice, Indians! Indians! The Turtle and his party had to make a precipitate retreat, losing forever their white companion and disappointed in their fancied conquest of the unsuspecting victims of the log cabin. From that day forth this chief would never trust a white man to accompany him again to war.

Kosciusko and Little Turtle.—During the presidency of Washington the Little Turtle visited that great and just man at Philadelphia, and during his whole life after often spoke of the pleasure which that visit afforded him. Kosciusko, the Polish chief, was at the time in Philadelphia confined by sickness to his lodgings, and hearing of the Indians being in the city, he sent for them, and after an interview of some length, he had his favorite brace of pistols brought forth, and addressing the chief, Turtle, said—I have carried and used these in many a hard-fought battle, in defence of the oppressed, the weak and the wronged of my own race, and I now present them to you with this injunction, that with them you shoot dead the first man that ever comes to subjugate you or despoil you of your country. These pistols were of the best quality and finest manufacture, silver mounted, with gold touch-holes.

Father Finley, the Itinerant.

On entering the Old Mound Cemetery, at Eaton, I was surprised to find there the monument to my old friend, Father Finley. I had not until then known the spot of his burial. To copy the inscription was a labor of love. On the north side it was: "Rev. Jas. B. Finley, died September 6, 1857, aged 76 years, 1 month and 20 days;" on the south side, "To the memory of Hannah, his wife, born in 1783; died in 1861." On the west side is an open Bible with the words: "There is rest in Heaven." The monument is a single shaft mounted on a pedestal and about twelve feet in height.

The young of this generation may ask, "Who was Father Finley?" We reply, "One of the greatest of the itinerant Methodist ministers." He began his itinerant ministry in 1809, when 28 years of age. The scene of his labors was the then wilderness of eastern and northern Ohio, western Pennsylvania and western New York, and during his over forty years of service he personally received 5,000 members into the service of the Methodist Episcopal church. Daniels, in his "History of Methodism," thus sums up his life-work:

"Finley was eight times elected a member of the General Conference. He also served three years as chaplain of the Ohio Penitentiary. He was a man of great energy of character, of burning zeal, a powerful preacher, a popular manager of camp meetings and other great assemblies, at which, by the power of his eloquence as well as his tact and knowledge of human nature, he swayed the masses, and calmed the rage of mobs and ruffians.

"To his other labors he added, from his own experiences, those of an author—'An Account of the Wyandot Mission,' 'Sketches of Western Methodism,' 'Life Among the Indians,' 'Memorials of Prison Life,' and his own 'Biography,'—a book abounding in wild adventure, hair-breadth escapes, backwoods wanderings, and such other wild experiences as appertained to the Western itinerants of that day."

I said Father Finley was an old friend. Yes, I was in prison and he comforted me. In 1846 he was chaplain of the Ohio Penitentiary, when he took me under his wing. I had arrived with a severe cold, and he cured me after the manner of the Wyandots, those simple people of the woods, among whom he had lived, prayed and sung. He brought out a heavy buffalo robe, and spreading it

FATHER FINLEY.

Indian Missionary and Itinerant.

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

THE LOWRY MONUMENT.

In the Mound Cemetery, Eaton.

before the fire of his room, I laid on my back and toasted my feet for about two days; thus the cure was effected, and so well that scarcely a single other has since invaded my premises. Those two days with the hunter were a rare social treat.

Wrote Donn Piatt: "A mean sinner makes a mean saint;" this was more than forty years ago, but Donn never put in any claim for it as an original discovery. Father Finley was formed on a generous scale, and when he threw that strong, sympathetic spirit of his into the service of Christianity, there was enough of him to make one of the biggest sort of Christians. He was short, but strongly built, with a heavy, sonorous voice that went to the utmost verge of many a camp-meeting, stirring the emotions of multitudes to their inmost depths. He was frank, simple as a child, outspoken, fearless in denunciation of wrong, and when rowdies disturbed any meeting where he was, he was quick and effective in muscular demonstrations.

His autobiography is a valuable contribution to the knowledge of Western life in the beginning of this century, and gives an experience nowhere else so well told. From it we derive the following:

The Finleys were Presbyterians of Pennsylvania. James' father, Robert W. Finley, was graduated at Princeton, studied for the ministry, and then sent as a missionary into the settlements of North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia, preaching and planting churches in destitute places. Here he married Miss Rebecca Bradley, whose father had lately removed from Pennsylvania to North Carolina, and the year after, in 1781, James was born at his father's home in North Carolina.

Horrors of Civil War.—James was cradled and reared in war until well advanced in life. At the time of his birth the horrors of civil war raged with great fury; neighbor was massacred by neighbor. The Tories, urged by the British, tried to exterminate the Whigs. All of his mother's brothers, says Finley, were killed in this deadly strife. One fell at Gates' defeat; another was murdered by four Tories near his own door—was shot with his own rifle; another died on a prison ship. His father and congregation were waylaid and shot at on their way to church; one member was killed by a shot through a window of his house while at prayer. His father received a ball through the clothes of his breast, just as he stepped out of his own door.

A Tory Major of the neighborhood by stratagem collected all the wives of the Whigs in one house, and hanged them by the neck until almost dead, in the vain attempt to extort from them the places of their husbands' concealment. At the close of the war he returned to the neighborhood, when their sons took him out one night to a swamp, and gave him twenty lashes for each of their mothers whom he had hanged. Then they tarred and feathered him, ducked him in the swamp, and threatened if he did not leave the country in a month they would draw every drop of Tory blood out of his body.

Kentucky Experiences.—In 1786 the Finley family removed to the Redstone country, near the headwaters of the Potomac, Virginia, where his father preached for two years; but Kentucky was the land of promise, and in the fall of 1788 they embarked with a party of others on the Ohio, and arrived at Maysville, when Mr. Finley removed his family to Washington, Ky., for the winter. James was then a lad of 7 years, and saw for the first time "that great adventurer, Simon Kenton, a child of Providence, raised for the protection of the scattered families in the wilderness."

That winter the Indians made great depredations and stole almost all the horses, so that the farmers were scarcely able to carry on their business. It was only a few years before that Kenton, going in pursuit with a party, was taken prisoner, and but for the intervention of Simon Girty, would have been burned at the stake.

The Finleys Help to Found Chillicothe.—The depredations of the Indians were so great that the family again removed, and to *Cane Ridge*, in Bourbon county. Mr. Finley bought part of an unbroken canebrake, cleared it, and opened up a farm, which he cultivated with the work of his slaves. He preached to two congregations—Cane Ridge and Concord—and started a high-school, the first of the kind in Kentucky, in which the dead languages were taught. Several of his pupils became Presbyterian ministers. In the spring of 1796 Mr. Finley emigrated with a large part of his two congregations to the Scioto valley, and was a great factor in laying the foundations of Chillicothe (see Ross County), and James was thenceforth "an Ohio boy." He says in his early days they had to depend for their daily living upon the hunters and what they could kill themselves of the wild game. This gave him an early love for the chase, so that before the age of 16 he had almost become an Indian in his habits and feelings.

In his father's academy he had studied the Greek, Latin and mathematics, and finally, by his request, studied medicine, and in the fall of 1800 took his degree, but with no design to practise it. "My recreations," said he, "were with the gun in the woods, and I passed several months in the forest

surveying Congress lands for Thomas Worthington, afterwards Governor of the State."

FINLEY ADOPTS THE PROFESSION OF A HUNTER, AND SEEKS FOR A WIFE A WOMAN ADAPTED TO THAT SITUATION.

Having passed the winter of 1800–1801 in hunting, he was so enamored with its peaceful enjoyments that he resolved on adopting a hunter's life, and by the advice of his mother chose a wife suited to that mode of living. The happy woman was Hannah Strane, and she proved a prize in that perilous venture which may ruin or save a man—marriage! "On the 3d day of March, 1801," he says, "I was accordingly married." How he got on he thus relates:

My father having bought land in what is now Highland county, I resolved to move and take possession. This section of the country was then a dense wilderness, with only here and there a human habitation. My father-in-law, being dissatisfied with his daughter's choice, did not even allow her to take her clothes, so we started out without any patrimony, on our simple matrimonial stock, to make our fortune in the woods.

Builds a Cabin.—With the aid of my brother John I built a cabin in the forest, my nearest neighbor being three miles off. Into this we moved without horse or cow, bed or bedding, bag or baggage. We gathered up leaves and dried them in the sun; then, picking out all the sticks, we put them into a bed-tick. For a bedstead, we drove forks into the ground, and laid sticks across, over which we placed elm bark. On this we placed our bed of leaves and had comfortable lodging.

The next thing was to procure something to eat. Of meat we had an abundance, supplied by my rifle, but we wanted some bread. I cut and split one hundred rails for a bushel of potatoes, which I carried home on my back, a distance of six miles. At the same place I worked a day for a hen and three chickens, which I put into my hunting shirt-bosom and carried home as a great prize. Our cabin was covered with bark, and lined and floored with the same material. One end of the cabin was left open for a fireplace. In this we lived comfortably all summer. Having no horse or plough, I went into a plum bottom near the house, and, with my axe, grubbed and cleared off an acre and a half, in which I dug holes with my hoe, and planted my corn without any fence around it.

I cultivated this patch as well as I could with my hoe, and Providence blessed my labor with a good crop of over one hundred bushels. Besides, during the summer, with the help of my wife, I put up a neat cabin, and finished it for our winter's lodgings. For the purpose of making the cabin warm, I put my corn in the loft, and now, if we could not get bread, we had always, as a good substitute, plenty of hominy. We had also plenty of bear meat and venison, and no couple on earth lived happier or more contented. Our Indian friends often called and stayed all night, and I paid them, in return, occasional visits.

During the season several families settled in the neighborhood, and, when we were together, we enjoyed life without gossip and those often fatal bickerings and backbitings which destroy the peace of whole communities. Though we had but little, our wants were few, and we enjoyed our simple and homely possessions with a relish the purse-proud aristocrat never enjoyed. A generous hospitality characterized every neighbor, and what we had we divided to the last with each other. When any one wanted help all were ready to aid.

I spent the greater part of the winter in hunting and laying up a store of provisions for the summer, so that I might give my undivided attention to farming. As we had no stock to kill, and could not conveniently raise hogs, on account of the wild animals, which would carry them off, we were obliged to depend upon the product of the woods. As the bear was the most valuable, we always hunted for this animal. This fall there was a good mast, and bears were so plentiful that it was not necessary to go from home to hunt them. About Christmas we made our turkey-hunt. At that season of the year they are very fat, and we killed them in great abundance. To preserve them, we cleaned them, cut them in two, and after salting them in troughs, we hung them up to dry. They served a valuable purpose to cook, in the spring and summer, with our bear, bacon, and venison hams. Being dry, we would stew them in bear's oil, and they answered a good substitute for bread, which, in those days, was hard to be obtained, the nearest mill being thirty miles distant. Another great difficulty was to procure salt, which sold enormously high—at the rate of four dollars for fifty pounds. In backwoods currency, it would require four buckskins, or a large bear skin, or sixteen coon skins, to make the purchase. Often it could not be had at any price, and the only way we had to procure it was by packing a load of kettles on our horses to the Scioto salt lick, now the site of Jackson Court-house, and boiling the water ourselves. Otherwise we had to dispense with it entirely. I have known meat cured with strong hickory ashes.

Happy Times.—I imagine I hear the reader saying this was hard living and hard times. So they would have been to the present race of men; but those who lived at that time enjoyed life with a greater zest, and were more healthy and happy than the present race. We had not then sickly, hysterical wives, with poor, puny, sickly, dying children, and no dyspeptic men constantly swallowing the nostrums of quacks. When we became sick unto death we died at once, and did not keep the neighborhood in a constant state of alarm for several weeks by daily bulletins of our dying. Our young women were beautiful without rouge, color de rose, meen fun, or any other cosmetic, and blithesome

without wine and fruit-cake. There was then no curvature of the spine, but the lasses were straight and fine-looking, without corsets or whalebone. They were neat in their appearance and fresh as the morning.

When the spring opened I was better prepared to go to farming than I was the last season, having procured horses and plough. Instead of the laborious and tedious process of working the land with a hoe, I now commenced ploughing. Providence crowned my labors with abundant success, and we had plenty to eat and wear. Of course, our wants were few and exceedingly simple, and the products of the soil and hunting yielded a rich supply. Thus we lived within ourselves on our own industry, our only dependence being upon the favor of an over-ruling bountiful Benefactor. We spun and wove our own fabrics for clothing, and had no tax, no muster, no court, no justices, no lawyers, no constables, and no doctors, and, consequently, had no exorbitant fees to pay to professional gentlemen. The law of kindness governed our social walks; and if such a disastrous thing as a quarrel should break out, the only way to settle the difficulty was by a strong dish of fisticuffs. No man was permitted to insult another without resentment; and if an insult was permitted to pass unrevenged, the insulted party lost his standing and caste in society. Many a muss or spree was gotten up, in which the best of friends quarrelled and fought, through the sole influence of the brown jug.

It was seldom we had any preaching, but if a travelling minister should come along and make an appointment, all would go out to preaching. If the preaching was on a week day, the men would go in their hunting-shirts, with their guns. On Sabbath, the gun was left at home, but the belt and knife were never forgotten.

Misfortune Met Philosophically.—After two or three seasons had passed he met with a great misfortune; lost all his property, one hundred acres of good military land, with all the improvements, by going security for a man who had run away. He took it philosophically. "I consoled my wife," says he, "as well as I could, and told her we were young, and had begun the world with nothing, and would do it again. I requested her to stay at home and keep house, and I would take to the woods and hunt." Bear-skins commanded a good price; from three to seven dollars, according to size and quality. I spent the winter mostly in the woods, and suffered much from lying out at night without bedclothes or bed, only as I could make one out of dry bark. I wrapped skins about me and laid by the fire. It was a prosperous winter, and success, the most sanguine, crowned my days and nights of toil and privation. From the proceeds of my winter campaign, I was enabled to purchase as good a home as that from which the law had ejected me.

Thus I passed seven years, farming in the summer and hunting in the winter, and adding to my resources till I had a comfortable home, with everything necessary to make the backwoodsman happy.

The Grand Old Woods.—But my neighbors became too numerous, and my hunting-grounds were broken in upon by the axe of civilization; game became scarce and hard to take; my ranges were broken up, and I had about come to the conclusion to go to a new country. It seemed as though my happiness depended upon a life in the woods, "the grand old woods," where Nature had erected her throne, and where she swayed her sceptre.

Alone in the deep solitude of the wilderness man can commune with himself and Nature and her God, and realize emotions and thoughts that the crowded city never can produce. To be sure, one has said, "A great city is a great desert," but it is a desert of depraved humanity, where every one is wrapped up in selfishness, and guards himself against his neighbor while his heart rankles with envy at his prosperity, or his wild, unbridled ambition urges him on the reckless course of outstripping all his competitors. Not so in the woods. There pride, envy, selfishness, and ambition have no abode. The only evil spirit that haunts the woods is Melancholy. This will often steal upon the heart of those who have not found the satisfying portion that religion imparts.

Mr. Finley's account of his conversion and final entrance into the ministry of the Methodist Church is vividly told. "He was," he says, "raised by Presbyterian parents, and taught the catechism." From this he learned that God from all eternity had elected some men and angels to everlasting life and passed by the remainder, ordaining them to eternal death. This doctrine seemed to him unjust. There was no use in prayer. That would not convert him unless he was one of the elect, and if so, he would be saved anyway. "This doctrine," he says, "well nigh ruined me. I thought if God had brought me into the world without my consent for his own purposes, it was no concern of mine, and all I had to do was to be honest, enjoy life, and perform the errand of my destiny." So he entered freely into pleasure, took a hand at cards, but never gambled; was passionately fond of dancing; sometimes went on a spree; would swear when angry, and fight when insulted. "Backwoods boys were brought up to the trade of knock down and drag out." The people called him the "New Market Devil," so wild was he.

In the midst of all this mirth and revelry he dare not think of death and eternity. About this time a great revival of religion broke out in Kentucky, accompanied by that alarming phenomena called the jerks. In August, 1801, learning there was to be a great meeting at Cane Ridge, Kentucky, in his father's old congregation, he left, with some companions, his woody retreat in Highland county, near what is now New Market, and went down to visit the scenes of his boyhood.

Camp Meeting Scenes.

When he arrived on the camp-ground he found an awful scene. A vast crowd was collected, estimated at 25,000. The noise was like the roar of Niagara. The vast sea of human beings were agitated as if by a storm. He counted seven ministers all preaching at once from stumps, fallen trees, and wagons. Some were singing, others praying; some piteously crying for mercy, and others shouting most vociferously. He became weak as a kitten at the sight and fled to the woods.

"After some time," he says, "I returned to the scene of excitement, the waves of which, if possible, had risen still higher. The same awfulness of feeling came over me. I stepped up on to a log, where I could have a better view of the surging sea of humanity. The scene that presented itself to my mind was indescribable. At one time I saw at least five hundred swept down in a moment, as if a battery of a thousand guns had been opened upon them; and then immediately followed shrieks and shouts that rent the very heavens. My hair rose up on my head; my whole frame trembled; the blood ran cold in my veins; and I fled for the woods a second time, and wished I had stayed at home. While I remained here my feelings became intense and insupportable. A sense of suffocation and blindness seemed to come over me, and I thought I was going to die.

A Drunken Revelry.—There being a tavern about half a mile off, I concluded to go and get some brandy, and see if it would not strengthen my nerves. When I arrived there I was disgusted with the sight that met my eyes. Here I saw about one hundred men engaged in a drunken revelry, playing cards, trading horses, quarrelling, and fighting. After some time I got to the bar, and took a dram and left; feeling that I was as near hell as I wished to be, either in this or the world to come. The brandy had no effect in allaying my feelings, but, if anything, made me worse.

Convicted of Sin.—Night at length came on, and I was afraid to see any of my companions. I cautiously avoided them, fearing lest they should discover something the matter with me. In this state I wandered about from place to place, in and around the encampment. At times it seemed as if all the sins I had ever committed in my life were vividly brought up in array before my terrified imagination; and under their awful pressure I felt that I must die if I did not get relief. Then it was that I saw clearly through the thin vail of Universalism, and this refuge of lies was swept away by the Spirit of God. Then fell the scales from my sin-blinded eyes, and I realized, in all its force and power, the awful truth; and that if I died in my sins, I was a lost man forever.

Notwithstanding all this, my heart was so proud and hard that I would not have fallen to the ground for the whole State of Kentucky. I felt that such an event would have been an everlasting disgrace, and put a final quietus on my boasted manhood and courage. At night I went to a barn in the neighborhood, and, creeping under the hay, spent a most dismal night. I resolved in the morning to start for home, for I felt that I was a ruined man. Finding one of the friends who came over with me, I said, "Captain, let us be off; I will stay no longer." He assented, and getting our horses we started for home.

A Struggle—Conversion—Joy.—The next night they reached the Blue Lick Knobs, when, says Finley, "I broke the silence which reigned mutually between us, and exclaimed to my companion, Captain, if you and I don't stop our wickedness, the devil will get us both." Then both commenced crying and weeping. The next morning he went into the woods to pray. His shouts attracted the neighbors, who gathered around, and among them a Swiss German who had experienced religion. He understood his case; had him carried to his house, and put on his bed. The old Dutch saint directed me to look right away to the Saviour. He then kneeled at the bedside, and prayed for my salvation most fervently in Dutch and broken English. He then rose and sung in the same manner, and continued singing and praying alternately till nine o'clock, when suddenly my load was gone, my guilt removed, and presently the direct witness from heaven shone full upon my soul. Then there flowed such copious streams of love into the hitherto waste and desolate places of my soul, that I thought I should die with excess of joy. I cried, I laughed, I shouted; and so strangely did I appear to all but my Dutch brother that they thought me deranged. After a time I returned to my companion, and we started on our journey. O what a day it was to my soul!

I told the captain how happy I was, and was often interrupted, in a recital of my experience, by involuntary shouts of praise. I felt a love for all mankind, and reproached myself for having been such a fool as to live so long in sin and misery when there was so much mercy for me.

Becomes a Circuit Rider.—Soon after his arrival at home, Finley joined the Methodists, developed extraordinary eloquence, and eventually was appointed to the Wills creek circuit. He sent for his family, put them into a cabin; their entire earthly possessions being nothing but a bed and some wearing apparel, and then, he says, "My funds being all exhausted, I sold my boots off my feet to pur-

chase provisions with." Then he started on his circuit, to be absent four weeks.

Wills Creek Circuit was computed to be 475 miles round. Its route was as follows: Beginning at Zanesville and running east, it embraced all the settlements on each side of the Wheeling road, on to Salt creek and the Buffalo fork of Wills creek; thence down to Cambridge and Leatherwood, on Stillwater; thence to Barnesville and Morristown; thence down Stillwater, including all the branches on which there were settlements, to the mouth; thence up the Tuscarawas, through New Philadelphia, to One-leg Nimishilling; thence up Sandy to Canton, and on to Carter's; thence to Sugar creek, and down said creek to the mouth; thence down the Tuscarawas to William Butt's, and thence down to the mouth of Whitewoman; thence, after crossing the river, including all the settlements of the Wapatomica, down to Zanesville, the place of beginning.

Many were his difficulties and perils. The country was wild; the people generally ignorant and inexperienced. They often interrupted him in his preaching by mockings and curses and threats of punishment, and sometimes he felt it his duty to "go in" on his muscle; and he was strong as an ox. They used to tell a story of his thrashing a notorious bully, and then bringing him within the fold.

While on the Wills circuit one man, whose wife had been in great distress of mind from the sense of sin, declared Finley was a wizard and had bewitched her. He loaded his rifle with a charmed bullet, and went two miles into the woods to waylay him. Soon his mind was filled with dreadful thoughts; horrid visions floated in the air; demon faces gibbered before his vision, when he took to his heels for his home in as much distress as his poor wife. In the result both became converts.

As he journeyed his place of study was the forest and his text-books the Bible, Discipline, doctrinal tracts, and the works of Wesley and Fletcher. The influence of the circuit riders in that day in saving the people of the wilderness from degenerating into savagery was beyond all computation. Such a body of self-denying moral heroes as they were have seldom been known. Generally poverty loomed up to them drearily in the distance. They lived poor and died poor, and left their families in poverty. "Some I know," said Finley, "have spent a fortune for the privilege of travelling circuits, at a salary of twenty-five dollars a year, while their wives lived in log cabins and rocked their children in sugar-troughs."

Eventually Finley was put in charge of the "Ohio district," which included eight circuits, ten travelling preachers, and over 4,000 members. It embraced all Eastern and Northern Ohio, part of Western New York and all Western Pennsylvania; and he rode through the woods all around it four times a year, holding quarterly meetings. We close with an anecdote related by him as having occurred at St. Clairsville, wherein the later eminent Charles Hammond illustrated his muse:

"I was," writes Finley, "called on by brother Young to exhort. Being much blessed, I suppose I raised my voice to the highest pitch and struck the book-board with my hand. At this a young lawyer, Charles Hammond, who had a considerable reputation for talents, became alarmed, and, urging his way through the crowd to the door, fled for his life. On my next round, the sexton found in the pulpit a very neatly turned maul, with a slip of paper wrapped around the handle, which was directed to me. After meeting it was presented, and on the paper were the following verses:

"'Thus saith the Lord, the preacher now
Must warn the people all,
And if you cannot make them hear,
I'd have you use this maul.

"'Your hand, dear sir, is far too soft
To batter on the wood;
Just take this maul, it is but small,
And thunder on the board.

"'Lift up your voice, and loudly call
On sinners all around,
And if you cannot make them hear,
Take up this maul and POUND!'"

CAMDEN is eight miles south of Eaton, on the C. R. & C. R. R. Newspapers:

Gazette, Independent, C. M. Hane, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Methodist, 1 Presbyterian, and 1 Universalist. It is quite a purchasing and shipping-point for grain and stock. Population, 1880, 800. School census, 1888, 220.

WEST ALEXANDRIA is six miles east of Eaton, on the C. J. & M. R. R., and in the heart of the beautiful Twin Valley. Newspaper: *Twin Valley Times*, Independent, Chas. J. Wilson, editor. Churches: 1 Episcopal Methodist, 1 Lutheran, 1 Reformed. This is said to be one of the wealthiest villages, per head of population, in this part of the State, and remarkable for its number of fine residences. The main industries are furniture, Coffman & Burtner; washing machines, Adolph Schlingman; woollen goods, as yarns and blankets, flour, saddlery, harness, wagons, etc. Population, 1880, 796. School census, 1888, 186. E. P. Vaughn, superintendent of schools.

WINCHESTER, P. O. Gratis, is nine miles southeast of Eaton. Population, 1880, 502. School census, 1888, 203.

WEST ELKTON is fourteen miles southeast of Eaton. Population, 1880, 247. School census, 1888, 115.

LEWISBURG is nine miles northeast of Eaton, on the C. J. & M. R. R. Population, 1880, 409. School census, 1888, 161.

NEW PARIS is twelve miles northwest of Eaton, on the P. C. & St. L. R. R., six miles east of New Richmond, Ind., on and in the valley of the Whitewater. Newspapers: *Mirror*, Independent, C. W. Bloom, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 colored Methodist Episcopal, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Christian, 1 Universalist, 1 United Brethren, and 1 Catholic. Population, 1880, 835. School census, 1888, 300. F. S. Alley, superintendent of schools. New Paris is noted for its mineral springs, called Cedar Springs, which are quite a summer resort for invalids. The manufacture of linen is extensively carried on.

ELDORADO is twelve miles northwest of Eaton, on the P. C. & St. L. R. R. Population, 1880, 337. School census, 1888, 112.

PUTNAM.

PUTNAM COUNTY was formed from Old Indian Territory, April 1, 1820, and named from General Israel Putnam, who was born at Salem, Mass., January 7, 1718, and died at Brooklyn, Conn., May 29, 1790. In 1824, when Williams county was organized, Putnam, Henry and Paulding counties were attached to it for judicial purposes, and in 1834 Putnam was organized as a separate county. The surface is generally level and, much of the land being within the Black Swamp district, is wet but, when cleared and drained, very fertile. Area about 510 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 129,123: in pasture, 16,083; woodland, 66,297; lying waste, 3,053; produced in wheat, 484,800 bushels; rye, 29,446; buckwheat, 567; oats, 210,827; barley, 4,826; corn, 1,505,147; broom-corn, 1,315 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 16,597 tons; clover hay, 4,298; flax-seed, 90 bushels; potatoes, 64,466; tobacco, 350 lbs.; butter, 498,743; cheese, 4,440; sorghum, 7,408 gallons; maple syrup, 3,007; honey, 8,121 lbs.; eggs, 755,555 dozen; grapes, 1,784 lbs.; sweet potatoes, 375 bushels; apples, 6,511; peaches, 234; pears, 193; wool, 51,141 lbs.; milch cows owned, 7,289. Ohio Mining Statistics, 1888: Limestone: 1,055 cubic feet of dimension stone, 2,559 cubic yards of building stone, 1,125 square feet of flagging, 6,750 square feet paving, 3,498 lineal feet of curbing, 1,097 cubic yards of ballast or macadam.

School census, 1888, 9,893; teachers, 241; Miles of railroad track, 96.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Blanchard,	670	1,787	Palmer,		929
Greensburg,	275	940	Perry,	266	1,073
Jackson,		1,047	Pleasant,	325	3,013
Jennings,	350	1,443	Richland,	387	
Liberty,	125	1,536	Riley,	621	1,484
Monroe,	518	788	Sugar Creek,	405	1,300
Monterey,		1,354	Union,	400	1,398
Ottawa,	690	3,177	Van Buren,		2,444

Population of Putnam in 1830 was 230; 1840, 5,132; 1860, 12,808; 1880, 23,713; of whom 19,757 were born in Ohio; 777, Pennsylvania; 230, Virginia; 174, New York; 174, Indiana; 38, Kentucky; 1,264, German Empire; 218, England and Wales; 117, Ireland; 94, France; 52, British America; 11, Scotland, and 5 Norway and Sweden. Census, 1890, 30,188.

PUTNAM COUNTY IN 1846.

A large proportion of the population is from eastern Ohio, and of Pennsylvania extraction. In Ottawa, Greensburg, Riley and Jennings are many natives of Germany. The site of old Fort Jennings is in the southwest part. There were two Indian towns in the county of some note—the upper 'Tawa town was on Blanchard's fork; two miles below, on the site of the present Ottawa village, was the lower 'Tawa town.

Kalida, the [old] county-seat, is on Ottawa river, 114 miles northwest of Columbus. It was laid out in 1834 as the seat of justice, and named from a Greek word signifying "*beautiful*." It contains a Methodist church, four stores, a newspaper printing-office, and thirty-six dwellings.

In Riley is a settlement of 'Aymish or Omish," a sect of the "Mennonites or Harmless Christians." They derive their name from Aymen, their founder, and were originally known as Aymenites. This sect wear long beards, and reject all superfluities in dress, diet and property. They have ever been remarkable for

industry, frugality, temperance and simplicity. At an early day many of the Omish emigrated from Germany to Pennsylvania. When they first came to the country they had neither churches nor graveyards. "A church," said they, "we do not require, for in the depth of the thicket, in the forest, on the water, in the field and in the dwelling, God is always present." Many of their descendants, deviating from the practice of their forefathers, have churches and burial grounds.

The view, "A Home in the Wilderness," represents a log tavern in the western part of the county, on the road to Charloe. It was built about thirty years since by two men, assisted by a female. It has long been a favorite stopping-place for travellers, as many as twenty or thirty having, with their horses, frequently tarried here over night, when journeying through the wilderness. The situation is charming. It is on the banks of the Auglaize, which flows in a ravine some fifteen or twenty feet below. All around stand massive trees, with foliage luxuriantly developed by the virgin fertility of the soil, while numerous branches lave in the passing waters. We came suddenly upon the place on a pleasant day in June, 1846, and were so much pleased with its primitive simplicity and loveliness as to stop and make a more familiar acqaintance. We alighted from our faithful "Pomp," turned him loose among the fresh grass, drew our portfolio from our saddle-bags, and while he was rolling amid the clover in full liberty, and the ladies of the house were seated sewing in the open space between the parts of the cabin, fanned by a gentle breeze—we took a sketch as a memorial of a scene we shall never forget, and to present to our readers a view of "A Home in the Wilderness."

Gilboa, Pendleton, Ottawa, Columbus, Grove, Madeira and Glandorff are all small places in this county, the largest of which, Gilboa, contains about thirty-five dwellings.—*Old Edition.*

TRAVELLING NOTES.

The foregoing comprises about all my old account of Putnam county. Indeed, the entire county then was largely forest and water. The most interesting point is my picture of the "Home in the Wilderness." That picture proved to be one of the most attractive things in my old book. It seemed to touch a chord in the hearts of multitudes who had begun life in the midst of such scenes. It is noteworthy that now, after the lapse of forty-three years, I should receive a letter from a stranger, a then boy, who sat by my side when I drew that picture, which tells me all the circumstances, but which I had long since forgotten. His letter is from Dawn, Darke county, Ohio, dated April 2, 1889, and signed S. S. Holden. It gives some interesting things about the old home, long since vanished. It was prompted partly by learning that the painter of an oil painting of it had put in the claim that his painting was an original design of his own. We quote:

"I am by profession a minister of the Gospel, [of the 'United Brethren Church (in Christ).' I will be qualified that the picture on your letter-head is a picture of the man who drew the sketch of our home about the year 1846. I am a son of P. B. Holden, whose name appears on the sign as you drew it. I was then 14 years old, and recollect it about as vividly as if it had occurred but yesterday—your riding into the yard on horseback; getting off your horse; laying your paper, pencils, etc., about you on the old sled or *mud boat*, which lay in the yard at that time, and is shown in the picture, and watching you draw the scene. Such an occurrence was too rare not to make an impression on a boy like me. A man named Sebastian Sroufe built the house. He died and was buried near there. Two of his sons were named George and Albert—the latter was a school teacher. His widow married Judge Perkins, and they moved to Williams county.

"While you were making the sketch, my mother and a lady school teacher sat in the open space between the two rooms, sewing. Before you had completed it, my brother and a Mr. Whiting came through the yard where we were sitting, having been to a *deer lick*. One of them carried his gun at 'trail arms' and the other carried his gun on his shoulder, and with them was our dog 'Tyler.'"

It was well the dog was along. His name marks the era of the event and helps to confirm the truth of Mr. Holden's statement. The hard-cider campaign had only passed a few years before, when the old Whigs had

Drawn by Henry Howe on a pleasant day in June, 1846

SCENE ON THE AUGLAIZE—A HOME IN THE WILDERNESS.

sung "For Tippecanoe and Tyler too." Hence it was natural for them to thus name their dogs "Tip" for Tippecanoe and "Tyler" for Tyler too. Humor comes from incongruous associations, so Mark Twain named his jumping frog Daniel Webster—both were heavyweights: one from brains and brawn, the other from shot.

The "Home," was on the main route from Kalida to Charloe, about five miles northwest from the former, The Samuel Holden, who lived there as stated, was an United Brethren clergyman. So the home seemed to have done service as both parsonage and tavern. Later, as I have been told, the Rev. Branson Good made it his home, and the building stood until about thirty years since.

Since receiving the letter from his son, I find in the Pioneer Reminiscences of the county a statement by Mr. George Skinner which leads me to believe that this was the first house built in Putnam county. He says: "The first building that could be designated a house was erected by two men and a woman on section 21, Perry township, by Sebastian Sroufe." He then states it was on the Auglaize, and that he was buried close by.

A Strange Animal.—After leaving this now *pet spot* in my memory, making my way westward, I discovered a strange animal running on the ground. I sprang from my horse and killed it with a club, it showing no fight. I then tied it on my horse, back of the saddle, thinking it might be some valuable game. I had no sooner got it on, than Pomp began to dance up and down, especially the back part of him; then, trotting off, I had great difficulty in catching him, and was fearful I should have to pass the night in these woods of the Black Swamp. Then I saw what was the matter. A quantity of pin-quills were sticking in his back, gathered from the animal. Every motion of his body drove them farther in. It was a hedgehog, or porcupine—the only specimen I ever saw. There are a variety of porcupines, and everywhere, we believe, it is deemed a harmless, sluggish animal. The American species live largely on insects, slugs and worms, and hibernate during cold weather in holes in the earth; but do not take part in the role of heavy sleepers, for on the first advent of warm days in spring they come out to bask in the sunshine and see what is "up." The porcupine has quills and hair, and the Indian women ornament mocassins with the quills. Indians have been known to convert their skins into whiskey jugs. The African porcupine has quills of an immense size, with a peacock-like display. The English porcupine is sometimes domesticated, is good for hunting cockroaches, and is said to be good to eat; unlike the American, when pursued he rolls himself into a ball shape as a defence, and woe to the mouth of the dog that tries to bite him. It must be a very spunky Scotch terrier that will persevere to a conquering end. None of these kinds of porcupines throw their quills; that is a popular delusion. The only species ugly enough to do that is the human.

After relieving Pomp of his burden and his back of the quills, I had a lonely ride through the woods and ended my day's journey at a miserable tavern near the line of the canal, at what I think was Charloe. The fare was hard, the night hot, and my bed cruel. I thought I was going to my slumbers alone; never was greater hallucination; they came upon me in a voracious multitude. Of all things I abhor crowds; so I sprang out as though I had been shot and passed the night on the bare boards of the floor. My travelling through Ohio in 1846 was not all "honey pie."

OTTAWA, county-seat of Putnam, is on the Blanchard fork of the Auglaize, about ninety miles northwest of Columbus, fifty-two miles southwest of Toledo, and on the C., H. & D. Railroad. In 1866, the court-house at Kalida having been destroyed by fire, Ottawa, by a majority vote of the people of 455, was made the county-seat. County officers, 1888: Auditor, W. W. Place; Clerk, H. W. Schmitschulte; Commissioners, Wm. Boehmer, James H. Smith, John T. Mallahan; Coroner, Jacob F. Leffler; Infirmary Directors, Jos. H. Miller, J. R. Rimer, R. E. Gilbert; Probate Judge, J. H. Uphaus; Prosecuting Attorney, John P. Bailey, Recorder, L. M. Ludwig; Sheriff, Peter Wannemacher; Surveyor, D. W. Seitz; Treasurer, Otho W. Crawfis. City officers, 1888: John Gordon, Mayor; August Sherlow, Clerk; L. B. Yountz, Treasurer; Schuyler Blakeman, Marshal. Newspapers: *Gazette*, Republican, C. L. H. Long, editor and publisher; *Putnam County Democrat*, German, Democratic, C. W. Bente, editor and publisher; *Putnam County Sentinel*, Democratic, George D. Kinder, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Catholic, 1 United Brethren, 1 Presbyterian. Banks: Ottawa Exchange; Slauson & DeFord; A. V. Rice & Co.

Manufactures and Employees.—Rice, Brown & Co., wheels, 39 hands; J. R. Smith, lumber, 7; Ottawa Gate Manufacturing Co., gates, sleds, etc., 15; Brinkman Bros., carriages, etc., 8; William Annesser, flour, etc., 4; Robeault & Ream, planing mill, etc., 6.—*State Report, 1887.*

Population, 1880, 1,293. School census, 1888, 540; C. C. Miller, school su-

perintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, $75,500. Value of annual product, $64,500.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887.*

Census, 1890, 1,717.

Pioneer Reminiscences.

The pioneers organized at Kalida September 6, 1873, with George Skinner as chairman, who appointed as committee to draft a constitution and by-laws, Dr. Moses Lee, Henry M. Crawfis, and George Skinner.

The first article declared all persons resident in the county prior to 1840 eligible to membership. The society issued two pamphlets of Reminiscences—one in 1878 and one in 1886. We give items from these "talks" in abridged form.

George Skinner, born in Hamilton county in 1816. Had his little stock of saddlery wagoned from Piqua to Kalida in 1839, and opened a shop. Nearest saddler on the south was at Lima; Findlay, east; Defiance, north; Fort Wayne, west. Two stores then in Kalida, Sheldon Guthrie's and Moses Lee's; two taverns, Dr. Lee's and James Thatcher's; court-house then building. First courts were held in the cabin of Abraham Sarber. First court, May 5, 1834.

The first settler in the county was David Murphy. He came down the Blanchard from Fort Findlay in a canoe, in 1824, with his family; went up the Auglaize three miles and settled on the bayou. Erected a cabin of poles; ran out of provisions; none nearer than Fort Findlay; out also of rifle balls; recollected where he had shot a ball into a tree; hunted the tree, cut out the ball, recast it, and seeing a bear on the limb of a tree, took aim at the bear—a trying moment—killed the bear.

H. S. Knapp became at an early day editor of the Kalida *Venture*. Went one Sunday to a camp-meeting at Columbus Grove, in a wagon, with his wife. They were newly married. Started to return together on horseback and got dumped into a mud-hole. Knapp tried to pull his wife out but failed. Backed his horse; wife caught horse's tail and was pulled out. The *Venture* appeared next morning with editorials short and crabbed. [The opposition papers denounced his newspaper as the "Kalida Vulture." Knapp lived to write the history of the Maumee valley, and dedicated it to "Rutherford B. Hayes, late Governor of Ohio." The *Venture* was established in 1841 by James Mackenzie; in the course of years lost its unique, enterprising name, and is now the Putnam County *Sentinel*, with Geo. D. Kinder, editor "on guard."]

East from the barn of William Turner, in Pleasant township, is a low piece of bottom land some twenty rods wide. In 1845 there was an upheaval of the earth; a ridge formed across from bank to bank, some four feet high and about thirty wide, which dammed up a creek there; so that Mr. Turner was obliged to cut a channel through it to let off the accumulated waters. The cause of this no one knows.

For many years after the organization of the county a session of the court was deemed a fit time for a spree, a general good time; so it was common to hold court all day, and have a jolly good time all night during the entire term of the court.

Wheat, corn, potatoes and pork were raised with very little trouble, and, when properly taken care of, want was never known. Game was plenty. Coon and deer-skins, with the money brought by emigrants, formed about all the currency. Hand-mills for grinding corn were almost a household necessity, and the meal from one ear, made into bread, was deemed ample for one meal for one person. On calling for a dinner, persons sometimes had to wait until the corn was shelled, ground and baked.

Hiram Sarber, born in Franklin county in 1817, settled one mile below Kalida in 1833. When corn began to ear, along came the coons and squirrels, and it seemed as though they would get it all. Father said to me, "Hiram, there is the little gun and dog. I want you to watch the coons and squirrels out of the corn-field." I thought this would be fun, but I found out better in a few days. I shot squirrels by day and hunted coons by night. The dog would lay by daytime; when night came he was ready for a hunt, when I would open the door and say, "Go! hunt them," and wait until he barked. He would not kill them until I came. At last I got so tired of this that I tied him up to get some sleep. If I let him loose, he would soon find one, and then bark until father would call out, "Hiram! do you hear the dog?" and then I would have to get up and go; for I knew better than to disobey him.

The Indians were plenty here, and we had considerable sport with them shooting at a mark, hopping, and running foot-races. The first winter and spring, if we boys wanted young company we had to go twelve miles to a settlement, where there were about a dozen boys and girls that attended meeting, and a singing at a log school-house.

The First Road in the county was the one cut through from Fort Recovery to Defiance, by Anthony Wayne, in 1794. This passed

along the west side of the river, and has ever since, with few variations, been used as a public road. At the intersection of Jennings creek with the Auglaize, on this road, Col. Jennings erected, in 1812, a stockade for the protection of supplies between Fort Recovery and Fort Defiance; and on this road the first mail was established, and the mail carried between Piqua and Defiance, once a week, on horseback, supplying between the termini the offices of Hardin, Wapakonetta, and Sugar Grove (this was at the house of Sebastian Sroufe, near Hover's Mills), the only post-office in the county. The mail was carried by a boy, C. C. Marshall, from September, 1829, to December 31, 1831. This boy was afterward Mayor of Delphos, Superintendent of the Miami and Erie Canal, and a member of both houses of the legislature.

JOHN WILCOX, born in Madison county in 1825; his parents settled in Perry township in 1827. One night, when the father was absent and the pioneer wife alone with her two babes in the rude cabin, "the rains descended and the floods came;" the mother took her babes, her axe, and pot of fire (matches then being unknown), and started for higher ground, which she reached after wading through water for a quarter of a mile, and built a fire where the first orchard was planted in the subsequent year, the trees being purchased from John Chapman—"Johnny Appleseed"—who was peddling in a boat from his nursery near Fort Findlay. The rise of the waters again compelled her to seek higher ground; and here she was found later in the day by Demit Mackeral, who had come to her relief in a canoe.

The January Flood of 1830 was the highest ever known to white settlers. The river appeared to seek its level with the neighboring swamps as tributaries. Hog creek, on a "high," united its waters with the Blanchard at Prairie Run. When it was at its highest and the earth saturated with water, making it all slush and mud, the weather, being quite warm for the season, suddenly changed to extreme cold, and the almost boundless sea of water was frozen into a glare of ice to the depth of an inch and a half. Cattle lying down at night were frozen to the ground before morning, and the legs of some were frozen to the knees. On this glare of ice hundreds of deer were killed by wolves, they being headed off of the dry ridges upon which they had sought shelter; and once on the smooth ice they became an easy prey to the ravenous beasts.

WILLIAM GALBRAITH. Ottawa Indians were his only neighbors when he settled in Putnam county in 1834. Sycamore and his squaw, who had a pappoose, got into a quarrel, when he pulled out his knife and cut the child in two. Each one had half, and they settled the quarrel.

Indian Tom would steal, so the tribe concluded to put him out of the way. One evening, when the river was rising very fast, they took him down into a low bottom, and tied him to stakes driven in the ground, expecting the river to rise before morning and drown him. But there was a young squaw, who went down in the night and cut him loose. Tom finally went with the Ottawa tribe west.

STANSBURY SUTTON settled on Ottawa Green in 1833. *Indian Tom* was a bad Indian. In the spring of 1834 he stole a pony from some of his tribe. They tried him for stealing, found him guilty, took him from camp, divested him of his clothing, laid him on his back, tied him to a stake, and left him to remain all night, subject to the torture of the innumerable hosts of mosquitos and gnats. I saw Tom the next morning; he was a fearful looking object. He looked as though every pore of his skin had been penetrated by the insects. I sympathized with him, notwithstanding I knew he was a thief. After Tom was released they procured whiskey, and the whole tribe (except Pe Donqet, the chief) got drunk and had a general spree, lasting two days.

In the early settlement of a new country there is to be found a larger development of a true and genuine brotherly love and magnanimity than in any other place. In the fall of 1833 a Mr. Owens lost two cows. Thinking he would find them on Tawa Green, he pursued them to that place. Finding they had gone on, he borrowed some money of my father to pay his expenses, and pushed on after them. On the third day he returned with the cows, returned the same money, saying he could not get any one to take a cent of it.

J. Y. SACKETT settled in Riley township in 1833. *Devil Jim* and two others were claimants for the chieftainship of the Ottawa tribe of Indians. The tribe chose one of the other two, and Devil Jim, stepping up to his successful opponent, knife in hand, stabbed him in the abdomen, causing death. The tribe decided that the heir to the chieftainship should execute Jim. The executioner took the knife in hand, and commenced stabbing Jim, but without much effect. Jim damned him; told him he did not know how to kill a man, and, placing his hand on his left breast, told him to stab there. He obeyed; and Jim fell dead.

BROCKMAN BROWER settled in Greensburg township in 1833. We obtained our fruit trees from John Chapman ("Johnny Appleseed"). When I first saw him he was floating down the Blanchard river in a canoe, loaded with apple-trees, distributing them among the early settlers along the Blanchard, Auglaize, and Maumee rivers. He would supply trees to all, regardless of their ability to pay for them. His nursery was near the headwaters of the Blanchard. Loading a canoe, he would descend the river, supplying all who were in need of fruit-trees. He thus devoted his time and means for the benefit of his fellow-man. The year 1834 was noted for the July flood, It rained a large portion of the time, from the 20th of June until the 4th of July, at which time the river was at its highest. It was rising nearly two weeks,

and nearly as long going down. It will now rise to its highest point in three or four days, and recede in the same length of time.

Dr. R. W. Thrift, in an address before the Pioneer Association, said: "When I first came into the county the country appeared to be a dead level, densely and heavily wooded, with swales on every side that fed the streams, and kept them more or less swollen all the year round. The main roads had been recently cut out, and instead of there being any ditches as now to drain and dry them, they were walled up on either side by massive trees, that excluded from their surface the sunlight and the winds, and left them moist and muddy at all seasons when not actually frozen. So far as I know, there was not a bridge across the Auglaize, Hog creek, or the Blanchard, anywhere along their course through the county; and perhaps not from their common source in the great marsh in Hardin county to where they unitedly empty into the Maumee at Defiance. One of the best qualifications of the physician's horse then was to be a safe, high swimmer; and among the first lessons the physician had to learn in manual labor was how to 'paddle his own canoe.'"

It is related of one of the old settlers, that being sick and in need of a medical man, his nearest source of supply was Defiance, possibly Dr. Colby or Evans, as they were among the first of that town; at all events a single visit was made, and the old settler was subsequently told that his bill was $20. He was astonished, and protested that it was too much. "See here," said the doctor, "that bill is not high, considering the result of my visit. Here you are sound and well again; then you looked to me as though you were about to die. Of course, if you had died, I should not have charged you so much." "O my! O my!" said the old settler, "I wish I had died then, doctor." I suppose really that life on the Auglaize at that time had not as many charms as it might now have upon the banks of the Hudson.

The Black Swamp.

There is no other region of equal area within the State which presents such a monotonous surface as the eighteen counties included in the Maumee valley, in what is known as the "Black Swamp" region, although only a part of them properly include the "Black Swamp."

There is no portion of the entire valley which could with propriety be termed "hilly;" yet there are portions, such as the northern part of Williams, a portion of Allen, Auglaize and other counties, which are gently undulating, yet scarce sufficiently so to merit the term "rolling." Nowhere are hills to be found. A very remarkable feature of the surface of the valley is the distinct outline of ancient beaches, locally known as "Sand Ridge," "Oak Ridge," "Sugar Ridge," and perhaps by other cognomens, and found in nearly every county forming the valley.

A Level Road—The principal one of these enters Ohio near Fayette, and passes in a southwesterly direction to Fort Wayne, Ind., and from here it takes a southeasterly course to Van Wert, Ohio, from there to Delphos, Columbus Grove, Findlay, Tiffin, Milan, and thence east. From the western portion of Cuyahoga county one may travel this ancient beach—for it is a good road throughout almost its entire length—250 miles by way of Tiffin, Forts Finley and Wayne, and through the counties of Defiance, Williams and Fulton, to the State of Michigan, and not be subject to an extreme range of seventy-five feet of variation in elevation in the entire distance. Its average altitude above the lake is about 225 feet. A second ridge enters the State in Ridgefield township, Lucas county; passes southwesterly and crosses the Maumee about two miles east of Defiance; thence to Ayresville, where it branches into two separate ridges nearly parallel; the inner ridge passes through the southern part of Henry, northeasterly through Wood and into Ottawa county; the outer one of these branches passes through Putnam, northern part of Hancock, into the southern part of Wood, and east into Seneca county, and from thence toward Fremont and Sandusky City.

Ancient Beaches of the Lake.—These are the principal ridges, but there are many smaller and intermediate ridges. These sand ridges are usually very narrow, but in places spread out over a considerable area, sometimes one-half to three-fourths of a mile. Then, again, they form vast dunes, as in Washington township, Henry county. This entire township may be regarded as one vast sand dune.

These ridges were undoubtedly the ancient shores or beaches of the lake, formed by the action of the waves, just as beaches are now forming on the shores of Lake Michigan.

Drainage Obstructed.—The course or direction of the ridges is, as a rule, parallel to the shore of the lake; or, in other words, at right angles to the general direction of the most rapid drainage. In consequence of their direction, drainage has most certainly been obstructed. We do not infrequently find a marsh created by the ridge presenting a permanent barrier to the passage of the accumulated waters to a lower level beyond. In other instances we find a stream deflected

This map shows Maumee Valley and the other divisions of Ohio as arranged by the late Prof. Klippart, Ohio State University.

John H. Schell, Photo., Ottawa, 1887.

PUTNAM COUNTY COURT-HOUSE, ETC., OTTAWA.

from the direction of the shortest and most rapid drainage, as in the case of Blanchard's fork or Auglaize river, at Findlay, where it is deflected west, and finds an outlet at Defiance into the Maumee, when its natural drainage—and everything is favorable for this latter except the ridge—would be through the middle or east branch of Portage river, and its waters to enter the lake at Port Clinton, instead of Toledo, via Defiance. It is by no means improbable that these beaches or ridges gave direction to the headwaters of the St. Joseph and Tiffin rivers, in Williams and Fulton counties, and caused them to make vast detours before their waters mingled with those of the lake. Williams county, having a general elevation of 250 feet above the lake, the surface of the county, except for these beaches, would have directed the waters of the St. Joseph through Fulton county, and thus have reached the lake after a flow of fifty miles instead of 160. The fifty-mile route would have afforded a fall of five feet per mile, whilst the actual route, estimating the sinuosities of the stream, is really less than one foot per mile.

Deflection of Rivers.—The Maumee valley is watered by the Maumee, Portage and Sandusky rivers and their tributaries. Notwithstanding the fact that a well-defined ancient beach exists in Van Wert, Allen, Putnam, Hancock and Seneca counties, having an average elevation of about 225 feet above the present level of the lake, and rudely conforming in its course to the present shore, the general direction of the three rivers above named is that of almost a right angle from this ancient beach to the lake; yet many of the principal tributaries flow in a direction parallel to the ancient beach, rather than in the direction of the principal streams.

The St. Mary river at Bremen, in Auglaize county, is distant from the lake about 120 miles; yet it flows northwesterly to Fort Wayne, Ind., where it joins the St. Joseph and forms the Maumee, its waters flowing 160 miles from Bremen to Toledo.

Blanchard's fork, rising in Hardin county, flows north into Hancock county, where it assumes the name of Auglaize; thence flows nearly parallel to the ancient beach in an almost due west direction, to the eastern boundary of Paulding county, a distance of about fifty miles; thence it flows northward and enters the Maumee at Defiance, having a descent of about 100 feet in sixty-five miles, or about eighteen inches per mile; but if from Findlay it flowed north, it would reach the lake in less than fifty miles, and have a descent of 200 feet, or four feet per mile.

The foregoing account of the natural phenomena which produced the Black Swamp is abridged from the report of an agricultural survey of the State, made in 1870, by Prof. J. H. Klippart.

An anecdote illustrating the difficulties of travel through this region early in the history of the State, is related in Waggoner's "History of Toledo and Lucas Counties:"

A Mud-hole Franchise.—Among the cultivated industries of that region at one time was the furnishing of relief to travelers, chiefly emigrants, whose teams were found to be incompetent for the condition of the road, the chief difficulty arising in their being stalled in the successive "mud-holes." So common had this become that some landlords provided themselves with extra yokes of oxen with which to extend the needed relief. This business came to be so far systematized that the rights of settlers to the "mud-hole" nearest them were mutually recognized. It was told that, on a time, a certain tavern-keeper, who had long held undisputed possession of a particularly fine "mud-hole," which he had cultivated with special care for the profit it brought him, sold his stand, preparatory to leaving the country. Regarding his interest in the "hole" as a franchise too valuable to be abandoned, he finally sold his quit-claim thereto to a neighbor for the sum of $5, being probably the only case on record of the sale of a "mud-hole," for use as such.

Some years since an extended system of draining and ditching was inaugurated in this region. The following account of what was done in Wood county will give some idea of the extent and value of the work. It is extracted from a communication to the Toledo *Commercial* by a very respectable citizen of Perrysburg:

Increase in Value through Drainage.—The improvement already made in the surface of the county has exceeded all expectation. Lands in this county which but a few years since were covered with interminable swamps and forest, purchasable at from two to ten dollars per acre, have been converted into good farms, now commanding from twenty to fifty dollars per acre. This marked change is mainly attributable to the extensive and excellent system of drainage or ditching, so vigorously pushed forward in every portion of the county. It is a source of congratulation that this same system of drainage is not confined to this county. It is doing as much for the agricultural development of neighboring counties, and is being as thoroughly and vigorously prosecuted. The face of the Black Swamp region at this time presents a complete network of ditches, draining the land of surplus water and improving and developing the resources of northwestern Ohio.

Ditches in Wood County.—The petition for the construction of the first ditch in Wood county was filed in the Auditor's office April 28, 1859, and up to September, 1869, there were constructed and in process of construction 140 ditches, whose aggregate length is 495 miles. The respective length of the ditches is as follows:

16 ditches are less than 1 mile in length.
95 " " 1 mile and less than 6.
20 " " 6 miles and less than 12.
1 ditch is 37⅞ miles long.

The last mentioned is designated as Ditch No. 12, and is "one of the institutions" of Wood county—a fact to which taxpayers can readily

testify. When entirely completed it will drain and render fit for cultivation not less than 50,000 acres of wet and swamp land. It has a total fall of 67½ feet. Its bottom width varies from ten to twenty feet, and its depth from one to eight feet. This one improvement alone might claim rank with ship canals without a very great degree of presumption. It is by this system of drainage that the entire area of country once known as the Black Swamp is being converted into a most fertile and productive region, and in a few years it will become one of the most valuable agricultural districts between the Alleghenies and the Mississippi.

Extensive Ditching.—Prof. Klippart reports that up to January, 1872, there had been constructed no less than 3,000 miles of main or county drains, and fully 2,000 miles of side or township drains; together with thousands of tile, plank and "sapling" under-drains. Putnam county alone had 604½ miles of main and 131 miles of side ditch, while Wood county came next with 371½ miles of main and 123½ miles of side ditch.

In an address to the pioneers of Wood county, delivered in September, 1890, Mr. N. H. Callard, of Perrysburg, summarizes the ditching of Wood county at that date as follows:

"The largest ditch, the Jackson cut-off, is nine miles long. Its construction cost $110,000 and it drains near 30,000 acres of land. The Touisant ditch is twenty-two miles long, the Rocky Ford seventeen miles, and the work performed on the different branches of the Portage has been large and effective. It has been estimated that the whole drainage system of Wood county, as it now is, including railway ditches, those on each public highway, and such as have been constructed by the farmers on their private property, will present an aggregate of 16,000 miles in length, and their cost will reach into the millions. These improvements form the basis of prosperity to the Wood county farmers. Without them they could have made but little progress in the cultivation of their farms or in the development of their crops."

LEIPSIC is eight miles north of Ottawa, at the crossing of the D. & M. and N. Y., C. & St. L. Railroads. Newspaper: *Free Press*, Independent, W. W. Smith, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Lutheran, 2 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Disciples, 1 Catholic, 1 United Brethren. Bank: Bank of Leipsic, A. Rosecrans.

Manufactures and Employees.—O. E. Townsend & Co., doors, sash, etc., 6 hands; Buckeye Stave Co., 36; O. W. Irish & Co., butchers' skewers and flagstaffs, 33; J. H. Fisher, carriages, etc., 5; A. F. Easton, lumber, 5.—*State Report, 1887.*

Population, 1880, 681. School census, 1888, 409. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, $50,530. Value of annual product, $63,300.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

COLUMBUS GROVE is seven miles south of Ottawa, on the D. & M. and C. W. Railroads. It has five churches. City officers, 1888; James Beford, Mayor; J. W. Morris, Clerk; John Keller, Treasurer; Jesse Fruchey, Marshal. Newspaper: *Putnam County Vidette*, Republican, W. C. Tingle, editor and publisher. Bank: Exchange, Simon Mapel, president, T. J. Mapel, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—J. F. McBride, jeans, blankets, etc., 8 hands; Buckeye Stave Co., 60; J. S. Lehman & Co., drain tile, 6; M. Pease, flour, etc., 5; Crawford & Co., lumber, 4; Perkins & Allen, doors, sash, etc., 10; J. F. Jones, axe-handles, 15; Henderson & Light, flour, etc., 5; W. R. Kaufman, drain tile, 6.—*State Report, 1887.*

Population, 1880, 1,392. School census, 1888, 509; E. Ward, superintendent. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, $45,000. Value of annual product, $50,500.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

GILBOA is seven miles east of Ottawa. Population, 1880, 287. School census, 1888, 105.

KALIDA is nine miles southwest of Ottawa, on the Ottawa river. Population, 1880, 404. School census, 1888, 151.

BELMORE is eleven miles northeast of Ottawa, on the D. & M. Railroad. Population, 1880, 445. School census, 1888, 189.

DUPONT is sixteen miles west of Ottawa, on the Auglaize river and T., St. L. & K. C. Railroad. It has one Christian and one Methodist Episcopal church. School census, 1888, 150.

GLANDORF is two miles west of Ottawa. It has one church, Catholic. School census, 1888, 375.

FORT JENNINGS is so called from a stockade erected here by Col. Jennings in 1812. It is eighteen miles southwest of Ottawa, on the Auglaize river and on the T., St. L. & K. C. Railroad. It has two churches: one Catholic and one Lutheran. School census, 1888 295.

RICHLAND.

RICHLAND COUNTY was organized March 1, 1813, and named from the character of its soil. About one-half of the county is level, inclining to clay, and adapted to grass. The remainder is rolling, adapted to wheat, and some parts to corn, and well watered. Area, about 490 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 165,970; in pasture, 71,752; woodland, 63,143; lying waste, 4,986; produced in wheat, 520,776 bushels; rye, 6,699; buckwheat, 905; oats, 783,314; barley, 8,100; corn, 712,143; meadow hay, 30,636 tons; clover hay, 13,470; flax, 6,600 lbs. fibre; potatoes, 93,054 bushels; butter, 682,564 lbs.; cheese, 11,240; sorghum, 902 gallons; maple syrup, 27,577; honey, 6,332 lbs.; eggs, 503,168 dozen; grapes, 12,295 lbs.; apples, 14,257 bushels; peaches, 7,953; pears, 1,709; wool, 251,873 lbs.; milch cows owned, 7,289. School census, 1888, 11,189; teachers, 343. Miles of railroad track, 155.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Auburn,	1,020		Monroe,	1,627	1,888
Bloomfield,	1,294	1,181	Montgomery,	2,445	
Blooming Grove,	1,495		Orange,	1,840	
Butler,		789	Perry,	1,852	656
Cass,		1,614	Plymouth,	1,934	1,700
Clear Creek,	1,653		Sandusky,	1,465	723
Congress,	1,248		Sharon,	1,675	2,981
Franklin,	1,668	967	Springfield,	1,685	1,617
Green,	2,007		Troy,	1,939	1,424
Hanover,	1,485		Vermilion,	2,402	
Jackson,		977	Vernon,	1,040	
Jefferson,	2,325	2,449	Washington,	1,915	1,599
Madison,	3,206	11,675	Weller,		1,076
Mifflin,	1,800	930	Worthington,	1,942	2,060
Milton,	1,861				

Population of Richland in 1820 was 9,186; 1830, 24,007; 1840, 44,823; 1860, 31,158; 1880, 36,306; of whom 27,251 were born in Ohio; 3,931, Pennsylvania; 602, New York; 254, Virginia; 228, Indiana; 28, Kentucky; 1,563, German Empire; 446, Ireland; 387, England and Wales; 81, British America; 60, Scotland; 51, France, and 10, Sweden and Norway. Census, 1890, 38,072.

A large proportion of the early settlers of Richland emigrated from Pennsylvania, many of whom were of German origin, and many Scotch-Irish Presbyterians. It was first settled, about the year 1809, on branches of the Mohiccan. The names of the first settlers, as far as recollected, are Henry M'Cart, Andrew Craig, James Cunningham, Abm. Baughman, Henry Nail, Samuel Lewis, Peter

Kinney, Calvin Hill, John Murphy, Thomas Coulter, Melzer Tannehill, Isaac Martin, Stephen Van Schoick, Archibald Gardner and James M'Clure.

In September, 1812, shortly after the breaking out of the war with Great Britain, two block-houses were built in Mansfield. One stood about six rods west of the site of the court-house, and the other a rod or two north. The first was built by a company commanded by Capt. Shaeffer, from Fairfield county, and the other by the company of Col. Chas. Williams, of Coshocton. A garrison was stationed at the place, until after the battle of the Thames.

At the commencement of hostilities, there was a settlement of friendly Indians, of the Delaware tribe, at a place called Greentown, about 12 miles southeast of Mansfield, within the present township of Green, now in Ashland county. It was a village consisting of some 60 cabins, with a council-house about 60 feet long, 25 wide, one-story in height, and built of posts and clapboarded. The village contained several hundred persons. As a measure of safety, they were collected, in August, 1812, and sent to some place in the western part of the State, under protection of the government. They were first brought to Mansfield, and placed under guard, near where the tan-yard now is, on the run. While there, a young Indian and squaw came up to the block-house, with a request to the chaplain, Rev. James Smith, of Mount Vernon, to marry them after the manner of the whites. In the absence of the guard, who had come up to witness the ceremony, an old Indian and his daughter, aged about 12 years, who were from Indiana, took advantage of the circumstance and escaped. Two spies from Coshocton, named Morrison and M'Culloch, met them near the run, about a mile northwest of Mansfield, on what is now the farm of E. P. Sturges. As the commanding officer, Col. Kratzer, had given orders to shoot all Indians found out of the bounds of the place, under an impression that all such must be hostile, Morrison, on discovering them, shot the father through the breast. He fell mortally wounded, then springing up, ran about 200 yards, and fell to rise no more. The girl escaped. The men returned and gave the information. A party of 12 men were ordered out, half of whom were under Serjeant John C. Gilkison, now (1846) of Mansfield. The men flanked on each side of the run. As Gilkison came up, he found the fallen Indian on the north side of the run, and at every breath he drew, blood flowed through the bullet-hole in his chest. Morrison next came up, and called to M'Culloch to come and take revenge. Gilkison then asked the Indian who he was: he replied, "A friend." M'Culloch, who had by this time joined them, exclaimed as he drew his tomahawk, "D—n you! I'll make a friend of you!" and aimed a blow at his head; but it glanced, and was not mortal. At this he placed one foot on the neck of the prostrate Indian, and drawing out his tomahawk, with another blow buried it in his brains. The poor fellow gave one quiver, and then all was over.

Gilkison had in vain endeavored to prevent this inhuman deed, and now requested M'Culloch to bury the Indian. "D—n him! no!" was the answer; "they killed two or three brothers of mine, and never buried them." The second day following, the Indian was buried, but it was so slightly done that his ribs were seen projecting above ground for two or three years after.

This M'Culloch continued an Indian fighter until his death. He made it a rule to kill every Indian he met, whether friend or foe. Mr. Gilkison saw him some time after, on his way to Sandusky, dressed as an Indian. To his question, "Where are you going?" he replied, "To get more revenge!"

Mr. Levi Jones was shot by some Greentown Indians in the northern part of Mansfield, early in the war, somewhere near the site of Riley's Mill. He kept a store in Mansfield, and when the Greentown Indians left, refused to give up some rifles they had left as security for debt. He was waylaid, and shot and scalped. The report of the rifles being heard in town, a party went out and found his body much mutilated, and buried him in the old graveyard.

After the war, some of the Greentown Indians returned to the county to hunt, but their town having been destroyed, they had no fixed residence. Two of them, young men by the names of Seneca John and Quilipetoxe, came to Mansfield one noon, had a frolic in Williams' tavern, on the site of the North American hotel, and quarrelled with some whites. About four o'clock in the afternoon they left, partially intoxicated. The others, five in number, went in pursuit, vowing revenge. They overtook them about a mile east of town, shot them down, and buried them at the foot of a large maple on the edge of the swamp, by thrusting their bodies down deep in the mud. The place is known as "Spook Hollow."—*Old Edition.*

In the war of 1812 occurred two tragic events near the county line of Ashland. These were, the murder by the Indians of Martin Ruffner, Frederick Zimmer and family, on the Black Fork of the Mohiccan; and the tragedy at the cabin of James Copus. For details see Ashland County.

TRAVELLING NOTES.

The name MANSFIELD is with me a very old memory, that of a personal acquaintance with the eminent character, COL. JARED MANSFIELD, in whose honor the place was named. One incident is indelibly impressed in connection with his death, which occurred in his native place, New Haven, Connecticut, February 3, 1830, now more than sixty years since. On that occasion my father had involved upon him a delicate duty, to write to Mrs. Mansfield, then in Cincinnati, of the event. And as he walked the floor to and fro pondering, he turned to me and said he was troubled to think how he could the most appropriately and gently impart the sad tidings.

The Mansfields have been eminent people. The late Edward Deering Mansfield, "the Sage of Yamoyden," Ohio's statistician and journalist, was his only son: while General Joseph K. F. Mansfield, the old army officer, who fell at Antietam, was his nephew.

COL. JARED MANSFIELD was rising of 70 years of age, a tall venerable silver-haired old gentleman, and one of the great, useful characters of his day. It was under his teachings that our famed military school at West Point got its start, in the beginning years of this century.

In giving him the position of Surveyor-General of the Northwest Territory the good judgment of Thomas Jefferson was illustrated. In person and qualities he resembled his own son, Edward Deering; had the same strongly pronounced Roman nose, the same childlike simplicity of speech, and the same loud, guileless laugh. This last was one of the life troubles of Mrs. Mansfield; a somewhat proud, punctilious old lady, ever mindful of the proprieties. She "wished the Colonel"—she was always thus careful to give his title—she "wished the Colonel would not laugh so loud; it was so undignified."

Mrs. Mansfield herself was one of the strong-minded and most elegant of the pioneer women of Ohio and deserves a notice. She was a girl-mate and life-long friend of my mother, and so I have the facts. The family came out to Ohio in 1803, and settled in Cincinnati in 1805, when, as her son wrote, it was "a dirty little village." She was a society-leader, and introduced the custom of New Year calls; a queenly woman withal, of high Christian principles; a close thinker and great reader; suave and gracious in manner, but imperious in will. True to her sex, she looked for admiration and respect, and, as was her due, received them.

She had come from a commanding stock and inherited the qualities for leadership. Her father and family—the Phipps—had largely been shipmasters. Among them was Sir William Phipps, a shipmaster, an early governor of Massachusetts; a generous man, but imperious, "quick to go on his muscle." Another is remembered, not by his name, but for the usual manner of his "taking off." He was in command of a frigate. It had just arrived, and anchored in the harbor of Halifax. Date 1740, or thereabouts. He personally landed in a small boat, having left orders for his ship to fire the usual salute for such an event, and was walking on the dock, leading a boy by the hand. By an oversight in loading the guns for the salute, a previous load that was in one of them had not been withdrawn. It had been loaded with ball while at sea, That ball went ashore and cut him in two; the lad was unharmed.

Mansfield, in his "Personal Memories," gives a handsome tribute to his father, in some very interesting and instructive paragraphs. He says: My father's family came from Exeter, in England, and were among the first settlers in New Haven, in 1639. My father, Jared Mansfield, was, all his life, a teacher, a professor, and a man of science. He began his life as a teacher in New Haven, where he taught a mathematical school, and afterward taught at the "Friends' Academy," in Philadelphia, where he was during the great yellow-fever season, and went from there to West Point, where he taught in the Military Academy, in 1802–3 and in 1814–28. In the meantime, however, he was nine years in the State of Ohio, holding the position of Surveyor-General of the United States. The manner of his appointment and the work he performed will illustrate his character, and introduce a small but interesting chapter of events.

While teaching at New Haven, he had several pupils who afterward became famous or rather distinguished men. Two of these were Abraham and Henry Baldwin. The first was afterward United States Senator from Georgia, and the second, Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States. These boys, as may be inferred, had decided talents, but were full of mischief. One day they played a bad trick upon my father, their

teacher, and he whipped them very severely. Their father complained, and the case came before a magistrate; but my father was acquitted. It may be thought that the boys would have become my father's enemies. Not so; they were of a generous temperament, and knew their conduct had been wrong; this they acknowledged, and they became my father's fast friends. Judge Henry Baldwin told me that nothing had ever done him so much good as that whipping; and the brothers were warm in their friendship to my father, both in word and act.

While teaching in New Haven he published a book entitled "Essays on Mathematics." It was an original work, and but a few copies were sold; for there were but few men in the country who could understand it. The book, however, established his reputation as a man of science, and greatly influenced his after life. Abraham Baldwin was at that time senator from Georgia, and brought this book to the notice of Mr. Jefferson, who was fond of science and scientific men. The consequence was that my father became a captain of engineers, appointed by Mr. Jefferson, with a view to his becoming one of the professors at the West Point Military Academy, then established by law. Accordingly, he and Captain Barron, also of the engineers, were ordered to West Point, and became the first teachers of the West Point cadets in 1802. He was there about a year, when he received a new appointment to a new and more arduous field in the West.

Mr. Jefferson had been but a short time in office, when he became annoyed by the fact that the public surveys were going wrong, for the want of establishing meridian lines, with base lines at right angles to them. The surveyors at that time, including Gen. Rufus Putnam, then surveyor-general, could not do this. Mr. Jefferson wanted a man who could perform this work well; necessarily, therefore, a scientific man. This came to the ears of Mr. Baldwin, who strongly recommended my father as being, in fact, the most scientific man of the country. My father did not quite like the idea of such a work; for he was a scholar and mathematician, fond of a quiet and retired life.

He foresaw, clearly, that going to Ohio, then a frontier State, largely inhabited by Indians and wolves, to engage in public business involving large responsibilities, would necessarily give him more or less of trouble and vexation. He was, however, induced to go, under conditions which, I think, were never granted to any other officer. It was agreed that, while he was engaged in the public service in the West, his commission in the engineer corps should go on, and he be entitled to promotion, although he received but one salary, that of surveyor-general. In accordance with this agreement, he received two promotions while in Ohio; and his professorship at West Point was (on the recommendation of President Madison) subsequently, by law, conformed to the agreement, with the rank and emoluments of lieutenant-colonel.

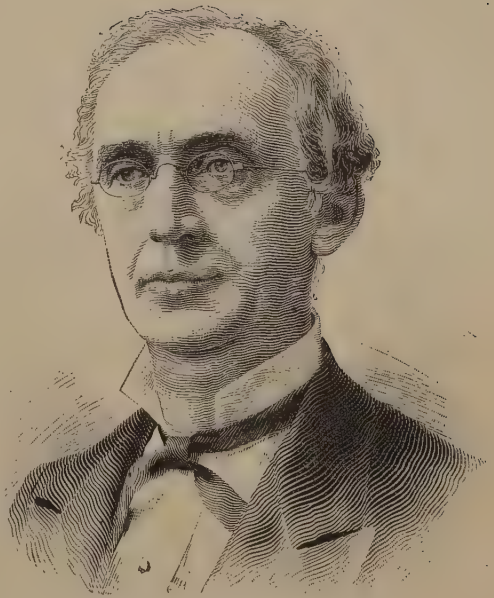
My father, so far as I know, was the only man appointed to an important public office solely on the ground of his scientific attainments. This was due to Mr. Jefferson, who, if not himself a man of science, was really a friend of science.

Mansfield in 1846.—Mansfield, the county-seat, is sixty-eight miles northerly from Columbus, twenty-five from Mount Vernon, and about forty-five from Sandusky City. Its situation is beautiful, upon a commanding elevation, overlooking a country handsomely disposed in hills and valleys. The streets are narrow, and the town is compactly built, giving it a city-like appearance. The completion of the railroad through here to Sandusky City has added much to its business facilities, and it is now thriving and increasing rapidly.

It was laid out in 1808 by James Hedges, Jacob Newman, and Joseph H. Larwill. The last-named gentleman pitched his tent on the rise of ground above the Big Spring, and opened the first sale of lots on the 8th of October. The country all around was then a wilderness, with no roads through it. The first purchasers came in from the counties of Knox, Columbiana, Stark, etc. Among the first settlers were George Coffinberry, William Winship, Rollin Weldon, J. C. Gilkison, John Wallace, and Joseph Middleton. In 1817 about twenty dwellings were in the place—all cabins, except the frame tavern of Samuel Williams, which stood on the site of the *North American*, and is now the private residence of Joseph Hildreth, Esq. The only store at that time was that of E. P. Sturges, a small frame which stood on the northwest corner of the public square, on the spot where the annexed view was taken. The Methodists erected the first church.

Mansfield contains one Baptist, one Union, one Seceder, one Disciples', one Methodist, one Presbyterian, and one Congregational church—the last of which is one of the most substantial and elegant churches in Ohio; two newspaper printing-offices, two hardware, one book and twenty dry-goods stores, and had, in 1840, 1,328 inhabitants, and in 1846, 2,330.—*Old Edition.*

JOHN SHERMAN, U. S. SENATE.



HENRY B. PAYNE, U. S. SENATE.

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

PUBLIC SQUARE. MANSFIELD.

W. B. Kimball, Photo., Columbus, 1890.

PUBLIC SQUARE, MANSFIELD.

MANSFIELD, county-seat of Richland, is about midway between Columbus and Cleveland, about sixty-three miles from each. It is a prosperous manufacturing and railroad centre; is on the P., Ft. W. & C., B. & O., L. E. & W., and N. W. O. Railroads. The Intermediate Penitentiary is now in course of erection there. County officers, 1888: Auditor, John U. Nunmaker; Clerk, John C. Burns; Commissioners, Christian Baer, David Boals, John Iler; Coroner, Eli Stofer; Infirmary Directors, George Becker, Edwin Payne, Joseph Fisher; Probate Judge, Andrew J. Mack; Prosecuting Attorney, Hubbert E. Bell; Recorder, William F. Voegele; Sheriff, Bartholomew Flannery; Surveyor, Orlando F. Stewart; Treasurer, Edward Remy. City officers, 1888: Mayor, R. B. McCrory; Clerk, John Y. Gessner; Marshal, H. W. Lemon; Civil Engineer, Jacob Laird; Chief of Fire Department, George Knofflock; Street Commissioner, A. C. Lewis; Solicitor, Marion Douglass. Newspapers: *Herald*, Republican, George U. and W. F. Harn, editors; *News*, Republican, Cappeller and Hiestand, editors; *Shield and Banner*, Democratic, Gaumer and Johnston, editors; *Courier*, German, L. S. Kuebler, editor and publisher; *Democrat*, Democratic, A. J. Baughman, editor and publisher; *Buckeye Farmer*, agricultural, W. N. Mason, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Baptist, 1 Believers in Christ, 1 Catholic, 1 Christian, 1 Congregational, 1 Evangelical German, 3 Lutheran, 1 Episcopal Methodist, 1 African Methodist, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Reformed Presbyterian, 1 United Brethren, 1 Protestant Episcopal. Banks: Citizens' National, George T. Carpenter, president, S. A. Jennings, cashier; Farmers' National, J. S. Hedges, president; Mansfield Savings, M. D. Harter, president, R. Brinkerhoff, cashier; Sturges', W. M. Sturges, president, John Wood, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—Larabee Manufacturing Co., vehicle chafe irons, 12 hands; Bodine Roofing Co., 7; E. J. Forney & Co., linseed oil, 9; Jacob Cline, cooperage, 18; Bissman & Co., coffee, spices, etc., 16; Union Foundry and Machine Co., 12; Gilbert, Waugh & Co., flour, etc., 15; Hicks-Brown Co., flour, etc., 15; Mansfield Barrel Co., cooperage, 14; Barnett Brass Co., brass goods, 42; Aultman & Taylor Co., engines, etc., 330; Nail & Ford, planing mill, 25; Mansfield Plating Co., nickel-plating, 11; Buckeye Suspender Co., 84; Mansfield Steam Boiler Works, 42; Mansfield Carriage Hardware Co., 57; Humphrey Manufacturing Co., pumps, etc., 182; Mansfield Machine Works, 100; Mansfield Buggy Co., 97; Faust & Wappner, furniture, 4; S. N. Ford & Co., sash, doors and blinds, 70; Baxter Stove Co., 96; Mills, Ellsworth & Co., bending works, 25; R. Lean & Son, harrows, 12; Western Suspender Co., suspenders, 85; Crawford & Taylor, crackers, etc., 80; *Herald* Co., printing, 21; Hautzenroeder & Co., cigars, 285; Danforth & Proctor, sash, doors and blinds, 25; Ohio Suspender Co., 33; Mansfield Box Manufacturing Co., paper boxes, 15; *Shield and Banner* Co., printing, 19; *News* Printing Co., printing and binding, 22.—*State Report, 1888.*

Mansfield is a rich agricultural centre and heavy wood market. Great attention is given to the improvement of farm stock, as horses, cattle, swine, etc. Population, 1880, 9,859. School census, 1888, 3,589; John Simpson, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, $1,036,500. Value of annual product, $2,592,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887.*

Census, 1890, 13,473.

Mansfield, in 1846, was reached by a railroad from Sandusky, and I came here by it, though they were not then running regular trains. Everything about it was rough and crude. The track had thin, flat bars of iron spiked on wood, and our train consisted of a locomotive, tender, and a single car with a few rough seats, what they called in those days a "Jim Crow" car. In this car was a young man of great height; slender, pale, and then just 23 years of age. He was attired with studied neatness, and looked to me like a college student, pale and thoughtful. He sat in statue-like silence; not a word escaped his lips. But I noticed he had his eyes well open; nothing seemed to fail his observation. My saddle-

bags, containing valuable drawings and notes, had been taken in charge by the railroad man, and I knew not its whereabouts. In talking with him about it, I showed, as I felt, a nervous anxiety. The young man heard my every word, and the thought came over me, "You must think I am very fussy." He could not realize how important to me were those saddle-bags. Since that day our country has gone through much. We, of advanced years, who have lived through its periods of deadly peril, and suffered the agonies of its sore adversities, alone can realize how much. But I know not a living man who has done such a prolonged, united to such a great, service to the United States, as the silent, reflecting youth who sat by me on that day—JOHN SHERMAN.

Sunday morning, the first day of November, 1886, arrived, and I was again in Mansfield. The town is on a hill; on its summit is the public square, containing about three acres; around it are grouped the public buildings. On it is the soldiers' monument, a band-stand, a pyramid of cannon and a fountain, and these things appear under a canopy of overhanging trees.

After breakfast I walked thither and looked around. The day was one of the autumnal show-days; the sun bright, the air balmy, the foliage gay in softly blending hues. Standing there, enjoying the scene, a large, portly gentleman of about 60 years of age approached me. He had in his hand a book—was on his way to open Sunday-school. He was a stranger, and I stopped him to make inquiries about the surroundings. He seemed pleased, it being complimentary to his superior knowledge. A moment later I made myself known. I could not have met a better man for my queries. It was Mr. Henry C. Hedges; he was town-born and loved the spot; and when I remarked, "It is an honor to this town to possess such a citizen as John Sherman," it hit like a centre-shot. The remark was in innocence of the fact that he was the old law partner of Mr. Sherman, and his most intimate friend. "You had better go and see him?" said he. "Oh, no, it is Sunday, and it will be an intrusion." "The better the day, the better the deed. He has just ended a speaking campaign, and now is the very time. He will be glad to welcome you."

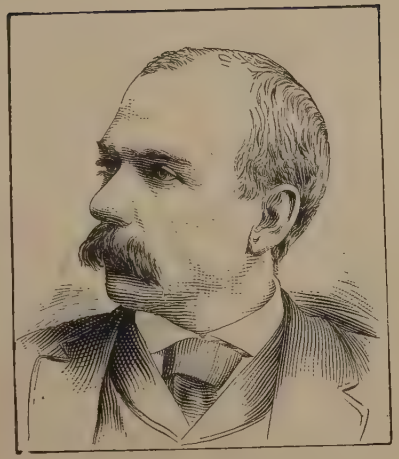
Mr. Sherman's was near the end of a fine avenue of homes, on the high ground, about a mile distant. I walked thither. The bells were ringing for church, and I met the people in loving family groups on their way to worship. The autumnal sun filled the air with balm and gladness, and the leaves glinted in its rays their hues of dying beauty. The home I found an ample brick mansion, with a mansard roof, on a summit, with a grand outlook to the north, east and west. It is on a lawn, about 200 feet from the avenue, in the midst of evergreens and other trees. The home place has about eight acres, with a large farm attached, on which are orchards abounding in choicest fruits.

The last distant tones of the bells had died on the air, and the leaves ceased rustling under my feet as I reached the door of the mansion. I found Mr. Sherman alone in his library; the ladies had gone to church. His greeting was with his characteristic calm cordiality. There is no gush about John Sherman. Simplicity, directness and integrity mark alike his intercourse and thought. These qualities are illustrated in those paragraphs forming the conclusion of a speech made in Congress, January 28, 1858:

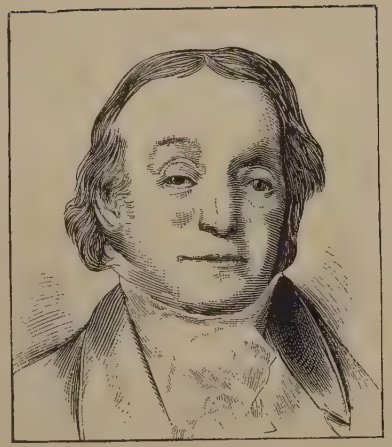
"In conclusion, allow me to impress the South with two important warnings she has received in her struggle for Kansas. One is, that though her able and disciplined leaders on this floor, aided by executive patronage, may give her the power to overthrow legislative compacts, yet, while the sturdy integrity of the Northern masses stands in her way, she can gain no practical advantage by her well-laid schemes. The other is, that while she may indulge with impunity the spirit of filibusterism, or lawless and violent adventure upon a feeble and distracted people in Mexico and Central America, she must not come in contact with that cool, determined courage and resolution which forms the striking characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race. In such a contest, her hasty and impetuous violence may succeed for a time, but the victory will be short-lived and leave nothing but bitterness behind.

"*Let us not war with each other; but, with the grasp of fellowship and friendship, regard to the full each other's rights, and let us be kind to each other's faults; let us go hand-in-hand in securing to every portion of our people their constitutional rights.*"

I had never met Mr. Sherman to speak with him until ten days before, and then, but for a moment, and now I had called upon his then-given invitation. He was at leisure for conversation, and passing me a cigar we talked for a while and then he took me on a short walk around the place. The outlook



MICHAEL D. HARTER.



COL. JARED MANSFIELD.

GEN. ROELIFF BRINKERHOFF.

was magnificent—the town in the distance; the valley through which runs the Mohiccan, and the distant gently sloping hills. The place is 700 feet above Lake Erie, distant in a direct line about 40 miles.

Everything about it and the mansion within is on the expansive, generous scale, substantial and comfortable. Chesterfield once took Dr. Johnson over his place, and as the doctor concluded his rounds, he turned to Chesterfield and said, with a sigh, "Ah! my lord, it is the possession of such things that must make it so hard to die."

The mansion is spacious in its varied apartments, and the walls are filled with books, and by the thousands, and they are there in great variety, and in many lines of human interest. The history of our country is all told, the utterances of her most eloquent sons; the deeds of her heroes; the acts of her statemen. Many of the works are of elegance, many out of print, and of priceless value. He took me to the large rooms under the roof, where is his working library, consisting largely of books appertaining to American legislation and to law. In this great collection it is said, there is not one official act of Government since its foundation that is not recorded, nor a report or utterance by an official, Congressman or Senator of any moment, that is not given.

Such are the equipments of a Statesman who has made a life-study of, and had a life-experience in behalf of a righteous government for this American people. I don't say *great* American people: every reader feels the adjective.

In Mr. Sherman's safe are over 40,000 letters: largely from noted characters, but so carefully classified, that any one can be found in a twinkling. Among them is the famous letter from his brother, the General, giving the first authentic intelligence of the discovery of gold in California.

The greatest curiosity he produced were two large volumes containing perhaps a thousand letters, written by the General to him, from the year 1862 to 1867, embracing the period of the civil war.

From youth they had begun a correspondence. The General, during his most arduous military duties—in the midst of his famous march to the sea—took time to write long letters to his brother, and he in like manner to him. What a mine they will be to the future historian, as revealing the workings of the minds of the famous brothers, in the light of the events in the passing panorama of that stupendous era. The lifelong affection between them has no other, nor to our knowledge a like example in the history of our eminent public men.

On the opposite side of the avenue from Mr. Sherman's are the homes of two other gentlemen, bright lights in Ohio, upon whom he thought I ought to call. GENERAL ROELIFF BRINKERHOFF and M. D. HARTER. I took his advice. The first I had met, the other I had not, but, when I did, he pleased me by saying that he remembered "when a very little boy, lying on the floor looking at the pictures in Mr. Howe's Historical Collections of Ohio." It seems to be the custom now-a-days to write of lights while yet shining, and call it "contemporaneous biography." Our ancestors waited until their lights were glimmer and then on their tombstones told how bright had been their scintillations.

GENERAL ROELIFF BRINKERHOFF had for his remote ancestor Joris Derickson Brinkerhoff, who came in 1638, from Holland to Brooklyn, N. Y., and "bringing with him his wife, Susannah:" certainly pleasing in name and we opine pleasing in person. Providence seems to have blessed the twain, inasmuch as they were the originals of all the Brinkerhoffs in America. Roeliff is of the seventh generation, and had among his ancestors some French Huguenots. He was born in Owasco, N. Y., in 1828. At 16 he began teaching school in his native town; at 19, was private tutor in the family of Andrew Jackson, Jr., at the Hermitage, Tennessee: this was two years after the death of the General. At the age of 22, he came north and acquired the profession of the law, in the office of his kinsman, Hon. Jacob Brinkerhoff, in Mansfield: and when the war broke out, was one of the proprietors and editors of the Mansfield *Herald*. Going into the Union army in 1861, he was soon assigned to the position of Regimental Quartermaster of the 64th Ohio, and rose very high in that department, first in the west and then in the east. At one time was Post Quartermaster at Washington City; in 1865, Colonel and Inspector of the Quartermaster's Department; he was then retained on duty at the War Office, with Secretary Stanton; later was Chief Quartermaster at Cincinnati, and in 1866, after five years' continuous service, retired with the commission of Brigadier-General.

General Brinkerhoff is the author of "The Volunteer Quartermaster," which is still the standard guide for the Quartermaster's Department. As a member of the Board of State Charities, and as President of the National Board of Charities, he has won by his executive capacity high honor and wide recognition.

He has given for years much study on the subject of prison reform. Largely through his efforts, Mansfield was selected as the site for the State Intermediate Penitentiary. The site is about a mile north of the town, and the corner-stone was laid November 5, 1886.

MICHAEL D. HARTER is the head in Mansfield of that great manufacturing concern,

"The Aultman & Taylor Co." He was born in Canton, in 1846; the son of a merchant and banker. He is a highly respected and genial gentleman, patriotic and public-spirited; the gift of the handsome soldiers' monument in the public square at Mansfield is one of the many illustrations of these qualities. His religious attachment is Lutheran and his politics Democratic, believing in the axiom, "That government is best, which governs the least." He is prominent as the champion in Ohio of the policy of FREE TRADE and Civil Service Reform.

One of the most hale and vigorous old gentlemen I met on my tour was DR. WILLIAM BUSHNELL, of Mansfield. He was born about the year 1800. After the surrender of Hull, he, being then in his twelfth year, went with his father with the troops from Trumbull County, to the camp near Cleveland. A battle being imminent with the Indians, his father told him he must go back home. He obeyed reluctantly, for he so wanted to take part in a fight and pop over an Indian or two. He retraced his steps alone through the dense wilderness, guided only by the trail left by the regiment. He said to me, "When I got into Wayne township, Ashtabula county, I came to a cabin, was worn out and half starved, and there I found the biggest people I had ever seen; and it appears to me now, as I think of it, I have scarcely seen any since so big. They took me in and almost overwhelmed me with kindness. They were the parents of Joshua R. Giddings, who was then a seventeen-year-old boy about the place, swinging his axe into the tall timber. In 1878, Dr. Bushnell was the delegate from Ohio to the International Prison Reform Congress, called by the Swedish Government, and held at Stockholm. The portrait of a solid strong white-bearded patriarch forms the frontispiece to Graham's History of Richland Co., and in fac-simile under it is the signature of Wm. Bushnell, M. D.

JOHNNY APPLESEED.

At an early day, there was a very eccentric character who frequently was in this region, well remembered by the early settlers. His name was John Chapman, but he was usually known as *Johnny Appleseed*. He came originally from New England.

JOHNNY APPLESEED.

He had imbibed a remarkable passion for the rearing and cultivation of apple trees from the seed. He first made his appearance in western Pennsylvania, and from thence made his way into Ohio, keeping on the outskirts of the settlements, and following his favorite pursuit. He was accustomed to clear spots in the loamy lands on the banks of the streams, plant his seeds, enclose the ground, and then leave the place until the trees had in a measure grown. When the settlers began to flock in and open their "clearings," Johnny was ready for them with his young trees, which he either gave away or sold for some trifle, as an old coat, or any article of which he could make use. Thus he proceeded for many years, until the whole country was in a measure settled and supplied with apple trees, deriving self-satisfaction amounting to almost delight, in the indulgence of his engrossing passion. About 20 years since he removed to the far west, there to enact over again the same career of humble usefulness which had been his occupation here.

His personal appearance was as singular as his character. He was quick and restless in his motions and conversation; his beard and hair were long and dark,

and his eye black and sparkling. He lived the roughest life, and often slept in the woods. His clothing was mostly old, being generally given to him in exchange for apple trees. He went bare-footed, and often travelled miles through the snow in that way. In doctrine he was a follower of Swedenborg, leading a moral, blameless life, likening himself to the primitive Christians, literally taking no thought for the morrow. Wherever he went he circulated Swedenborgian works, and if short of them would tear a book in two and give each part to different persons. He was careful not to injure any animal, and thought hunting morally wrong. He was welcome everywhere among the settlers, and was treated with great kindness even by the Indians. We give a few anecdotes, illustrative of his character and eccentricities.

On one cool autumnal night, while lying by his camp-fire in the woods, he observed that the mosquitoes flew in the blaze and were burnt. Johnny, who wore on his head a tin utensil which answered both as a cap and a mush pot, filled it with water and quenched the fire, and afterwards remarked, "God forbid that I should build a fire for my comfort, that should be the means of destroying any of His creatures." Another time he made his camp-fire at the end of a hollow log in which he intended to pass the night, but finding it occupied by a bear and cubs, he removed his fire to the other end, and slept on the snow in the open air, rather than disturb the bear. He was one morning on a prairie, and was bitten by a rattlesnake. Some time after, a friend inquired of him about the matter. He drew a long sigh and replied, "Poor fellow! he only just touched me, when I, in an ungodly passion, put the heel of my scythe on him and went home. Some time after I went there for my scythe, and there lay the poor fellow dead." He bought a coffee bag, made a hole in the bottom, through which he thrust his head and wore it as a cloak, saying it was as good as anything. An itinerant preacher was holding forth on the public square in Mansfield, and exclaimed, "Where is the bare-footed Christian, travelling to heaven!" Johnny, who was lying on his back on some timber, taking the question in its literal sense, raised his bare feet in the air, and vociferated *"Here he is!"*

The foregoing account of this philanthropic oddity is from our original edition. In the appendix to the novel, by Rev. James McGaw, entitled "Philip Seymour; or, Pioneer Life in Richland County," is a full sketch of Johnny, by Miss Rosella Price, who knew him well. When the Copus monument was erected, she had his name carved upon it in honor of his memory. We annex her sketch of him in an abridged form. The portrait was drawn by an artist from her personal recollection, and published in A. A. Graham's "History of Richland County:"

Johnny Appleseed's Relatives.—John Chapman was born at or near Springfield, Mass., in the year 1775. About the year 1801 he came with his half-brother to Ohio, and a year or two later his father's family removed to Marietta, Ohio. Soon after Johnny located in Pennsylvania, near Pittsburg, and began the nursery business and continued it on west. Johnny's father, Nathaniel, senior, moved from Marietta to Duck creek, where he died. The Chapman family was a large one, and many of Johnny's relatives were scattered throughout Ohio and Indiana.

Johnny was famous throughout Ohio as early as 1811. A pioneer of Jefferson county said the first time he ever saw Johnny he was going down the river, in 1806, with two canoes lashed together, and well laden with apple-seeds, which he had obtained at the cider presses of Western Pennsylvania. Sometimes he carried a bag or two of seeds on an old horse; but more frequently he bore them on his back, going from place to place on the wild frontier; clearing a little patch, surrounding it with a rude enclosure, and planting seeds therein. He had little nurseries all through Ohio, Pennsylvania and Indiana.

How Regarded by the Early Settlers.—I can remember how Johnny looked in his queer clothing-combination suit, as the girls of now-a-days would call it. He was such a good, kind, generous man, that he thought it was wrong to expend money on clothes to be worn just for the fine appearance; he thought if he was comfortably clad, and in attire that suited the weather, it was sufficient. His head-covering was often a pasteboard hat of his own making, with one broad side to it, that he wore next the sunshine to protect his face. It was a very unsightly object, to be sure, and yet never one of us children ventured to laugh at it. We held Johnny in

tender regard. His pantaloons were old, and scant and short, with some sort of a substitute for "gallows" or suspenders. He never wore a coat except in the winter-time; and his feet were knobby and horny and frequently bare. Sometimes he wore old shoes; but if he had none, and the rough roads hurt his feet, he substituted sandals—rude soles, with thong fastenings. The bosom of his shirt was always pulled out loosely, so as to make a kind of pocket or pouch, in which he carried his books.

Johnny's Nurseries.—All the orchards in the white settlements came from the nurseries of Johnny's planting. Even now, after all these years, and though this region of country is densely populated, I can count from my window no less than five orchards, or remains of orchards, that were once trees taken from his nurseries.

Long ago, if he was going a great distance, and carrying a sack of seeds on his back, he had to provide himself with a leather sack; for the dense underbrush, brambles and thorny thickets would have made it unsafe for a coffee-sack.

In 1806 he planted sixteen bushels of seeds on an old farm on the Walhonding river, and he planted nurseries in Licking county, Ohio, and Richland county, and had other nurseries farther west. One of his nurseries is near us, and I often go to the secluded spot, on the quiet banks of the creek, never broken since the poor old man did it, and say, in a reverent whisper, "Oh, the angels did commune with the good old man, whose loving heart prompted him to go about doing good!"

Matrimonial Disappointment.—On one occasion Miss Price's mother asked Johnny if he would not be a happier man, if he were settled in a home of his own, and had a family to love him. He opened his eyes very wide—they were remarkably keen, penetrating grey eyes, almost black—and replied that all women were not what they professed to be; that some of them were deceivers; and a man might not marry the amiable woman that he thought he was getting, after all. Now we had always heard that Johnny had loved once upon a time, and that his lady love had proven false to him. Then he said one time he saw a poor, friendless little girl, who had no one to care for her, and sent her to school, and meant to bring her up to suit himself, and when she was old enough he intended to marry her. He clothed her and watched over her; but when she was fifteen years old, he called to see her once unexpectedly, and found her sitting beside a young man, with her hand in his, listening to his silly twaddle. I peeped over at Johnny while he was telling this, and, young as I was, I saw his eyes grow dark as violets, and the pupils enlarge, and his voice rise up in denunciation, while his nostrils dilated and his thin lips worked with emotion. How angry he grew! He thought the girl was basely ungrateful. After that time she was no protegé of his.

His Power of Oratory.—On the subject of apples he was very charmingly enthusiastic. One would be astonished at his beautiful description of excellent fruit. I saw him once at the table, when I was very small, telling about some apples that were new to us. His description was poetical, the language remarkably well-chosen; it could have been no finer had the whole of Webster's "Unabridged," with all its royal vocabulary, been fresh upon his ready tongue. I stood back of my mother's chair, amazed, delighted, bewildered, and vaguely realizing the wonderful powers of true oratory. I felt more than I understood.

His Sense of Justice.—He was scrupulously honest. I recall the last time we ever saw his sister, a very ordinary woman, the wife of an easy old gentleman, and the mother of a family of handsome girls. They had started to move West in the winter season, but could move no farther after they reached our house. To help them along and to get rid of them, my father made a queer little one-horse vehicle on runners, hitched their poor little caricature of a beast to it; helped them to pack and stow therein their bedding and few movables; gave them a stock of provisions and five dollars, and sent the whole kit on their way rejoicing; and that was the last we ever saw of our poor neighbors. The next time Johnny came to our house he very promptly laid a five-dollar bill on my father's knee, and shook his head very decidedly when it was handed back; neither could he be prevailed upon to take it again.

He was never known to hurt any animal or to give any living thing pain—not even a snake. The Indians all liked him and treated him very kindly. They regarded him, from his habits, as a man above his fellows. He could endure pain like an Indian warrior; could thrust pins into his flesh without a tremor. Indeed so insensible was he to acute pain, that his treatment of a wound or sore was to sear it with a hot iron, and then treat it as a burn.

Mistaken Philanthropy.—He ascribed great medicinal virtue to the fennel, which he found, probably, in Pennsylvania. The overwhelming desire to do good and benefit and bless others induced him to carry a quantity of the seed, which he carried in his pockets, and occasionally scattered along his path in his journeys, especially at the wayside near dwellings. Poor old man! he inflicted upon the farming population a positive evil, when he sought to do good; for the rank fennel, with its pretty but pungent blossoms, lines our roadsides and borders our lanes, and steals into our door-yards, and is a pest only second to the daisy.

Leaves His Old Haunts.—In 1838 he resolved to go farther on. Civilization was making the wilderness to blossom like the rose; villages were springing up; stage-coaches laden with travellers were common; schools were everywhere; mail facilities were very good; frame and brick houses were taking the places of the humble cabins; and so poor Johnny went around among his friends

and bade them farewell. The little girls he had dandled upon his knees and presented with beads and gay ribbons, were now mothers and the heads of families. This must have been a sad task for the old man, who was then well stricken in years, and one would have thought that he would have preferred to die among his friends.

He came back two or three times to see us all, in the intervening years that he lived; the last time was in the year that he died, 1845.

His bruised and bleeding feet now walk the gold-paved streets of the New Jerusalem, while we so brokenly and crudely narrate the sketch of his life—a life full of labor and pain and unselfishness; humble unto self-abnegation; his memory glowing in our hearts, while his deeds live anew every springtime in the fragrance of the apple-blossoms he loved so well.

An account of the death and burial of this simple-hearted, virtuous, self-sacrificing man, whose name deserves enrolment in the calendar of the saints, is given on page 260, Vol. I.

The following extract from a poem, by Mrs. E. S. Dill, of Wyoming, Hamilton county, Ohio, written for the *Christian Standard*, is a pleasing tribute to the memory of Johnny Appleseed:

Grandpa stopped, and from the grass at our feet,
Picked up an apple, large, juicy, and sweet;
Then took out his jack-knife, and, cutting a slice,
Said, as we ate it, "Isn't it nice
To have such apples to eat and enjoy?
Well, there weren't very many when I was a boy,
For the country was new—e'en food was scant;
We had hardly enough to keep us from want,
And this good man, as he rode around,
Oft eating and sleeping upon the ground,
Always carried and planted appleseeds—
Not for himself, but for others' needs.
The appleseeds grew, and we, to-day,
Eat of the fruit planted by the way.
While Johnny—bless him—is under the sod—
His body is—ah! he is with God;
For, child, though it seemed a trifling deed,
For a man just to plant an appleseed,
The apple-tree's shade, the flowers, the fruit,
Have proved a blessing to man and to brute.
Look at the orchards throughout the land,
All of them planted by old Johnny's hand.
He will forever remembered be;
I would wish to have all so think of me."

BIOGRAPHY.

JOHN SHERMAN was born in Lancaster, Ohio, May 10, 1823. His parents were natives of Norfolk, Conn., and a few months after their marriage removed to Ohio. Charles Robert Sherman (the father of John Sherman) was a man of eminent legal abilities, a Judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio; he died very suddenly, leaving his widow with eleven children and but meagre means of support. John Sherman, the eighth child, was in the spring of 1831 taken to the home of his cousin, John Sherman, a merchant of Mount Vernon, Ohio, and placed at school. It is said that he was rather a wild and reckless boy, and that in their boyhood there seemed greater likelihood of John becoming a warrior and his brother William T. a statesman, than that they should occupy their present positions in life.

An Early Start in Life—In the spring of 1837, although but 14 years of age, John, anxious to become self-supporting, obtained a position as junior rodsman on the Muskingum river improvement. He was soon advanced to a position of much responsibility at Beverly, requiring diligence and care in the performance of his duties; and when, in 1839, he was removed because he was a Whig, he felt that the two years spent in this work, with its necessary study for accuracy in details, the close attention to business

required, and the self-confidence inspired, had given him a better education than could have been obtained elsewhere in the same time.

As a Lawyer.—At 21 years of age (May 11, 1844), he was admitted to the bar, having studied law with his brother Charles, of Mansfield, Ohio, who admitted him to partnership. The salient and conquering trait in his mind and character, together with an excellent knowledge of men and familiarity with the ways of the world, enabled him at once to secure a fine practice. Keeping his expenditures well within his earnings, he acquired the means of investing, a few years later, in a manufacturing enterprise, then new to that part of Ohio (flooring, sash, door and blind factory), that yielded him a handsome profit for a number of years, and formed the nucleus of the comfortable property he has since acquired. (Notwithstanding the common impression, Senator Sherman is not what is called a rich man.)

Secretary of a Whig Convention.—In 1848 he was elected a delegate to the Whig Convention, held at Philadelphia. When organized, he was made secretary of the convention on the motion of Col. Collyer, who said: "There is a young man here from Ohio, who lives in a district so strongly Democratic that he could never get an office unless this convention gave him one." Schuyler Colfax, being similarly situated in Indiana, was made assistant secretary. The convention nominated Zachary Taylor, and Mr. Sherman canvassed part of Ohio for him.

In August, 1848, Mr. Sherman was married with Miss Cecilia Stewart, only child of Judge Stewart, of Mansfield.

A Congressman.—In 1855 he was elected to Congress. His thorough acquaintance with public affairs; his power as a ready, clear and forcible speaker; his firm position on the questions then before the people, so soon made him a recognized leader. The great questions then were the Missouri Compromise, the Dred Scott decision, slavery in Kansas, the fugitive slave law, and the national finances.

Mr. Sherman held clearly to the doctrines of the Republican party on the slavery question. He was appointed by N. P. Banks, then Speaker of the House, one of a committee of three to investigate and report on the border-ruffian troubles in Kansas. The committee visited Kansas and took testimony. They encountered rough treatment, and on one occasion all that saved the lives of the committee was the presence of United States troops at Fort Leavenworth. One day sixty armed men, dressed in the border style with red shirts and trousers, with bowie-knives and pistols in their boots, marched into the committee room for the purpose of intimidating the committee. It was necessary that Mrs. Robinson, the wife of one of the members of the committee, should secretly convey the testimony to Speaker Banks.

Mr. Howard, chairman of the committee, being unable through sickness to prepare the report, it was prepared by Mr. Sherman, and when presented to the house created a great deal of feeling and intensified antagonisms; it was made the basis of the campaign of 1856.

Opposition to Monopoly—An Authority on Finance.—During his first session in Congress Mr. Sherman showed the opposition to monopolists that he has since consistently maintained, by saying in the debate on the submarine telegraph, "I cannot agree that our government should be bound by any contract with any private incorporated company for fifty years; and the amendment I desire to offer will reserve the power to Congress to determine the proposed contract after ten years."

He was soon a recognized authority on finance, and watched all expenditures very closely; the then prevalent system of making contracts in advance of appropriations was sternly denounced by him as illegal.

A Senator.—Mr. Sherman was re-elected to the Thirty-sixth Congress. In 1859 he was the Republican candidate for Speaker, and came within three votes of an election. In 1860 he was again elected to Congress, and on the resignation of Salmon P. Chase he was elected to his place in the Senate, taking his seat March 23, 1861. He was re-elected senator in 1867 and in 1873. In the Senate Senator Sherman was at the head of the Finance Committee, and served also on committees on agriculture, Pacific Railroad, the judiciary, and the patent office.

Mr. Sherman's greatest services to the country were during the war period, when his great financial genius was demonstrated in the system of finances adopted by our government, and of which he was chief in devising and advocating.

In 1862 he was the only member of the Senate to make a speech in favor of the National Bank bill, its final passage only being secured by the personal appeal of Secretary Chase to members opposed to it. In the same year, on a question of taxation, Senator Sherman said, "Taxes are more cheerfully paid now, in view of the mountain of calamity that would overwhelm us if the rebellion should succeed; but when we have reached the haven of peace, when the danger is past, you must expect discontent and complaint. The grim spectre of repudiation can never disturb us if we do our duty of taxpaying as well as our soldiers do theirs of fighting. And if, senators, you have thought me hard and close as to salaries and expenditures, I trust you will do me the justice to believe that it is not from any doubt of the ability of our country to pay, or from a base and selfish desire for cheap reputation, or from a disinclination to pay my share; but because *I see in the dim future of our country the same uneasy struggle between capital and labor—between the rich and the poor, between fund-holders and property-holders—that has marked the history of Great Britain for the last fifty years.* I do not wish the public debt to be increased one dollar beyond the

necessities of the present war; and the only way to prevent this increase is to restrict our expenditures to the lowest amount consistent with the public service, and to increase our taxes to the highest aggregate our industry will bear."

In Army Service.—In 1861, during the recess of Congress, Mr. Sherman joined the Ohio regiments, then in Philadelphia, and was appointed aide-de-camp to Gen. Robert Patterson. He remained with them until the meeting of Congress in July. At the close of the extra session of the Senate he returned to Ohio and applied himself diligently to the raising of a brigade, which served during the whole war under the name of the "Sherman Brigade."

He was intending to resign his seat as senator and enter the army, but was persuaded not to do so by President Lincoln and Secretary Chase, who felt that by remaining in the Senate his watchful care of public finances, his labors to provide for the support of the armies in the field and maintain and strengthen public credit, would be of greater public service than any that counld be rendered in the army.

Resumption of Specie Payments.—In 1867 he introduced a refunding act, which was adopted in 1870, but without the resumption clause. From that time onward he was the conspicuous and chief figure in financial legislation consequent upon the war. In 1877 he was appointed Secretary of the Treasury by President Hayes. The crowning triumph of Mr. Sherman's policy was realized on Jan. 1, 1879, when specie payments were successfully resumed, despite the most dismal forebodings of many prominent financiers.

In 1880 Mr. Sherman was a candidate for the Presidential nomination, his name being presented to the National Convention by Jas. A. Garfield, who subsequently received the nomination. In 1881 Mr. Sherman was again elected to the Senate and re-elected in 1887. In 1885 he was chosen President of the Senate *pro tem.* In 1884, and again in 1888, he was a prominent candidate for the Presidency; being the leading candidate in the convention of 1888 until Benjamin Harrison was nominated.

A Pure Statesman.—Mr. Sherman's career has been remarkably free from imputation upon his integrity, but at the time of the Credit Mobilier investigation a charge was made by political opponents that he had amassed great wealth out of the war. These charges were speedily squelched.

"No man can say that Mr. Sherman ever, in the slightest degree, received any benefit from the government in any business operation connected with the government, except the salary given him by law. It is a matter of public notoriety that no one could have been more stringent in severing his connection with any transaction which by possibility could affect the government, or could be affected by pending legislation of Congress. He even carried this position to an extreme, and never bought, or sold, or dealt in any stock, bond, or security, or business which could be affected by his action in Congress."

The period is probably coming when no memory will hold the long list of Presidents of these United States, while the name of John Sherman will be known in the memory of all generations: a statement we give in the hopeful view that the increased intelligence of the voting population will make their judgment of public men, and what constitutes character and patriotic service, more discriminating than in our day. Mr. Sherman has published "Selected Speeches and Reports on Finance and Taxation, 1859–1878."

Judge JACOB BRINKERHOFF was born in 1810, in Niles, New York; was educated to the law; served as a Democratic member of Congress, from 1843 to 1847. He then became affiliated with the Free Soil party, and drew up the famous resolution introduced by David Wilmot, of Pennsylvania, and since known as the WILMOT PROVISO; the original draft of which he retained until his death in 1880. He distributed several copies of this to the Free Soil members, with the understanding that the one who first could catch the Speaker's eye should introduce it. Mr. Wilmot succeeded and received the historical honor by the attachment of his name, when it should have been the BRINKERHOFF PROVISO. Mr. Brinkerhoff served fifteen years on the Supreme Bench of Ohio, and would have given more service but for failing health and advancing years. He stood high as a jurist.

MORDECAI BARTLEY, the thirteenth governor of Ohio, was born in Fayette county, Pa., in 1783. In 1809 settled as a farmer in Jefferson county, Ohio, near the mouth of Cross creek. In the war of 1812 raised a company of volunteers under Harrison. After it, opened up a farm in the wilderness of Richland; then from his savings engaged in merchandizing in Mansfield. From 1823 on served four terms in Congress, where he was the first to propose the conversion of the land grants of Ohio into a permanent fund for the support of common schools. In 1844 was elected Governor of Ohio on the Whig ticket, and showed in his State papers marked ability. Declining a second nomination, he passed the remainder of his days in the practice of law and in farming near the city. He died Oct. 10, 1870, aged eighty-three years.

WILLIAM LOGAN HARRIS, Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, deceased in New York city about the year 1888, was born near Mansfield, Nov. 4, 1817. "He was educated at Norwalk Seminary, and entered the ministry September 7, 1837. In 1848 he became principal of Baldwin Institute, at Berea, Ohio. In 1851 he went to Delaware and took charge of the Academic Department of the Ohio Wesleyan University, and in 1852 was elected to its chair of chemistry and natural history, which position he held for eight years. In 1860 he was elected assistant Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society, and was re-elected in 1864 and 1868.

He was elected Bishop in 1872, at Brooklyn, and soon after went on a tour around the world, occupying eighteen months, in which he visited nearly every Methodist missionary station. He was a member of every quadrennial General Conference from 1856 to 1872, and was Secretary of each session. In 1874 he was sent as delegate to the British Wesleyan Conference. He received his degree of D.D. from Allegheny College in 1856, and his LL.D. from Baldwin University in 1870. He again went abroad several times, visiting missionary stations. From 1874 to 1880 resided in Chicago and last in New York. He contributed largely to the periodical denominational literature, and was the author of a small but very useful work on "The Legal Power of the General Conference."

BELLVILLE is ten miles south of Mansfield, on the L. E. Div. of the B. & O. R. R. The principal industries are the making of rattan baskets and carriages. It is a remarkably clean and neat village, the consequence of a fire which occurred Sept. 22, 1882. Gold is found in the neighborhood. Newspapers: *Independent*, Independent, J. W. Dowling, Jr., editor; *Star*, Independent, E. A. Brown & Co., editors and publishers. Churches: 1 Episcopal Methodist, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Disciples, 1 Lutheran, 1 Universalist, 1 Seventh-day Baptist. Bank: Commercial, R. W. Bell, president; J. B. Lewis, cashier. Population, 1880, 971. School census, 1888, 308.

INDEPENDENCE, Post-office Butler, is thirteen miles southeast of Mansfield, on the L. E. Div. of the B. &. O. R. R. It has one Methodist Episcopal and one Evangelical church. Population, 1880, 394. School census, 1888, 190. L. L. Ford, superintendent of schools.

LEXINGTON is eight miles southwest of Mansfield, on the L. E. Div. of the B. & O. R. R. Population, 1880, 508. School census, 1888, 159. John Miller, superintendent of schools.

LUCAS is seven miles southeast of Mansfield, on the P., Ft. W. & C. R. R. It has one Congregational and one Lutheran church. Population, 1880, 381. School census, 1888, 203. D. K. Andrews, superintendent of schools.

PLYMOUTH is seventeen miles northwest of Mansfield, on the B. & O. R. R., and line of Huron county.

City officers, 1888: A. O. Jump, Mayor; W. F. Beekman, Clerk; S. M. Robinson, Treasurer; William McClinchey, Street Commissioner; B. F. Tubbs, Marshal. Newspaper: *Advertiser*, Independent, J. F. Beelman, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Catholic, 1 Lutheran and 1 Presbyterian. Bank: First National, J. Brinkerhoff, president; William Monteith, cashier. Population, 1880, 1,145. School census, 1888, 208.

SHELBY is twelve miles northwest of Mansfield, at the junction of the C. C. C. & I. and B. & O. Railroads.

City officers, 1888: Edwin Mansfield, Mayor; J. W. Williams, Clerk; T. H. Wiggins, Solicitor; J. L. Pittinger, Treasurer; S. C. Gates, Marshal. Newspapers: *Free Press*, Independent, M. E. Dickerson, editor and publisher; *Independent News*, Independent, C. E. Pettit, editor and publisher; *Times*, Republican, J. G. Hill, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 United Brethren, 1 Catholic, 1 Lutheran, 1 Methodist, 1 Reformed, 1 Disciples, and 1 other. Bank: First National, W. R. Bricker, president; B. J. Williams, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—F. Brucker, planing-mill, 6 hands; Shelby Carriage Works, carriages, 8; Sutter, Barkdull & Co., furniture, 23; the Shelby Mill Company, flour, etc., 41; Heath Brothers, flour, etc., 4.—*State Report, 1888.*

Population, 1880, 1,871. School census, 1888, 601. J. Myers, superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, $100,000. Value of annual product, $108,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

SHILOH is fourteen miles northwest of Mansfield, on the C. C. C. & I. R. R. Newspapers: *Gleaner*, Independent, E. L. Benton, editor and publisher; *Review*, Independent, Pettit & Frazier, editors and publishers. Churches: 1 Lutheran, 1 United Brethren, 1 Episcopal Methodist. Bank: Exchange, Smith & Ozier.

Industries.—Tile and brick, grain and seed-mills, flour, egg storage.

Population, 1880, 661. School census, 1888, 269. C. H. Handley, superintendent of schools.

ROSS.

Ross County was formed by proclamation of Gov. St. Clair, August 20, 1798, being the sixth county formed in the Northwestern Territory. Its original limits were very extensive. It was named from the Hon. James Ross, of Allegheny county, Pa., who at that time was the unsuccessful candidate of the Federalists for the office of governor of that State. Much of the surface off from the valleys is hilly; the land is generally good, and on the streams extremely fertile. The bottoms of the Scioto and Paint creek are famous for their abundant crops of corn. Much water-power is furnished by the various streams. The principal crops are corn, wheat and oats. It is also famed for its fine breeds of cattle, and has many swine.

Area about 650 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 119,709; in pasture, 107,699; woodland, 68,852; lying waste, 10,534; produced in wheat, 571,366 bushels; rye, 5,266; buckwheat, 90; oats, 98,214; barley, 7,420; corn, 1,671,704; broom corn, 11,500 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 11,079 tons; clover hay, 12,077; potatoes, 62,302 bushels; tobacco, 246 lbs.; butter, 480,662; cheese, 8,100; sorghum, 5,650 gallons; maple syrup, 14,413; honey, 5,228 lbs.; eggs, 417,948 dozen; grapes, 49,330 lbs.; wine, 1,615 gallons; sweet potatoes, 953 bushels; apples, 20,074; peaches, 6,003; pears, 641; wool, 43,326 lbs.; milch cows owned, 5,481.

School census, 1888, 13,105; teachers, 279. Miles of railroad track, 166.

Townships and Census.	1840.	1880.	Townships and Census.	1840.	1880.
Buckskin,	1,729	2,311	Jefferson,	871	1,060
Colerain,	1,281	1,946	Liberty,	1,256	1,575
Concord,	2,548	2,801	Paint,	1,380	1,153
Deerfield,	1,235	1,475	Paxton,	1,226	2,119
Eagle,	411		Scioto,	5,354	12,689
Franklin,	582	1,233	Springfield,	1,062	1,287
Green,	1,820	2,058	Twin,	2,195	2,447
Harrison,	631	1,226	Union,	2,631	2,527
Huntington,	1,159	2,400			

Population of Ross in 1820 was 20,610; 1830, 25,150; 1840, 27,460; 1860, 35,071; 1880, 40,307: of whom 33,914 were born in Ohio; 1,479, Virginia; 619, Pennsylvania; 294, Kentucky; 213, New York; 177, Indiana; 1,685, German Empire; 514, Ireland; 138, England and Wales; 49, Scotland; 40, British America, and 30 France. Census, 1890, 39,454.

Although there is considerable hilly land in the county, it is estimated nearly half of the surface is alluvium. The cultivation of wheat is increasing in the bottoms; that of corn on the uplands, and the farmers are diversifying their crops. The county is famed for its fine cattle. Some of these were sent in 1885, to the Kentucky State Fair, and took the prize over the luscious-fleshed animals raised in the famed blue grass region of that State.

Early Settlements.

Such glowing descriptions of the beauty of the scenery and the fertility of the soil in the Scioto country, having been circulated through Kentucky, by Massie and others, who had explored it in 1792, portions of the Presbyterian congregations of Cane Ridge and Concord, in Bourbon, under Rev. Robert W. Finley, determined to emigrate thither in a body. They were in a measure induced to this step by their dislike of slavery, and the uncertainty that existed in regard to the validity of the land titles in that State. The Rev. Mr. Finley, as a preliminary step, liberated his slaves, and addressed a letter of inquiry to Col. Nathaniel Massie, in December, 1794.

That letter induced Col. Massie, who was a large landholder, to visit Mr. Finley in the succeeding March. A large concourse of people who wished to engage in the enterprise, assembled on the occasion, and fixed on a day to meet at the Three Islands in Manchester, and proceed on an exploring expedition. Mr. Finley also wrote to his friends in western Pennsylvania informing them of the time and place of rendezvous

Pioneer Exploring Party.—About sixty men met according to appointment, who were divided into three companies, under Massie, Finley and Falenash. They proceeded on their route without interruption, until they struck the falls of Paint creek and proceeded a short distance down that stream, when they found themselves in the vicinity of some Indians who had encamped at Reeves' crossing, near Bainbridge. The Indians were of those who had refused to attend Wayne's treaty, and it was determined to give them battle, it being too late to retreat with safety. The Indians on being attacked soon fled, with the loss of two killed and several wounded. One of the whites only, Joshua Robinson, was mortally wounded, and during the action a Mr. Armstrong, a prisoner with the Indians, escaped to his own people. The party gathered up all the plunder and retreated as far as Scioto Brush creek, where they were, according to expectation, attacked early the next morning. Only one man of the whites was wounded, Allen Gilfillan, and the party the next day reached Manchester and separated for their several homes.

After Wayne's Treaty, Col. Massie and several of the old explorers again met at the house of Rev. Mr. Finley, formed a company and agreed to form a settlement in the ensuing spring (1796), and raise a crop of corn at the mouth of Paint creek. According to agreement, they met at Manchester about the first of April, to the number of forty and upwards, from Mason and Bourbon. Among them were Joseph M'Coy, Benj. and Wm. Rodgers, David Shelby, James Harrod, Henry, Bazil and Reuben Abrams, Wm. Jamison, Jas. Crawford, Samuel, Anthony and Robert Smith, Thos. Dick, Wm. and Jas. Kerr, Geo. and James Kilgore, John Brown, Samuel and Robert Templeton, Ferguson Moore, Wm. Nicholson and J. B. Finley, now a Methodist clergyman. They divided into two companies, one of which struck across the country and the other came on in pirogues. The first arrived the earliest on the spot of their intended settlement, and had commenced erecting log huts above the mouth of Paint, at "the Prarie station," before the others had come on by water. About 300 acres of the prairie were cultivated in corn that season.

Chillicothe was laid out in August of this year, 1796, by Col. Nathaniel Massie, in a dense forest. He gave a lot gratis to each of the first settlers, and by the last of autumn about twenty cabins were erected. Not long after, a ferry was established across the Scioto at the north end of Walnut street. The opening of Zane's trace, very soon afterwards, produced a great change in the course of travel west, it having previously been along the Ohio in keel boats or canoes, or by land over the Cumberland mountains, through Crab Orchard, in Kentucky.

The emigrants brought up some corn-meal in their pirogues, and after that was gone, their principal meal, until the next summer, was that pounded in hominy mortars, which when made into bread and anointed with bear's oil, was quite palatable.

When the settlers first came, whiskey was $4.50 per gallon; but in the spring of 1797, when the keel boats began to run, the Monongahela whiskey makers, having found a good market for their fire-water, rushed it in, in such quantities, that the cabins were crowded with it, and it soon fell to 50 cents. Men, women and children, with some exceptions, drank it freely, and many who had been respectable and temperate became inebriates. Many of Wayne's soldiers and camp-women settled in the town, so that it for a time became a town of drunkards and a sink of corruption. There was a little leaven, which in a few months began to develope itself.

In the spring of '97, one Brannon stole a great-coat, handkerchief and shirt. He and his wife absconded, were pursued, brought back, and a formal trial had. Samuel Smith was appointed judge, a jury empannelled, one attorney appointed by the judge to manage the prosecution and another the defence, witnesses were examined, the cause argued and

the evidence summed up by the judge. The jury having retired a few minutes, returned with a verdict of guilty, and that the culprit be sentenced according to the discretion of the judge; who soon announced that he should have ten lashes on his naked back, or that he should sit on a bare pack-saddle on his pony, and that his wife—who was supposed to have had some agency in the theft—should lead the pony to every house in the village, and proclaim, "this is Brannon, who stole the great-coat, handkerchief and shirt," and that James B. Finley—now the Rev. J. B. Finley, chaplain of the Ohio penitentiary—should see the sentence faithfully executed. Brannon chose the latter, and the ceremony, "This is Brannon who stole the great-coat, handkerchief and shirt," was at the door of every cabin in the village, in due form, proclaimed by his wife, he sitting on a bare pack-saddle on his pony. It was performed in the presence of Mr. Finley, and when it was over, Brannon and his wife made off.

Dr. Edw. Tiffin and Mr. Thomas Worthington of Berkeley county, Va., were brothers-in-law, and being moved by abolition principles liberated their slaves, intending to remove into the Territory. For the purpose of making preparations for their removal in in the spring, Mr. Worthington, in 1797, visited Chillicothe and purchased several of the in and out lots of the town, and on one of the former he erected a two-story frame house, the same in which Mr. Campbell now resides on Second street, which was the first frame house erected in Chillicothe. On his return to Virginia, having purchased a part of the farm on which his widow now resides, and another at the north fork of Paint, he contracted with a Mr. Joseph Yates, a millwright, and a Mr. Geo. Haines, a blacksmith, to come out with him in the following winter or spring, and erect for him a grist and a saw-mill on his north fork tract. The summer, fall and following winter of that year, was marked with a rush of emigration, which spread over the high bank prairie, Pea-pea, Westfall, and a few miles up Paint and Deer creeks.

Nearly all the first settlers were either regular members, or had been raised in the Presbyterian church. Towards the fall of 1797, the leaven of piety retained by a portion of the first settlers began to diffuse itself through the mass, and a large log meeting-house was erected near the old grave-yard on this side of the bridge, and the Rev. Wm. Speer, a Presbyterian clergyman from Pennsylvania, took charge. The sleep ersserved as seats for the hearers, and a split log table was used as a pulpit. Mr. Speer was a gentlemanly, moral man, tall and cadaverous in person, and wore the cocked hat of the revolutionary era.

Thomas James arrived in February, 1798, bringing with him the first load of bar-iron in the Scioto valley, and about the same time arrived Maj. Elias Langham, an officer of the Revolution. Dr. Tiffin and his brother Joseph arrived the same month from Virginia, and opened a store not far from the log meeting-house. A store was also opened previously by John M'Dougal. On the 17th of April, the families of Col. Worthington and Dr. Tiffin arrived, at which time the first marriage in the Scioto valley was celebrating; the parties were George Kilgore and Elizabeth Cochran. The ponies of the attendants of the wedding were hitched to the trees along the streets, which then were not cleared out, nearly the whole town being a wilderness. Mr. Joseph Yates, Mr. George Haines, and two or three others also arrived with the families of Tiffin and Worthington.

Col. Worthington was appointed by Gen. Rufus Putnam, surveyor-general of the Northwestern Territory, surveyor of a large district of Congress lands, then to be surveyed on the east side of the Scioto; and Major Langham and a Mr. Matthews were appointed to survey the residue of the lands, which afterwards composed the Chillicothe land district.

On their arrival there were but four shingle-roof houses in town, on one of which the shingles were fastened with pegs. Col. Worthington's was then the only house in town with glass windows. The sash of the hotel was filled with greased paper.

The same season settlements were made about the Walnut Plains by Samuel McCulloch and others; Springer, Osbourn, Thomas and Elijah Chenowith, and Dyer settled on Darby creek; Lamberts and others on Sippo; on Foster's bottom by Samuel Davis, the Fosters and others. The following families also settled in and about Chillicothe: John Crouse, William Keys, William Lamb, John Carlisle, John McLanberg, William Candless, the Stocktons, the Greggs, the Bateses and others.

Dr. Tiffin and his wife were the first Methodists that resided in the Scioto valley. He was a local preacher. In the fall Worthington's grist and saw-mills, on the north fork of the Paint, were finished—the first mills worthy of the name in the valley.

Chillicothe was the point from which the settlements in the valley diverged. In May, 1799, a post-office was established at Chillicothe, and Joseph Tiffin appointed post-master. Mr. Tiffin and Thomas Gregg opened taverns; the first, under the sign of "Gen. Anthony Wayne," was at the corner of Water and Walnut streets; and the last, under the sign of the "Green Tree," was on the corner of Paint and Water streets. In 1801 Nathaniel Willis moved in and established the Scioto *Gazette*.

In 1801 the settlers along the west side of the Scioto, from Chillicothe to its mouth, were Joseph Kerr, Hugh Cochran, Joseph Campbell, the Johnsons, James Crawford, the Kirkpatricks, the Chandlers, Beshongs, Montgomeries, Mountzes, Fosters, Pancakes, Davises, Chenowiths, Sargents, Downings, Combeses, Barneses, Uttses, Noels, Lucases, Swaynes, Williams and Collins, at Alexandria. On the east side of the Scioto, the Noels, Thompson, Marshall, McQuart, the

Millers, Boylston, Talbot, Mustard, Clark, and many others whose names cannot now be recollected. the Claypoles, Renicks, Harnesses, Carneses,

Early Experiences in the Scioto Valley.

The Rev. J. B. Finley, who came with his father to Chillicothe in the year 1796, in his very interesting and instructive autobiography, writes of "the richness of the country, the beauty of its birds and flowers, the softness of the climate, the fragrance of the atmosphere, redolent as Eden." He then goes on to describe the sufferings through the prevalence of bilious fevers, the symptoms of which often resembled those of yellow-fever. "Often there was not one member of the family able to help the others; and instances occurred in which the dead lay unburied for days because no one could report. The extensive prevalence of sickness, however, did not deter immigration. A desire to possess the rich lands overcame all fear of sickness, and the living tide rolled on, heedless of death."

In the summer of 1798 the bloody flux raged as an epidemic with great violence, and for a time threatened to depopulate the whole town of Chillicothe and its vicinity. Medical skill was exerted to its utmost, but all to no purpose, as but few who were attacked recovered. From eight to ten were buried per day. At length a French trader by the name of Drouillard [Peter Druyer, or Drouillard, who interceded with the Indians to save the life of Simon Kenton], came and administered to the sick with great success, giving relief in a few hours, and in almost every case effecting a permanent cure.

The first Legislature met on the bank of the Scioto river, near the foot of Mulberry street, under a large sycamore tree. This was entirely democratic, as the people represented themselves. The principal matter which occupied the attention of this Legislature was the enaction of a law for the suppression of drunkenness.

In the fall of 1796 my father set all his slaves free. He had been for years convinced that it was wrong to hold his fellow-men in bondage. Preparations being made for their removal from their Kentucky home to Ohio, about the 1st of December, twelve of the emancipated negroes were mounted on packhorses and started for Ohio. My father placed me in charge of the company, though I was but 16 years of age. We were accompanied with parts of three families, with a great drove of hogs, cows and sheep. We carried with us clothes, bed-clothes, provisions and cooking utensils.

After we crossed the Ohio river it became intensely cold, and it was with difficulty some of the colored people were kept from freezing. Some days we were under the necessity of lying by, it was so intensely cold. After sixteen days of toil and hardship we reached our place of destination on the banks of the Scioto below Chillicothe. Here we built our winter camps, making them as warm as we could. Our bread was made of pounded hominy and corn-meal, and we lived on this, together with what we could find in the woods. Fortunately for us, game was plenty, and we caught opossums by the score. The colored people lived well on this food, and were as sleek and black as ravens. In the spring my father and the rest of the family moved out, and as soon as we could erect a cabin all hands went to work to put in a crop of corn.

It was necessary to fence in the prairie, and every one had to enclose with a fence as much ground as he had planted. The work of fencing fell to my lot. Myself and another lad built a camp, in which we lodged at night and cooked our provisions. We frequently killed turkeys and wild ducks, with which we supplied our larder, and with our johnny-cake, baked on a board before the fire, we had a good supply for a vigorous appetite. After our corn was gathered and laid by the immigrants came pouring into the country. From that time to the beginning of March I travelled over the trace from Chillicothe to Manchester sixteen times. On one of these visits my brother John accompanied me, father having sent us by that route to Kentucky for seed-wheat. The wheat which we brought back was, I believe, the first sown in the Scioto valley.

This year our horses ran away, and my father sent me, in company with an Indian, whom he had employed for that purpose, to go and hunt them. We had not gone four miles from the settlement before the Indian was bitten by a rattlesnake on the ankle, between his leggin and moccasin. It was one of the large yellow kind, full of poison. As soon as the Indian had killed his enemy, he took his knife, went a few paces, and dug up a root, the stalk of which resembled very much the stalk of flax, about nine inches long. The root was yellow and very slender, being no thicker than a knitting-needle. This root he chewed and swallowed. He then put more in his mouth, and after chewing it, put it upon the wound. Soon after he became deathly sick and vomited. He repeated the dose three times with the same result, and then, putting some fresh root on the bite, we travelled on. The place where he was bitten after a while became swollen, but it did not extend far and soon subsided. This root is undoubtedly the most effectual cure for poison in the world—a specific antidote.

I frequently hunted with John Cushon, an Indian of the Tuscarora tribe, and had good living and much fine sport. I became so passionately fond of the gun and the woods, and Indian life, that my parents feared I would go off with the Indians and become connected with them. They were as fondly attached to me as I to them; and notwithstanding I had heard so much of their treachery and savage barbarity, I felt that I could repose the most implicit confidence in them. The mode of living and manner of life, which consisted in hunting the buffalo, bear and deer in the wild woods and glens, free from care and the restraints of civilization, made Indian life to me most desirable; and so powerfully had these things taken hold of my youthful mind, that the advice and entreaties of my beloved parents could scarcely restrain me from following it. Let it not be supposed that, though I was a backwoods boy, I had not tasted the sweets of classical literature. In my father's academy I enjoyed the advantages of a thorough drilling in Latin and Greek, and even now I can repeat whole books of the "Æneid" of Virgil and the "Iliad" of Homer. I could scan Latin or Greek verse with as much fluency as I can now sing a Methodist hymn; and I could find the square root of a given number with as much precision in my youthful days as I could drive a centre with my rifle.

The Murder of Waw-wil-a-way.

In the spring of 1803 Captain Herrod, a prominent and influential settler residing a few miles west of Chillicothe, was found murdered in the woods near his home. The body had been scalped and tomahawked, supposedly by Indians, although many of the settlers believed it to have been the deed of a personal enemy. The circumstances are thus told in Finley's autobiography:

The murder created considerable excitement in the settlements, and many predicted a general slaughter of whites by Indians.

Several days after the finding of Captain Herrod's body, David Wolfe, accompanied by two other men named Williams and Ferguson, met on the prairie the Shawnee Chief Waw-wil-a-way, the old and faithful hunter of Gen. Massie, and an unwavering friend to the whites. He was a noble, brave and intelligent Indian, known and beloved by all the settlers. Wolfe engaged him in conversation and made a proposition to exchange guns, and, while examining the chief's gun, unobserved by him emptied the priming from the pan, and then handed the gun back, remarking that he had concluded not to trade.

After some further conversation and a friendly parting, Waw-wil-a-way continued on his way. As soon as his back was turned, Wolfe raised his gun and shot him through the body. Although mortally wounded the Indian turned on his enemies, shot and killed Williams, rushed upon Wolfe, stabbed him with his knife in the thigh, and when Ferguson came to Wolfe's assistance, the chief felled him with Wolfe's gun. The two surviving white men were now lying at the Indian's feet, but his strength was fast failing him through loss of blood; his sight became dim; he staggered forward a few steps, fell to the ground and expired. Wolfe and Ferguson survived their wounds.

The murder of Waw-wil-a-way created great alarm among both Indians and whites. The scattered whites fled to the settlements, and the neighboring Indians to the heart of the Indian country, near Fort Greenville. Fearing a general uprising of the Indians, Gen. McArthur, with a large body of men, met the Indians near Fort Greenville, and a council was held, at which the Indians declared their purpose to abide by the treaty made eight years before. After the council had closed, Tecumseh accompanied Gen. McArthur to Chillicothe and made an eloquent speech in favor of peace; the settlers then returned to their homes their fears and alarm allayed.

Chillicothe appears to have been a favorite name with the Indians for their towns, there having been several of that name, viz., one on the site of Frankfort in this county; one on the site of Westfall in Pickaway; one three miles north of Xenia in Greene; one on the site of Piqua, Miami county, and one on the Maumee.

Col. John Johnston says: "Chillicothe is the name of one of the principal tribes of the Shawanese. The Shawanese would say, *Chillicothe otany, i. e.*, Chillicothe town. The Wyandots would say for Chillicothe town, *Tat,a,ra,ra-Do,tia*, or town at the leaning bank."

Chillicothe in 1846.—Chillicothe, the seat of justice for Ross county, is situated on the west bank of the Scioto and on the line of the Ohio canal, forty-five miles south of Columbus, ninety-three from Cincinnati, seventy-three from Zanesville, and forty-five from the Ohio river at Portsmouth. The site is a level plain, elevated about thirty feet above the river. The Scioto curves around it on the north, and Paint creek flows on the south. The plan and situation of Chillicothe have been described as nearly resembling that of Philadelphia, the Scioto river and Paint creek representing in this case the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers, and both

towns being level and regularly laid out into squares. But here the comparison terminates. The scenery around Philadelphia is dissimilar and far inferior, as the view shown in the annexed engraving testifies. In truth, there are but few places in the country where the scenery partakes so much of the beautiful and magnificent as in this vicinity.

In 1800 the seat of government of the Northwest Territory was removed by law of Congress from Cincinnati to Chillicothe. The sessions of the territorial legislature in that year and in 1801 were held in a small two-story hewed log-house, which stood on the corner of Second and Walnut streets, and was erected in 1798 by Mr. Bazil Abrams. To the main building, extending along Walnut street towards the Scioto, was attached a hewed-log wing of two stories in height. In the lower room of the wing, Col. Thos. Gibson, then auditor for the territory, kept his office, and in the upper lived a small family. In the upper room of the main building was a billiard table and a place of resort for gamblers; the lower room was used by the legislature, and as a court-room, as a church, and a singing-school. In the war of 1812 the building was a rendezvous and barracks for soldiers, and in 1840 was pulled down.

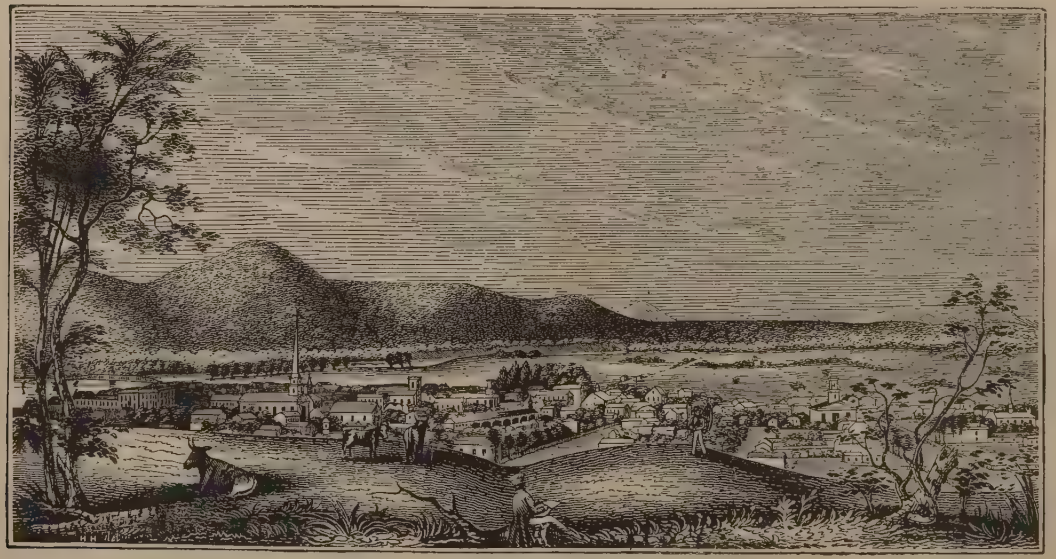
In 1800 the old state-house was commenced and finished the next year, for the accommodation of the legislature and courts. It is believed that it was the first public stone edifice erected in the Territory. The mason work was done by Major William Rutledge, a soldier of the revolution, and the carpentering by William Guthrie. The territorial legislature held their session in it for the first time in 1801. The convention that framed the constitution of Ohio was held in it, the session commencing on the first Monday in November, 1802. In April, 1803, the first State legislature met in the house, and held their sessions until 1810. The sessions of 1810–11 and 1811–12 were held at Zanesville, and from there removed back to Chillicothe and held in this house until 1816, when Columbus became the permanent capital of the State. This time-honored edifice is yet standing in the central part of the town, and is used as a court-house for the county.—*American Pioneer.*

Chillicothe was incorporated January 4, 1802, and the following officers appointed: Samuel Finley, Ed. Tiffin, James Ferguson, Alexander McLaughlin, Arthur Stewart, John Carlisle and Reuben Adams, members of the select council; Everard Harr, assessor; Isaac Brink, supervisor; William Wallace, collector; Joseph Tiffin, town marshal.

In 1807 Chillicothe had 14 stores, 6 hotels, 2 newspaper printing-offices, a Presbyterian and a Methodist church, both brick buildings, on Main street, and 202 dwelling-houses.

Chillicothe contains 2 Presbyterian, 1 Associate Reformed Presbyterian, 2 Methodist, 1 Methodist Reformed, 1 Episcopal, 1 Catholic, 1 Baptist, 1 German Lutheran, 1 German Methodist, 1 colored Baptist and 1 colored Methodist church, 1 male academy and 1 female seminary, 38 retail and 2 wholesale dry goods, 4 wholesale grocery, 3 hardware, and 2 book stores, 8 forwarding houses, 5 weekly newspapers, 1 bank, 4 merchant mills, making 10,000 bbls. of flour annually, and 4 establishments which pack annually about 45,000 bbls. of pork. It is the centre of trade in the Scioto valley, and is connected with the river by the Ohio canal, which is rarely closed by ice. It has hydraulic works built at an expense of $75,000, which furnish water-power in addition to that afforded by the canal. It lies on the route of the contemplated railroad from Cumberland to Cincinnati, and is at present progressing with a healthful and steady pace. On the hill west of the town is a mineral spring, said to possess fine medicinal properties. A beautiful cemetery, containing 14 acres, has recently been laid out, and it is contemplated to supply the city with water from Paint creek by hydraulic power. Its population in 1807 was about 1,200; in 1820, 2,416; in 1830, 2,840; in 1840, 3,977; and in 1847 about 6,220.—*Old Edition.*

Chillicothe, county-seat of Ross, is on the west bank of the Scioto, 47 miles



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

CHILLICOTHE.

The view is from the hill west and shows the principal part of the town. The tall spire is that of the Presbyterian church, beside which appears the cupola of the first Ohio State House. To the left is the Madeira House, Scioto River and bridge, and in the distance Mount Logan, rising to the height of about 600 feet.

south of Columbus, 97 miles northeast from Cincinnati, on the C. W. & B, S. V., D., Ft. W. & C. Railroads and the Ohio Canal. Chillicothe is the centre of a large and rich agricultural region.

County officers, 1888: Auditor, John A. Somers; Clerk, Charles Reed; Commissioners, Simon R. Dixon, John W. Jenkins, Conrad H. Reutinger; Coroner, Valentine Kramer; Infirmary Directors, Edwin B. Dolohan, Isaac Lutz, Herman Schiller; Probate Judge, George B. Bitzer; Prosecuting Attorney, Marcus G. Evans; Recorder, John F. Brown; Sheriff, Joshua R. Wisehart; Surveyor, Philip J. Laessle; Treasurer, Nelson Purdum. City Officers, 1888: David Smart, Mayor; Andrew J. DeCamp, Marshal; George L. Dawley, Civil Engineer; Philip H. Griesheimer, Commissioner; Daniel Hammel, Chief Fire Department; A. B. Cole, Solicitor; Charles A. Malone, Clerk; Nelson Purdum, Treasurer; Dennis Rigney, Chief of Police. Newspapers: *Ross County Register*, Independent, R. Putnam, editor and publisher; *Scioto Gazette*, Republican, A. W. Search, editor and publisher; *Advertiser*, Democratic, Harper & Hunter, editors and publishers; *Leader*, Republican, Tyler & Carrigan, editors and publishers; *Ohio Soldier*, G. A. R., John T. Raper, editor and publisher; *Unsere Zeit*, German Independent, J. B. & Chas. Fromm, editors and publishers. Churches: 2 Presbyterian, 2 German Evangelical, 1 African Methodist Episcopal, 1 Episcopal, 1 Methodist, 2 Catholic, 2 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Baptist. Banks: Central National, Thomas G. McKell, president, T. Spetnagel, cashier; First National, Amos Smith, president, Edward R. McKee, cashier; Ross County National, A. P. Story, president, John Tomlinson, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—Otto Wisslem & Co., beer, 6 hands; Jacob Knecht, beer, 6; A. Miller, mineral water, 4; Marfield & Co., flour, etc., 30; Geo. J. Herrnstein & Bros., doors, sash, etc., 24; Union Shoe Co., ladies' and misses' shoes, 108; Duncan Steam Laundry, laundrying, 12; August Schmeider, wagons, etc., 5; William Miller, flour and feed, 6; Ingham & Co., book and newspaper, 75; Armstrong & Story, oak harness leather, 16; Valley Manufacturing Co., spokes and rough gearing, 22; Junemann Electric Light Co., electric light, 4; Chas. Olmstead & Son, meal and feed, 3; Elsass & Wilson, oak harness leather, 14; A. G. Yeo, spokes and handles, 8; Smith & Ryan, engines, boilers, etc., 30; Chillicothe *Leader*, printing, 8; *Daily News and Register*, printing, etc, 22; Marfield & Co., grain elevator, 6; August Deschler, iron fencing, etc., 3; Thomas J. Guin, cut and sawed stone, 8; Wm. H. Reed & Co., doors, sash, etc., 25; Ewing & Studer, machinery, 5; C. W. & B. R. R. Shops, railroad repairs, 200; J. H. S. Furguson, ironing boards, etc., 6.—*State Report, 1888.* Population, 1880, 10,938. School census, 1888, 3,837; John Hancock, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, $640,300. Value of annual product, $1,035,300.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887.* Census, 1890, 11,288.

The business of Chillicothe is much scattered. The grain business alone is larger than the entire business of some other Ohio towns of more than half its population. On April 1, 1852, a great fire swept away a large part of the main business street, and a better class of structures succeeded.

The St. Paul's, the first Episcopal church (the first Episcopal west of the Alleghenies), is still standing in Chillicothe, on the east side of Walnut street, near Main. It was built of stone on a brick foundation, and cost $924. On September 21, 1821, it was dedicated by Bishop Philander Chase, assisted by Rev. Intrepid Morse and Rev. Ezra B. Kellogg, the latter of whom became its first pastor.

In 1834, the church was sold to Archbishop Purcell, and used as a Catholic church until 1852; later by the priests as a residence. It was again sold in 1865 and is now occupied as a private residence.

In the War of 1812, Chillicothe was a rendezvous for United States troops. They were stationed at Camp Bull, a stockade one mile north of the town, on the west bank of the Scioto. A large number of British prisoners, amounting to several hundred, were at one time confined at the camp. On one occasion, a conspiracy

was formed between the soldiers and their officers who were confined in jail. The plan was for the privates in camp to disarm their guard, proceed to the jail, release the officers, burn the town and escape to Canada. The conspiracy was disclosed by two senior British officers, upon which, as a measure of security, the officers were sent to the penitentiary in Frankfort, Ky.

Four Deserters were Shot at Camp at One Time.—The ceremony was impressive and horrible. The soldiers were all marched out under arms with music playing, to witness the death of their comrades, and arranged in one long extended line in front of the camp, facing the river. Close by the river bank at considerable distances apart, the deserters were placed, dressed in full uniform, with their coats buttoned up and caps drawn over their faces. They were confined to stakes in a kneeling position behind their coffins, painted black, which came up to their waists, exposing the upper part of their persons to the fire of their fellow-soldiers. Two sections of six men each were marched before each of the doomed. Signals were given by an officer instead of words of command, so that the unhappy men should not be apprised of the moment of their death. At a given signal, the first sections raised their muskets and poured the fatal volleys into the breasts of their comrades. Three of the four dropped dead in an instant; but the fourth sprang up with great force and gave a scream of agony. The reserve section stationed before him were ordered to their places, and another volley completely riddled his bosom. Even then the thread of life seemed hard to sunder.

On another occasion, an execution took place at the same spot, under most melancholy circumstances. It was that of a mere youth of nineteen, the son of a widow. In a frolic he had wandered several miles from camp, and was on his return when he stopped at an inn by the way-side. The landlord, a fiend in human shape, apprised of the reward of $50 offered for the apprehension of deserters, persuaded him to remain over night, with the offer of taking him into camp in the morning, at which he stated he had business. The youth, unsuspicious of anything wrong, accepted the offer made with so much apparent kindness, when lo! on his arrival the next day with the landlord he surrendered him as a deserter, swore falsely as to the facts, claimed and obtained the reward. The court-martial, ignorant of the circumstances, condemned him to death, and it was not until he was no more, that his innocence was known.

The corpses of the deserters were placed in rough coffins made of poplar, and stained with lamp-black, and buried on the river margin. After a lapse of years the freshets, washing away the earth, exposed their remains, and they were subsequently re-interred in a mound in the vicinity.

In this war, the Scioto Valley at one time was largely depopulated of its able-bodied men, who on the opening of hostilities rushed to the defence of the northern frontier. The ladies as usual took part in their especial lines; so when Major Croghan, the youthful hero of Fort Stephenson, had made his gallant defence "under the influence of Divine Providence," as they wrote to him, August 13, 1813, they sent him a sword. On its receipt he handsomely responded. Thirty-seven ladies contributed in the patriotic purchase and signed their names to the letter of presentation. They are annexed for the gratification of their descendants:

Mary Finley, Rebecca M. Orr, Elizabeth Creighton, Eleanor Lamb, Nancy Waddle, Eliza Carlisle, Mary A. Southard, Ruhamah Irwin, Jane M. Evans, Mary Curtis, Nancy McArthur, Nancy Kerr, Sally McLane, Catharine Fullerton, Ann Creighton, Ann M. Dunn, Margaret Keys, Charlotte James, Esther Doolittle, Susan D. Wheaton, Deborah Ferree, Frances Brush, Elizabeth Martin, Jane Heylan, Lavinia Fulton, Mary Sterret, Susan Walke, Margaret McLandburgh, Margaret McFarland, Eleanor Buchanan, Eleanor Worthington, Catharine Hough, Judith Delano, Margaret Miller, Mary P. Brown, Jane McCoy, Martha Scott.

BIOGRAPHY.

Edward Tiffin, the first governor of Ohio, was born in Carlisle, England, June 19, 1766. He received a good English education and began the study of medicine, which he continued on his emigration—at 18 years of age—to Berkeley county, Va. In 1789 he graduated from the University of Pennsylvania. In the same year he married Mary, sister of Thomas Worthington, of Charleston,

DR. EDWARD TIFFIN, OHIO'S FIRST GOVERNOR.

Nugent, Photo.

THE OLD CONSTITUTION TABLE.

The table on which the first Constitution of Ohio was signed, and it is still in use in the Court House at Chillicothe.

W. Va. (afterward governor of Ohio). In 1790 Dr. Tiffin united with the Methodist church, was ordained deacon by Bishop Asbury, and all throughout his subsequent career continued to preach with much fervor and power.

In 1796 he manumitted his slaves, and, accompanied by his brother-in-law and Robert Lucas (all three subsequently became governors of Ohio), removed to Chillicothe. Dr. Tiffin was of genial temperament, of high professional and general culture, and above all, of high moral purpose and character. It is small wonder that such a man became immensely popular. Gen. Washington, in a letter to Gov. St. Clair, speaks of "Dr. Tiffin's fairness of character in private and public life, together with knowledge of law, resulting from close application for a considerable time." In 1799 he was chosen to the Territorial Legislature and unanimously elected Speaker, which position he held until Ohio became a State.

In 1802 he was chosen president of the first Constitutional Convention, and his superior ability and acquirements so impressed his fellow-delegates that at its conclusion the convention made him its candidate for governor, to which office he was elected in January, 1803, without opposition. Two years later he was re-elected, again without opposition, and the office was tendered him a third time, but declined.

The new State of Ohio was fortunate in having as its first chief executive a man of such extraordinary and versatile talents and acquirements. The formative condition of affairs gave opportunity for the display of Gov. Tiffin's genius, and his able administration was of inestimable value in developing and advancing the interests of the young Commonwealth. The most notable incident of his administration was the suppression of the Burr-Blennerhassett expedition. In his message of January 22, 1807, President Jefferson highly compliments Gov. Tiffin for his prompt and efficient action in this affair.

At the close of his second term Gov. Tiffin was elected to the United States Senate, and performed valuable services for Ohio by securing appropriations for the improvement of the Ohio river, the mail service, and the survey of public lands.

In 1809 the death of his much-beloved wife was a serious blow to Senator Tiffin; he resigned his seat in the Senate, and determined to retire from public life; but in the following year he was elected to the State legislature, and was made Speaker of the house, serving for several terms.

He married a second wife, Miss Mary Porter, of Delaware. Like his first wife, she was a woman of much beauty of person and character.

Upon Madison's election to the Presidency he appointed Senator Tiffin to organize the land office. When Washington was burned by the British, in 1814, Dr. Tiffin was so prompt and expeditious in removing the records of his office to a place of safety, that his was the only department whose books and papers were unharmed. Wishing to return to Ohio, he, with the consent of the President and Senate, exchanged offices with Josiah Meigs, Surveyor-General of the West. He held this latter office until within a few months of his death, when he was removed by President Jackson. Dr. Tiffin died August 9, 1829; his widow survived him until 1837; three of their daughters were living in 1889. Their only son, who had studied his father's profession, was killed in a railroad accident, while returning home from Paris, where he had been attending medical lectures.

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

ADENA.

Two or three miles northwest of Chillicothe, on a beautiful elevation commanding a magnificent view of the fertile valley of the Scioto and its bounding hills,

is Adena, the seat of the late Gov. Worthington. The mansion itself is of stone, is embosomed in shrubbery, and has attached a fine garden. It was erected in 1806, at which time it was the most elegant mansion in this part of the West, and crowds came to view it, in whose estimation the name of the place, "Adena," which signifies "Paradise," did not perhaps appear hyperbolical. The large panes of glass and the novelty of papered walls appeared especially to attract attention. Its architect was the elder Latrobe, of Washington city, from which place the workmen also were. Nearly all the manufactured articles used in its construction, as the nails, door-knobs, hinges, glass, etc., were from east of the mountains. The glass was made at the works of Albert Gallatin and Mr. Nicholson, at Geneva, Pa. The fire-place fronts were of Philadelphia marble, which cost $7 per hundred for transportation. The whole edifice probably cost double what it would have done if erected at the present day. It is now the residence of the widow of the late governor, of whom we annex a brief notice.—*Old Edition.*

THOMAS WORTHINGTON, one of the earliest and most distinguished pioneers of Ohio, was born in Jefferson county, Va., about the year 1769, and settled in Ross county in 1798. He brought from Virginia a large number of slaves, whom he emancipated, and some of their descendants yet remain in Chillicothe. A man of ardent temperament, of energy of mind and correct habits or life, he soon became distinguished both in business and in political stations. He was a member of the convention of 1803, to form a State constitution, in which he was both able and active. Soon after that he became a senator in Congress from the new State, and was a participant in the most important measures of the administrations of Jefferson and Madison. At the close of his career in Congress, he was elected governor of the State, in which capacity he was the friend and aid of all the liberal and wise measures of policy which were the foundation of the great prosperity of Ohio. After his retirement from the gubernatorial chair he was appointed a member of the first board of canal commissioners, in which capacity he served till his death. A large landholder, engaged in various and extensive business, and for thirty years in public stations, no man in Ohio did more to form its character and promote its prosperity. He died in 1827.

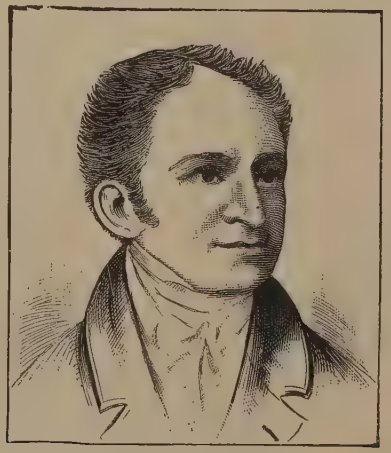
The pioneer author of the Scioto valley, Col. JOHN MCDONALD, should be gratefully remembered. He was of Scotch (Highland) stock; was born in Northumberland county, Pa., January 28, 1775. In the spring of 1792 he joined Gen. Massie's settlement at Manchester. He was a boatman, hunter, surveyor, Indian fighter, and, under Massie, took a prominent part in all the expeditions leading to the settlement of the Scioto valley. He was a colonel in the war of 1812, and held various civil offices. He died on his farm at Poplar Ridge, Ross county, September 11, 1853. He was a modest, valuable man. His little book, now out of print, "McDonald's Sketches," details the woful experiences of the early explorers of the valley with lifelike truthfulness and simplicity. The sketches of Worthington, Massie, and McArthur, herein given, are abridged mainly from his "Sketches."

NATHANIEL MASSIE was born in Goochland county, Virginia, Dec. 28, 1763. His father, a farmer in easy circumstances, and of plain good sense, educated his sons for the practical business of life. In 1780 Nathaniel, then being seventeen years of age, was for a short time in the revolutionary army. After his return he studied surveying, and in 1783 left to seek his fortunes in Kentucky. He first acted as a surveyor, but soon joined with it the locating of lands.

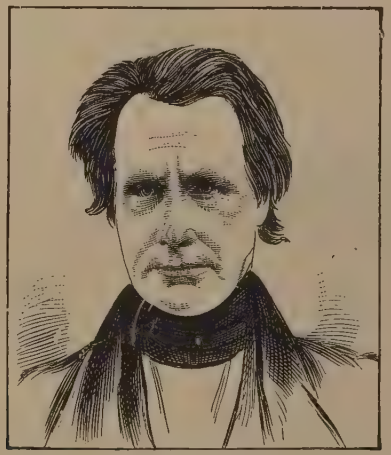
His Characteristics.—"Young Massie soon became an expert surveyor, and it was a matter of astonishment (as he was raised in the dense population east of the mountains) how soon he acquired the science and habits of the backwoodsmen. Although he never practised the art of hunting, he was admitted by all who knew his qualifications as a woodsman, to be of the first order. He could steer his course truly in clear or cloudy weather, and compute distances more correctly than most of the old hunters. He could endure fatigue and hunger with more composure than the most of those persons who were inured to want on the frontier. He could live upon meat without bread, and bread without meat, and was perfectly cheerful and contented with his fare. In all the perilous situations in which he was placed, he was always conspicuous for his good feeling and the happy temperament of his mind. His courage was of a cool and dispassionate character, which, added to great circumspection in times of danger, gave him a complete ascendancy over his companions, who were always willing to follow when Massie led the way."

Surveys Land.—He also soon became in-

GEN. DUNCAN McARTHUR,
Governor of Ohio, 1830–1832.



THOMAS WORTHINGTON,
Governor of Ohio, 1814–1818.



WILLIAM ALLEN,
Governor of Ohio, 1874–1876.

terested with Gen. James Wilkinson in speculations in salt, then an article of great scarcity in the West—with what pecuniary success, however, is unknown. He was employed as a surveyor by Col. R. C. Anderson, principal surveyor of the Virginia military lands, and for a time was engaged in writing in the office of Col. Anderson, who had the control of the land warrants, placed in his hands by his brother officers and soldiers.

"A very large amount of these, so soon as the act of Congress of August, 1790, removed all further obstruction, he placed in the hands of Massie, to enter and survey on such terms as he could obtain from the holders of them. As the risk of making entries was great, and as it was desirable to possess the best land, the owners of warrants, in most cases, made liberal contracts with the surveyors. One-fourth, one-third, and sometimes as much as one-half acquired by the entry of good lands, were given by the proprietors to the surveyors. If the owners preferred paying money, the usual terms were ten pounds, Virginia currency, for each thousand acres entered and surveyed, exclusive of chainmen's expenses. These terms cannot appear extravagant, when we consider that at that time the danger encountered was great, the exposure during the winter severe, and that the price of first-rate land in the West was low, and an immense quantity in market.

"The locations of land-warrants in the Virginia military district between the Scioto and the Little Miami, prior to 1790, were made by stealth. Every creek which was explored, every line that was run, was at the risk of life from the savage Indians, whose courage and perseverance was only equalled by the perseverance of the whites to push forward their settlements."

Founds Manchester.—In 1791 Massie made the first settlement within the Virginia military district at Manchester. During the winter of '92–'93, he continued to locate and survey the best land within a reasonable distance of the station of Manchester. "In the fall of the year 1793 Massie determined to attempt a surveying tour on the Scioto river. This, at this time, was a very dangerous undertaking; yet no danger, unless very imminent, could deter him from making the attempt. For that purpose he employed about thirty men, of whom he chose three as assistant surveyors. These were John Beasley, Nathaniel Beasley, and Peter Lee. It was in this expedition Massie employed, for the first time, Duncan McArthur as a chainman or marker."

Explores the Scioto Valley.—"In the month of October some canoes were procured, and Massie and his party set off by water. They proceeded up the Ohio to the mouth of the Scioto, thence up the Scioto to the mouth of Paint creek. While meandering the Scioto, they made some surveys on the bottoms. After reaching the mouth of Paint creek, the surveyors went to work. Many surveys were made on the Scioto, as far up as Westfall. Some were made on Main, and others on the north fork of Paint creek, and the greatest parts of Ross and Pickaway counties in the district were well explored and partly surveyed. Massie finished his intended work without meeting with any disturbance from the Indians. But one Indian was seen during the excursion, and to him they gave a hard chase. He, however, escaped. The party returned home delighted with the rich country of the Scioto valley which they had explored.

"During the winter of 1793–4 Massie, in the midst of the most appalling dangers, explored the different branches to their sources, which run into the Little Miami river, and thence passed in a northeastern direction to the heads of Paint and Clear creeks, and the branches that form those streams. By these expeditions he had formed, from personal observation, a correct knowledge of the geographical situation of the country composing the Virginia military district."

Hardships.—"During the winter of 1794–5 Massie prepared a party to enter largely into the surveying business. Nathaniel Beasley, John Beasley, and Peter Lee were again employed as the assistant surveyors. The party set off from Manchester, well equipped, to prosecute their business, or, should occasion offer, give battle to the Indians. They took the route of Logan's trace, and proceeded to a place called the deserted camp, on Tod's fork of the Little Miami. At this point they commenced surveying, and surveyed large portions of land on Tod's fork, and up the Miami to the Chillicothe town (now in Clark county), thence up Massie's creek and Cæsar's creek nearly to their heads. By the time the party had progressed thus far winter had set in. The ground was covered with a sheet of snow from six to ten inches deep. During the tour, which continued upwards of thirty days, the party had no bread. For the first two weeks a pint of flour was distributed to each mess once a day, to mix with the soup in which meat had been boiled. When night came, four fires were made for cooking, that is, one for each mess. Around these fires, till sleeping-time arrived, the company spent their time in the most social glee, singing songs and telling stories. When danger was not apparent or immediate, they were as merry a set of men as ever assembled. Resting-time arriving, Massie always gave the signal, and the whole party would then leave their comfortable fires, carrying with them their blankets, their firearms, and their little baggage, walking in perfect silence two or three hundred yards from their fires. They would then scrape away the snow and huddle down together for the night. Each mess formed one bed; they would spread down on the ground one-half of the blankets, reserving the other half for covering. The covering blankets were fastened together by skewers, to prevent them from slipping apart. Thus prepared, the whole party crouched down together with their rifles in their arms, and their pouches under their heads for pillows! lying spoon-fashion, with three heads

one way and four the other, their feet extending to about the middle of their bodies. When one turned the whole mass turned, or else the close range would be broken and the cold let in. In this way they lay till broad daylight, no noise and scarce a whisper being uttered during the night. When it was perfectly light, Massie would call up two of the men in whom he had most confidence, and send them to reconnoitre and make a circuit around the fires, lest an ambuscade might be formed by the Indians to destroy the party as they returned to the fires. This was an invariable custom in every variety of weather. Self-preservation required this circumspection." Some time after this, while surveying on Cæsar's creek, his men attacked a party of Indians, and they broke and fled.

After the defeat of the Indians by Wayne, the surveyors were not interrupted by the Indians; but on one of their excursions, still remembered as "the starving tour," the whole party, consisting of twenty-eight men, suffered extremely in a driving snow-storm for about four days. They were in a wilderness, exposed to this severe storm, without hut, tent, or covering, and what was still more appalling, without provision and without any road or even track to retreat on, and were nearly 100 miles from any place of shelter. On the third day of the storm, they luckily killed two wild turkeys, which were boiled and divided into twenty-eight parts, and devoured with great avidity, heads, feet, entrails and all.

Founds Chillicothe.—In 1796 Massie laid the foundation of the settlement of the Scioto valley, by laying out on his own land the now large and beautiful town of Chillicothe. The progress of the settlements brought large quantities of his land into market.

Massie was high in the confidence of St. Clair; and having received the appointment of colonel, it was through him that the militia of this region were first organized. Colonel Massie was an efficient member of the convention which formed the State constitution. He was afterwards elected senator from Ross, and at the first session of the State legislature was chosen speaker. He was elected the first major-general of the second division of the Ohio militia under the new constitution.

Elected Governor and Refuses the Office.—Gen. Massie was at this time one of the largest landholders in Ohio, and selected a residence at the falls of Paint creek, in this county, where he had a large body of excellent land. "In the year 1807 Gen. Massie and Col. Return J. Meigs were competitors for the office of governor of Ohio. They were the most popular men in the State. Col. Meigs received a small majority of votes. The election was contested by Massie on the ground that Col. Meigs was ineligible by the constitution, in consequence of his absence from the State, and had not since his return lived in the State a sufficient length of time to regain his citizenship. The contest was carried to the General Assembly, who, after hearing the testimony, decided that 'Col. Meigs was ineligible to the office, and that Gen Massie was duly elected governor of the State of Ohio.' Massie, however desirous he might have been to hold the office, was too magnanimous to accept it when his competitor had a majority of votes. After the decision in his favor he immediately resigned."

After this, he, as often as his leisure would permit, represented Ross county in the legislature. He died Nov. 3, 1813, and was buried on his farm. "His character was well suited for the settlement of a new country, distinguished as it was by an uncommon degree of energy and activity in the business in which he was engaged. His disposition was ever marked with liberality and kindness."

DUNCAN M'ARTHUR, who was of Scotch parentage, was born in Dutchess county, New York, in 1772, and when eight years of age, his father removed to the frontiers of Pennsylvania. His father was in indigent circumstances, and Duncan, when of sufficient age, hired out as a laborer. At the age of eighteen years, he was a volunteer in Harmar's campaign. In 1792, he was a private in the company of Capt. Wm. Enoch, and acted with so much intrepidity in the battle of Captina, as to render him very popular with the frontier men. After this, he was for a while a laborer at some salt-works near Maysville, Ky., and in the spring of 1793, engaged as a chain-bearer to Gen. Nathaniel Massie, and penetrated with him and others into the Scioto Valley to make surveys, at a time when such an enterprise was full of danger from the Indians. He was afterwards employed as a spy against the Indians on the Ohio, and had some adventures with them, elsewhere detailed in this volume. He was again in the employment of Gen. Massie; and after the treaty of Greenville, studied surveying, became an assistant surveyor to Gen Massie, and aided him to lay out Chillicothe. He, in the course of this business, became engaged in the purchase and sale of lands, by which he acquired great landed wealth.

In 1805 he was a member of the Legislature from Ross; in 1806 elected colonel, and in 1808, major-general of the State militia. In May, 1812, he was commissioned colonel

in the Ohio volunteers, afterwards marched to Detroit, and himself and regiment were included in Hull's surrender. He was second in command on this unfortunate expedition; but such was the energy he displayed, that, notwithstanding, after his return as a prisoner of war on parole, the Democratic party, in the fall of 1812, elected him to Congress by an overwhelming majority. In March, 1813, he was commissioned a brigadier-general in the army, and having been regularly exchanged as prisoner of war, soon after resigned his seat in Congress to engage in active service.

Military Services.—About the time the enemy were preparing to attack Fort Stephenson, the frontiers were in great danger, and Harrison sent an express to M'Arthur to hurry on to the scene of action with all the force he could muster. Upon this, he ordered the second division to march in mass. "This march of the militia was named the '*general call.*' As soon as Governor Meigs was advised of the call made by General M'Arthur, he went forward and assumed in person the command of the militia now under arms. General M'Arthur went forward to the scene of action, and the militia followed in thousands. So promptly were his orders obeyed, that in a few days the Sandusky plains were covered with nearly eight thousand men, mostly from Scioto valley. This rush of militia to defend the exposed frontier of our country, bore honorable testimony that the patriotism of the Scioto valley did not consist of noisy professions, but of practical service in defence of their country. This general turn-out of the militia proves that General Massie, and the few pioneers who followed him into the wilderness, and assisted him in making the first settlements in the fertile valley of the Scioto river, had infused their own daring and enterprising spirit into the mass of the community. Among these eight thousand militia were found in the ranks as private soldiers, judges, merchants, lawyers, preachers, doctors, mechanics, farmers and laborers of every description; all anxious to repulse the ruthless invaders of our soil. Indeed, the Scioto country was so stripped of its male population on this occasion, that the women in their absence were compelled to carry their grain to mill, or let their children suffer for want." These troops having arrived at Upper Sandusky, formed what was called the "grand camp of Ohio militia." Gen. M'Arthur was detailed to the command of Fort Meigs. The victory of Perry, on the 10th of September, gave a fresh impetus to the army, and Harrison concentrated his troops at Portage river, where, on the 20th, the brigade of M'Arthur, from Fort Meigs, joined him. On the 27th, the army embarked in boats and crossed over to Malden, and a few days after, Gen. M'Arthur, with the greater part of the troops, was charged with the defence of Detroit.

After the resignation of Harrison, in the spring of 1814, M'Arthur, being the senior brigadier-general, the command of the N. W. army devolved on him. As the enemy had retired discomfited from the upper end of Lake Erie, and most of the Indians were suing for peace, the greater part of the regular troops under his command were ordered to the Niagara frontier. M'Arthur had a number of small forts to garrison along the frontier, while he kept his main force at Detroit and Malden, to overawe the Canadians and the scattering Indians still in the British interest. The dull monotony of going from post to post was not the most agreeable service to his energetic mind. He projected an expedition into Canada, on which he was absent about a fortnight from Detroit, with 650 troops and 70 Indians. At or near Malcolm's mill, the detachment had an action with the force of about 500 Canadian militia, in which they defeated them with a loss of 27 killed and wounded, and made 111 prisoners; while the American loss was only 1 killed and 6 wounded. In this excursion, the valuable mills of the enemy in the vicinity of Grand river were destroyed, and their resources in that quarter essentially impaired. After returning from this successful expedition, the war languished in the northwest. General M'Arthur continued in service and was at Detroit when peece was declared.

The U. S. Bank Contest.—In the fall of 1815 he was again elected to the Legislature. In 1816 he was appointed commissioner to negotiate a treaty with the Indians at Springwell, near Detroit; he acted in the same capacity at the treaty of Fort Meigs, in September, 1817, and also at the treaty at St. Mary's in the succeeding year. In 1817, upon being elected to the Legislature, he was a competitor with the late Charles Hammond, Esq., for the Speaker's chair, and triumphed by a small majority. The next summer, the party strife on the United States bank question, which had commenced the previous session, was violent. M'Arthur defended the right of that institution to place branches wherever it chose in the State, and on this issue was again a candidate for the Legislature and was defeated. "A considerable majority of members elected this year were opposed to the United States bank. Mr. Hammond was again elected a member of the assembly, and by his talents and readiness in wielding his pen, together with his strong and confident manner of speaking, was able to dictate law to this assembly. A law was passed at this session of the Legislature, taxing each branch of the United States bank, located in the State of Ohio, fifty thousand dollars. When the time arrived for collecting this tax, the branch banks refused to pay. Mr. Hammond had provided in the law for a case of this kind: the collector was authorized, in case the bank refused to pay the tax, to employ armed force and enter the banking house and seize on the money, and this was actually done; the collector, with an armed force, entered the branch bank in the town of Chillicothe and took what money he thought proper.

"The bank brought suit in the United States circuit court against all the State officers concerned in this forcible collection. Mr. Hammond, a distinguished lawyer, with other eminent counsel, was employed by the State of Ohio to defend this important cause. The district court decided the law of Ohio, levying the tax, unconstitutional, and, of course null and void; and made a decree, directing the State to refund to the bank the money thus forcibly taken. The cause was appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States. Mr. Hammond defended the suit in all its stages. The Supreme Court decided this cause against the State of Ohio. Thus was settled this knotty and vexatious question, which, for a time, threatened the peace of the Union."

Political Honor.—In 1819 M'Arthur was again elected to the Legislature. In 1822 he was again chosen to Congress, and became an undeviating supporter of what is called the American system. "While General M'Arthur remained a member of Congress, he had considerable influence in that body. His persevering industry, his energetic mind, his sound judgment, and practical business habits, rendered him a very efficient member. He would sometimes make short, pithy remarks on the business before the house, but made no attempts at those flourishes of eloquence which tickle the fancy and please the ear. After having served two sessions in Congress, he declined a re-election, being determined to devote all his efforts to arrange his domestic concerns. He left the field of politics to others, and engaged with an unremitted attention to settle his land business." In 1830, M'Arthur was elected governor of Ohio by the anti-Jackson party, and on the expiration of his term of office was a candidate for Congress, and lost his election, which terminated his political career. By an unfortunate accident in June, 1830, M'Arthur was horribly bruised and maimed. From this severe misfortune his bodily and mental powers constantly declined, until death, several years after, closed his career.

Duncan M'Arthur was a strong-minded, energetic man and possessed an iron will. He was hospitable, close in business, and had many bitter and severe enemies.

TRAVELLING NOTES.

Upland Cemetery, at Chillicothe, is an especially interesting spot, both historically and pictorially. In it lie the remains of four governors of the State: Edward Tiffin, the first governor, 1803–1807; Thomas Worthington, 1814–1818; Duncan McArthur, 1830–1832, and William Allen, 1874–1876. The cemetery contains about 100 acres of woodland, partly old forest trees; largely intermingled are evergreens, as Irish juniper, Norway spruce, white and Austin pine. Among the interesting monuments is that to the memory of Gen. Joshua W. Sill, a very promising young officer, one of the earliest of the sacrifices of the war. He was a graduate of West Point, but at the outbreak of hostilities was in civil life. He fell at Stone river, December 31, 1862, universally lamented.

The cemetery is about a mile south of the city, on the western hills. There, on the most northerly point, at an elevation of 170 feet, overlooking the beautiful city which he founded, is the monument and tomb of Nathaniel Massie. The view is singularly beautiful and commanding, embracing the city, the windings of the Scioto, with Mount Logan in the distance. The shaft of the monument is of Scotch granite, about thirty feet high, and on its face is this inscription:

GEN. NATHANIEL MASSIE,

Founder of

CHILLICOTHE.

Born in

GOOCHLAND COUNTY, VIRGINIA,

Dec. 28, 1763;

Died,

Nov. 3, 1813.

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

THE FIRST OHIO STATE-HOUSE.

THE COUNTY BUILDINGS, CHILLICOTHE.

These occupy the site of the old State-House.

Mr. Massie was originally buried on his farm. In June, 1870, the remains, with those of his wife, were removed here. Near the Massie monument is the Soldiers' monument, an imposing structure. It is of marble, about twenty-five feet high; consists of two cubes on a pedestal; on them are bronze tablets, with inscriptions, and figures in *basso-rilievo*. The whole is surmounted by the figure of a soldier in bronze, at rest, in graceful attitude, leaning on his musket.

The Old State Capitol, shown in the engraving, was destroyed in 1852. The old building stood on the site of the present court-house, exactly where is now the court-room of the latter. The small building on the right was used by the treasurer and auditor. The building partly shown in the rear was the stone jail. The church in the rear is yet standing. In the year I made the sketch, March 6, 1846, a noted burglar and murderer, Henry Thomas, was hanged on a gallows erected before the front door. It was the second criminal execution in the county since its organization. He was hanged for the murder of Fred. Edwards, storekeeper at Bourneville. Thomas sold his body to Dr. Hull, of that place, who preserved the skeleton.

The Ohio Eagle.—The Chillicothe Library has about 9,000 volumes. I went in to see the "Ohio Eagle," the identical eagle that for nearly half a century had stood perched on the summit of the cupola of the Old State House and glinted in the first rays of the morning sun as it came up from behind Mount Logan. It had been placed there as a relic. It was made of four pieces of sheet-brass, rivited, two feet and six inches high, two feet broad, and black as a stove—its gilt long since gone. It never was much of an eagle, but served for the beginning of Ohio, and should be duly honored.

The Old Librarian.—About as great a curiosity as the eagle was the librarian himself, Mr. Henry Watterson, who was within two years as old as that bird. He thus gave me his record, extraordinary for the *genus hòmo:* Was born in Albany, N. Y., March 25, 1804; therefore, then 82 years old. Came to Chillicothe in 1841; is an omnivorous reader, but reads no fiction except Scott's novels; walks six miles daily; height, 5 feet, 9¾ inches; chest measurement, 32 inches; weight, *one hundred and four pounds;* had one leg broken; one arm broken once and another broken three times, and the last time it was broken it was broken in three places; had six attacks of fever—in one of them was so far gone that his mother made his shroud; recovering, she changed it into a shirt; it went on duty as a shirt until it was worn out as a shirt. To have eighty-two years of history thus personified, and so much broken, too, and once so near dead, withal, and yet nimbly mount a step-ladder and bring down from a top shelf some of the gathered wisdom of the ages for one's edification, was a marvel indeed.

The Old Constitution Table.—In the recorder's office stands the table on which was signed the old constitution of Ohio, adopted November 29, 1802; and that table has been in constant use from that day to this. It stands on its old legs, save one. The top is of black walnut and the legs cherry; its height, 2 feet 4 inches; its form, oval, 6 feet long and 3 feet 8 inches wide. On this table once stood Hon. Thomas Scott and made a speech to his fellow-citizens, congratulating them on the adoption of the constitution. He had been secretary of the convention. In 1846 he was one of its five surviving members, two of whom were Joseph Darlington and Israel Donalson of Adams county; the other two names not recollected by me, if then known. It was from the manuscript of Judge Scott that I obtained the items respecting the first settlement of the county.

Chillicothe has changed but little since that olden time of 1846. The best residences are scattered. The houses, with rare exceptions, are the old-style square houses, sometimes called "box-houses." They are largely of brick, with large rooms, some two and a few only one-story high, with ample yards and gardens. No fanciful architecture, with ostentatious, sky-climbing towers, no pepper-box-shaped pinnacles greet the eye. Money was largely put inside for comfort and convenience and having "a good time generally all around," and the old-style people got it.

The town was great in character, having had so many strong first-class men as its leading citizens. It was the admiration of strangers in its halcyon days, and among these was Daniel Webster. He went into the country and I believe ascended Mount Logan, and had an eye-feast as he looked over the valleys of the Scioto and Paint creek. The beauty and fertility, the immense fields of corn and wheat, the fat luscious cattle and the vast domains of single owners, filled him with the sense of agricultural magnificence new in his experience. Ever after, when any Scioto valley people called upon him, he was strong in his praises, which made them feel good, though on one or two occasions this was marred by his blunder, when alluding to the beauty of Paint creek, by his calling it *Pain* creek.

A most useful and valued acquaintance made in my first sojourn in the "Ancient Metropolis" in 1846, was Seneca W. Ely, probably the oldest editor and printer now in the harness in Ohio. He had then been editor and principal proprietor of the Scioto *Gazette*—a leading Whig journal, founded in 1800, and still in existence—since 1835, and was known and respected throughout the State as an influential writer and politician. Mr. Ely was born in eastern Pennsylvania, learned the trade of a printer at Rochester among the

New York "Yankees," perfecting his knowledge of "the art preservative of all arts" in Philadelphia. He was an active participator with the older politicians, Ewing, Bond, Stanbery, Creighton, Thrall and a host of others, in forwarding the principles and fortunes of the "grandest old party ever formed," as he used to express it—the party of Clay, Webster and compatriots.

In the 1840's Mr. Ely was one of the first subscribers to the construction fund of a railroad—the third in the State—from Marietta to the Little Miami at Loveland. He was made one of the officers of the road, but the

SENECA W. ELY.

enterprise exhausted the comfortable little fortune he had acquired, and he accepted the treasurership of the first street railroad in Cincinnati. During the civil war he was employed in sanitary services, especially at St. Louis. From 1870 to 1874 he edited the leading Republican paper of Miami county, and for eighteen months a paper in Circleville, and then returned to Cincinnati as one of the editorial staff of the *Gazette*. When the *Gazette* and *Commercial* coalesced his services were accepted on the joint enterprise, and he continues yet an active member of the editorial corps of that leading journal. Like Greeley, he has passed a "busy life," and though, like the same renowned editor, he may not have

> "Gathered gear from every wile,
> That's justified by honor,"

We believe it may truly be said for him—

> "Although your way of life
> Is fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf,
> You've that which should accompany old age,
> As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends."

EPHRAIM GEORGE SQUIER and Dr. EDWIN HAMILTON DAVIS, the archæologist, in 1846 were engaged in making their explorations and surveys, and Mr. Ely introduced me to them. Mr. Davis was a native of Chillicothe, and was then about 35 years of age. He was a reserved and somewhat diffident gentleman, and of the highest character. The latter part of his life was passed in New York, pursuing archæological studies. Mr. Squier was an entirely different man. He had come from the East to assist in editing the Scioto *Gazette*. He was then about 26 years of age, blonde, small and boyish in figure, but one of the most audacious, incisive spirits I have known. In coming to Columbus with Mr. Ely, just prior to the opening of the legislature, Squier said to him that he was going to get the clerkship of the house. Surprised, the other replied, "Why, Squier, you can't do that; you've just come to the State; you are not even a citizen." "I don't care, I shall do it." And he did. He had a talent for management, and notwithstanding his insignificant presence could make his way everywhere, with no fear of power, station, nor weight of intellect and character.

One day he was riding out with Ely, when they came in sight of some ancient earthworks. He thereupon inquired about them. The latter told him, upon which he became greatly interested, and said that would be his field of work—he did not care about politics. In the course of conversation Squier asked if there was anybody in Chillicothe interested in archæology. "Yes, there is Mr. Davis, who ten years ago assisted Charles Whittlesey in his explorations and surveys of the Newark antiquities, and is still gathering relics." The result was, he united with Davis, who furnished the funds, and they worked together.

The publication of their work by the Smithsonian Institution set Squier upon a pedestal. John L. Stephens' work upon the "Antiquities of Central America," issued in 1841, created a great sensation, showing that that country was a rich field for archæological research. Squier, on the publication of their work, applied for and obtained the position of special *chargé d'affaires* to Central America, his object being to investigate archæology and kindred topics. Both he and Mr. Davis died in 1887.

In my last visit to Chillicothe I had the pleasure of meeting Col. WILLIAM E. GILMORE, one of the city's venerables and its postmaster, holding over from Mr. Arthur's administration. A military man, were he a Boston instead of a Scioto valley production, he doubtless to-day would be enrolled in its "Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company," a high private, marching in its ranks, touching elbows with Gen. Banks.

He has a higher honor. He delivered the last speech uttered by mortal man

in the old State capitol. This was in 1852; a sort of wind-up blast in behalf of Winfield Scott for President, pungent and humorous.

The Colonel has had an interesting and lively career, as he tells us in his rich and racy autobiography in the County History. He was born in Chillicothe, Nov. 3, 1824, and of excellent parents: his father a purely good, honest gentleman, who promptly discharged every duty as husband, tailor, citizen and public man. Then, with a heart-tribute to the memory of his mother, he opens his heart about himself. "Of course," writes he, "as brat, boy and youth—as somebody has divided male infancy—I had lots of fun. I was instructed a little, studied some, and was thrashed *much!*

"By Mrs. Wade and Miss Jane Luckett, with *a slipper;*

"Hiram McNemar, *boxing my ears;*

"Roswell Hill, with *a flat ruler;*

"Daniel Hearn, with *a hickory switch;*

"John Garret, with *a cowhide;*

"John Graham, with *his tongue;* and

"Wm. B. Franklin, with *a sole leather strap;*

"All in the order named; and was so prepared for Athens College, which I entered in 1839."

A cruel memory of his childhood had made him hate slavery. This was the sight at Portsmouth of a long coffle of negro slaves, men and women chained, two by two, with children of all ages of infancy following the gang, driven by ruffianly, brutal-looking white men. They were on their way from Virginia to the auction-blocks in Kentucky and Tennessee.

On entering college and avowing his sentiments, the Southern students called him "a d——d Abolitionist;" and he had to "eat dirt or fight." "I didn't," he says, "eat dirt, and consequently had a large number of battles forced upon me with the Virginia and Kentucky students." In one of these his arm was broken, from which he suffers to this day. Being full of life and animal spirits, he entered into all the practical jokes and "devilments" of the students, but doing nothing malicious. Finally he played a trick upon Professor Dan Reid, and then, to avoid the danger of being shot out, wisely withdrew from the classic halls. This was in 1841.

He then studied law, became converted in a religious revival, studied at Lane Seminary, was for a time in the ministry of the Presbyterian Church, but when the war ensued was practising the law. He enlisted the first company raised in Chillicothe, and served as a colonel. Since the war he has pursued the law and politics; first in Missouri and last in Ohio, and with force and telling vigor. He is a large man, with a somewhat massive countenance, especially useful for the display of the emotions of a social, kindly and humorous spirit. He is an adept alike with tongue and pen. His paper upon the "Bench and Bar," in the County History, is a unique specimen of character-drawing, with unique characters as models such as no other bar in Ohio could supply.

His criticism, published Oct. 14, 1888, in the Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette*, upon Hinsdale's recently issued work, "The Old Northwest," is in a kindly spirit. While bearing testimony to its scholarship, he very properly points to its omissions in regard to the great work of the Virginia pioneers in the Scioto valley; and combats the allegation that they tried to fasten slavery upon the State Constitution, and would probably have succeeded but for the single saving vote in the committee of Judge Ephraim Cutler, of Marietta. Gilmore winds up his dissection of the evidence by the true allegation, that "this was the first time the world had ever heard one word of a struggle to fasten the institution of negro slavery upon Ohio by that convention. For one humble Buckeye," he says, "I resent the imputation upon my ancestry and State involved in the charge that such an effort was ever made. The Virginians who settled this portion of the territory northwest of the Ohio river never desired to continue negro slavery. Tiffin, Worthington, and many more of them left Old Virginia, and made homes for themselves and their descendants, *because* they condemned and abhorred the system. They liberated the slaves they owned in Virginia. Tiffin and Worthington—it is a matter of record—each refused $5,000 for the slaves they manumitted voluntarily and from convictions of duty, and came to the Scioto valley with less than half the money they declined to receive for their slaves.

"Profoundly honoring the memories of these grand and good men, I cannot silently permit them to stand falsely charged in history with having been participators in and advocates of that institution—now happily passed away—which John Wesley epitomized as 'the sum of all villanies.'"

The citizens of Chillicothe, with commendable pride, rejoice in the fact that their town was the birthplace of Lucy Webb Hayes, and where she passed her youth. Her childhood home, is or was lately, standing on a street corner, a plain two-story square structure, with about eight rooms, with a hall running through the centre. Memories of her winsome ways when a child are cherished by the elderly people.

The Cattle Business.

The stock business of the West had its origin and rise in Ross county and the Scioto valley, and the first imported stock seen in the Northwest Territory was

brought at an early date to Chillicothe. The following facts in regard to it are from a correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette:*

Cattle raising was an industry of great importance in Ohio prior to 1850. The remoteness of the settlements from markets in the early days of the century made the price of grain so low that the most profitable disposition that could be made of it was to feed it to cattle. So, on the rich bottom lands of the Scioto, the business of raising cattle for the Eastern markets commenced nearly eighty-five years ago.

In the early days cattle were not sheltered, but were kept in open lots of eight or ten acres each, and fed twice a day with unhusked corn and the fodder. The waste was picked up by hogs. This practice, introduced in Ross county, is still in vogue throughout much of the West. The method of securing corn after maturity by cutting off the stalks near the ground and stacking them in shocks in the field where it was grown, also originated with the raisers of cattle in the Scioto valley.

The first English cattle that came to Ohio or to the West were from Patton's herd, and were driven from Kentucky to Chillicothe.

In 1804 the first herd of cattle ever taken to an Eastern market was driven over the mountains to Baltimore by George Renick, of Ross county. The business thus commenced soon grew to large proportions. The old Ohio drovers who visited New York stayed as a rule at the Bull's Head Tavern, which was kept by Daniel Drew, and stands on the site of the Bowery Theatre.

The man who gave standing and system to the raising of stock was FELIX RENICK. He was in many ways a remarkable man, and he filled a great many positions of usefulness and responsibility. The family is of German origin. Felix Renick was born in 1771, and first came to Ross county in 1798. He was a fluent and instructive writer, a man fond of books, and was President of the Logan Historical Association, and one of the first Associate Judges of Ross county; and to his other accomplishments added a knowledge of surveying. He made the historical map of the Indian towns on the Pickaway plains shown in Pickaway county in this work.

The first regular stock sale in Ohio was held October 26, 1835, at Felix Renick's farm. In 1834 Mr. Renick, after much labor, organized the Ohio Company for the purpose of bringing thoroughbred cattle from England.

The stock of the company proved to be excellent property. He, in company with two others, went to England in 1834 and purchased a number of thoroughbred cattle.

His home at High Rock farm, in Liberty township, at an early day, was the scene of many a festivity. Dinner parties, dances and fox hunts were of frequent occurrence. His favorite authors were Shakspeare and Addison, from whom he quoted not infrequently.

He was killed in 1848 by a falling timber, and his death was widely and heartily lamented.

Mr. Renick was slender, of medium height, low-voiced, gentle in manner, but with great energy and determined will.

The *Madeira Hotel*, in its palmy days, was one of the most famous hotels in the West, and exceeding rich in its historic associations. It was two stories in height, but covered a large space of ground; was on the corner of Paint and Second streets, and was destroyed in the great fire of 1852.

The original building was a residence. About the year 1816 the Branch Bank of the United States was first located in a portion of it. The property eventually fell into the hands of Col. John Madeira, who in 1832 enlarged it, and made it famous. Chillicothe at that time was on the regular line of travel between the East and Southwest. It gained a national reputation and numbered among its guests some of the most distinguished men of the time, as Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, Wm. H. Harrison, De Witt Clinton, Lafayette, and the Mexican general, Santa Anna, on his way to Washington after his capture.

"Mine host" Col. JOHN MADEIRA, a man of splendid physique and great business capacity, was born in Woodstock, Culpeper county, Va., April 14, 1798. When fourteen years of age he came to Ohio with his father, and before he was twenty-one kept a hotel in Chillicothe. He was a leading spirit in the development of the city and county; country turnpikes, the Ohio canal, railroads, banking and education received the benefit of his ser-

GENERAL NATHANIEL MASSIE.

Founder of Chillicothe.

The Chillicothe Elm.

vices. He married a daughter of Felix Renick, and died in 1873.

Judge FREDERICK GRIMKÉ was the most noted of the characters that for years made the Madeira House their home. He was born in Charleston, S. C., Sept. 1, 1791, of Huguenot stock. His father was a jurist of eminence, an officer of the Revolution, and a member of the convention which adopted the Federal Constitution. His brother, Thomas Smith, was a reformer, with advanced ideas upon temperance, non-resistance, and education: he was much respected and beloved. His two sisters were driven from South Carolina on account of their Abolition views. One of them, Angelica, went to Cincinnati during the anti-slavery trouble at Walnut Hills, and soon married the brilliant Abolition lecturer, Theodore D. Weld. The judge was educated at Yale, came to Ohio in 1818, and from 1836–42 was a Judge of the State Supreme Court, and then resigned, to devote himself to philosophical studies. He published an "Essay on Ancient and Modern Literature," and a work on the "Nature and Tendencies of Free Constitutions." When he died the nation was in the midst of the civil war, and, believing the Confederacy would be established, he left directions that one copy of his work should be deposited with the Government at Washington, and a second copy with the Confederate Government at Richmond. He was a slender, delicate man, neatly attired, and, with the often shy habits of scholars, made scarcely any acquaintances. He never married, and, what was sad, when he was buried, and from the Madeira House, not a woman followed his remains to their last resting-place.

THE CHILLICOTHE ELM.

In the rear of the parsonage of the Walnut Street M. E. Church in Chillicothe, stands an ancient elm of huge dimensions. By my measurement I found its girth, one foot above its base, to be 28 feet 6 inches, and three above its base, 22 feet 7 inches. Learning that Dr. W. F. Hughey, of Bainbridge, years ago lived in the parsonage and knew more of its history than any one living, I wrote for and obtained these details under date of April 9, 1886. "I was sent to Chillicothe in the autumn of 1871, as pastor of the Walnut Street M. E. Church. Soon after I took a measurement of the 'Big Elm' one foot above the ground and found it 27 feet 8 inches. I also took two measurements of the spread of its top; one from north to south and the other from east to west. The first was 140 feet, the second 135 feet; covering an area of about 55 square rods."

"It is a historic tree, under which tradition says Logan, the Mingo Chief, generally held his council. I was informed by Dr. McAdow, a local preacher of the M. P. Church, since dead, that the early settlers of Chillicothe found the remains of human bones among the coals and ashes beneath the tree, when they first came to the place. I credit this report, for he was the oldest native-born Chillicothean living at the time he told me.

I cannot remember the names of the parties who were married in the shade of the elm, nor the minister who married them. I did not have a study in the "Big Elm," but my boys and those of Mr. D. Pinto, Mr. W. Reed and Dr. S. Dunlap built a platform up in the tree in the summer of 1872, large enough for half a dozen chairs, where they used to study during the hot summer days. I sometimes took my books up there during the afternoons, in order to enjoy the breeze which could not be felt in the yard below. This platform was reached by two ladders, one from the ground to the forks of the tree, and the other from there to a door in the platform."

This must be the largest elm in girth in Ohio. Some years ago I investigated the subject of the more famous New England elms, and obtained data of their age and size and could not learn of one known to have exceeded two centuries. The Chillicothe elm is on a moist spot of ground, and I am told is "the white or swamp elm, which in exceedingly tough, almost impossible to split," and perhaps far slower in growth than other kinds. Among the New England elms the famous elm is on *Boston Common*, said to have been planted about the year 1670, by Capt. Daniel Henchman. On a map of Boston published in 1720, it is shown as a large tree. It is now gone, but in 1844, five feet from the ground its girth was 16 feet. In 1837, Oliver Wendell Holmes measured the *Northampton elm* five feet from the ground and made it 24 feet 5 inches in circumference. In 1846, Ralph Waldo Emerson and Horace Mann measured the *Johnston elm*, which at the smallest place was 22 feet, and threw up a prodigious weight of branches, twelve in number and each equal to a tree.

The *Cambridge elm*, under which Whitfield preached and under which Washington is said to have first drawn his sword on taking command of his army, is still standing. It is less in girth and must be about 200 years old. Not one of the famous New Haven elms has yet reached 16 feet in girth by my measurement, and the oldest is only about a century from its planting.

The living giant of the New England elms is the *great elm* in *Broad street*.

Wethersfield. James T. Smith, before whose house it stands, under date *October* 10, 1883, sent to me its then dimensions, "Girth at 3 feet 3 inches above the ground, 22 feet 5 inches; girth of its four branches, 16 ft. 8 in.; 11 ft. 6 in.; 10 ft. 3 in.; 8 ft. 7 in. Diameter of spread of branches north to south, 150 feet, and east to west 152 feet. Circumference of branches 429 feet. It is about 135 years old and was set out by John Smith of Withersfield. I measured it and found it 96 feet in height. A limb had been broken out in the middle that was several feet higher. Yours truly, *James T. Smith.*"

A Stable in a Hollow Tree—Dr. Toland Jones, of London, writes to me, that when he was a lad he heard his father state "that just after the war of 1812, a friend of his, named Timmons, I think, used the hollow stump of a sycamore as a stable for two horses. It was near the mouth of Deer creek in Ross county. He had cut down the tree some ten feet."

Monster Grape Vine.—Up to about the year 1853, when it was cut down by a careless woodman, there stood about one and a quarter miles west of Frankfort, on land belonging to the McNeil family, near the north fork of Paint creek, one of the largest, if not the largest grape vine on record. It was destroyed by cutting down two trees to which it was attached. In 1842 it measured 16 feet in circumference, 10 feet from the ground; 20 feet up it divided into three branches, each of about 8 feet in girth. The height was about 75 feet and the greatest breadth, 150 feet, by actual measurement. The grapes were the small hill variety, and yielded annually several bushels. It was growing very rapidly when destroyed: it then yielded by estimate about 8 cords of wood. These data are on the authority of Rev. L. C, Brooks of West Rushville, Fairfield county.

STATE SEAL.

"In the acts of the first session of the first General Assembly, held under the first constitution of Ohio, in 1803, which were printed by Nathaniel Willis, grandfather of the poet, a description of the State Seal is found in a law prescribing the duties of the Secretary of State, who was, at that time, William Creighton. The act says: 'The Secretary of State shall procure a seal, one inch and a half in diameter, for the use of each and every county now or hereafter to be created, on which seal shall be engraved the following device: On the right side, near the bottom, a sheaf of wheat and on the left a bundle of seventeen arrows, both standing erect in the background, and rising above the sheaf and arrows a mountain, over which shall appear a rising sun. The State seal to be surrounded by these words: The great seal of the State of Ohio.'"

The seal was then made. The picture of the seal as it was used by the State in 1846 and as it appeared in our first edition is shown above. The canal boat could not have been on the seal as originally made; but the date 1802 undoubtedly was.

The date 1802 was that on which the people formed and adopted a State Constitution, and they thought they had put on the robes of sisterhood. The sister States in Congress assembled did not learn of this officially until early the next year, when they gave it their

official recognition. On this ground a scholarly claim was put forth a few years since, that Ohio was not a State by the date of a year, when she thought she was. Sundry aged persons for the first time were told they were born in the Northwest Territory. It was a very disturbing, unhappy element: it was discussed by the Ohio Society of New York an entire winter and finally exhausted by about a tie opinion, deciding nothing. No date now appears on the State seal: gone also is the canal boat, perhaps it was scuttled by some designing enemy of the canals. Gone also is the water. Not a drop anywhere for navigation, nor for thirst, but the mountains are still there; the morning sun still peeps over the land, and under its present light the children for the first time read in their school histories, that Ohio was not a State of the Union *until* 1803. According to this, what a delusion their fathers lived under.

It is claimed that the mountains on the seal were copied from the Mount Logan range. This range is shown on our view of Chillicothe, with which the reader can compare and correctly decide.

According to tradition Logan had a cabin on Mount Logan and was murdered there; but this last statement—as to the place of his death—is rendered extremely doubtful by the evidence from Henry Brisch (see Pickaway and Seneca Counties).

BIOGRAPHY.

ALLEN G. THURMAN'S early days were spent in Chillicothe, his parents settling there six years after his birth, in Lynchburg, Va.

We have given an outline of Judge Thurman's career in our Franklin county chapter, but some allusion to his early life is here in place. His father was an itinerant Methodist minister, who had to give up preaching on account of poor health. In 1825 he built the house on the north side of Main street, still standing, in which Allen spent his younger days. Judge Thurman's mother was a remarkable woman, with many fine qualities of both intellect and heart. Upon her devolved the training of two of Ohio's statesmen, her brother, Gov. William Allen, and her son Allen G. She had received a liberal education, was of studious habits and well fitted to perform the task which fell to her lot. It is said that her son resembles her in personal appearance and qualities; he has borne testimony to the value of her instructions in saying, that "I owe more to my mother than to any other instructor in the world."

Judge Alfred Yaple has given the following instructive account of Judge Thurman's youth.

"He was then a small boy with what poets in pantaloons would denominate flaxen hair, and versifiers in crinoline golden locks, but what Governor Allen and common people call a towhead. His mother was drilling him in his French lessons. She continued to superintend his education, directing his reading of authors even after he left the old Chillicothe Academy, a private institution, and the highest and only one he ever attended until his admission to the bar. While attending this academy Thurman's classmates and intimates were sent away to college. He could not go, for not only did his parents find themselves without the means to send him, but even required his exertions for their own support and the support of his sisters, a duty which he cheerfully and efficiently rendered, remaining single and at home for more than nine years after his admission to the bar, giving a large part of his earnings toward the support of his parents and sisters.

The day his school companions mounted the stage and went away to college he was seized with temporary despair. Sick at heart he sought the old Presbyterian burying-ground, and lay down upon a flat tomb and wept. The thought that his tears were vain and idle came to him with force. He told his sorrows to a friend who chanced to be wandering among the graves, and closed his recital with the significant remark, "If my school-fellows come home and have learned more than I have, they must work for it."

"Old citizens still remember that a light, during this time, was often seen in young Thurman's room until four o'clock in the morning. He would never quit anything until he had mastered it and made it his own. This particular trait he has possessed ever since.

In the acquisition of solid learning his academy fellows never got in advance of him, and he kept studying long after they had graduated. He taught school, studied and practised surveying, prepared himself for and was admitted to the bar in 1835, and practised his profession until he was elected a judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio in 1851.

WILLIAM ALLEN was born in Edenton, N. C., in 1807. His parents dying during his infancy, his sister, the mother of Allen G. Thurman, took charge of his rearing and education. In 1821 Mrs. Thurman removed

to Chillicothe, leaving her brother in an academy at Lynchburg, Va. Two years later he followed her and completed his education in Chillicothe. He commenced the study of law in the office of Judge Scott, and completed it with Col. Edward King, with whom he was associated in a partnership after his admission to practice, when not yet 21 years of age. He was tall and impressive in appearance, with a powerful voice so penetrating that he was given the soubriquet of "Ohio gong." In 1832 he was elected to Congress by the Democrats by a majority of one. He was the youngest man in the Twenty-third Congress, but was recognized as a leading orator and made a strong impression in a speech on the Ohio boundary-line question.

In August, 1837, he made a strong speech at a banquet in Columbus, which unexpectedly led to his nomination to the Senate, to succeed Hon. Thomas Ewing. Before the close of his first term he was re-elected to the Senate.

In 1845 he married Mrs. Effie McArthur Coons, a daughter of ex-Gov. McArthur, notwithstanding a strong personal dislike to the senator on the part of McArthur. Mrs. Allen inherited from her father the old homestead, "Fruit Hill." Governor and Mrs. Allen had but one child, Mrs. Scott.

In August, 1873, Senator Allen was elected Governor of Ohio, being the only candidate on his ticket not defeated. In 1875 he was renominated by the Democrats, but was defeated on the "greenback" issue by R. B. Hayes.

Gov. Allen died at Fruit Hill in 1879. He was said to have originated the political catch-word of 1844, "Fifty-four forty or fight," referring to the Oregon boundary question.

An interesting anecdote is told of Gov. Allen by Mr. F. B. Loomis in the Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette:* "An old friend of Gov. Allen has just told me an anecdote which is worth repeating. The Governor was very fond of his residence, Fruit Hill, and had caused a very spacious covered veranda to be built around it in order that he might have a sheltered place for walking when he chose to take it in that way. This veranda was uncommonly wide and often attracted attention by reason of its great dimensions. One morning a Yankee book agent trudged out to Fruit Hill to sell a copy of some subscription book of little value to the old Governor. The agent was not greeted very cordially, as Mr. Allen was not in the best of spirits, and as he turned to depart without having made a sale, he remarked: 'Governor, it appears to me you've got a mighty sight of shed-room around this house.' The allusion to the porches touched the old man's fancy, and he called the dejected agent back, purchased a book and invited him to dine with him."

Among the interesting relics in Chillicothe is a large, fine, one-story, stucco house, covering much ground, on the southeast corner of Water and High streets. The builder and owner was WILLIAM CREIGHTON, JR., the first Secretary of State Ohio ever had, and who was twice a member of Congress. He came to Chillicothe from Virginia in 1799, and practised law here fifty years. He was large in person, clear-headed, social, a great admirer of Henry Clay, and with a boyish humor that sometimes found vent in practical jokes.

THOMAS SCOTT was born October 31, 1772, at Old Town, or Skipton, Va., at the junction of the North and South branches of the Potomac river. When 17 years of age he was licensed by Bishop Asbury to preach in the Methodist church. He learned the tailor's trade; was married to Catharine Wood in 1796, and while working at his bench she read "Blackstone" to him, and he thus studied law. Early in 1801 he came to Chillicothe and commenced the practice of law. In 1802 he was secretary of the Constitutional Convention. He was the first justice of the peace in Ross county; was clerk of the Ohio Senate from 1804 to 1809, when he was elected Judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio. During his long career he occupied many public offices, performing his duties with conscientious, painstaking care, and always finding time to act as "supply" in the pulpit of the Methodist church. He had a wide reputation for learning and legal ability, and was retained in many important cases, receiving large fees for his services. He died in February, 1856; his worthy wife died some two years later.

MICHAEL BALDWIN was contemporary with Creighton, and was admitted to the bar in 1799. He was from that strong New Haven (Conn.) family of Baldwins, so prolific and talented in lawyers and judges. One brother was the eminent Judge Henry Baldwin, of the United States Supreme Court. "Mike," as he was commonly called, was a brilliant man of varied attainments, and soon was known throughout the Territory. For a time he did a large legal business, but it was an era when whiskey flowed like water, habits of drinking and gambling were almost universal, and he became a confirmed sot. Gilmore, in his sketches of the bar, gives this: "He was a member of the first Constitutional Convention, and it is a common tradition that he wrote almost the whole of our first constitution in the bar-room of William Keys' tavern, using a wine keg for his seat and the head of a whiskey barrel for a writing table. If this tale is true, and it is by no means improbable, the instrument that was the fundamental law of this State for about half a century had a queer origin.

"When the Burr expedition failed, Aaron Burr advised Blennerhassett to retain for their counsel in their trial for high treason, which they both expected, Judge Jacob Burnet of Cincinnati, and Michael Baldwin, of Chillicothe. The trial did not take place, but Blennerhassett wrote his wife in December, 1807: "I have retained Burnet and Baldwin. The former will be a host with the decent part of the citizens of Ohio, and the

latter a giant of influence with the rabble, whom he very properly styles his 'blood-hounds.'"

At almost every term of his practice at court would be entered upon the journal, "Ordered that Michael Baldwin, one of the attorneys of this court, be fined ten dollars for contempt of court, and be committed to 'jail until the fine be paid." He was Speaker of the House of Representatives for its first three years, 1803–1804 and 1805. Fond of gambling, it is told that he opened a game of "vingt et un" for the benefit of his brother members. Upon one occasion, being banker and broker, he won all their money and most of their watches. When the party broke up it was near morning, and they retired to their several rooms, most of them drunk. Used to such a life, Mike was next morning promptly in the speaker's chair; but there was no quorum. He dispatched the sergeant-at-arms for the absentees, and, after an hour of delay, they filed into the hall and in front of the speaker's chair—some dozen or more of them half asleep and only partially sobered gamesters of the night before. Thereupon Baldwin rose and with dignified severity reprimanded them for their neglect of duty to their constituents, until one of the culprits, unable any longer to stand his tongue-lashing, broke forth with, "Hold on, now, Mr. Speaker! how the —— can we know what the time is when you have got all our watches?"

In the June term of court, 1804, the tavern-keeper, William Keys, sued Baldwin upon an account of £25 13s. 10d. These were mostly put down as "drinks for the club," Mike's treats to the bloodhounds—an organization of the roughs and fighting men, which he had gotten up and controlled, who did the electioneering and fighting for him, and when he was put in jail for debt more than once broke in the door or tore out an end of that structure and set him at liberty. Twice his brothers sent on from Connecticut bags of coin to relieve him from debt. On these occasions, it is said, he hired a negro for porter of the money, and went around in turn to each of his creditors, allowing each one, irrespective of the amount of his account, to have one grab in the open-mouthed bag until all was gone. "Poor, brilliant, boisterous, drunken, rollicking Mike" died young. It was about the year 1811 and at about the age of 35 years.

Richard Douglass was born in New London, Conn., in 1875; came to Ohio in 1809, and in the same year commenced the practice of law in Chillicothe. Mr. Douglass was a man of great talents, and impressed his associates as one who seemed to know everything. Short in stature, with a large body and thin legs; small, keen, twinkling eyes; he was an oddity in appearance, and said to resemble the traditional "Santa Claus." Many anecdotes are told of his ready wit and retentive memory. We quote the following from the "Ross County History:"

"In a suit for damages for malicious arrest and prosecution, Gustavus Scott, for defendant, had quoted in Latin the maxim that 'No man shall be held responsible in damages for the use of the king's writ.' Douglass replied, 'Very true, Brother Scott, that such was the *very* ancient maxim. But you ought to know, sir, that the great Lord Mansfield, seeing the injustice of such a rule of law, *reversed* it 200 years ago, and from his day to the present the maxim stands '*Canis Kincaidius cum ambos ærus assoribus;*' or, freely translated, 'No man shall take shelter from the responsibilities of his wrong acts, under the king's name.' Days after the case had been won, Scott took Douglass to task for misquotation or mistranslation. Douglass denied that he had so translated it, and insisted that he had only informed the court of the very peculiar metallic formation of the tails of Kincaid's dogs."

Withal, Mr. Douglass was a man of fine attainments, and a lifelong member of the Episcopal church. He died in 1852.

John Porter Brown was born in Chillicothe, August 17, 1814. He served several years as a midshipman in the navy. In 1832 he accompained his uncle David Porter to Constantinople, the latter having been appointed first American minister to the Porte. Brown gave much study to oriental languages and literature. Nine times he represented the United States as *chargé d' affaires*. While acting in this capacity, Martin Koszta, the Hungarian patriot, who had declared to the American Consul his intention to become an American citizen, was seized by the Austrian authorities and held on one of their frigates. Koszta appealed to the American legation, upon which Mr. Brown sent to Capt. Ingraham of the U. S. corvette "Dale" the laconic message, "Take him." Capt. Ingraham gave the Austrians three hours in which to deliver Koszta, and in the meanwhile prepared his vessel for action. Within half an hour of the expiration of the stipulated time the prisoner was delivered to the French consul and by him to the Americans. A service of plate in recognition of his conduct was presented to Mr. Brown by American admirers. Mr. Brown died at Constantinople April 28, 1872. He had a wide reputation as an oriental scholar, wrote "Dervishes, or Oriental Spiritualism," and translated other valuable works.

John Hancock, who was for four years superintendent of the public schools of Chillicothe, is regarded as one of the foremost educators in Ohio. He was born in Clermont county, began his career by teaching in the country schools. Through Dr. Ray, the distinguished mathematician, he was called to Cincinnati, where he served twelve years as principal, and in 1867 was elected superintendent of the public schools, a position he held for seven years. He held a similar position in Dayton's schools for ten years, and in Chillicothe's for four years. On the death of State School Commissioner Dr. E. T. Tappan in October, 1888, Mr. Hancock was appointed by Governor Foraker to fill

the unexpired term, and in 1889 was elected by the people for the full term of three years.

Mr. Hancock has been an important factor in the advancement of education, not only in the State, but throughout the nation. He has been president of the Ohio Teachers Association and of the National Education Association; has received honorary degrees from Kenyon College and from Wooster University. He has also been an active worker in teacher's institutes for more than twenty-five years and has contributed to various educational journals.

WILLIAM H. SAFFORD was born at Parkersburg, W. Va., February 19, 1821. He received a common-school education and became a school teacher, later studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1842. In 1848 he removed to Chillicothe. In 1857 was elected to the State Senate and in 1868 Judge of the Court of Common Pleas. Judge Safford spent his boyhood days in the vicinity of Blennerhassett Island, was attracted by the sad and romantic history of its owner and devoted much study and research to the career of Biennerhassett, which he embodied in a biography published in 1861, and later enlarged into the "Blennerhassett Papers," an important work of much historic value. Judge Safford is now engaged on a series of papers on the domestic life of Aaron Burr.

WILLIAM SOOY SMITH was born in Tarl. ton, Pickaway county, July 22, 1830, a few miles north of the line of Ross county. His grandfather was a revolutionary soldier, his father a captain in the war of 1812. Both belonged to the Society of Friends, but severed their relations with their sect to fight for their country. Wm. Sooy Smith worked and paid his own way through Ohio University at Athens, graduating in 1849; attended West Point, and served in the army but one year, resigning in 1853. He then engaged in civil engineering, made the first surveys for the international bridge across the Niagara river. In 1857 he was elected chief engineer and secretary of the Trenton (N. J.) locomoworks, then the chief iron-bridge manufacturing company in this country. He introduced important improvements in bridge building.

At the outbreak of the war, he entered the volunteer service as assistant adjutant-general at Camp Dennison, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. He was soon made colonel of the Thirteenth Ohio Volunteer Infantry, and participated in the West Virginia campaigns. April 7, 1862 he was commissioned brigadier-general for gallant and meritorious service. He participated in the battles of Shiloh and Perryville. Subsequently was made chief of cavalry of the Department of the Tennessee and as such attached to the staffs of General Grant and General Sherman, but owing to an attack of inflammatory rheumatism, brought on through exposure in a Mississippi raid, for six weeks he was unable to move even a finger; he was obliged to resign in July, 1864. His military career was able, efficient and valuable.

Returning to his profession, in 1867 he sank the first pneumatic caisson in building the Waugoshanee light house at the Straits of Mackinaw. He built the first all-steel bridge in the world, across the Missouri river at Glasgow, Mo.

General Smith has been concerned in many other important engineering enterprises, has served on numerous commissions; in 1880 was president of the Civil Engineers Club of the Northwest, and is a member of the American Society of Civil Engineers.

KINGSTON is ten miles north of Chillicothe, on the S. V. and C. H. V. & H. Railroads. Newspaper: *Blade*, Independent, Arthur Jack, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Methodist Episcopal and 1 Presbyterian. Bank: Scioto Valley, James May, president, H. F. Moore, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—C. Boice & Co., flour and feed, 3 hands; Jesse Brundidge, flooring, etc., 3; Halderman & Boggs, grain elevator, 3; May, Raub & Co., drain tile, 10.—*State Report, 1888.*

Population 1880, 442. School census, 1888, 207. A. L. Ellis, superintendent of schools. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, $10,000. Value of annual product, $10,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

ADELPHI is eighteen miles northeast of Chillicothe, on the C. H. V. & H. R. R. Newspapers: *Border News*, Neutral, Hugh F. Eagan, editor and publisher. Population, 1880, 469. School census, 1888, 165. G. W. Fry, superintendent of schools.

BAINBRIDGE is on Paint creek and the O. S. R. R., nineteen miles southwest of Chillicothe.

"It was laid out in 1805 by Nathaniel Massie and will become the seat of justice for the projected county of Massie, in case it is established. It is surrounded by a beautiful country and contains two churches, a forge, one newspaper printing office, eight stores and about eighty dwellings. About a mile northwest of the town is a small, natural tunnel, about one hundred and fifty feet in length, through which courses a little sparkling rill."—*Old Edition.*

Newspaper: *Paint Valley Echo*, Independent, J. M. Miller, editor and pub-

lisher. Banks: Rockhold, Cook & Co., E. C. Rockhold, president, W. P. Sheible, cashier; Spargur, Hulitt & Co., J. B. W. Spargur, president, H. E. McCoy, cashier. Population, 1880, 825. School census, 1888, 295. J. A. Wilcox, superintendent of schools.

FRANKFORT is eleven miles northwest of Chillicothe, on the C. B. & W. and D. & I. Railroads and north fork of Paint creek. Newspaper: *Sun*, Independent, H. C. Painter, editor and publisher. Bank: Merchants' and Farmers', D. C. Anderson, president, D. L. Sutherland, cashier. Population, 1880, 548. School census, 1888, 199.

CLARKSBURGH is sixteen miles northwest of Chillicothe. Newspaper: *Telegraph*, Independent, D. F. Shriner, editor. Churches: 1 Methodist Episcopal and 1 Christian. Population, 1880, 348.

SOUTH SALEM is seventeen miles west of Chillicothe. Population, 1880, 299.

SANDUSKY.

SANDUSKY COUNTY was formed from old an Indian territory, April 1, 1820. The soil is fertile, and the surface is generally level. The Black Swamp tract covers the western part. Its first settlers were principally of New England origin, since which many have moved in from Pennsylvania and Germany. The principal productions are Indian corn, wheat, oats, potatoes and pork. Area about 440 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 143,122; in pasture, 19,884; woodland, 37,797; lying waste, 3,917; produced in wheat, 732,798 bushels; rye, 20,464; buckwheat, 981; oats, 552,467; barley, 11,756; corn, 1,184,723; broom corn, 300 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 18,445 tons; clover hay, 12,077; potatoes, 120,055 bushels; butter, 710,754 lbs.; cheese, 53,200; sorghum, 1,878 gallons; maple syrup, 3,105 gallons; honey, 4,296 lbs.; eggs, 508,110 dozen; grapes, 37,540 lbs.; wine, 593 gallons; sweet potatoes, 655 bushels; apples, 52,203; peaches, 6,146; pears, 1,507; wool, 148,219 lbs.; milch cows owned, 5,481. Ohio Mining Statistics, 1888.—Limestone, 18,600 tons burned for lime, 8,250 cubic feet of dimension stone, 3,526 cubic yards of building stone, 6,353 cubic yards of ballast or macadam. School census, 1888, 9,446; teachers, 287. Miles of railroad track, 141.

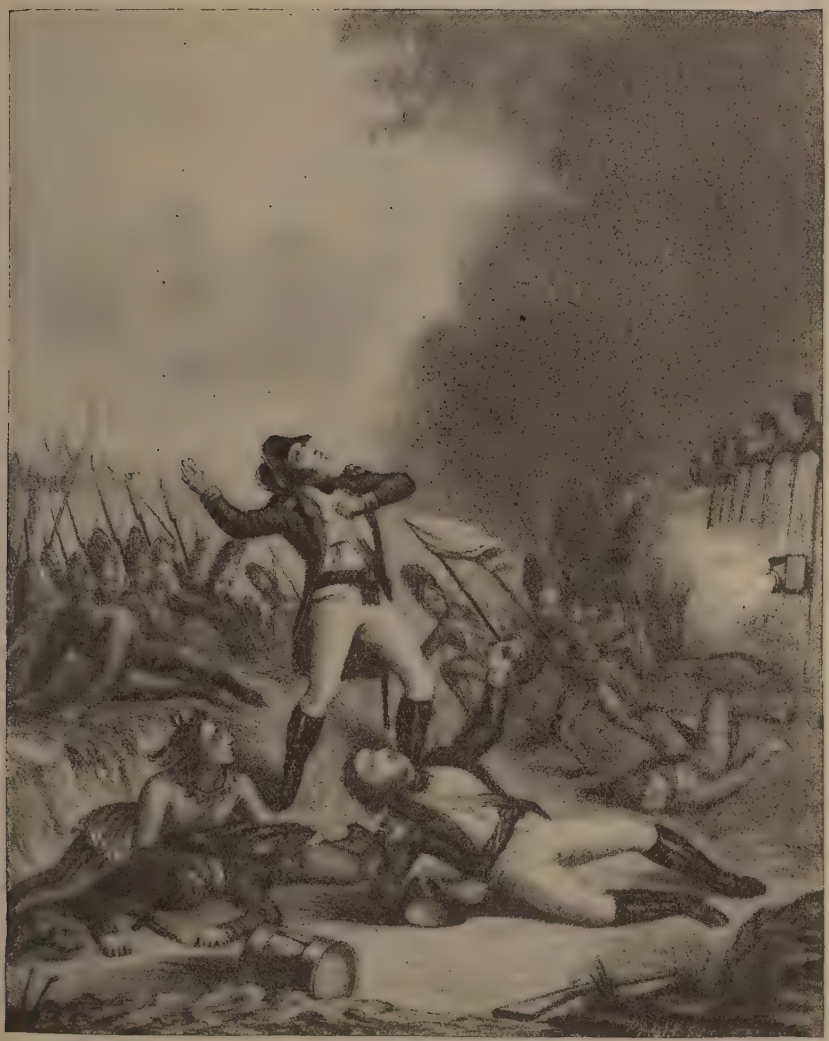
TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Ballville,	1,007	1,652	Rice,	385	949	Townsend,	692	1,697
Fremont (City),		8,456	Riley,	426	1,621	Washington,	1,074	2,608
Green Creek,	1,186	4,495	Sandusky,	1,696	1,785	Woodville,	486	1,662
Jackson,	929	1,485	Scott,	684	1,452	York,	1,301	2,319
Madison,	316	1,886						

Population of Sandusky in 1830, 2,851; 1840, 10,184; 1860, 21,429; 1880, 32,057; of whom 22,312 were born in Ohio; 2,247 Pennsylvania; 1,474 New York; 181 Indiana; 140 Virginia; 42 Kentucky; 2,653 German Empire; 569 Ireland; 373 England and Wales; 207 British America; 197 France; 34 Scotland, and 5 Norway and Sweden. Census, 1890, 30,617.

The signification of the name of this county has frequently been a matter of dispute. John H. James, Esq., the American Pioneer, truly says:

> I have a note of a conversation with William Walker at Columbus, in 1835–6, at which time he was principal chief of the Wyandots at Upper Sandusky, in which I asked the meaning of the word Sandusky. He said it meant "at the cold water," and should be sounded San-doos-tee. He said it "carried with it the force of a preposition." The Upper Cold Water and the Lower Cold Water, then, were descriptive Indian names, given long before the presence of the trader Sowdowsky. In the vocabulary of Wyandott words, given by John Johnston, Esq., formerly Indian agent in Ohio, as printed in Archælogia Americana, vol. i., page 295, the word water is given *Sa*, *un-dus-tee*, and in page 297 he gives the name of Sandusky river as *Sa*, *undustee*, or *water within water pools*.

This region of country was once a favorite residence of the Indians. Hon. Lewis Cass, in his discourse before the Historical Society of Michigan, delivered September 18, 1829, gives some interesting statements respecting a tribe called "the Neutral Nation."



Designed and Engraved in 1846 *by A. H. Ritchie for* 1st *Edition Ohio Historical Collections.*

REPULSE OF THE BRITISH BEFORE FORT STEPHENSON.

"COL. SHORT, *commanding the regulars composing the forlorn hope, was ordering his men to leap the ditch, cut down the pickets, and give the Americans no quarter, when he fell, mortally wounded, into the ditch, hoisted his handkerchief on the end of his sword, and begged for that mercy which he had the moment before ordered should be denied to his enemy.*"

Upon the Sandusky river, and near where the town of Lower Sandusky now stands, lived a band of Wyandots, called the Neutral Nation. They occupied two villages, which were cities of refuge, where those who sought safety never failed to find it. During the long and disastrous contests which preceded and followed the arrival of the Europeans, in which the Iroquois contended for victory, and their enemies for existence, this little band preserved the integrity of their territories and the sacred character of peace-makers. All who met upon their threshold met as friends, for the ground on which they stood was holy. It was a beautiful institution, a calm and peaceful island looking out upon a world of waves and tempests.

The annexed is a note from the above.

This Neutral Nation, so-called by Father Seguard, was still in existence two centuries ago, when the French missionaries first reached the upper lakes. The details of their history, and of their character and privileges, are meagre and unsatisfactory; and this is the more to be regretted, as such a sanctuary among the barbarous tribes is not only a singular institution, but altogether at variance with that reckless spirit of cruelty with which their wars are usually prosecuted. The Wyandott tradition represents them as having separated from the parent stock during the bloody wars between their own tribe and the Iroquois, and having fled to the Sandusky river for safety. That they here erected two forts, within a short distance of each other, and assigned one to the Iroquois and the other to the Wyandotts and their allies, where their war parties might find security and hospitality, whenever they entered their country. Why so unusual a proposition was made and acceded to, tradition does not tell. It is probable, however, that superstition lent its aid to the institution, and that it may have been indebted for its origin to the feasts and dreams and juggling ceremonies which constituted the religion of the aborigines. No other motive was sufficiently powerful to restrain the hand of violence and to counteract the threat of vengeance.

An intestine feud finally arose in this Neutral Nation, one party espousing the cause of the Iroquois and the other of their enemies; and like most civil wars, this was prosecuted with relentless fury. Our informant says that, since his recollection, the remains of a red cedar post were yet to be seen, where the prisoners were tied previously to being burned.

The informant above alluded to by Gov. Cass we have reason to believe was Major B. F. Stickney, of Toledo, long an Indian agent in this region. That there may have been such a tradition among the Indians we are unable to gainsay, but of its truth we have doubts. Major Stickney, in a lecture (as yet unpublished), delivered Feb. 28, 1845, before the Young Men's Association, of Toledo, says:

"The remains of extensive works of defence are now to be seen near Lower Sandusky. The Wyandotts have given me this account of them. At a period of two centuries and a half since, or more, all the Indians west of this point were at war with all the Indians east. Two walled towns were built near each other, and each was inhabited by those of Wyandott origin. They assumed a neutral character, and the Indians at war recognized that character. They might be called two neutral cities. All of the west might enter the western city, and all of the east the eastern. The inhabitants of one city might inform those of the other that war parties were there or had been there; but who they were, or whence they came, or any thing more, must not be mentioned. The war parties might remain there in security, taking their own time for departure. At the western town they suffered the warriors to burn their prisoners near it; but the eastern would not. (An old Wyandott informed me that he recollected seeing, when a boy, the remains of a cedar-post or stake, at which they used to burn prisoners.) The French historians tell us that these neutral cities were inhabited, and their neutral character respected, when they first came here. At length a quarrel arose between the two cities, and one destroyed the inhabitants of the other. This put an end to all neutrality."

Fremont in 1846.—Lower Sandusky [now Fremont], the county-seat, is twenty-four miles southwesterly from Sandusky city, and 105 west of north from Columbus. The annexed engraving shows the town as it appears from a hill northeast of it, on the opposite side of the river, near the residence of Mr. Jasper Smith, seen in front. On the left the bridge across the Sandusky river partially appears, and a little to the right of it Whyler's hotel. On the hill are shown the court-house, and the Episcopal, Presbyterian and Catholic churches.

The town stands at the head of navigation on the Sandusky, at the lower rapids, where the Indians had a reservation of two miles square, granted to them by the treaty of Greenville. It is said that at an early day the French had a trading-station at this point. Lower Sandusky contains 1 Episcopal, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Baptist, 1 Methodist and 1 Catholic church, 2 newspaper printing-offices, 8 grocery and 11 dry goods stores, 1 woollen factory, 1 foundry, and had, in 1840, 1,117 inhabitants, and now has near 2,000. It is a thriving town, and consider-

able business is carried on. Its commerce is increasing. Small steamers and sail vessels constantly ply from here. The principal articles of export in 1846 were of wheat 90,000 bushels; pork, 560 barrels; ashes, 558 casks; flour, 1,010 barrels; corn, 18,400 bushels; staves, 1,100,000; imports, 1,480 barrels of salt and 250 tons of merchandize. Immediately opposite Lower Sandusky, on the east bank of the river, is the small village of Croghansville, laid out in 1817, which in a general description would be included in the former.—*Old Edition.*

A REMINISCENCE.

A young man said to me on my original tour, in one of the interior towns, "There is an odd character here you ought to see. He writes humorous verses, is much of a wit, and is deserving of a place in your book." I replied, "Ohio has a good many odd people, and I have not time to give them all a call." The young man eventually moved to Cincinnati, became a member of its literary club, and I was associated with him for years, and learned to love and respect him. He was one of its most popular members, overflowing with good fellowship, cheery, fond of the humorous, and never known to get angry except in indignation at some vile project in view, or some oppressive act committed upon the weak and helpless. In those days there was nobody around to tell him that he was to become three times Governor of Ohio and then President of the United States—RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.

I now regret I did not see that shrewd character, Judge Elisha W. Howland, that he wanted me to call upon; but I here, at this late day, pay my respects to his memory.

Two or three years after my visit the name of the town was changed from Lower Sandusky to Fremont, in honor not of a then political character, but of the great Path Finder over "the Rockies." Mr. Hayes, as the lawyer for the petition, presented it to court, and finished by offering the only remonstrance against the change. This was in the form of humorous versification, consisting of seven verses from Judge Howland, which Mr. Hayes read to the court, and I have no doubt with a gusto.

A REMONSTRANCE *against a Petition to the County Court of Sandusky to alter the name of Lower Sandusky to that of Fremont, as read to the Court by* MR. R. B. HAYES, *Attorney for the Petition.*

There is a prayer now going round
Which I dislike to hear,
To change the name of this old town
I hold so very dear.

They pray the court to alter it,
I pray to God they wont;
And let it stand Sandusky yet
And *not* John C. Fremont.

Sandusky is a pleasant name;
'Tis short and easy spoken;
Descending to us by a chain
That never should be broken.

Then let us hand it down the stream
Of Time to after ages,
And Sandusky be the theme
Of future bards and sages.

Wont the old honest SAGUMS' rise,
And say to us *pale* faces,
"Do you our ancient name despise,
And change our resting-places?

"Our fathers slumbered here;
Their spirits cry, '*Oh, don't*
Alter the name to us so dear
And substitute *Fremont!*'"

Therefore my prayer shall still remain,
Until my voice grows husky:
Oh, change the PEOPLE, not the name
Of my old home, *Sandusky!*

Fort Stephenson or Sandusky, so gallantly defended by Col. Croghan, on the 2d of August, 1813, against an overwhelming force of British and Indians, was within the present limits of the place. Its site is indicated by the flag on the left

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

LOWER SANDUSKY (NOW FREMONT) IN 1846.

The site of Fort Stephenson is shown by the flag.

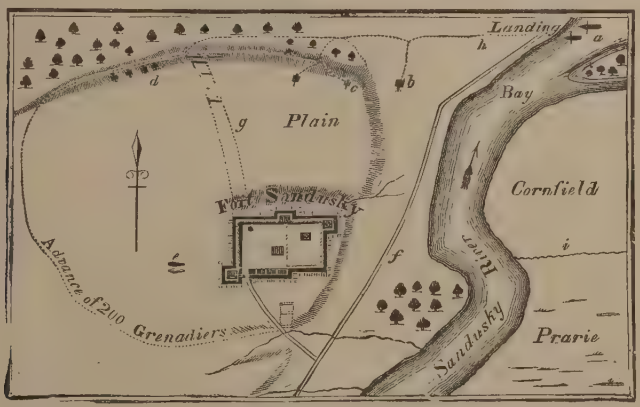
BIRCHARD LIBRARY AND SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.

On the site of Fort Stephenson, Fremont.

in the engraving, which is about thirty rods southeast of the court-house, on high ground, much elevated above the river. The fort enclosed about an acre of ground, and the picketing was in good preservation as late as 1834. We annex a narration of the assault on the fort from a published source.

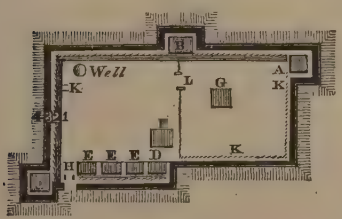
British Manœuvres.—Having raised the siege of Camp Meigs, the British sailed round into Sandusky bay, while a competent number of their savage allies marched across through the swamps of Portage river, to co-operate in a combined attack on Lower Sandusky, expecting, no doubt, that Gen. Harrison's attention would be chiefly directed to Forts Winchester and Meigs. The general, however, had calculated on their taking this course, and had been careful to keep patrols down the bay, opposite the mouth of Portage, where he supposed their forces would debark.

Retreat Ordered.—Several days before the British had invested Fort Meigs, Gen. Harrison, with Major Croghan and some other officers, had examined the heights which surround Fort Stephenson; and as the hill on the opposite or southeast side of the river was found to be the most commanding eminence, the general had some thoughts of removing the fort to that place, and Major Croghan declared his readiness to undertake the work. But the general did not authorize him to do it, as he believed that if the enemy intended to invade our territory again, they would do it before the removal could be com-



FORT SANDUSKY AND ENVIRONS: SCALE, 200 YARDS TO THE INCH.

[*References to the Environs.*—*a*—British gun-boats at their place of landing. *b*—Cannon, a six-pounder. *c*—Mortar. *d*—Batteries *e*—Graves of Lieut.-Col. Short and Lieut. Gordon, who fell in the ditch. *f*—Road to Upper Sandusky. *g*—Advance of the enemy to the fatal ditch. *i*—Head of navigation.



FORT SANDUSKY.

References to the Forl.—*Line* 1—Pickets. *Line* 2—Embankments from the ditch to and against the picket. *Line* 3—Dry ditch, nine feet wide by six deep. *Line* 4—Outward embankment or glacis. A—Block-house first attacked by cannon, *b*. B—Bastion from which the ditch was raked by Croghan's artillery. C—Guard block-house, in the lower left corner. D—Hospital during the attack. E E E—Military store-houses. F—Commissary's store-house. G—Magazine. H—Fort gate. K K K—Wicker gates. L—Partition gate.

pleted. It was then finally concluded that the fort, which was calculated for a garrison of only 200 men, could not be defended against the heavy artillery of the enemy; and that if the British should approach it by water, which would cause a presumption that they had brought their heavy artillery, the fort must be abandoned and burnt, provided a retreat could be effected with safety. In the orders left with Major Croghan it was stated, "Should the British troops approach you in force with cannon, and you can discover them in time to effect a retreat, you will do so immediately, destroying all the public stores."

"You must be aware that the attempt to retreat in the face of an Indian force would be vain. Against such an enemy your garri-

son would be safe, however great the number."

A Council of War.—On the evening of the 29th Gen. Harrison received intelligence, by express, from Gen. Clay, that the enemy had abandoned the siege of Fort Meigs; and as the Indians on that day had swarmed in the woods round his camp, he entertained no doubt but that an immediate attack was intended either on Sandusky or Seneca. He therefore immediately called a council of war, consisting of McArthur, Cass, Ball, Paul, Wood, Hukill, Holmes and Graham, who were unanimously of the opinion that Fort Stephenson was untenable against heavy artillery, and that as the enemy could bring with facility any quantity of battering cannon against it, by which it must inevitably fall, and as it was an unimportant post, containing nothing the loss of which would be felt by us, that the garrison should therefore not be reinforced but withdrawn, and the place destroyed.

A Retreat Unsafe.—In pursuance of this decision the general immediately despatched the order to Major Croghan, directing him immediately to abandon Fort Stephenson, to set it on fire and repair with his command to headquarters—cross the river and come up on the opposite side, and if he should find it impracticable to reach the general's quarters, to take the road to Huron, and pursue it with the utmost circumspection and despatch. This order was sent by Mr. Conner and two Indians, who lost their way in the dark, and did not reach Fort Stephenson till eleven o'clock the next day. When Major Croghan received it, he was of opinion that he could not then retreat with safety, as the Indians were hovering round the fort in considerable force. He called a council of his officers, a majority of whom coincided with him in opinion that a retreat would be unsafe, and that the post could be maintained against the enemy, at least till further instructions could be received from headquarters. The major therefore immediately returned the following answer: "*Sir, I have just received yours of yesterday*, 10 *o'clock* P.M., *ordering me to destroy this place and make good my retreat, which was received too late to be carried into execution. We have determined to maintain this place, and by heavens we can.*"

In writing this note, Major Croghan had a view to the probability of its falling into the hands of the enemy, and on that account made use of stronger language than would otherwise have been consistent with propriety. It reached the general on the same day, who did not fully understand the circumstances and motives under which it had been dictated. The following order was therefore immediately prepared, and sent with Col. Wells in the morning, escorted by Col. Ball, with his corps of dragoons:

"*July* 30, 1813.

"SIR—The general has just received your letter of this date, informing him that you had thought proper to disobey the order issued from this office, and delivered to you this morning. It appears that the information which dictated the order was incorrect; and as you did not receive it in the night, as was expected, it might have been proper that you should have reported the circumstance and your situation, before you proceeded to its execution. This might have been passed over; but I am directed to say to you, that an officer who presumes to aver that he has made his resolution, and that he will act in direct opposition to the orders of his general, can no longer be entrusted with a separate command. Colonel Wells is sent to relieve you. You will deliver the command to him, and repair with Colonel Ball's squadron to this place. By command, &c.

"A. H. HOLMES,
"Assistant Adjutant General."

Colonel Wells being left in the command of Fort Stephenson, Major Croghan returned with the squadron to headquarters. He there explained his motives for writing such a note, which were deemed satisfactory; and having remained all night with the general, who treated him politely, he was permitted to return to his command in the morning, with written orders similar to those he had received before.

Refusal to Surrender.—A reconnoitering party which had been sent from headquarters to the shore of the lake, about twenty miles distant from Fort Stephenson, discovered the approach of the enemy, by water, on the evening of the 31st of July. They returned by the fort after 12 o'clock the next day, and had passed it but a few hours when the enemy made their appearance before it. The Indians showed themselves first on the hill over the river, and were saluted by a six-pounder, the only piece of artillery in the fort, which soon caused them to retire. In half an hour the British gun-boats came in sight, and the Indian forces displayed themselves in every direction, with a view to intercept the garrison, should a retreat be attempted. The six-pounder was fired a few times at the gun-boats, which was returned by the artillery of the enemy. A landing of their troops with a five-and-a-half-inch howitzer was effected about a mile below the fort; and Major Chambers, accompanied by Dickson, was dispatched towards the fort with a flag, and was met on the part of Major Croghan by Ensign Shipp, of the 17th regiment. After the usual ceremonies, Major Chambers observed to Ensign Shipp, that he was instructed by General Proctor to demand the surrender of the fort, as he was anxious to spare the effusion of human blood, which he could not do, should he be under the necessity of reducing it, by the powerful force of artillery, regulars and Indians under his command. Shipp replied, that the commandant of the fort and its garrison were determined to defend it to the last extremity; that no force however great could induce them to surrender, as they were resolved to maintain their post, or to bury themselves in its ruins. Dickson then

said that their immense body of Indians could not be restrained from murdering the whole garrison in case of success, of which we have do doubt, rejoined Chambers, as we are amply prepared. Dickson then proceeded to remark that it was a great pity so fine a young man should fall into the hands of the savages —Sir, for God's sake, surrender, and prevent the dreadful massacre that will be caused by your resistance. Mr. Shipp replied, that when the fort was taken, there would be none to massacre. It will not be given up while a man is able to resist, An Indian at this moment came out of an adjoining ravine, and advancing to the ensign, took hold of his sword and attempted to wrest it from him. Dickson interfered, and having restrained the Indian, affected great anxiety to get him safe into the fort.

The Enemy Open Fire.—The enemy now opened their fire from their six-pounders in the gun-boats and the howitzer on shore, which they continued through the night with but little intermission and with very little effect. The forces of the enemy consisted of 500 regulars, and about 800 Indians, commanded by Dickson, the whole being commanded by General Proctor in person. Tecumseh was stationed on the road to Fort Meigs with a body of 2000 Indians, expecting to intercept a reinforcement on that route.

Major Croghan through the evening occasionally fired his six-pounder, at the same time changing its place occasionally to induce a belief that he had more than one piece. As it produced very little execution on the enemy, and he was desirous of saving his ammunition, he soon discontinued his fire. The enemy had directed their fire against the northwestern angle of the fort which induced the commander to believe that an attempt to storm his works would be made at that point. In the night, Captain Hunter was directed to remove the six-pounder to a block-house, from which it would rake that angle. By great industry and personal exertion, Captain Hunter soon accomplished this object in secrecy. The embrasure was masked, and the piece loaded with a half-charge of powder, and double charge of slugs and grape-shot. Early in the morning of the 2d, the enemy opened their fire from their howitzer and three six-pounders, which they had landed in the night, and planted in a point of woods, about 250 yards from the fort. In the evening, about 4 o'clock, they concentrated the fire of all their guns on their northwest angle, which convinced Major Croghan that they would endeavor to make a breach and storm the works at that point; he therefore immediately had that place strengthened as much as possible with bags of flour and sand, which were so effectual that the picketing in that place sustained no material injury. Sergeant Weaver, with five or six gentlemen of the Petersburgh volunteers and Pittsburgh blues, who happened to be in the fort, was intrusted with the management of the six-pounder.

Assault and Repulse of the British.—Late in the evening, when the smoke of the firing had completely enveloped the fort, the enemy proceeded to make the assault. Two feints were made towards the southern angle, where Captain Hunter's lines were formed; and at the same time a column of 350 men was discovered advancing through the smoke, within twenty paces of the northwestern angle. A heavy galling fire of musketry was now opened upon them from the fort, which threw them into some confusion. Colonel Short, who headed the principal column, soon rallied his men, and led them with great bravery to the brink of the ditch. After a momentary pause he leaped into the ditch, calling to his men to follow him, and in a few minutes it was full. The masked port-hole was now opened, and the six-pounder, at the distance of thirty feet, poured such destruction among them that but few who had entered the ditch were fortunate enough to escape. A precipitate and confused retreat was the immediate consequence, although some of the offices attempted to rally their men. The other column, which was led by Colonel Warburton and Major Chambers, was also routed in confusion by a descructive fire from the line commanded by Captain Hunter. The whole of them fled into the adjoining wood, beyond the reach of our fire-arms. During the assault, which lasted half an hour, the enemy kept up an incessant fire from their howitzer and five six-pounders. They left Colonel Short,* a lieutenant and twenty five privates dead in the ditch; and the total number of prisioners taken was twenty-six, most of them badly wounded. Major Muir was knocked down in the ditch, and lay among the dead, till the darkness of the night enabled him to escape in safety. The loss of the garrison was one killed and seven slightly wounded. The total loss of the enemy could not be less than 150 killed and wounded.

Retreat of the British.—When night came on, which was soon after the assault, the wounded in the ditch were in a desperate situation. Complete relief could not be brought to them by either side with any degree of safety. Major Croghan, however, relieved them as much as possible—he contrived to convey them water over the picketing in buckets, and a ditch was opened under the pickets, through which those who were able and willing, were encouraged to crawl into the fort. All who were able, preferred, of course, to follow their defeated comrades, and many others were carried from the vicinity of the fort by the Indians, particularly their own killed and wounded; and in the night, about three o'clock, the whole British and Indian

* "Col. Short, who commanded the regulars composing the forlorn hope, was ordering his men to leap the ditch, cut down the pickets, and give the Americans no quarter, when he fell mortally wounded into the ditch, hoisted his white handkerchief on the end of his sword, and begged for that mercy which he had a moment before ordered to be denied to his enemy."

force commenced a disorderly retreat. So great was their precipitation that they left a sail-boat containing some clothing and a considerable quantity of military stores: and on the next day, seventy stand of arms and some braces of pistols were picked up around the fort. Their hurry and confusion were caused by the apprehension of an attack from Gen. Harrison, of whose position and force they had probably received an exaggerated account.

Gen. Harrison's Movements.—It was the intention of General Harrison, should the enemy succeed against Fort Stephenson, or should they endeavor to turn his left and fall on Upper Sandusky, to leave his camp at Seneca and fall back for the protection of that place. But he discovered by the firing on the evening of the 1st, that the enemy had nothing but light artillery, which could make no impression on the fort; and he knew that an attempt to storm it without making a breach, could be successfully repelled by the garrison; he therefore determined to wait for the arrival of 250 mounted volunteers under Colonel Rennick, being the advance of 700 who were approaching by the way of the Upper Sandusky, and then to march against the enemy and raise the siege, if their force was not still too great for his. On the 2d, he sent several scouts to ascertain their situation and force; but the woods were so infested with Indians, that none of them could proceed sufficiently near the fort to make the necessary discoveries. In the night the messenger arrived at headquarters with intelligence that the enemy were preparing to retreat. About 9 o'clock, Major Croghan had ascertained from their collecting about their boats, that they were preparing to embark, and had immediately sent an express to the commander-in-chief with this information. The General now determined to wait no longer for the reinforcements, and immediately set out with the dragoons, with which he reached the fort early in the morning, having ordered Generals M'Arthur and Cass, who had arrived at Seneca several days before, to follow him with all the disposable infantry at that place, and which at this time was about 700 men, after the numerous sick, and the force necessary to maintain the position, were left behind. Finding that the emeny had fled entirely from the fort, so as not to be reached by him, and learning that Tecumseh was somewhere in the direction of Fort Meigs, with 2,000 warriors, he immediately ordered the infantry to fall back to Seneca, lest Tecumseh should make an attack on that place, or intercept the small reinforcements advancing from Ohio.

Gallant Soldiers.—In his official report of this affair, General Harrison observes that—"It will not be among the least of General Proctor's mortifications that he has been baffled by a youth, who had just passed his twenty-first year. He is, however, a hero worthy of his gallant uncle, Gen. George R. Clarke."

Captain Hunter, of the 17th regiment, the second in command, conducted himself with great propriety: and never was there a set of finer young fellows than the subalterns, viz.: Lieutenants Johnson and Baylor of the 17th, Meeks of the 7th, and Ensigns Shipp and Duncan of the 17th.

Lieutenant Anderson of the 24th, was also noticed for his good conduct. Being without a command, he solicited Major Croghan for a musket and a post to fight at, which he did with the greatest bravery.

"Too much praise," says Major Croghan, "cannot be bestowed on the officers, non-commissioned officers and privates under my command, for their gallantry and good conduct during the siege."

The brevet rank of lieutenant-colonel was immediately conferred on Major Croghan, by the president of the United States, for his gallant conduct on this occasion. The ladies of Chilicothe also presented him an elegant sword, accompanied by a suitable address.

We take the above from Dawson's "Life of Harrison," where it is quoted from some other source. In defending Gen. Harrison from the charges of cowardice and incompetency in not marching to the aid of the garrison previous to the attack, Dawson says;

Unjust Criticism of Gen. Harrison.—The conduct of the gallant Croghan and his garrison received from every quarter the plaudits of their countrymen. This was what they most richly deserved. There was, however, some jealous spirits who took it into their heads to be dissatisfied with the course pursued by the commanding general. The order which was given to Colonel Croghan to evacuate and destroy the garrison previously to the attack, was loudly condemmed, as well as the decision of the council of war, to fall back with the troops then at Seneca, to a position twelve miles in the rear. Both these measures, it has been said, were detirmined on by the unanimous advice of the council of war. It is not to be presumed that such men as composed that board, would have given advice which was in any way derogatory to the honor of the American arms. Every individual among them either had, before or afterwards, distinguished himself by acts of daring courage and intrepidity. We do not profess to be much acquainted with military matters, but the subject appears to us so plain as only to require a small portion of common sense perfectly to comprehend it. At the time that the determination was made to withdraw the garrison from Sandusky, it must be recollected that the general had only with him at Seneca about 400 infantry and 130 or 140 dragoons. The enemy, as he was informed by General

Clay in the letter brought by Captain M'Cune, amounted to at least 5,000. With such a disparity of force, would it have been proper to have risked an action to preserve the post of Lower Sandusky, which of itself was of little or no importance, and which, the garrison being withdrawn, contained nothing of any value?

Important Posts.—The posts of Fort Meigs and Upper Sandusky were of the utmost importance; the former was amply provided with the means of defence, and was in no danger; but the latter, weak in its defences, and with a feeble garrison, containing many thousands of barrels of flour and other provisions, the sole resource of the army for the ensuing campaign, was to be preserved at any risk. The position at Seneca, was not in the direct line from Fort Meigs to Upper Sandusky. The enemy, by taking the direct route, would certainly reach it before General Harrison, as several hours must have elapsed before he could have been informed of their movement, even if it had been discovered the moment it had been commenced, a circumstance not very likely to happen. It therefore became necessary for the security of Upper Sandusky, that a position better adapted to that purpose should be assumed. There was another and most important reason for this movement: twelve miles in the rear of Seneca, towards Upper Sandusky, the prairie or open country commences. The infantry which the commander-in-chief had with him were raw recruits; on the contrary, the squadron of dragoons were well disciplined, and had seen much service. In the country about Seneca, this important corps could have been of little service: in the open country to the rear, they would have defeated five times their number of Indians. It was for these reasons that it was determined by the council of war, to change the position of the troops at Seneca. If this movement did take place, the propriety of withdrawing the garrison of Lower Sandusky was obvious. The place was extremely weak, and in a bad position. It was not intended originally for a fort. Before the war it was used as the United States' Indian factory, and had a small stockade around it, merely for the purpose of keeping out drunken Indians. It was, moreover, commanded by a hill, within point blank shot, on the opposite side of the river.

"*The School of Experience.*"—To those who suppose that Gen. Harrison should have advanced upon the enemy the moment he discovered that Sandusky was attacked, we must, in the language of the general and field officers who were present on the occasion, "leave them to correct their opinions in the school of experience." Gen. Harrison had been reinforced a day or two before the seige of Sandusky, by the 28th regiment, raised in Kentucky. After having received this corps he could not have marched more than 800 effective men without risking his stores, and, what was still of more consequence, 150 sick at Seneca, to be taken by the smallest party of Indians. The scouts of the army brought information that the Indians were very numerous in the direction of Fort Meigs. The general conjectured that a large portion of the Indians were then ready to fall on his flank or rear, or the defenceless camp at Seneca, should he advance. The information he received from the British prisoners confirmed this opinion; a body of 2,000 being there under the command of Tecumseh. At the moment of which we are speaking the volunteers of Ohio were rapidly approaching.

Wise Course of Gen. Harrison.—Now, under these circumstances, does any reasonable man believe that Gen. Harrison should have advanced with his 800 raw recruits against a force in front which he knew to be so much superior in numbers, and with the probability of having one equally large hanging on his flank? What would have been thought of his abilities as a general, even if he had been successful against Gen. Proctor (of which, with his small force, there was little probability), if in his absence Tecumseh, with his 2,000 warriors, had rushed upon Camp Seneca, destroyed his stores, tomahawked his sick soldiers, and pursuing his route towards Upper Sandusky, defeated the Ohio volunteers, scattered as they were in small bodies, and finally ending his career with the destruction of the grand magazine of his army, upon the preservation of which all his hopes of future success depended? In all human probability this would have been the result had Gen. Harrison advanced to the relief of Fort Stephenson sooner than he did. It was certainly better to risk for a while the defence of that fort to the talents and valor of Croghan, and the gallant spirits who were with him, than to jeopardize the whole prospects of the campaign.

About one and a half miles above Lower Sandusky, at the falls of the river, in the manufacturing village of Ballsville, containing one cotton and one woollen factory, two flouring mills, and about thirty dwellings. It was about half a mile southwest of this village, that Col. Ball had a skirmish with the Indians a day or two previous to the assault of Fort Stephenson. There is, or was a few years since, an oak tree on the site of the action, on the road to Columbus, with seventeen hacks in it to indicate the number of Indians killed on the occasion. We have an account of this affair derived from one of the dragoons present.—*Old Edition.*

The squadron were moving towards the fort when they were suddenly fired upon by the Indians from the west side of the road, whereupon Col. Ball ordered a charge, and he

and suite and the right flank being in advance, first came into action. The colonel struck the first blow. He dashed in between two savages and cut down the one on the right; the other being slightly in the rear, made a blow with a tomahawk at his back, when, by a sudden spring of his horse, it fell short, and was buried deep in the cantel and pad of his saddle. Before the savage could repeat the blow he was shot by Corpl. Ryan. Lieut. Hedges (now Gen. Hedges of Mansfield) following in the rear, mounted on a small horse, pursued a big Indian, and just as he had come up to him his stirrup broke, and he fell head first off his horse, knocking the Indian down. Both sprang to their feet, when Hedges struck the Indian across his head, and as he was falling buried his sword up to its hilt in his body. At this time Capt. Hopkins was seen on the left side in pursuit of a powerful savage, when the latter turned and made a blow at the captain with a tomahawk, at which the horse sprang to one side. Cornet Hayes then came up and the Indian struck at him, his horse in like manner evading the blow. Serjt. Anderson now arriving, the Indian was soon dispatched. By this time the skirmish was over, the Indians, who were only about 20 in number, being nearly all cut down; and orders were given to retreat to the main squadron. Col. Ball dressed his men ready for a charge, should the Indians appear in force, and moved down without further molestation to the fort, where they arrived at about 4 P. M.

FREMONT, county-seat of Sandusky, about ninety-five miles north of Columbus, and eighty-three miles southwest of Cleveland, on the Sandusky river, at the head of navigation. Its railroads are the L. S. & M. S.; L. E. & W. and W. & L. E.

County Officers, 1888: Auditor, A. V. Bauman; Clerk, John W. Worst; Commissioners, James E. Wickert, Joseph Geschwindt, George F. Wilt; Coroner, Edward Schwartz; Infirmary Directors, Isaac Strohl, Nehemiah Engler, Andrew Kline; Probate Judge, E. F. Dickenson; Prosecuting Attorney, F. R. Fronizer; Recorder, H. J. Kramb; Sheriff, R. W. Sandwisch; Surveyor, George W. Lesher; Treasurer, William E. Lang. City Officers, 1888: Heman B. Smith, Mayor; A. V. Bauman, Clerk; Henry Hunsinger, Marshall; Lester Wilson, Solicitor; William E. Lang, Treasurer; Joseph Rawson, Civil Engineer; M. A. Fitzmaurice, Street Commissioner; C. F. Reiff, Chief Fire Department. Newspapers: *News*, Independent, H. E. Woods, editor and publisher; *Courier*, German Democrat, Joseph Zimmermann, editor and publisher; *Journal*, Republican, Isaac McKeeler & Son, editors and publishers; *Scientific Weekly*, literary, J. C. Wheeler, editor and publisher; *Journal of Dietetics*, Medical, Caldwell and Gessner, editors. Churches: 1 Presbyterian, 2 Catholic, 1 African Methodist Episcopal, 1 Lutheran, 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Evangelical. Banks: Farmers', O. A. Roberts, president, D. A. Ranck, cashier; First National, James W. Wilson, president, A. H. Miller, cashier; Fremont Savings, James W. Wilson, president, A. E. Rice, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—C. W. Tschumy, furniture, 7; Blue & Halter, sulky cultivators, 10; Lehr Brothers, agricultural implements, 32; Edgerton & Sheldon, sash, doors and blinds, 18; The Clous Shear Co., shears and scissors, 94; The Herbrand Co., gear irons, 12; D. June & Co., engines, etc., 56; Koons Brothers, flour, etc., 4; Van Epps & Cox, flour, etc., 9; McLean R. R. Spike Co., railroad spikes, 75; Thomson-Houston Carbon Co., carbon, 79; Fremont Drop Forge Co., carriage hardware, 20; Fremont Canning Co., canned corn, etc., 85; Fremont Electric Light and Power Co., electric light, 4; A. H. Jackson, bustles and hose, 190.—*State Report, 1888.*

Population, 1880, 8,456. School census, 1888, 1,957; W. W. Ross, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, $715,800. Value of annual product, $718,300.—*Ohio Labor Statistics*, 1887. Census, 1890, 7,140.

Heckewelder, the missionary, in his "History of the Indian Nations," describes a scene he witnessed at the Indian village at this place, near the close of the American Revolution, which is regarded as the best description extant of the ordeal of *Running the Gauntlet*. He precedes his special description with these remarks:

Much depends on the courage and presence of mind of the prisoner. On enter-

ing the village, he is shown a painted post at the distance of from twenty to forty yards, and told to run to it and catch hold of it as quickly as he can. On each side of him stand men, women and children, with axes, sticks and other offensive weapons, ready to strike him as he runs, in the same manner as is done in the European armies when soldiers, as it is called, run the gauntlet. If he should be so unlucky as to fall in the way, he will probably be immediately despatched by some person longing to avenge the death of some relation or friend slain in battle; but the moment he reaches the goal, he is safe and protected from further insult until his fate is determined.

In the month of April, 1782, when I was myself a prisoner at Lower Sandusky, waiting for an opportunity to proceed with a trader to Detroit, I witnessed a scene of this description which fully exemplified what I have above stated. Three American prisoners were brought in by fourteen warriors from the garrison of Fort McIntosh.

As soon as they had crossed the Sandusky river, to which the village lay adjacent, they were told by the captain of the party to run as hard as they could to a painted post which was shown to them.

The youngest of the three, without a moment's hesitation, immediately started for it, and reached it fortunately without receiving a single blow; the second hesitated for a moment, but recollecting himself, he also ran as fast as he could, and likewise reached the post unhurt.

The third, frightened at seeing so many men, women and children with weapons in their hands, ready to strike him, kept begging the captain to spare him, saying he was a mason, and he would build him a fine large stone house, or do any work for him that he would please.

"Run for your life," cried the chief to him, "and don't talk now of building houses!" But the poor fellow still insisted, begging and praying to the captain, who at last finding his exhortations vain, and fearing the consequences, turned his back upon him, and would not hear him any longer.

Our mason now began to run, but received many a hard blow, one of which nearly brought him to the ground, which, if he had fallen, would have decided his fate. He, however, reached the goal, not without being sadly bruised, and he was, besides, bitterly reproached and scoffed at all round as a vile coward, while the others were hailed as brave men, and received tokens of universal approbation.

TRAVELLING NOTES.

A Day at Spiegel Grove.

On my original visit to Fremont, then known as Lower Sandusky, I made the acquaintance of a young man several years younger than myself, which has been lifelong and I feel mutually regardful, Mr. R. B. Hayes, a young attorney then just beginning to practice the law. Associated afterward for years in the Cincinnati Literary Club, we learned to know each other well, living our lives in the same great current of events and thoughts that have marked this century's march in the ever-broadening, brightening line of humanizing intelligence and action.

Naturally such a visit as mine interested a young man born when Ohio was largely a wilderness, and living on the very spot that had signalized a great victory by its pioneers over British redcoats and their yelling, scalp-hunting, redskinned *confreres*. Connecticut, my State, long before had sent out her sons, largely farmers' sons, to perambulate the "new countries" on trading ventures. That was before the ingress of any of the youthful Isaacs and Jacobs and Abrams of Judea on the same ventures.

Those Connecticut young men each bore, suspended by a wooden yoke from their shoulders, huge square tin-boxes, containing their stock in trade, when they made their way from house to house among "the heathen of the South and West," disposing of their varied notions, such as kerchiefs, laces, finger and ear-rings,

blue, crimson, and yellow beads, gilt-washed for necklaces; fancy-colored silks and blazoning calicoes, printed in what they called thunder-and-lightning colors; ribbons, tapes, thimbles, silver-washed and shining; hair-combs and brushes; hair-pins and pins not hair; needles warranted not at all and needles "warranted not to cut in the eye;" buckles, buttons and bodkins. And when there was a pressing demand, nutmegs, neatly turned in wood; hence the expression as of yore applied to Connecticut, "the Nutmeg State." These, when used, must have been as necklaces, after having been drilled and strung for "the heathen" aforesaid. Now and then, too, Connecticut sent out a schoolmaster in advance of a home-grown supply of that useful article. Such, on their arrival in the woodsy wilds, found no lack of material for the enforcement of knowledge at their very foundations, according to the precept of the ancient sage, Solomon.

It was true I had come from Connecticut, but it was on another mission the like of which had not there been seen. It had touched the imagination of the young man. In after years he said he felt I was a second Herodotus, travelling the land to gather its history. The feeling might have had its uncomplimentary drawback, inasmuch as the great Herodotus had been charged with having been the most unwholesome, prolific *pater familias* known—the "Great Father of Lies." Still, I think not; for, since the day of publication of "Howe's Ohio," he has always had a copy within easy reach of his writing-desk, and I verily believe in his often reaches he has felt, as he grasped it, that he held Truth herself, mirror and all.

Ere coming to Ohio a second time I was invited by Mr. Hayes to pause at Spiegel Grove before starting over the now largely wood-shorn steel-ribbed land. My arrival was Nov. 21, 1885, at this writing over five years gone.

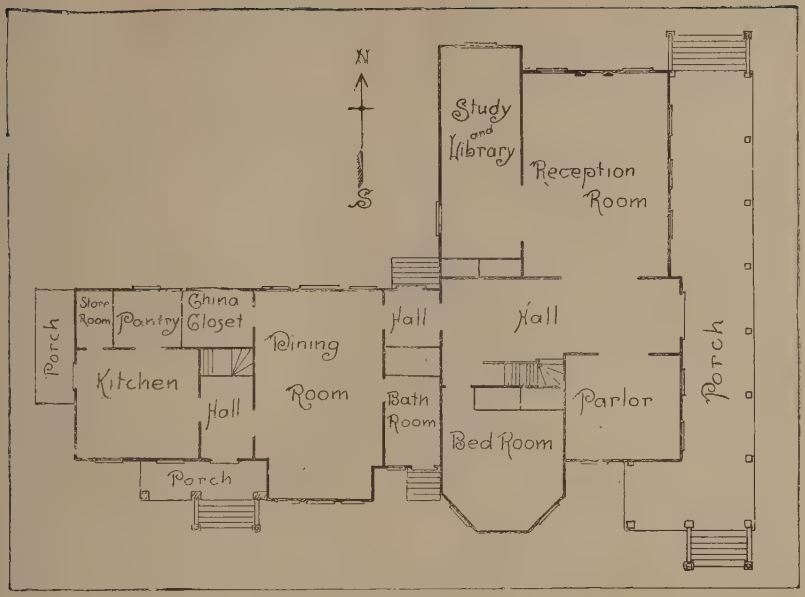
The homestead at Spiegel Grove was built by his uncle, Sardis Birchard, in 1860, to which additions have since been made by Mr. Hayes. The name given by Mr. Birchard is peculiarly adapted to its inhabitants—the "Grove of Good Spirits." It is about half a mile inland from the town in a level country, in the midst of a forest of some thirty acres. Around the mansion, which is at the rear and approached by a long, winding walk and drive, are some of the noblest of forest trees. The soil is of the richest and some of the trees immense, the growth of centuries, and still vigorous; others are in decay, with their trunks only standing, yet interest from the clustering leaves of the vines which, planted by loving hands, at their base wind around their scraggly forms, and flutter in the passing wind like youth dancing around hoary old age, and trying to make old bones feel young again.

The mansion is a spot of public interest. To learn how and where the family live of one who has been at the head of this great nation is a wise curiosity. We are marvellously alike, sparks from the one great benignant source, and our conditions here but mere temporary arrangements, I verily believe, for something higher which, when attained, we indeed may feel this truly is life; the other was "a make believe," but good as far as it went.

On another page is a general view of the home, with a ground-plan showing the internal arrangements of the lower story. The house is of brick, ceilings of ample height, and the rooms spacious. It is well lighted everywhere; the furniture being largely of oak and other light-hued wood helps to render all within bright and cheery. Not the least attraction is the long spacious veranda, over 80 feet long, where, on summer evenings, the family and friends were wont to gather for social intercourse; or, on mornings after breakfast, for the ladies and gentlemen, arm-in-arm, to take a few turns up and down, and then part for the various duties of the day. And the days were filled with them, and largely by Mr. and Mrs. Hayes with matters of public welfare; and so their days were days of calm and peace.

The chief rooms are the reception-room and the study, which both go under the general name of the library. In effect they are one room, no door separating, only an arch near the hall-end some 12 feet wide and 15 feet high. The reception-room is a place of elegance; pictures on the walls; marble busts, life-size; portraits of notables on easels; large, beautifully illustrated works on the tables, with here and there a dainty booklet that is a charm to hold, and whose leaves, as you turn page after page, may sparkle with gems of fancy and the heart. These, as they catch your eye, may lift you out, as I once heard a broad-brogued pious Scotch Presbyterian pronounce it, "Lift you out of a vain and desateful wurld."

The general's study is in reality the library. All the walls to the ceiling are filled with books. He has some 11,000 under his roof, and half of them are there. As illustrating his intense regard for his country and people some 6,000 of them are upon American



PLAN OF HOUSE.

R. Grob, Photo.

SPIEGEL GROVE.

history and biography. His study is his place of work. His desk is at the extreme north and where the light comes, for his writing and reading, over his left shoulder and down from the skylight above, and there is nothing to prevent the spirit of Spiegel Grove from watching and ministering to him in his labors.

My arrival was in the mid forenoon. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Hayes were in. The latter was absent in the village but was the first to arrive and with a friendly greeting took me into the study, and was about to drive off a pair of greyhounds that lay stretched on the rug before the blazing grate-fire, thinking they might annoy me, when I begged her not to disturb them in their comfort, and she did not, so when an hour later she took my arm for the dining-room and with the others following, those animals brought up the rear, but where the luxurious creatures went I knew not.

No one could be in the house long without feeling that it was a place where love and cheerfulness reigned supreme. Both Mr. and Mrs. Hayes seemed as an elder brother and sister to their children, and each to the other were only Rutherford and Lucy. Each possessed the same characteristics, a love of the humorous, their minds receptive and looking for the pleasant things that each new-born morning may bring on its bright white wings.

Such natures run to reminiscence and anecdote. In one instance, when at the social board, Mrs. Hayes arose from her seat at its head and acted out an incident in a sort of pantomime to impress the point of an amusing story. Her voice was low and musical, and her flow of good spirits as from an exhaustless rippling reservoir. One incident she gave to illustrate the reputation at an early date of the lower Scioto Valley for malaria, that when the first railroad trains passed through Chillicothe, the conductors were accustomed to stop and call out to the passengers, "Twenty minutes for quinine."

Mr. Hayes brought to the table one of my books wherein was an extract from Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables," which led him to say, when they first got hold of that work they were in Virginia idling their time in a winter camp. Not knowing with certainty the pronounciation of its title, some of the officers around termed it "LEE'S MISERABLES."

He also read from its pages an incident of my personal history, the scene of which occurred when I was a young man, travelling on foot over the State of New York in 1840 for my book on that State. This I repeat here as printed:

"I was footing it with my knapsack on my back over the hills near the headwaters of the Susquehanna when I was overtaken by an elderly grave-visaged man in a grey suit riding on horseback. 'Good morning,' said he, and then in solemn tones added 'are you a professor, sir?'

"Thinks I, 'this man sees something uncommon about me, and I rather think his head his level—he probably imagines I am one of the sage Pundits of Yale or Harvard on a scientific tour of exploration,' and thereupon in pleased tones I replied 'Professor of what, sir?' Judge of my surprise when he answered, 'Professor of *religion*.'"

At this unexpected finale Mrs. Hayes gave one of her low full-toned merry laughs.

I have said the study was a place of work, it was also a favorite gathering spot on evenings where the family gathered before the grate to talk down the hours and Mrs. Hayes was ever there joining in with pleasing words and merry laugh. On the evening of my arrival Mr. Hayes varied the entertainment, taking from a basket varied kinds of apples one after another, peeling and quartering each and passing them round to sample and obtain judgment as to their respective qualities. And as the evening progressed we talked our recollections of the old Cincinnati Club, before the war, and of the good times we had when at our monthly socials where we usually closed by some forty or more joining hands all round and singing "Auld Lang Syne."

The next morning after breakfast I was standing before the grate cogitating when Mrs. Hayes came in and said, "Mr. Howe, I don't know but what I may be rather hard on you, but I want you to go out and see my cows; they are beauties." So she put on her shawl and rubbers and picked up somewhere an ear of corn. As we stepped out of the hall door into the yard she sent forth a loud, trumpet-like call that went forth like the call of an Alpine shepherdess. Instantly every feathered thing about the place gave an answering cry, and it seemed to me as though they must have numbered hundreds, so strongly did the varied orchestra of mingled sounds fill the air; some from far and some from near, almost under our feet. The guinea hens and pea-hens screamed and came running up with their speckled backs, and the pigeons and turkeys sent forth their varied airs and clustering around her followed to the barn while she wrenched the corn from the ear and cast it to the right and left as we rapidly proceeded.

This habit of calling up the feathered tribe was common with her. At times the doves came from the cotes quite a distance away when they fluttered over her head and alighted upon her person. Even the wild birds of the grove received her attention, for she was wont to minister to them in their timidity by placing food in covert places where they could eat and be not afraid.

On our arrival at the barn, lo! the Jerseys were gone. They had been taken off to nibble awhile in the yet green pasture. Mrs. Hayes, however, showed some snow white goats from the mountains of Cashmere, and what the children would call a "cunning" little calf.

We returned to the house, and when in the middle of the great hall, happening to cast her eyes down she exclaimed, "How neglectful I have been not to have had your shoes

blacked, please take them off," and then opening a closet door brought out a pair of slippers and dropping them at my feet, bore away my shoes for their blacking.

Some few minutes elapsed and I was standing alone in the study musing, when its hall door opened and in tripped an old aunty with a turban on her head bearing my shoes nicely polished. She was slender and neither black nor white; but there was no mistaking, she was "Ole Virginny" all over, and an "Aunty." She came in tripping, a lively old creature, a-grinning and with a quick jerky courtesy dropped the shoes at my feet; then started for the hall door. I called her back, and placing a coin in her hand, she again grinned and repeated her jerk, with a "Thank you, sah," darted off, she richer by a piece of silver and I by a nicely polished pair of shoes.

As the door closed I again fell to musing, thinking of the good woman whose qualities had just been illustrated to my experience. The secret of her character was her ineffable spirit of love. It went everywhere; to the wee little flower at her feet, the birds, the animals, and especially to human beings. She yearned to do them good, saw brothers and sisters in them all, wanted to fill them with the joy she felt, and sympathized with their wants with a spirit that was divine. Had she been with Christ when he wept over Jerusalem she would have wept with him.

Old men who knew her when she was a child in the town of Chilicothe, when her name was spoken, smiled as with a beautiful memory and followed with words of praise. One incident which I know to be true of the many of her blessing career, I here relate as written by Mr. Henry L. Detwiler, from El Paso, Texas, and published in the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

I wish to relate a little circumstance which came under my own observation more than twenty-four years ago, while Mr. Hayes was Governor of my native State, Ohio. One day while passing up State street in Columbus, I saw a woman sitting on the curbstone, and a dozen or more small boys were teasing her. She was very drunk, apparently. About the time that I reached the spot a carriage drove up and stopped near the scene. A lady looked out of the window, and, taking in the situation at a glance, opened the carriage door, got out, walked up to the drunken woman, and, speaking kindly to her, asked her to take a drive with her. The drunken woman, in a maundering way, complied, and was assisted to the carriage and driven away. After they had gone I asked of a bystander who the lady in the carriage was, and he told me it was the wife of Gov. Hayes."

My day at Spiegel Grove ended. Mr. Hayes first took me in his buggy to show me around the town that I might see what a place of thrift and comfort it had become. I could but admire its broad streets, its neat cleanly homes, the graceful spire of the Catholic church, modelled after one on the Cathedral at Milan, 240 feet in height, the Birchard library and its patriotic relics, the calm flowing river, with its embosoming island, etc., but all this took time, so when we neared the depot the express was starting out, and had got some 200 feet away when he arose and signaling they paused for me, and I was borne on my way with new pictures to hang on "memory's walls." And more new ones came quick, for going westerly through the Black Swamp Forest Region I could but be astonished to see what an Eden it had become since when in 1846 I had threaded its mazes on the back of "Old Pomp."

"Into every heart some rainy days must fall."—*Longfellow.*

June 25, 1889, was a sad day at Spiegel Grove. The beautiful mother and universal friend, whose living presence had been a light and a love was no more. The Nation sorrowed.

Human annals fail to present the record of a single other of her sex, so widely beloved, so widely mourned. Had she been the mother in an humble laborers cabin she would have been the same good woman alike loved of God and the angels. Her lot was to become the first lady in the land; all eyes rested upon her; all hearts paid her reverence. None other in such a position had illustrated such love and sympathy for the humble, the weak, and the suffering. She gathered the richest of harvests, the harvests of the heart.

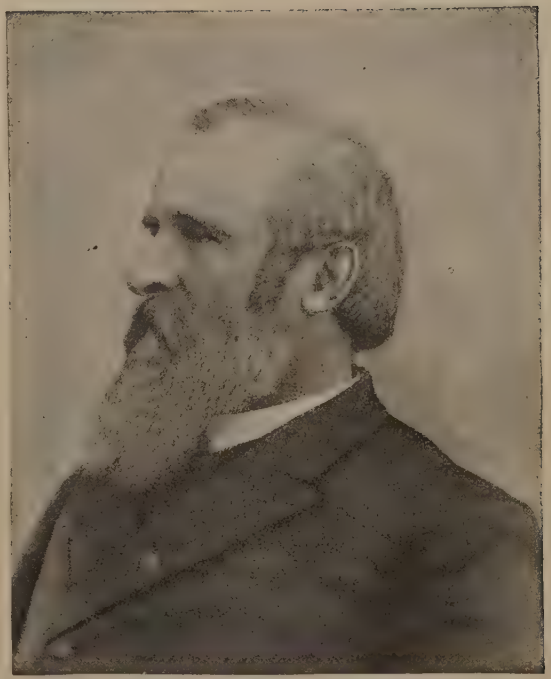
Though her spirit has gone her memory remains, an unending benediction. Children yet to be as they enter upon this mysterious existence will learn of her and be blessed, and old age hopeful as it nears its end may look beyond and as her image arises to their vision feel "of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

BIOGRAPHY.

Rutherford B. Hayes, Ex-President of the United States and General in Union Army, was born in Delaware, O., October 4, 1822. His parents, Rutherford and Sophia Hayes (Sophia Birchard) came to Ohio in 1817, from Windham county, Vermont.

He received his early education in the common schools, attended an academy at Norwalk, O., and in 1837 went to Isaac Webb's school at Middletown, Ct., to prepare for college. In 1842, he graduated at Kenyon college, valedictorian of his class. He studied law with Thomas Sparrow, of Columbus, O., was graduated at the Law School of Havard University in 1845.

LUCY WEBB HAYES.



RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.

On may 10, 1845, he was admitted to the bar at Marietta, O., and began practice at Lower Sandusky (now Fremont), where in April, 1846, he formed a partnership with Hon. Ralph P. Buckland.

In 1849 he began to practice law at Cincinnati, where he soon attracted attention through his ability and acquirements. On December 30, 1852, he married Lucy W. Webb, daughter of Dr. James Webb, a physcian of high standing in Chilicothe. In 1858 he was appointed city solicitor of Cincinnati, and served until April, 1861. On the organization of the Republican party, he at once became one of its active supporters, being attracted thereto by his strong anti-slavery sentiments.

At the outbreak of the war, he was elected captain of the military company formed from the celebrated Cincinnati Literary club. In June, 1861, he was appointed major of the 23d O. V. I., and in July his regiment was ordered to West Virginia.

Gen. Hayes' very gallant and meritorious military career has been overlooked in the prominence given to his political life; an examination of his record in the army shows that such brave, gallant and able service has rarely been equalled, even in the annals of the late war.

The following is from the Military History of Gen. Grant, by Gen. Badeau, 3d volume, page 101.

In all the important battles of Sheridan's campaign Colonel Rutherford B. Hayes, afterwards nineteenth President of the United States, had borne an honorable part. Entering the service early in 1861, as major of the 23d Ohio Volunteers, he was ordered at once to West Virginia, and remained there till the summer of 1862, when his command was transferred to the Potomac, and participated in the battle of South Mountain. In this action Hayes was severely wounded in the arm. He was immediately commended for conspicuous gallantry, and in December of the same year received the colonelcy of his regiment, which had returned to West Virginia. He served under Crook, in the movement against the Tennessee railroad in the spring of 1864, and led a brigade with marked success in the battle of Cloyd's Mountain. Afterwards, still in Crook's command, he joined Hunter's army in the march against Lynchburg; was present at the operations in front of that place, and covered the retreat in the difficult and dangerous passage of the Alleghanies.

He was next ordered to the mouth of the Shenandoah Valley, and took part in several engagements between Early and Sheridan's troops, prior to the battle of Winchester. In that important encounter, he had the right of Crook's command, and it was therefore his troops which, in conjunction with the cavalry, executed the turning manœuvre that decided the fate of the day. Here he displayed higher qualities than personal gallantry. At one point in the advance, his command came upon a deep slough, fifty yards wide, and stretching across the whole front of his brigade. Beyond was a rebel battery. If the brigade endeavored to move around the obstruction, it would be exposed to a severe enfilading fire; while it discomfited, the line of advance would be broken in a vital part. Hayes, with the instinct of a soldier, at once gave the word "Forward," and spurred his horse into the swamp. Horse and rider plunged at first nearly out of sight, but Hayes struggled on till the beast sank hopelessly into the mire. Then dismounting, he waded to the further bank, climbed to the top, and beckoned with his cap to the men to follow. In the attempt to obey many were shot or drowned, but a sufficient number crossed the ditch to form a nucleus for the brigade; and Hayes still leading, they climbed the bank and charged the battery. The enemy fled in great disorder, and Hayes reformed his men and resumed the advance. The passage of the slough was at the crisis of the fight and the rebels broke on every side in confusion.

At Fisher's Hill Hayes led a division in the turning movement assigned to Crook's command. Clambering up the steep sides of North Mountain, which was covered with an almost impenetrable entanglement of trees and underbrush, the division gained, unperceived, a position in rear of the enemy's line, and then charged with so much fury that the rebels hardly attempted to resist, but fled in utter rout and dismay. Hayes was at the head of his column throughout this brilliant charge.

A month later, at Cedar Creek, he was again engaged. His command was a reserve, and therefore did not share in the disaster of the main line at daybreak; but when the broken regiments at the front were swept hurriedly to the rear, Hayes's division flew to arms, and changing front, advanced in the direction from which the enemy was coming. Successful resistance, however, was impossible. Hayes had not fifteen hundred effective men, and two divisions of the rebels were pouring through the woods to close around him in flank and rear. There was no alternative but retreat or capture. He withdrew, nevertheless, with steadiness, and maintained his organization unbroken throughout

the battle, leading his men from hill-top to hill-top in face of the enemy. While riding at full speed, his horse was shot under him; he was flung violently out of the saddle and his foot and ankle badly wrenched by the fall. Stunned and bruised, he lay for a moment, exposed to a storm of bullets, but soon recovering sprang to his feet, and limped to his command.

"For gallant and meritorious service in the battles of Winchester, Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek," Col. Hayes was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and brevetted Major-General for "gallant and distinguished service during the campaign of 1864, in West Virginia, and particularly in the battles of Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek." He had commanded a brigade for more than two years, and at the time of these promotions was in command of the Kanawha division. In the course of his service in the army he was four times wounded, and had four horses shot under him.

The second volume of Gen. Grant's Memoirs, written when he was in great suffering and near his end, is in some respects more interesting even than the first volume. In it he gives very freely and in a most entertaining way, his opinion of his military friends and associates. For example, on page 340 he says of Gen. Hayes:

"On more than one occasion in these engagements, Gen. R. B. Hayes, who succeeded me as President of the United States, bore a very honorable part. His conduct on the field was marked by conspicuous gallantry as well as the display of qualities of a higher order than that of mere personal daring. This might well have been expected of one who could write at the time he has said to have done so: 'Any officer fit for duty who at this crisis would abandon his post to electioneer for a seat in Congress, ought to be scalped.' Having entered the army as a major of volunteers at the beginning of the war, Gen. Hayes attained by meritorious service the rank of brevet major-general before its close."

In August, 1864, while Gen. Hayes was in the field, he was nominated by a Republican district convention in Cincinnati as a candidate for Congress. He was elected by a majority of 2,400.

Gen. Hayes took his seat in Congress December 4, 1865, and was appointed chairman of the library committee. In 1866 he was re-elected to Congress.

In the House of Representatives he was prominent in the counsels of his party. In 1867 he was the Republican candidate for Governor of Ohio, and elected over Judge Thurman. In 1869 he was re-elected Governor of Ohio over George H. Pendleton.

In 1872, despite his frequently expressed desire to retire from public life, Gen. Hayes was again nominated for Congress by the Republicans of Cincinnati, but was defeated.

In 1873 he returned to Fremont, and the next year inherited the considerable estate of his uncle, Sardis Birchard. In 1875, notwithstanding his well known desire not to re-enter public life, he was again nominated for Governor of Ohio, and although he at first declined the honor, he was subsequently induced to accept the nomination, and after a hard fought canvas was elected over William Allen by a majority of 5,500. This contest, by reason of the financial issue involved, became a national one, and was watched with interest thoughout the country, and as a result he was nominated for the Presidency on the 7th ballot of the National Republican convention, which met at Cincinnati, June 14, 1876.

In accepting this nomination Mr. Hayes pledged himself, from patriotic motives, to the one-term principle, and in these words:

"Believing that the restoration of the civil service to the system established by Washington and followed by the early Presidents can be best accomplished by an Executive who is under no temptation to use the patronage of his office to promote his own re-election, I desire to perform what I regard as a duty in now stating my inflexible purpose, if elected, not to be a candidate for election to a second term.

"In furtherance of the reform we seek, and in other important respects, a change of great importance, I recommend an amendment to the Constitution prescribing a term of six years for the Presidential office, and forbidding a re-election."

In the complications that arose as a result of the Presidential election of 1876, his attitude was patriotic and judicious, and is outlined in a letter addressed to John Sherman from Columbus, O., dated November 27, 1876. He says:

"You feel, I am sure, as I do about this whole business. A fair election

would have given us about forty electoral votes—at least that many. But we are not to allow our friends to defeat one outrage and fraud by another. There must be nothing crooked on our part. Let Mr. Tilden have the place by violence, intimidation and fraud, rather than undertake to prevent it by means that will not bear the severest scrutiny."

The canvassing boards of Louisiana, Florida and South Carolina declared Republican electors chosen, and certificates of these results were sent by the Governors of those States to Washington. Gov. Hayes had a majority of one in the electoral college. But the Democrats charged fraud, and certificates declaring the Democratic electors elected were sent to Washington. The House (Democratic) and the Senate (Republican) then concurred in an Act providing for a commission composed of five representatives, five senators and five judges of the Supreme Court, to have final jurisdiction. The commission refused to go behind the certificates of the Governors, and by a vote of eight to seven declared in favor of the Republican electors, and President Hayes was inaugurated March 5, 1877.

The administration of President Hayes, although unsatisfactory to machine politicians, was a wise and conservative one, meeting with the approval of the people at large. By the withdrawal of Federal troops and restoration of self-government to the Southern States, it prepared the way for a revival of patriotism and the remarkable material development that has since ensued. The administration began during a period of business depression, but the able management of the finances of the government and the resumption of specie payments restored commercial activity. This administration laid the foundations for a permanent and thorough civil service reform, notwithstanding strong and influential opposition, including that of a majority of the members of Congress.

Throughout, his administration was intelligently and consistently conducted with but one motive in view, the greatest good to the country, regardless of party affiliations. That he was eminently successful in this, and was as wise, patriotic, progressive and beneficial in its effects as any the country has enjoyed, is the judgment of every intelligent person who gives it an unbiased study.

"The tree is judged by its fruit." When Mr. Blaine made his Presidential tour in Ohio in 1884, in several of his speeches he spoke of the Hayes' administration as unique in this: It was one of the few and rare cases in our history in which the President entered upon his office with the country depressed and discontented and left it prosperous and happy. In which he found his party broken, divided and on the verge of defeat, and left it strong, united and vigorous. This, he said, was the peculiar felicity of Gen. Hayes' public career.

On the expiration of his term, ex-President Hayes retired to his home in Fremont, O. He has been the recipient of the degree of LL.D. from Kenyon, 1868; Harvard, 1877; Yale, 1880, and Johns Hopkins University, 1881.

Is commander of the Order of Loyal Legion, was also commander of the Ohio Commandery, was first president of the Society of the Army of West Virginia. He is president of the John F. Slater Education Fund, and one of the trustees of the Peabody Fund (both for education in the South). He is also president of the National Prison Reform Association, and a trustee of a large number of charitable and educational institutions.

His "Life, Public Services, and Select Speeches," by James Q. Howard, were published in Cincinnati in 1876.

It is well known that Gen. Hayes does not favor life senatorships for ex-Presidents. In the sketch of his life in "Biographical Cyclopedia of Ohio," vol. ii., page 309, we find the following.

"On retiring from public life and returning to his home President Hayes was welcomed at Fremont in the heartiest way. In his speech in the assemblage he said: 'This hearty welcome to my home is, I assure you, very gratifying. During the last five or six years I have been absent in the public service. * * * My family and I have none but the

friendliest words and sentiments for the cities of our late official residence—Columbus and Washington; but with local attachments, perhaps unusually strong, it is quite safe to say that never for one moment have any of us wavered in our desire and purpose to return and make our permanent residence in the pleasant old place in Spiegel Grove in this good old town of Fremont. The question is often heard, 'what is to become of the man —what is he to do—who, having been Chief Magistrate of the Republic retires at the end of his official term to private life?'

It seems to me the reply is near at hand and sufficient: Let him, like any other good American citizen, be willing and prompt to bear his part in every useful work that will promote the welfare and the happiness of his family, his town, his State, and his country. With this disposition he will have work enough to do, and that sort of work that yields more individual contentment and gratification than belong to the more conspicuous employments of the life from which he has retired."

Years have elapsed since these wise words were uttered and Mr. Hayes became a private citizen. But his life has been a beautiful and a very busy one because, filled with useful work for the "welfare and happiness of his family, his town, his State and his country."

Since leaving the Presidency, Mr. Hayes has been actively engaged in educational, reformatory and benevolent work: President of the John F. Slater Education Fund; Member of the Peabody Education Fund; President of the National Prison Association; President of the Mohonk Conference on the Negro Question; President of the Maumee Valley Historical and Monumental Society; Commander-in-chief of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States; President of the Society of the Army of West Virginia; President of the Society of the Twenty-third Regiment O. V. V. I.; Member of the Board of Trustees of Western Reserve Universty, Ohio Wesleyan University and Ohio State University.

Sayings from Speeches and Writings of ex-President Hayes.

"We have a fair fighting chance to win."

"I would rather go to the war, if I knew I was to lose my life, than to live through and after it without taking part in it."

"To perpetuate the Union and to abolish slavery were the work of the war. To educate the uneducated is the appropriate work of peace. . . . The soldier of the Union has done his work, and has done it well. The work of the schoolmaster is now in order."

"We must get rid of fixed sentences against hardened criminals. They should remain in prison until they are cured."

"Whenever prisons are managed under the spoils system it injures the political party that does it, and the prison in which it is done."

"There is no agreement between prisons and politics."

"It must be regarded as a stain on any man who does not do all he can for the welfare of the men whose labor has made his wealth."

Asked if he would be a candidate by an importunate friend, he replied, "George E. Pugh said there is no political hereafter: content with the past, I am not in a state of mind about the future. It is for us to act well in the present."

"God loves Ohio or he would not have given her such a galaxy of heroes to defend the nation in its hour of trial."

"We must believe that Cain was wrong and that we *are* our brothers' keepers."

"Our flag should wave over States, not over conquered provinces."

"Universal suffrage should rest upon universal education. To this end liberal permanent provision should be made for the support of free schools by the State governments, and, if need be, supplemented by legitimate aid from national authority."

"It is my earnest purpose to put forth my best efforts in behalf of a civil policy which will forever wipe out in our political affairs the color line, and the distinction between North and South, that we may have not merely a united North or a united South but a united Country."

"We should be always mindful of the fact that he serves his party best who serves his country best."

"The love of flowers and the love of animals go together.

"Touching temperance, there is in this country, at least, no half-way house between total abstinence and the wrong side of the question."

"In any community crimes increase as education, opportunity and property decrease. Whatever spreads ignorance and poverty spreads discontent and causes crime."

"I never sought promotion in the army. I preferred to be one of the good colonels rather than one of the poor generals."

The following Sketch of MRS. HAYES, *with the Tributes to her Memory, was prepared for this work by* MISS LUCY ELIOT KEELER, *of Fremont, with whom it has been a labor of love.*

LUCY WARE WEBB HAYES was born August 28, 1831, in Chillicothe, Ohio, at that time the capital of the State. She was of good patriotic pioneer stock.

Her father was Dr. James Webb, a native of Kentucky, and son of Isaac Webb, a Revolutionary soldier of Virginia, who settled in Kentucky about 1790. On her mother's side she was of Puritan ancestry. Her mother, Maria Cook, was the daughter of Isaac Cook, a Revolutionary soldier of Connecticut, who emigrated to the old Northwest Territory about ten years before Ohio became a State. A native of Ohio herself, both of her parents were born in the West. All four of her great-grandfathers served in the Revolutionary war, in regiments of the Connecticut or Virginia lines of the Continental army. Awards of land, made to them in return for military service rendered as officers in these regiments, led to the ultimate transfer of the family residence to Kentucky and Ohio.

Her father, Dr. James Webb, when quite young, served in the war of 1812 as a member of the Kentucky mounted riflemen. When she, his only daughter, was but two years old, he died in Lexington, Ky., whither he had gone from his Ohio home to arrange for manumitting slaves of his inheritance, with the intention of sending them to Liberia. This visit took place during the terrible year of the cholera scourge, and being a physician, he lingered among his old-time friends with a loyalty unto death—giving them care and medical attendance until himself stricken fatally by the disease.

Her mother was a woman of unusual strength of character and of deep religious convictions. After the death of her husband she removed to Delaware, in order to be near the Wesleyan University, where her two sons, Joseph and James, were educated. Her fortune was sufficient to give her children a careful education. Lucy studied with her brothers and recited to the college professors. When her brothers began their studies in the medical college, she entered Wesleyan Female College at Cincinnati, the first chartered college for young women in America, in 1847, and graduated in 1850. While in attendance at this institution she joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which she ever remained a faithful and devoted member.

Before she had finished her school-life in Cincinnati, her mother removed to the city, and occupied a home on Sixth street, near Race, where the family resided while her two brothers were completing their medical studies. Here she was wedded to Rutherford B. Hayes, a young lawyer of the city, December 30, 1852. The marriage ceremony was performed by her old instructor, Rev. L. D. McCabe, D.D., of the Ohio Wesleyan University, who also attended the twenty-fifth anniversary of the wedding while Mrs. Hayes was mistress of the Presidential mansion in Washington.

When the war broke out her husband and both of her brothers immediately entered the army, and from that time until the close of the war her home was a refuge for wounded, sick and furloughed soldiers, going to or returning from the front. She spent two winters in camp with her husband in Virginia, and after the battle at South Mountain, where he was badly wounded, she hastened East and joined him at Middletown, Md., and later spent much time in the hospitals near the battlefields of South Mountain and Antietam.

It is no marvel that the soldiers of her husband's regiment revered her, and that she was made a member of the Army of West Virginia, the badge of which society she always prized very highly. The Twenty-third Regiment of Ohio Volunteer Infantry presented her, on the occasion of her silver wedding, with a silver plate, on which is engraved the following lines:

To thee our "Mother," on thy silver troth,
We bring this token of our love—thy "boys"

Give greeting unto thee with brimming hearts.
Take it, for it is made of beaten coin,
Drawn from the hoarded treasures of thy speech:
Kind words and gentle, when a gentle word
Was worth the surgery of an hundred schools,
To heal sick thought and make our bruises whole.
Take it, our "Mother," 'tis but some small part
Of thy rare bounty we give back to thee,
And while love speaks in silver from our hearts,
We'll bribe old Father Time to spare his gift.

Below the inscription is a sketch of the log hut erected as Col. Hayes' headquarters during the winter of 1862-63.

Mrs. Hayes' regard for the soldiers of the Union was as enduring as intense. How often has she said, "We must go to that funeral, he was a soldier;" and the widows and orphans of the soldier never appealed to her in vain. Describing the great procession in New York, in April, 1889, her eyes glowed as she said: "But the veterans ought not to have been at the rear—they earned it all." After the close of the war Mr. Hayes was elected to the thirty-ninth and fortieth Congresses and held his seat until nominated for governor. Three terms he filled the latter office, and during all those years Mrs. Hayes enjoyed an experience and exerted an influence which with her natural abilities wonderfully fitted her for the position of lady of the White House.

She had the conscience and the courage of her convictions. While presiding over the White House she kept strictly to her temperance principles, and, with the co-operation of President Hayes, banished wine and other liquors entirely from their state dinners, as she had always done from her private table. Derided by the frivolous, and slightingly spoken of by small-minded politicians, she let them talk, but maintained her loyalty to herself and her God. Her example has since been an encouragement and an inspiration to all temperance workers. No woman of this century will have a more glorious name in the list of human benefactors and staunch adherents to principle, than she, when their history is hereafter written.

Speaking of her life at the White House, "*The Evening Star*" of Washington, says: "Few women would have attempted what she did successfully, to entertain entirely without the use of wines at the table. The persons connected with the official household of the President during the four years of the Hayes administration were all devoted to Mrs. Hayes. Several of the present officials were at the White House at that time and their recollection of her is coupled with a warm personal regard. Senators—Democrats and Republicans—were often heard to give expression to most extravagant compliments of her grace as a hostess. Among her warmest friends and most ardent admirers were such extreme southern men as the late Alexander H. Stephens, Gen. John B. Gordon and Gen. Wade Hampton.

Mrs. Hayes was scarcely above the medium height though she gave the impression of being tall. There was in her person that majesty, sprightliness and grace which correspond to the qualities of conscience, energy and love in her nature. Her features were regular, the mouth a little large, but possessing a very charming mobility of expression. Her abundant and beautiful black hair was worn after the fashion of her girlhood time. Her complexion was rose-brunette and her fine eyes, very bright and gentle in expression, were that species of dark hazel which is often mistaken for black.

Her beauty was very lasting. Time dealt gently with her. The favorite portrait of her was taken in 1877, after she was mother of eight children, two of whom had grown to manhood, and were voters. One of the best pictures of her was taken after she was a grandmother.

In matters of personal attire she had exquisite taste, and did not follow the

MRS. HAYES IN THE SOLDIER'S HOSPITAL.

WINTER QUARTERS.

Built by Col. R. B. Hayes in the Valley of the Kanawha, and occupied by himself and family in the winter of 1862–63.

fashions blindly. She was modest and unobtrusive in her demeanor; yet when circumstances placed her in prominent positions, she knew how to carry herself with dignity and grace. She was always equal to the situation; and when she became the first lady in the land she was still simple, hearty, true, and unspoiled. Her home life was a happy one. She looked after her husband's interests with wifely constancy, and cared for her children with motherly affection and tenderness.

Leaving the White House in 1881, the family went to Fremont, and settled down at Spiegel Grove, the beautiful place bequeathed to General Hayes by his uncle, Sardis Birchard. Mrs. Hayes' first attention was always given to her home and her family; but in church work she was no laggard. She gave of her time and her means as she was able. In the Woman's Home Missionary Society she was specially interested, was its president almost from its organization, and spoke and acted in its public meetings with efficiency and success. She sympathized with the suffering and the oppressed everywhere. When her husband was governor of the State, she took an active interest in all of its organized charities, and was a leader among the originators of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphans' Home. She was also a member of the Woman's Relief Corps of the State of Ohio. To her husband and herself, the Methodist Episcopal Church in Fremont is largely indebted for its beautiful church edifice.

Eight years of beautiful private life were granted to her, years which were filled to the brim with joy and occupation. On the 21st of June, 1889, as she sat by her bed-room window sewing, she was stricken with apoplexy, resulting in paralysis. For four days she lay unconscious; then came the announcement of her death. Upon the 28th, a vast multitude came to look on her dear face for the last time. She was borne out of the doors of her beautiful home by her four sons and by four of her nephews and cousins. The surviving soldiers of her husband's old regiment, the 23d O. V. V. I., marched as her guard of honor, followed by a great procession of the Comrades of the G. A. R., of friends and of neighbors, to the quiet, final resting-place in Oakwood Cemetery, near her home at Fremont.

Probably no woman ever lived who was more widely known and who knew more persons in all walks of life than Mrs. Hayes. Certainly no one was ever more widely mourned. Tributes to her worth came by the thousand to her family, in the press, in letters, and in other forms.

THANKSGIVING AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

Under this title a recent number of that delightful paper, the *Wide Awake*, gives a sketch of the four Thanksgiving Days which General and Mrs. Hayes and their family spent at the White House. We remember that Mrs. Hayes looked back upon those occasions as among the happiest of the many happy ones in which she participated. We reprint the article by special permission of the publishers, D. Lothrop & Co., of Boston. —ED.

Four Thanksgiving dinners have been given in the White House which will never be forgotten by those who were bidden.

President and Mrs. Hayes made it their home for four years, and they always invited their executive family to join them in a genuine, joyful Thanksgiving dinner; the secretaries and the clerks, with their entire families, including the little ones above three years old. Mr. Hendly tells me that "during his twelve years of official life, there was never anything more charming and homelike than these Thanksgiving dinners, when Mr. and Mrs. Hayes drew together their personal and official families."

Mrs. Pruden, whose husband has been private secretary to the Presidents during four administrations, says: "There could be nothing more beautiful, thoughtful and tender than Mrs. Hayes' home gatherings in the White House on Thanksgiving Days. She sent us invitations only the day before, that they might be without ceremony, and met us in the upper rooms—with the familiar friendship of home people—seldom asking the maid to wait upon us, but herself saying, 'Just step into my chamber and lay off your wraps.' She knew our little ones well by name and face; she would stoop over to unfasten the little cloaks and caps, just as our own families would do in our own homes."

The first dinner was given in the large state dining-room, which is forty feet long, thirty wide, and "high as a two-story house." Long windows open into the conservatory, a wonderful garden of beautiful flowers, where bananas grow, palm-trees

wave, orchids hang from the high ceilings, and "birds of Paradise" lean their golden heads out from their sheaths of loveliest green—the flower of "the Holy Ghost"—and all the lilies of the world seem to bloom against the banks of smilax and roses. As you sit at the table, you see this bewildering fairy land of color and fragrance.

Toward the south, you look across the wide lawn with the little green knolls, the large evergreens, and below them the silver thread of river as it runs toward the sea from our Capital, and the historic Long-bridge, with the old Virginia hills in the distance. Dinner was always at two o'clock. The table was laid with all the elegance of the grand state dinners, and served in as many courses, lasting until five or six o'clock. "Isaac," the head waiter, often declared to "the Madam" that "they were the best times of all the year."

After the first Thanksgiving Mrs. Hayes used the family dining-room. She said to Mrs. Pruden, "It isn't so large and stately; this looks more home-like." This family dining-room opens from the long corridor, where palms and azaleas nod as you pass them in the niches by the heavy oaken doors; and the faces of all the Presidents gaze at you from the walls. The furniture is carved mahogany, and on the handsome buffet is kept the old solid silver of the "Monroes and the Van Burens," and the gold spoons and forks marked simply, "President's House." You have read, no doubt, of the beautiful china service made to order for Mrs. Hayes. One can read a story from each plate; "the fishes and birds," some one said, "deserved frames."

In the centre of the table was laid a long mirror, like a little lake, on which sat a silver boat, with silver sails, filled with maiden-hair ferns and roses; sometimes lilies of the valley, and scarlet carnations. One of the tiny children said, "Oh, see, mamma! there are two boats!" In this make-believe pond you see the sweet buds and leaves upside down, and trembling with every motion. Beside each plate was laid a small menu card with one's name, and a lovely *boutonnière* tied with pretty ribbon; sometimes the *boutonnière* was only an old-fashioned sweet pink, "just like mother's garden." High chairs were close beside mamma's for the little ones.

The first in official rank was the secretary, Mr. Pruden, who had the honor of a seat beside the President's wife; while Mr. Hayes led the way to the dining-room with Mrs. Pruden on his arm. The executive clerks and their families passed in next. There were some twelve or fifteen children. I said, one day. "But don't they get very tired with a three-hour dinner?"

"Oh, no," the mother replied; "Mrs. Hayes entertains them with such wonderful tact and humor they never ask to move."

Little Eva Pruden was a very lovely child, only three years old. Her wonderful hair almost touched the hem of her little gown, and fell in natural waves, just the color of gold in the sun. She was a great pet of Mrs. Hayes, and sat next to her at the table.

At one of these dinners, on a handsome glass dish, sat a beautiful white swan. Tall, long, graceful and perfect, she sat in the midst of her rainbow-hued family. Little swans, with throats of impossible beauty, sat all around her—green, blue, red, violet, white and brown.

Isaac was about to dish up a little swan to each little child, when Mrs. Hayes spoke quickly and merrily, "Oh, stop a minute, Isaac! let's see which they like the best."

Turning to the youngest, she said, "Eva, which do you choose for your own?" Eva timidly and modestly dropped her head to one side and answered. "I like de deen one, please." So the beautiful green swan sailed across in a pretty dish to little Eva's plate, while the others soon "choosed" their favorite color.

The elder children chatted and felt perfectly at home with their charming hostess, who told stories, explained the odd customs of the White House, told them all about the wonderful flowers, and the way the gardeners made them into hundreds of bouquets every day, and talked about the good Thanksgivings when she was a little girl, until the three or four hours had passed like magic.

Everybody's health was proposed; toasts drank, and bright, witty speeches made, not with wine, but with the clearest of sparkling water; for you know Mrs. Hayes, in her quiet, gentle way, refused to put wine on her own table, even as the wife of the President, and said, "I have young sons who have never tasted liquor; they shall never receive it from my hand; what I wish for my own dear sons, I must do for the sons of other mothers."

It was always a beautiful sight to see that mother with her children. They treated her like an elder sister. Up and down the halls and reception-rooms of the old mansion, with their arms about her waist, her hands over their childish shoulders, talking, visiting and laughing, they could be seen marching any day. An English gentleman met them once in the East Room, quite early in the morning, and said to the minister, Mr. Thornton, afterward, "I shall take home to England with me a charming picture of the President's family."

At last the feast was over; the philopenas eaten with the laughing children; the creamy swans and the purple grapes, lobsters of fiery redness and icy coldness, fruits, and vegetables looking natural as life, but melting away in delicious ices, all coming and going in most mysterious ways. Even watermelons, growing like grandfather's melons in the old grandfather's garden, turning out to be "nothing but cream, after all."

With Mrs. Hayes to lead the way, the children went through the long corridor, the doors of Oriental glass, under the tall palms and jars of flowers, to the big East Room, for a game of "hide and seek" and "pussy wants a corner."

"Now, mamma," screamed the President's little son, "you catch!" and in and out the Blue and Red Rooms, the halls and stairways, Mrs. Hayes would run, hide and catch, while the whole house echoed to the shouts and laughter of the delighted children.

Then at the piano they would sing, and march, laugh and play to their heart's content.

One day a big black pin dropped out of Mrs. Hayes' handsome heavy hair, and it fell over her shoulders like a mantle of black; with no annoyance, she picked up the pin, went on with the game, twisting the coil simply and plainly as she ran. She always wore a simple dress; usually at these home dinners some black stuff, of soft, clinging material, trimmed with surah, as a "vest," or "panels"—creamy, rich lace in the throat and at the wrists.

"The secret of Mrs. Hayes' remarkable tact and genius, as hostess and friend, was the *mother* part of her," was once said of her. M. S.

MRS. HAYES' FRIENDSHIP.

HOW A POOR WASHINGTON LUNCH GIRL EARNED IT.

There was a time when the "treasury girls" in Washington had a grievance and were not backward in airing it. Said one of them:

"So Uncle Sam has had an economical fit; can't let us have our noonday tea; 'takes too long!'"

"Well, Sarah, it isn't Uncle Sam's time; still Secretary McCullough says 'teapots must be banished from the Treasury of the nation! Every window-ledge in the building has one!'"

But this grumbling was long ago. It had become almost forgotton when Mrs. Hayes was installed mistress of the White House.

Rachel Myers, a pretty girl, daughter of a soldier, kept a small lunch-room not far from the Treasury for the accommodation of the Treasury clerks, and in plain sight from Mrs. Hayes' windows.

Rachel had so generous a face, ways so modest, and eyes so earnest that Mrs. Hayes watched her a good deal, and one day went in for lunch after the noonday tea had been served to the crowd of clerks.

Taking her seat, asking for a cup of tea and a biscuit, she said, "Miss Rachel, don't you sometimes find this dull and tiresome?"

"Oh, yes'm!" Rachel replied, "but of course I must work, and the ladies are very kind in the Departments; they hate to come out of the building for lunch, and the half-hour is so short; but nobody is allowed to have a corner inside any more."

"Why not?"

"The Secretary turned out the tea-pots long ago, and won't take 'em back."

Rachel tossed her head as she added, "I'd rather be a poor girl selling cakes, than to be as mean as the big people over there," pointing towards the White House.

"Are they mean, Rachel? What makes you think so?" Mrs. Hayes sipped her tea, and tried not to smile.

"Well, everything in this whole city has to be just as they say! They don't help the poor, but only give big dinners, and ride out in their fine carriages and enjoy themselves! If they wanted to, there are so many ways of helping poor people."

"What could they do for you?" Mrs. Hayes said, as she laid down her ten cents.

"I should think it would be a great pleasure to do something for girls like you."

"Oh! Mr. Secretary can't turn around without asking the President, you know, and the President don't trouble himself about the poor, hard-working women and girls," Rachel said spitefully.

"Have you ever seen the President's wife? I think she is fond of young girls, and I wouldn't be surprised if she could get you a little room for lunch in the Treasury building. Suppose you go over to-morrow morning about 10. She is always at home then."

Rachel's eyes danced. "Oh! how kind that would be; but—I—don't think—I shouldn't know how to meet the President's wife, you know," and Rachel laid her hand impulsively on the dark brown silk sleeve, and the soft, warm, ungloved hand of Mrs. Hayes kindly folded itself over Rachel's.

Promptly at 10 the doorkeeper led Rachel to the private sitting-room of the "Mrs. President."

Mrs. Hayes met her with smiles and pleasure.

"Good morning, my dear," she said.

"Good morning, ma'am; you see I've come as you told me, but I do wish you'd do the talking for me when she comes in. I feel afraid of the 'great people,' but I love you."

"The 'great people,' child, are no greater than you, in spirit; and I hope you won't despise us any more. I am the wife of the President! Do you feel afraid now?"

Poor Rachel! she laughed and cried, begged pardons, stammered and hesitated; but the two were ever more firm friends.

"Somehow" a nice corner in the big gray stone Treasury became a cheery, cosy lunch-stand. Everybody knew the tall, fine-eyed girl who made the tea. Many a basket of fruit, many a tempting plate of cakes found their way to the little table, from the "Mistress of the White House," and the dainty doylies, marked R. M., from Mrs. Hayes, were of greater value than gold; but more than "trade," or gifts, or "the honor," was the sweet sympathy of Rachel's beautiful friend.—*Cleveland Leader*, December 14, 1890.

CHARITIES AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

From the Oration of Hon. J. D. Taylor, M. C., delivered at the Memorial Service in Honor of Mrs. Lucy Webb Hayes, in Wesleyan Memorial Hall, Cincinnati, December 30th, 1889.

"No family ever occupied the White House that dispensed such generous hospitality, or who were so charitable to the poor as the family of President Hayes. During the four years that Mrs. Hayes was its honored mistress, the hearts of hundreds of poor people were gladdened by her kindness and benevolence, but the greatest care was taken that these acts of charity should not be made public. The widow and the orphan, the soldier and the sailor, the sick and the afflicted, never asked in vain, or were turned empty-handed away, but soldiers and the families of soldiers, and those who were rendered helpless by the war, were the special objects of her charity and care.

"A few days since I had the pleasure of meeting, in Washington, Mr. W. T. Crump, who was with Gen. Hayes in the army, and who was also his steward in the White House. Associated with the family in this way during such a long period, he is able to give an inside history which has never reached the public. He said to me that it was no unusual thing for him to take wagon-loads of provisions to the poor in all parts of Washington during the four years of President Hayes' administration; that whenever Mrs. Hayes would hear of a poor soldier who was ill, she would send him to investigate and report. 'I would tell her,' said he, 'how many there were in the family, and she herself would go to the store-room, and would give me groceries—tea, coffee, sugar, flour, meat, eggs—a little of everything, and she would then say to me, 'Now, William, take these things to these poor people,' and at the same time she would give me money to buy coal or anything the family might need.'

"He cited the case of Major Bailey, who came from North Carolina where he settled after the war and remained until he was driven out, sick, discouraged and impoverished. He and his family came to Washington and were found by Mrs. Hayes in the northern part of the city, in want and distress, in a house destitute of furniture and food. The major was suffering so from disease that he was entirely helpless. His wife was worn out with watching, and they and their three children were without fire, food, or sufficient clothing. 'Mrs. Hayes,' says Mr. Crump, 'sent my boy to Major Bailey's with some money and a wagon-load of food and supplies of various kinds, and sent me down to buy bedsteads, chairs, tables, stoves, carpets, dishes, in fact, everything necessary to furnish two rooms, and to make this family comfortable. When I carried these things into that desolate home, Major Bailey and his family cried and laughed by turns, and when the major learned at last by whom these things had been sent, he exclaimed, 'God bless her! God bless her!'

"The next day there was a Cabinet meeting, and as soon as it was over Mrs. Hayes called on the members of the Cabinet, for a collection for the benefit of Major Bailey's family and raised $125.

"At the Cabinet table sat Secretary Schurz, who was the colonel of Major Bailey's regiment, and Secretary Evarts, who had a son in the same regiment. Their attention having thus been called to the major's needs, he was cared for until he recovered and obtained a position in one of the Departments.

"Hundreds of such instances could be given. The steward showed me entries made by himself for his own purposes, and not intended for the public eye, showing that the President and Mrs. Hayes, during the four years they occupied the White House, gave away thousands of dollars for benevolent purposes, of which the public has no knowledge whatever.

"The memoranda runs thus:

Jan. 12th.	Sent provisions to poor families, and $70 in cash.	
" 13th.	Paid for medicine	$145.00
" 19th.	The President gave an old man	50.00
" 26th.	Mrs. Hayes—Charities ..	425.00
" 31st.	Charities	300.00

And so on during all the months of their stay in the Executive Mansion. The charity of Mrs. Hayes was not the mere 'giving of alms.'

"'Not what we give but what we share, for the gift without the giver is bare.'

"Only a few days since, an army officer, now stationed in Washington, said he should never forget a visit made by Mrs. Hayes to the home of Captain Corbin in the suburbs of Washington at the time his little boy died. A carriage was driven to the door, Mrs. Hayes alighted and quietly entered the home. Inquiring for Mrs. Corbin she was at once shown to her room and soon after was seen with her arm about the grief-stricken mother, mingling her own tears of sorrow, and whispering words of comfort and consolation."

TRIBUTES TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. HAYES.

No woman that has lived has brought forth such a multitude of expressions of admiration of her life and character, and from the very highest sources in the land. We here annex some of these:

Rev. Dr. L. D. McCabe.—How well do I remember my first acquaintance with the illustrious woman whose departure has called together weeping multitudes to-day all over the land. Forty-four years since we entered the town of Delaware in a stage coach together. Her esteemed and widowed mother was then returning with her and her two brothers to that city to enjoy its educational advantages. The child's sweet and most natural happy ways drew me to her. I became her preceptor, and more than by any lesson or any learning, she refreshed my weariness, with her always kind, but bright and overflowing spirits. Under the moulding hand of a rare Christian mother, she developed into womanhood and responsibility, and added a sincere religious experience to her always attractive character. She finished her studies in her school life in Cincinnati Wesleyan Female Seminary, winning the special regard of all her companions and forming the most ennobling friendships, which have continued through her life. At the age of twenty-one she gave her heart and her hand to that honored one, who has led her from height to height of all that this world has to give. In all these various and testing positions, instead of relaxing the firmness of her principles, or in the least departing from the spirit and practice of piety, she shed a new charm upon them all and truly made them more illustrious by her unostentatious virtues.

The contact with the world did not spoil that loving kindness of nature. She was always finding some human heart which needed binding up. Much of her divine Lord's spirit she had in a tender regard for humanity, which could brook no unkind word, indeed could brook nothing that could wound a fellow-being, however lowly. She was one bright example before the world of the union of charm of manner with a kindness so genuine that it failed under no combination of circumstances. Would that the fair picture could be for ever kept before the young womanhood of the world. One who saw her much and studied her most attentively, said: "She is the humblest and yet she is the wisest of us all."

Mrs. Allen G. Thurman, in speaking of Mrs. Hayes, said: "I have known Mrs. Hayes—I always called her Lucy—from childhood, in fact, since she was scarcely able to run alone. * * * We lived in the same neighborhood. From childhood Lucy was the sweetest girl I ever saw. She was pretty, but that was not her chief attraction. It was her lovable nature that won all hearts, and her friendship, once secured, knew no change."

From Miss Frances E. Willard.—No woman ever lived who did so much to discountenance the social use of intoxicants as the royal and lamented Christian matron, Mrs. ex-President Hayes. She struck a keynote that rings to-day in ten thousand homes of wealth and fashion, and re-echoes in the grateful memory of millions who, against a desperate appetite, have formed a holy resolution. For such a woman and patriot, for such a wife and mother, we cannot do too much to manifest our reverence. America had not her peer, and never suffered sadder loss than in losing Lucy Webb Hayes.

Mrs. General Grant, in a conversation with Nelly Bly—who in turn told the writer—said that she had never seen anyone so radiantly lovely as Mrs. Hayes. "She was dressed in white silk," Mrs. Grant said, "and her dark hair was combed smoothly over her ears. Her soft black eyes shone like diamonds and her cheeks were as red as roses."

Mary Clemmer.—Meanwhile, on this man of whom every one in the nation is thinking, a fair woman between two little children looks down. She has a singularly gentle and winning face. It looks out from the bands of smooth dark hair with that tender light in the eyes which we have come to associate always with the Madonna. I have never seen such a face reign in the White House. I wonder what the world of Vanity Fair will do with it? Will it friz that hair? powder that face? draw those sweet, fine lines awry with pride? bare those shoulders? shorten those sleeves? hide John Wesley's discipline out of sight, as it poses and minces before the first lady of the land? what will she do with it, this woman of the hearth and home? strong as she is fair, will she have the grace to use it as not abusing it; to be in it; yet not of it; priestess of a religion pure and undefiled, holding the white lamp of her womanhood unshaken and unsullied, high above the heated crowd that fawns, flatters and soils? The Lord in heaven knows. All that I know is that Mr. and Mrs. Hayes are the finest looking type of man and woman that I have seen take up their abode in the White House.

Gen. W. T. Sherman writes as follows: "Were it not for the fact that I long since committed myself to Denver for the Fourth of July, I should come to Fremont to demonstrate my great respect for you and love for her memory; but as it is I can only trace on paper a few words of sorrow and ask a place in that vast procession of mourners, who would, if possible, share with you that burden of grief. Her sudden and totally unexpected death leaves a great blank in the good and cheerful in this world. How vividly come back to me the memories of her hearty greetings, her beaming face and unavoidable good nature, more especially during that long and eventful trip to the Pacific and back by Arizona, when at times heat, dust, and the untimely intrusion of rough miners would have ruffled the most angelic temper. Never once do I recall an instance when she ever manifested the least displeasure."

Fred. Douglas.—"Highest, who stoops to lift the low." The fragrance of her goodness

will linger for ever about the executive mansion.

Ex-Senator Bruce, of Mississippi.—There never was a woman who graced the White House with greater dignity. It might, perhaps, be said that my wife and myself called at the White House during that administration under somewhat exceptional circumstances. We always found her pleasant, kindly, genial.

Senator Allison, of Iowa, writes as follows: "I trust that my long personal acquaintance with Mrs. Hayes, and my appreciation of her gentle and noble qualities of heart and mind will be sufficient excuse for me to express to you my deep sympathy with you in your great loss; and what is yours is, in a less degree, that of the whole country, as I know of none more beloved than she was by all good people in every part of the land."

President Angell, of the University of Michigan, writes: "The moral sentiment of the nation deplores the loss of your estimable wife. Her exemplary life in the White House, as well as in private life, will shine in history like the stars in the heavens."

The *Rev. T. Dewitt Talmage* characteristically telegraphs: "Be comforted with a nation's sympathies. What a gracious and splendid woman she was!"

Francis Murphy said he had just returned from attending the funeral services of Mrs. Hayes, who he characterized as the noblest woman in the land, and in speaking of her said: "Her virtues of mind and heart one scarcely needs to be told. The sweetness of her nature matched the beauty of her person and the charm of her manners. In her elevated position which she has occupied she never lost the simplicity of character of her private life and girlhood. She was a woman of high and lofty ideas of the purest and best type. Over her whole career, both public and private, lingered an air of gentleness, with malice towards none and charity for all." Mr. Murphy said he had travelled 1,000 miles, to show his respect to the memory of Mrs. Hayes.

New York Independent.—Mrs. Hayes seemed delighted to welcome every one to the White House, whether friend or stranger, whether poor or rich. That was the secret of her success as hostess—that she was really glad to see every one whose hand she grasped; her warm heart shone in her warm greeting. She retired from the White House amid universal regret. She was a woman of ceaseless activity in all good work. Those who mourn her loss in Fremont are numbered by the thousand; but those who mourn her loss throughout the country must be numbered by the million. She was a woman that the country may always be proud of. Her charm, her grace, her dignity of manner and her force of character will not be forgotten.

New York Herald.—Memories of a noble life hover about the death-bed of Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes. This spotless woman deserves the love and respect of the whole country. Whether nursing the dying soldiers of the Union army or banishing the wine cup from the White House, she displayed the courage and devotion that are born of inner purity. All honor to the blameless wife and mother, the uncompromising champion of temperance, the friend of unfashionable virtues.

Washington Post, June 24, 1889.—Wherever her name is known will the news of her mortal illness carry a sense of regret and loss. Certainly no American woman in the past or present has created for herself, under all public and trying conditions, so little criticism and so much admiration, respect and affection as the wife of ex-President Hayes. . . . The lustre of her public life, the loveliness of her home life and family relations, were the reflex of an uncompromising conscience, a broad charity and an unquestioning reliance and submission to the law that is more just and wiser than man's.

Gracious as a woman, sincere as a Christian, herself the friend of many, she goes down into the valley, covered and crowned with the love of an entire people. The sympathy which goes out to those who are nearest and have watched over her with unspeakable sorrow, is as complete and sincere as the reverence with which the people will hereafter utter her name.

Brooklyn Eagle.—She was a woman of the purest and best type; a woman whose instincts were those of supreme refinement and benevolence. Her life was controlled by a sovereign purpose, and that purpose to do good. She believed that a woman's sphere was limited only by her opportunities for making her life a benediction. She felt that she had a mission in the world, and acting upon that confidence she was able to bequeath a memory of noble deeds that no perishable monument can rival.

Dayton Journal.—It is not disputable that Mrs. Lucy Webb Hayes was the most notable woman of her day, as the peculiar and singular representative of the dignified, graceful and lovable woman of general cultivated home society of this nation. No woman who ever occupied the White House commanded the exclusive character of profound respect, associated with affection, that was the distinction of Mrs. Lucy Webb Hayes. . . . When the historian of our war times records the noble women who were distinguished for their virtues, the name of Lucy Webb Hayes will glitter in the shining galaxy as a model American woman.

New York Tribune.—. . . She lived upon

a high plane all her life, and her influence was everywhere beneficent. . . . She knew how to make all visitors feel perfectly at home when within her doors. She was devoted to her domestic duties, and romped with her children in the nursery with all the freedom of a loving mother; and all her social duties at Fremont, Columbus and Washington were performed with dignity and grace.

Toledo Commercial.—The lesson of her life should not be lost upon the young. If they would be held in high esteem, they must be true to the right—true to themselves, to their families and to their convictions of duty. These are the elements of character which have drawn forth the admiration of all. This is a simple, but it is an all-important lesson.

Look in our eyes; your welcome waits you there,
North, South, East, West, from all and everywhere.
Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Her presence lends its warmth and health to all who come before it;
If woman lost us Eden, then such as she alone restore it.
Whittier.

The woman who, standing in the chief home, stood bravely for the sake of every home in the land.—*Adeline T. D. Whitney.*

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoke a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise.
Longfellow.

To perform one's functions with fidelity and simplicity is to be both hero and saint.—*Edward Eggleston.*

Her country also and it praiseth her.—*Louise Chandler Moulton.*

When high moral worth and courage combine with gentleness, matronly dignity, graciousness and sweetest charity, the charm is complete.
D. Huntington,
Pres. National Academy of Design.

Few like thee have stood
Upon the people's threshold where
The heralds of all nations go
And come as sea tides ebb and flow,
With graceful bravery have stood
In grand and sterling womanhood.
Unfaltering in thy high estate,
The sunshine flashing from the dome,
Where prince and people stand and wait,
There thou didst bring the charm of home,
A chieftain's valor and a woman's grace,
All lily white to that exalted place.
Lives nobly ended make the twilights long
And keep in heart God's nightingales of song.
Benj. F. Taylor.

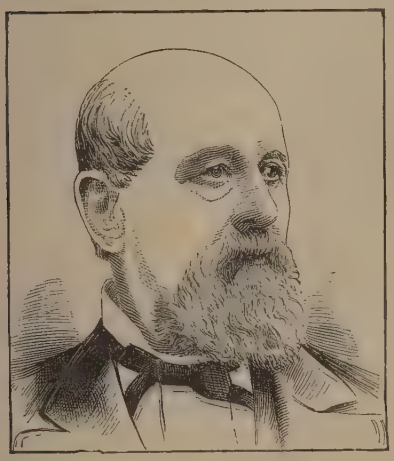
SARDIS BIRCHARD was born in Wilmington, Vt., January 15, 1801. He lost both parents while yet a child, and was taken into the family of his sister Sophia, who had married Rutherford Hayes. In 1817 he accompanied them to Delaware, Ohio. In 1822 his brother-in-law, Mr. Hayes, died, leaving a widow and three young children. Mr. Birchard at once devoted himself to his sister and her family. He never married, but through life regarded his sister's family as his own. He was a handsome, jovial young man and an universal favorite.

In the winter of 1824–5, with Stephen R. Bennett as a partner, he bought and drove a large drove of fat hogs from Delaware to Baltimore. "Two incidents of this trip," says Knapp, in his 'History of the Maumee Valley,' "are well remembered. The young men had to swim their hogs across the Ohio river at Wheeling, and came near losing them all by the swift current. In the meantime they were overtaken by a tall, fine-looking gentleman on horseback, who had also a carriage drawn by four horses with attendants. He helped Mr. Birchard to get the hogs out of the way, chatted with him, and advised him to dispose of them at Baltimore as the best market. This gentleman, as they soon ascertained, was none other than Gen. Jackson, then on his way to Washington after the Presidential election of 1824, in which he was the highest in the popular vote, but not the successful candidate, for the election being thrown into the house John Quincy Adams was chosen."

In 1827 Mr. Birchard removed to Fremont, then Lower Sandusky, and engaged in selling general merchandise. He was largely patronized by Indians, because he refused to sell them liquor. Mr. Birchard found the Indians very honest in their business transactions, and when any of them died with debts unpaid they were settled by Tall Chief, their leader. Mr. Birchard was very successful in his business ventures. He was connected with the first enterprise that opened river and lake commerce between Fremont and Buffalo; was instrumental in securing legislation for the construction of wagon roads, and later, largely in-

terested in the construction of the first railroads of the Maumee valley. He contributed largely to benevolent objects. The Birchard Library is a gift from him to the city of Fremont. He died in 1874, bequeathing his estate to his nephew, ex-President Hayes.

RALPH POMEROY BUCKLAND was born in Leyden, Mass., January 20, 1812. When but a few months old his father removed to Ohio and settled in Portage county. He was educated at Kenyon College, studied law, was admitted to the bar at Canfield in 1837, and the same year removed to Fremont. He was married to Charlotte Broughton, of Canfield, in 1838; was a delegate to the Whig National Convention in 1848; elected to the Ohio Senate in 1855, serving four years, during which time his bill for the adoption of children became a law.



GEN. R. P. BUCKLAND.

In 1861 he was appointed colonel of the Seventy-second Ohio Volunteer Infantry, which afterwards, with other regiments, became noted as "Buckland's Brigade." He commanded the Fourth Brigade of Sherman's Division at the battle of Shiloh, and was made brigadier-general November 29, 1862. He commanded a brigade of the Fifteenth Army Corps at Vicksburg and the District of Memphis for two years, resigning from the army, January 9, 1865, to take his seat in Congress, to which he had been elected while on duty in the field. March 13, 1865, he was brevetted major-general of volunteers. He served two terms in Congress and has held many important offices of trust; was a delegate to the Republican National Convention of 1876. From 1867 till 1873 was president of the managers of the Ohio Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphans' Home, and government director of the Pacific Railroad, 1877–80. He has done much for the improvement of the city of Fremont and is one of its most respected and beloved citizens. For two years ex-President Hayes was associated with Gen. Buckland as his law partner.

A REMINISCENCE,

With some Poetry from "The World's Wonder."

When on my original visit to Fremont, I called on an elderly gentleman, Mr. Thomas L. Hawkins, who was the keeper of the magazine in Fort Meigs at the time of the siege. I found him at his home. It was in the gloom of the evening; no light in the room where he gave me his recollections of its events. My mind being in an unusually receptive condition, and having no use for my eyes in the darkness, my ears did double duty; so I remembered every word. The incidents I thus gathered will be found under the head of the history of the siege of Fort Meigs in Wood county.

I was not then aware that Mr. Hawkins was a cabinetmaker, a local preacher in the Methodist church, and, greater than all, *a poet!* This discovery was reserved for my last visit, and it came from Mr. Hayes' library, wherein is a copy of a small volume entitled "*The Poetic Miscellany and World's Wonder;*" by Thomas L. Hawkins. Columbus: Scott & Bascom, printers, 1853.

Our poet allowed his muse to help him in his business, and so he brought her to his aid in advertising his stock in trade—washboards and mops.

These verses have the charm of old-time rusticity; carries back my mind to the days of the fathers, even before the arrival of the cook stove. I remember when they were unknown, and the people largely farmers, there being but few cities. Often have I seen, when a youth, on wash-days, huge kettles hanging by cranes over great kitchen fires, filled with snow to melt for soft water; a dinner-pot over the fire for a boiled dinner, the usual *menu* for wash-days; and while the women of the family were bending over the wash-tub, some young girl or boy would be standing by a pounding-barrel, pounding the clothes prior to the rubbing process. Pounding the clothes seemed to have been a common duty of the children of the family, who stood on stools to get the proper height. The pounder was a round block of wood, perhaps eight inches long and weighing perhaps five to ten pounds, into which was inserted a long handle, as in a broom, for a lifter, which both hands grasped during the pounding operation. With every washboard and mop sold by the poet was attached a card, with its poetic advertisement.

THE WASHBOARD.

[Advertisement.]

Take notice, that I, Thomas Hawkins, the younger,
Than old Tom, my father, more active and stronger,
In my journey through life, have found in my way
What some call Ash Wednesday, men's wives call wash-day.

However enduring the conjugal life,
This day brings a cloud on the husband from wife;
The dogs and the cats must stand out the way,
And all about the house dread the coming wash-day.

To make the day pleasant, I've long studied how
To bring back the smile on the dog and the cow;
To cheer the poor husband, the clouds blow away,
And smiles light the wife on that gloomy dark day.

The machinist for this has exhausted his skill,
In inventing machines poor woman to kill;
No valued relief, I'll venture to say,
Has loomed up as yet to dispel the dark day.

The washboard alone must end all the strife,
With a love-helping husband to cheer up the wife,
To straighten his rib, and show well he may
With a few hearty rubs on that dark steamy day.

We have boards of this kind for both husband and wife,
We'll venture the price, 'twill end all the strife,
Which are fluted both sides; then come, come away,
And buy of our sunshine to dispel the dark day.

THE MOP.

[Advertisement.]

The wife that scrubs without a mop
Must bend her back full low,
And on her knees mop up the slop
And little comfort know.

And he who loves a cleanly wife,
And wants to keep her clean,
Would make her smile and end all strife
By buying this machine.

And can you thus your wife displease,
With her sweet smiles dispense,
And make her scrub upon her knees,
To save some twenty cents?
[Which is the price of the mop.]

You hardened wretch! pull out y'r cash,
Untie your money-stockings,
And don't neglect to buy this trash
From your old friend, Tom Hawkins.

JAMES BIRDSEYE MCPHERSON, General in the Union Army, was born in Clyde, O., November 14, 1828. His father worked at blacksmithing while clearing his farm of one hundred and sixty acres of woodland. The boy grew up in the hardy laborious backwoods life of the time. When he was thirteen years of age, the oldest of four children, his father died, leaving the widow to struggle against adverse circumstances, to provide for her little family. James was a helpful son, and to aid his mother secured employment in a store at Green

Spring. He was a cheerful, upright youth, and was highly esteemed by all who knew him. During his leisure hours he employed himself in study; later he was enabled to spend two years in the Norwalk Academy. He received an appointment to West Point and graduated in 1853, first in a class of fifty-two members among whom were Philip H. Sheridan, John M. Schofield and John B. Hood. He taught for a year in West Point. For three years he was engaged in engineering duty on the Atlantic coast—most of the time in New York harbor. At the beginning of the war he was a lieutenant of engineers stationed in California, where for three years and a half he was in charge of the fortifications in the harbor of San Francisco.

He applied for active duty with the army in the field, where his promotion was very rapid. He became lieutenant-colonel November 21, 1861; colonel, May 1, 1862; brigadier-general of volunteers, May 15, 1862. Gen. Hellock placed him on his staff, but in the spring of 1862 he was transferred to the staff of Gen. Grant and served as chief engineer at Fort Henry, Fort Donelson, Shiloh, the siege of Corinth and Iuka. In the reorganization of Grant's army in 1863, he was appointed to the command of the 17th army corps. In the section campaign against Vicksburg, McPherson's corps bore a prominent part. When the army settled down to the regular siege of Vicksburg McPherson's command had the centre. A year had rolled by since he was doing duty on Grant's staff, a newly-fledged officer of volunteers. Now he was firm in his high position, was the compeer of Sherman, and a lieutenant trusted and honored by the general-in-chief. When Vicksburg was surrendered he became one of the commissioners to arrange the terms, and as a recognition of his skill and personal daring throughout the campaign, from Port Gibson to the bloody salients of the enemy's massive earthworks, which withstood assault after assault, he was made full brigadier-general in the regular army. From captain to brigadier-general in a year and a half!

When Grant at last turned over his command in the west to Sherman, and assumed the control of all the armies, McPherson succeeded the latter at the head of the Army of the Tennessee, then over 60,000 strong, and when Sherman set out on his campaign to Atlanta, followed him in person with about 25,000 of his troops, the 15th corps under Gen. John A. Logan, and the 16th under Gen. G. M. Dodge.

In the battles before Atlanta the new commander of the Army of the Tennessee proved his fitness for the role and displayed the highest and best quality of a soldier—capacity for leadership.

When Sherman's army was before Atlanta and he was extending his left flank to envelop the city, Hood opened the movement with a series of engagements from July 19 to July 21. On July 22, 1864, Hood withdrew from the trenches in front of Thomas and Schofield, and made a furious attack on Sherman's left flank, aiming at the destruction of McPherson's command. At the time the onslaught was made McPherson was in consultation with Sherman. He immediately issued an order for the closing of a gap between two corps, and then rode rapidly toward the threatened point, and while engaged in personally superintending the disposition of the troops, and passing from one column to another, he came suddenly upon a skirmish line of Confederates. They called "Halt!" whereupon he endeavored to turn into the woods and escape, but a volley was fired after him. A musket ball passed through his right lung, and shattered his spine, but he clung to his saddle until his horse had carried him further into the woods and then fell to the ground. His orderly was captured

About an hour after this had occurred a private of the 15th Iowa, George Reynolds, who had been wounded and was making his way back into the Union lines, came across the body of his general. Life was not yet extinct, but he could not speak. Reynolds moistened his lips with water from his canteen, remained until he had expired and then went to seek assistance.

GENERAL JAMES B. McPHERSON.

R. Grob, Photo., 1887.

MONUMENT TO GEN. JAMES B. McPHERSON, CLYDE.

The body was brought and laid out in the headquarters of Gen. Sherman, who, as he paced back and fro issuing orders for the battle still going on, shed bitter tears over the death of his favorite general. In communicating the news of his death to the War Department, Gen. Sherman wrote: "Not his the loss; but the country and the army will mourn his death and cherish his memory as that of one who, though comparatively young, had risen by his merit and ability to the command of one of the best armies the nation had called into existence to vindicate its honor and integrity."

McPherson was greatly beloved by the army, and when the news reached them that he had either fallen or been taken captive, a wild cry rose from the whole army, "McPherson or revenge," and the assault of the enemy was beaten back with great slaughter.

Gen. McPherson's body was taken north and buried at Clyde, O., and an imposing monument now marks the place of his interment. He was but thirty-five years of age at the time of his death, beloved by all who came in contact with him for his noble traits of character, and in the full tide of a brilliant career which promised the highest attainments. Gen. Grant placed a high estimate on his genius, and always spoke of him in words of praise. In March, 1864, he wrote to Sherman, "I want to express my thanks to you and McPherson, as the men to whom, above all others, I feel indebted for whatever I have had of success."

Gen. McPherson's personal appearance was very prepossessing. Over six feet tall, well developed, graceful and winning in manner. He was cheerful, genial, devoid of jealousy and had a keen sense of honor. At the time of his death he was betrothed to an estimable young lady of Baltimore and expected soon to be married. His affection for his family was unusually strong, and they were rarely absent from his thoughts. When the news of his death reached Clyde the following touching correspondence ensued:

"CLYDE, O., Aug. 5, 1864.

"TO GENERAL GRANT:

"DEAR SIR,—I hope you will pardon me for troubling you with the perusal of these few lines from the trembling hand of the aged grandma of our beloved General James B. McPherson, who fell in battle. When it was announced at his funeral, from the public print, that when General Grant heard of his death, he went into his tent and wept like a child, my heart went out in thanks to you for the interest you manifested in him while he was with you. I have watched his progress from infancy up. In childhood he was obedient and kind; in manhood, interesting, noble and persevering, looking to the wants of others. Since he entered the war, others can appreciate his worth more than I can. When it was announced to us by telegraph that our loved one had fallen, our hearts were almost rent asunder; but when we heard the Commander-in-Chief could weep with us too, we felt, sir, that you had been as a father to him, and this whole nation is mourning his early death. I wish to inform you that his remains were conducted by a kind guard to the very parlor were he spent a cheerful evening in 1861, with his widowed mother, two brothers and only sister, and his aged grandmother, who is now trying to write. In the morning he took his leave at six o'clock, little dreaming he should fall by a ball from the enemy. His funeral services were attended in his mother's orchard, where his youthful feet had often pressed the soil to gather the falling fruit; and his remains are resting in the silent grave scarce half a mile from the place of his birth. His grave is on an eminence but a few rods from where the funeral services were attended, and near the grave of his father.

"The grave, no doubt, will be marked, so that passers-by will often stop and drop a tear over the dear departed. And now, dear friend, a few lines from you would be gratefully received by the afflicted friends. I pray that the God of battles may be with you and go forth with your arms till rebellion shall cease, the Union be restored, and the old flag wave over the entire land.

"With much respect, I remain your friend,

"LYDIA SLOCUM,

"Aged eighty-seven years and four months."

"HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES,
"CITY POINT, VIRGINIA, Aug. 10, 1864.

"MRS. LYDIA SLOCUM:

"MY DEAR MADAM,—Your very welcome letter of the 3rd instant has reached me. I am

glad to know that the relatives of the lamented Major-General McPherson are aware of the more than friendship that existed between him and myself. A Nation grieves at the loss of one so dear to our nation's cause. It is a selfish grief, because the Nation had more to expect from him than from almost anyone living. I join in this selfish grief, and add the grief of personal love for the departed. He formed, for some time, one of my military family. I knew him well; to know him was to love. It may be some consolation to you, his aged grandmother, to know that every officer and every soldier who served under your grandson felt the highest reverence for his patriotism, his zeal, his great, almost unequalled ability, his amiability and all the manly virtues that can adorn a commander. Your bereavment is great, but cannot exceed mine.

"Yours truly,
"U. S. GRANT."

CLYDE is eight miles southeast of Fremont at the crossing of the L. S. & M. S., I. B. & W. and W. &. L. E. Railroads.

City Officers, 1888: Mayor, H. F. Paden; Clerk, Chas. H. Eaton; Treasurer, E. D. Harkness; Marshall, John C. Letson; Chief Fire Department, N. T. Wilder. Newspapers: *Enterprise*, Independent, B. F. Jackson & Co., editors and publishers; *Farmer's Reporter*, Neutral, Reporter Co., editors and publishers. Churches: 1 Baptist, 1 Episcopal, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Methodist, 1 Universal, 1 Catholic, 1 United Brethren, and 1 Advent. Banks: Farmers' & Traders', S. M. Terry, cashier; Peoples' Banking Co., C. G. Sanford, president, John C. Bolinger, cashier. Population, 1880, 2,380. School census, 1888, 760; Frank M. Ginn, Superintendent of Schools.

Clyde is a wholesome, cleanly appearing little town. It has an enduring memory in having given to the nation, in the person of JAS. B. MCPHERSON, a great soldier and the best type of a gentleman. The sites of the log-house in which he was born and the blacksmith shop where his father labored are both within the cemetery where to-day stands his monument and rests his mortal remains.

Clyde also was the birth-place of JAMES ALBERT WALES, caricaturist. He was born there in 1852, died in 1886, and lies buried in the McPherson Cemetery. He was a highly valued artist. On the occasion of his funeral A. B. French, an old resident of Clyde, delivered a touching eulogy upon his boyhood, and Rev. O. Badgley preached the funeral sermon. "Appleton's Cyclopædia of American Biography" says of him: "He learned wood-engraving in Toledo and Cincinnati, thence going to Cleveland, drew cartoons for the *Leader* during the Presidential canvas of 1872. Later he went to New York and engaged to illustrate *Puck*. He eventually became one of the founders of *The Judge*, and was for some time its chief cartoonist. Wales was the only caricaturist of the newer school who was a native American. He was also clever at portraiture and his cartoons excellent."

WOODVILLE is fourteen miles northwest of Fremont on the Portage River and on the N. W. O. R. R. It was laid out in 1838 by Hon. A. E. Wood on what was known on the Western Reserve and Maumee turnpike, being on the great travelled route between Cleveland to Toledo. School census, 1888, 232.

GIBSONBURG is eleven miles northwest of Fremont on the N. W. O. R. R. Population, 1880, 589. School census, 1888, 217; J. L. Hart, Superintendent of Schools.

LINDSEY is seven miles northwest of Fremont on the L. S. & M. S. R. R. Population, 1880, 409. School census, 1888, 152.

TOWNSEND is five miles northeast of Clyde, on the I. B. & W. R. R. Census, 1890, 1,358.

GREEN SPRING VILLAGE.

SCIOTO.

SCIOTO COUNTY was formed May 1, 1803. The name Scioto was originally applied by the Wyandots to the river; they, however, called it *Sci, on, to;* its signification is unknown. The surface is generally hilly, and some of the hills are several hundred feet in height. The river bottoms are well adapted to corn, and on a great part of the hill land small grain and grass can be produced. Iron ore, coal, and excellent freestone are the principal mineral productions of value. The manufacture of iron is extensively carried on in the eastern part of the county. The principal agricultural products are corn, wheat and oats.

Area about 640 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 52,195; in pasture, 31,961; woodland, 64,518; lying waste, 8,359; produced in wheat, 109,946 bushels; rye, 88; buckwheat, 173; oats, 104,516; barley, 3,375; corn, 619,367; broom-corn, 16 pounds brush; meadow hay, 9,552 tons; clover hay, 445; potatoes, 52,127 bushels; tobacco, 22,500 pounds; butter, 246,756; cheese, 2,181; sorghum, 16,506 gallons; maple syrup, 223; honey, 3,514 pounds; eggs, 221,085 dozen; grapes, 2,010 pounds; wine, 181 gallons; sweet potatoes, 1,902 bushels; apples, 18,887; peaches, 3,719; pears, 237; wool, 10,185 pounds; milch cows owned, 3,498. Ohio Mining Statistics, 1888: Iron ore mined, 11,816 tons; fire clay, 39,290; limestone, 1,000 tons burned for fluxing; 10,070 cubic feet of dimension stone. School census, 1888, 12,454; teachers, 189. Miles of railroad track, 94.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Bloom,	913	2,211	Porter,	1,014	2,274
Brush Creek,	401	2,093	Rush,		778
Clay,	696	1,148	Union,	570	1,168
Green,	973	1,935	Valley,		951
Harrison,	686	1,325	Vernon,	902	1,481
Jefferson,	578	919	Washington,	653	1,131
Madison,	830	1,852	Wayne Tsp and Portsmouth City, co-extensive,	1,853	11,321
Morgan,	265	1,019			
Nile,	860	1,905			

Population of Scioto in 1820 was 5,750; 1830, 8,730; 1840, 11,194; 1860, 24,297; 1880, 33,511; of whom 25,493 were born in Ohio; 1,569, Kentucky; 1,125, Pennsylvania; 967, Virginia; 276, New York; 153, Indiana; 1,815, German Empire; 400, Ireland; 309, England and Wales; 256, France; 33, British America, and 28, Scotland. Census, 1890, 35,377.

The mouth of the Scioto river at Portsmouth is ninety feet below Lake Erie, and 474 feet above the sea. The Scioto falls, from Columbus to Portsmouth, 302 feet, as given by Col. Ellet; distance in a direct line, about ninety miles, or a trifle over three feet of fall to the mile. The Kentucky hills opposite rise abruptly to the height of 633 feet above low-water mark in the river.

CÉLORON DE BIENVILLE'S EXPEDITION.

Céloron De Bienville, the French explorer, in 1749, in his expedition down the Ohio to take possession of the Ohio country for France, landed at the mouth of the Scioto. They remained from the 22d to the 26th of August. There had been here for years a Shawanese village, and living with them a party of English traders. Céloron warned them off, and although he had over 200 men, he refrained from force.

"Capt. Céloron, knight of the military order of St. Louis, was acting under

the orders of the Marquis de la Gallissonnière, Governor-in-Chief of New France, to drive back intruders and vindicate French rights in the valley of the Ohio." He had under him a chaplain, eight subaltern officers, six cadets, twenty soldiers, 180 Canadians and thirty Indians, Iroquois and Abinakis. This expedition crossed over from Canada, and embarking on the headwaters of the Allegheny, floated into the Ohio and down it to the mouth of the Great Miami. Thence, making his way up that stream as far as Piqua, in what is now Miami county, he burned his canoes, crossed over on ponies to a French fort on the site of the city of Fort Wayne, and thence returned to Montreal, where he arrived on the 10th of November.

Céloron planted six leaden plates at the mouths of various streams, as at that of the Kanawha, Muskingum, the Great Miami, etc., signifying a renewal of possession of the country. This was done with ceremony. "His men were drawn up in order; Louis XV. was proclaimed lord of all that region; the arms were stamped on a sheet of tin, nailed to a tree; a plate of lead was buried at the foot, and the notary of the expedition drew up a formal act of the whole proceeding."

The plate at Marietta was found in 1798 by some boys on the west bank of the Muskingum, and that on the Kanawha in 1846, by a boy playing on the margin of the river.

Céloron planted no plate at the mouth of the Scioto. One of his plates, as he was on his way to the Ohio, was stolen from him by a Seneca Indian and after his return, in the winter of 1749–1750, fell into the hands of Gov. Geo. Clinton; a liberal translation of which here follows:

"In the year 1749—the reign of Louis XV., King of France, we, Céloron, commandant of a detachment sent by Monsieur the Marquis of Gallisonnière, Commander in Chief of New France, to establish tranquillity in certain Indian villages of these Cantons, have buried this plate at the confluence of the Ohio and of To-ra-da-koin, this 29th July—near the river Ohio, otherwise Beautiful River, as a monument of renewal of possession, which we have taken of the said river, and of all its tributaries and of all the land on both sides, as far as to the sources of said rivers, —inasmuch as the preceding Kings of France have enjoyed [this possession] and have maintained it by their arms and by treaties, especially by those of Ryswick, Utrecht and Aix-la-Chapelle.

Christopher Gist in 1751 on his journey to the Indians of Ohio, visited the Shawnese village at the mouth of the Scioto. It was known to all the traders as "the Lower Town" to distinguish it from Logstown on the upper Ohio, which last was 14 miles below the site of Pittsburg. Gist describes the Lower Town as on both sides of the Ohio, immediately below the mouth of the Scioto. It contained about 300 men. On the Ohio side were about 100 houses and on the Kentucky side about 40 houses. On the Ohio side was a large council house 90 feet in length, having a light cover of bark. In this house the Indians held their councils.

The mouth of the Scioto was a favorite point with the Indians from which to attack boats ascending or descending the Ohio. We have several incidents to relate, the first from "Marshall's Kentucky," and the two last from "McDonald's Sketches:"

Indian Decoy Boats.—A canoe ascending the Ohio about the last of March, 1790, was taken by the Indians near the mouth of Scioto, and three men killed. Within a few days after, a boat coming down was decoyed to shore by a white man who feigned distress, when fifty savages rose from concealment, ran into the boat, killed John May and a young woman, being the first persons they came to, and took the rest of the people on board prisoners. It is probable that they owed, according to their ideas of duty or of honor, these sacrifices to the manes of so many of their slaughtered friends, while the caprices of fortune, the progression of fate, or the mistaken credulity of Mr. May, and his imitator, is to be seen in the essay to insure their safety by advancing to meet these savages with outstretched hands as the expression of confidence and the pledge of friendship. Mr. May had been an early adventurer and constant visitor to Kentucky. He was no warrior; his object was the acquisition of land—which he had pursued with equal avidity and success to a very great extent. Insomuch, that had he lived to secure the titles many of which have been doubtless lost by his death, he would probably have been the greatest landholder in the country.

Soon after this event, for the Indians still continued to infest the river, other boats were

taken and the people killed or carried away captive.

The 2d of April they attacked three boats on the Ohio, near the confluence of the Scioto; two being abandoned fell into the hands of the enemy, who plundered them; the other being manned with all the people, made its escape by hard rowing.

Such a series of aggression at length roused the people of the interior, and Gen. Scott, with 230 volunteers, crossed the Ohio at Limestone, and was joined by Gen. Harmar with 100 regulars of the United States; these marched for the Scioto. The Indians had, however, abandoned their camp, and there was no general action. On the route a small Indian trail was crossed; thirteen men with a subaltern were detached upon it; they came upon four Indians in camp, the whole of whom were killed by the first fire.

The Four Spies.—This spring, 1792, four spies were employed to range from Limestone (now Maysville) to the mouth of Big Sandy river. These four were Samuel Davis, Duncan McArthur (late Governor of Ohio), Nathaniel Beasley (late canal commissioner and major-general of the militia), and Samuel McDowell. These men upon every occasion proved themselves worthy of the confidence placed in them by their countrymen. Nothing which could reasonably be expected of men but was done by them. Two and two went together. They made their tours once a week to the mouth of Big Sandy river. On Monday morning two of them would leave Limestone and reach Sandy by Wednesday evening. On Thursday morning the other two would leave Limestone for the mouth of Sandy. Thus they would meet or pass each other about opposite the mouth of Scioto river; and by this constant vigilance the two sets of spies would pass the mouth of Scioto, in going and returning, four times in each week. This incessant vigilance would be continued until late in November, or the first of December, when hostilities generally ceased in the later years of the Indian wars. Sometimes the spies would go up and down the Ohio in canoes. In such cases one of them would push the canoe, and the other go on foot, through the woods, keeping about a mile in advance of the canoe, the footman keeping a sharp lookout for ambuscade or other Indian sign.

Adventure of McArthur and Davis.—Upon one of these tours, when Davis and McArthur were together, going up the river with their canoe, they lay at night a short distance below the mouth of Scioto. Early the next morning they crossed the Ohio in their canoe, landed and went across the bottom to the foot of the hill, where they knew of a fine deer-lick. This lick is situated about two miles below Portsmouth, and near Judge John Collins' house. The morning was very calm and a light fog hung over the bottom. When Davis and McArthur had arrived near the lick, McArthur halted and Davis proceeded, stooping low among the thick brush and weeds to conceal himself. He moved on with the noiseless tread of the cat until he got near the lick, when he straightened up to look if any deer were in it. At that instant he heard the sharp crack from an Indian's rifle and the singing whistle of a bullet pass his ear. As the morning was calm and foggy the smoke from the Indian's rifle settled around his head, so that the Indian could not see whether his shot had taken effect or not. Davis immediately raised his rifle to his face, and as the Indian stepped out of the smoke to see the effect of his shot, Davis, before the Indian had time to dodge out of the way, fired, and dropped him in his tracks. Davis immediately fell to loading his rifle, not thinking it safe or prudent to run up to an Indian with an empty gun. About the time Davis had his gun loaded, McArthur came running to him. Knowing that the shots he had heard were in too quick succession to be fired by the same gun, he made his best speed to the aid of his companion. Just as McArthur had stopped at the place where Davis stood, they heard a heavy rush going through the brush, when in an instant several Indians made their appearance in the open ground around the lick. Davis and McArthur were standing in thick brush and high weeds, and being unperceived by the Indians, crept off as silently as they could and put off at their best speed for their canoe, crossed the Ohio and were out of danger. All the time that Davis was loading his gun the Indian he had shot did not move hand or foot; consequently he ever after believed he killed the Indian.

Attack on the Packet Boat.—During the summer of 1794, as the packet boat was on her way up, near the mouth of the Scioto, a party of Indians fired into the boat as it was passing near the shore, and one man, John Stout, was killed, and two brothers by the name of Colvin were severely wounded. The boat was hurried by the remainder of the crew into the stream, and then returned to Maysville. The four "spies" were at Maysville, drawing their pay and ammunition, when the packet boat returned. Notwithstanding the recent and bloody defeat sustained in the packet boat, a fresh crew was immediately procured, and the four spies were directed by Col. Henry Lee (who had the superintendence and direction of them), to guard the boat as far as the mouth of Big Sandy river. As the spies were on their way up the river with the packet boat, they found concealed and sunk in the mouth of a small creek, a short distance below the mouth of the Scioto, a bark canoe, large enough to carry seven or eight men. In this canoe a party of Indians had crossed the Ohio and were prowling about somewhere in the country. Samuel McDowell was sent back to give notice to the inhabitants, while the other three spies remained with the packet boat till they saw it safe past the mouth of Big Sandy river.

McArthur's Adventure.—At this place the spies parted from the boat and commenced their return for Maysville. On their way up they had taken a light canoe. Two of them

pushed the canoe, while the others advanced on foot to reconnoiter. On their return the spies floated down the Ohio in their canoe, till they came nearly opposite the mouth of the Scioto river, where they landed and Duncan McArthur [afterwards Governor of Ohio] went out into the hills in pursuit of game. Treacle and Beasley went about a mile lower down the river and landed their canoe, intending also to hunt till McArthur should come up with them. McArthur went to a deer lick, with the situation of which he was well acquainted, made a blind, behind which he concealed himself and waited for game. He lay about an hour when he discovered two Indians coming to the lick. The Indians were so near him before he saw them that it was impossible for him to retreat without being discovered. As the boldest course appeared to him to be the safest, he determined to permit them to come as near to him as they would, shoot one of them and try his strength with the other. Imagine his situation. Two Indians armed with rifles, tomahawks and scalping-knives, approaching in these circumstances, must have caused his heart to beat pit-a-pat. He permitted the Indians, who were walking towards him in a stooping posture, to approach undisturbed. When they came near the lick, they halted in an open piece of ground and straightened up to look into the lick for game. This halt enabled McArthur to take deliberate aim from a rest, at only fourteen steps distance; he fired, and an Indian fell. McArthur remained still a moment, thinking it possible that the other Indian would take to flight. In this he was mistaken; the Indian did not even dodge out of of his track when his companion sunk lifeless by his side.

As the Indian's gun was charged, McArthur concluded it would be rather a fearful job to rush upon him, he therefore determined upon a retreat. He broke from his place of concealment and ran with all his speed; he had run but a few steps when he found himself tangled in the top of a fallen tree; this caused a momentary halt. At that instant the Indian fired and the ball whistled sharply by him. As the Indian's gun as well as his own, was now empty, he thought of turning round and giving him a fight upon equal terms. At this instant several other Indians came in sight, rushing with savage screams through the brush. He fled with his utmost speed, the Indians pursuing and firing at him as he ran; one of their balls entered the bottom of his powder-horn and shivered the side of it next his body into pieces. The splinters of his shattered powder-horn were propelled with such force by the ball that his side was considerably injured and the blood flowed freely. The ball in passing through the horn had given him such a jar that he thought for some time it had passed through his side; but this did not slacken his pace. The Indians pursued him some distance. McArthur, though not very fleet, was capable of enduring great fatigue, and now he had an occasion which demanded the best exertion of his strength. He gained upon his pursuers, and by the time he had crossed two or three ridges he found himself free from pursuit, and turned his course to the river.

When he came to the bank of the Ohio, he discovered Beasley and Treacle in the canoe, paddling up stream, in order to keep her hovering over the same spot and to be more conspicuous should McArthur make his escape from the Indians. They had heard the firing and the yelling in pursuit and had no doubt about the cause, and had concluded it possible, from the length of time and the direction of the noise that McArthur might have effected his escape. Nathaniel Beasley and Thomas Treacle were not the kind of men to fly at the approach of danger and forsake a comrade. McArthur saw the canoe and made a signal to them to come ashore. They did so, and McArthur was soon in the canoe, in the middle of the stream and out of danger. Thus ended this day's adventures of the spies and their packet boat and this was the last attack made by the Indians upon a boat in the Ohio river.

Prior to the settlement at Marietta, an attempt at settlement was made at Portsmouth, the history of which is annexed from an article in the American Pioneer, by George Corwin, of Portsmouth.

In April, 1785, four families from the Redstone settlement in Pennsylvania, descended the Ohio to the mouth of the Scioto and there moored their boat under the high bank where Portsmouth now stands. They commenced clearing the ground to plant seeds for a crop to support their families, hoping that the red men of the forest would suffer them to remain and improve the soil. They seemed to hope that white men would no longer provoke the Indians to savage warfare.

Soon after they landed, the four men, heads of the families, started up the Scioto to see the paradise of the West, of which they had heard from the mouths of white men who had traversed it during their captivity among the natives. Leaving the little colony, now consisting of four women and their children, to the protection of an over-ruling Providence, they traversed beautiful bottoms of the Scioto as far up as the prairies above and opposite to where Piketon now stands. One of them, Peter Patrick by name, pleased

with the country, cut the initials of his name on a beech near the river, which being found in after times, gave the name of Pee Pee to the creek that flows through the prairie of the same name; and from that creek was derived the name of Pee Pee township in Pike county.

Encamping near the site of Piketon, they were surprised by a party of Indians, who killed two of them as they lay by their fires. The other two escaped over the hills to the Ohio river, which they struck at the mouth of the Little Scioto, just as some white men going down the river in a pirogue were passing. They were going to Port Vincennes, on the Wabash. The tale of woe which was told by these men, with entreaties to be taken on board, was at first insufficient for their relief. It was not uncommon for Indians to compel white prisoners to act in a similar manner to entice boats to the shore for murderous and marauding purposes. After keeping them some time running down the shore, until they believed that if there were an ambuscade of Indians on shore they were out of its reach, they took them on board and brought them to the little settlement. the lamentations at which cannot be described nor its feeling conceived, when their peace was broken and their hopes blasted by the intelligence of the disaster reaching them. My informant was one who came down in the pirogue.

There was, however, no time to be lost; their safety depended on instant flight—and gathering up all their movables, they put off to Limestone, now Maysville, as a place of greater safety, where the men in the pirogue left them, and as my informant said, never heard of them more.

THE FIRST SETTLERS.

Thos. M'Donald built the first cabin in the county, but we are ignorant of its site or the date of its erection (Col. John M'Donald, his brother, is our authority for this assertion). Early in the settlement of the country the village of Alexandria was founded at the mouth of the Scioto, on the west bank, opposite Portsmouth, which, at the formation of the county, was made "the temporary seat of justice and courts ordered to be held at the house of John Collins." Being situated upon low ground liable to inundations, its population dwindled away so that the locality ceased to exist as a town.

The historian of Scioto county, the late Mr. Samuel Keyes, to whom its people are much indebted for his praiseworthy efforts to preserve its pioneer history, stated that Samuel Marshall, Sr., the father-in-law of Thomas McDonald, built the first cabin at a point about two miles above the site of Portsmouth, in February, 1796. He was followed in March, by John Lindsay. Mr. Marshall and John Lindsay had moved up from Manchester and were probably the first permanent settlers in the county. Mr. Keyes also stated that Marshall put in the first crop of corn; that the first person married was a daughter of his and that the first child born in the county was another daughter.

The distinction of having built the first cabin is also claimed for John Belli, he having bought land at the mouth of Turkey creek in 1795, but did not remove there until a later date. Hezekiah Merritt is another claimant for the honors of first settlement. He while on his way stopped during the summer of 1796, at a point near Lucasville, where he built a temporary cabin and raised a crop of corn. However, the question of a few months priority of settlement is not a matter of vital importance.

In 1795 Major Isaac Bonser, who had been sent out by parties in Pennsylvania, staked out land preparatory to settlement at the mouth of the Little Scioto river. In August of the succeeding year, he returned with five families and descending the Ohio river in flatboats they took possession of this land. These five families were those of Isaac Bonser, Uriah Barber, John Beatty, William Ward and Ephraim Adams.

Among other early settlers in the county were John Collins, David Gharky, Joseph Feurt, the Hitchcock family, James Munn, John W. and Abraham Millar, Philip Saladay, Martin Funk, Thomas Gilruth, Dr. Thomas Waller, William Lawson, Philip Noel, Henry Utt, Wm. Montgomery, James Cochrane, Captain William Lucas and his sons William and Joseph Lucas, John Lucas, Robert Lucas (afterward Governor of Ohio), Stephen Cary, Samuel G. and William Jones.

The original proprietor of Alexandria was Col. Thomas Parker, who served in the Revolutionary war and located the land at the mouth of the Scioto. In 1799 his brother Alexander Parker laid off the town; Elias Langham was the surveyor. This was the first town in the county and until Portsmouth was laid out bid fair to become the principal town of the county.

Portsmouth was laid out in 1803, by Henry Massie, and named for Portsmouth, Va., the former home of Mr. Massie. Owing to its higher elevation and freedom from floods, it soon outstripped Alexandria, was made the county seat and its rival city was subsequently abandoned.

The first permanent settler on the site of Portsmouth was Emanuel Traxler, in the year 1796. He built on the extreme west of the high ground, near what is now Scioto street. Vincent Brodbeck occupied the place in

1880. The first child born in Portsmouth was the daughter of Uriah Barber, named Polly, and born in 1804.

A frame court house was erected and completed in 1817 on land donated by Henry Massie. It was on Market street, between Front and Second streets. December 29, 1814, the town of Portsmouth was incorporated.

Portsmouth in 1846.—Portsmouth, the county-seat, is situated on the Ohio river just above the mouth of the Scioto, at the termination of the Ohio canal, ninety miles south of Columbus, and 110 above Cincinnati by the river. It is a town of considerable business, and does a heavy trade with the iron works; three steamboats are continually plying between here and the iron region in the upper part of this and in Lawrence county, and two run regularly between here and Cincinnati. In the town is a well-conducted free school, which has nine teachers and 320 pupils. It is supported mainly by property bequeathed for this purpose, yielding about $2,000 per annum. Portsmouth contains 1 Presbyterian, 1 Episcopal, 1 Methodist and 1 Catholic church, 2 printing-offices, 1 rolling, 1 merchant and 1 oil mill, 1 carding machine, 1 forge, 2 foundries, 17 mercantile stores, and a population estimated at 2,500. A company of Eastern capitalists are constructing in the old channel of the Scioto, opposite Portsmouth, a commodious basin, with dry docks attached for the building and repairing of steamboats. It is said that a mile and a half below the old mouth of the Scioto, about the year 1740, stood a French fort or trading-station.—*Old Edition.*

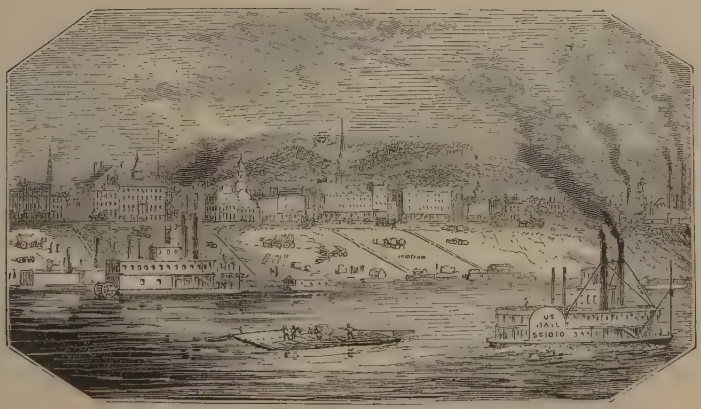
PORTSMOUTH, county-seat of Scioto, is ninety-five miles south of Columbus, on the Ohio river, just above the mouth of the Scioto river. It is 115 miles above Cincinnati by river. The town is entered by the O. & N. W. and S. V. Railroads, and is within easy access of the C. & O. or N. N. & M. V. Railroad.

County officers, 1888: Auditor, Filmore Musser; Clerk, John H. Simmons; Commissioners, John Kaps, Milton W. Brown, Frank Rickey; Coroner, Charles C. Fulton; Infirmary Directors, Ross Courtney, Charles Hacquard, Samuel J. Williams; Probate Judge, James M. Dawson; Prosecuting Attorney, Theodore K. Funk; Recorder, Benjamin F. Harwood; Sheriff, Thomas T. Yeager; Surveyor, Joseph W. Smith; Treasurer, Mark B. Wells. City officers, 1888: John A. Turley, Mayor; John W. Lewis, Marshal; Volney R. Row, Solicitor; R. A. Bryan, Civil Engineer; William Bennett, Commissioner; Henry Potter, Wharfmaster; Chas. Kinney, Treasurer; J. W. Overturf, Collector; S. G. McColloch, Clerk. Newspapers: *Blade*, Republican, J. E. Valjean, editor and publisher; *Correspondent*, German Independent, Carl Huber, editor and publisher; *Leader*, Labor, J. B. Carter, editor; *Times*, Democratic, James W. Newman, editor and publisher; *Tribune*, Republican, J. F. Strayer, editor; *Press*, Republican, Enterprise Publishing Company, publishers, N. W. Evans, president. Churches: 2 Protestant Episcopal, 1 German Evangelical, 3 Presbyterian, 4 Methodist Episcopal, 1 United Brethren, 1 Church of Christ, 2 Catholic, 1 Jewish, 1 African Methodist Episcopal. Banks: Citizens' Savings, D. N. Murray, president, J. W. Overturf, cashier; Farmers' National, George Davis, president, John M. Wall, cashier; First National, Robert Baker, president, A. T. Johnson, cashier; Portsmouth National, John G. Peebles, president, W. C. Silcox, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—G. D. Waite, furniture, 34 hands; Henry Prescott, wheelbarrows, 14; Cuppett & Webb, sawed lumber, 10; Reitz & Co., sawed and cut stone, 15; Portsmouth Brewery, 8; Burgess Steel and Iron Works, 180; York Manufacturing Co., road scrapers, 8; Portsmouth Foundry and Machine Shops, boilers, engines, etc., 50; John Dice, carriages and buggies, 10; Portsmouth Steam Bakery, 3; Padan Brothers & Co., ladies' and children's shoes, 187; Nichols Furniture Co., 85; Portsmouth Veneer Mills, 10; Drew, Selby & Co., ladies' and children's shoes, 223; Enoch J. Salt & Co., blankets, flannels, etc., 49; Lehman Rhodes & Co., doors, sash, etc., 13; Wm. H. Kehrer, seamless hosiery, 11; Excelsior Shoe Co., 13; Portsmouth Fire-Brick Co., 87; Johnson Hub and Spoke Works, 64; Ohio Stove Co., 70; Portsmouth Wagon Stock Co., 49; H.

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

PORTSMOUTH.



THE LANDING AT PORTSMOUTH.

Leet & Co., flooring, siding, etc., 10; T. M. Patterson, book-binding, etc., 20; Portsmouth Steam Laundry, laundrying, 10; C. C. Bode & Son, cut and sawed stone, 6; S. V. R. R. Shops, railroad repairs, 85; O. & N. W. R. R. Shops, railroad repairs, 25.—*State Report, 1888.*

Population, 1880, 11,321. School census, 1888, 4,161. E. S. Cox, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, $1,020,800. Value of annual product, $2,046,700.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887.*

Census, 1890, 12,394.

The beautiful plain at the confluence of the Scioto and Ohio, at Portsmouth, forms the site of a singular and interesting series of ancient works. They are in three divisions or groups, extending along the Ohio river for eight miles, and are connected by parallel lines of embankments, two of which divisions are on the Kentucky side. These are described in the great work of Squier and Davis, published by the Smithsonian Institution. The following items upon the quarries of this region are from Dr. Orton's "Geological Report:"

The PORTSMOUTH QUARRIES have been worked since the first settlement of the Ohio valley. All the ravines that reach the Ohio valley below Portsmouth for twenty miles disclose a large amount of excellent building-stone. At the quarry of Messrs. Reitz & Co. the stone occurs in layers from six to twenty-four inches in thickness. For flagging the stone is unequalled in the Ohio valley, as it wears evenly, always gives foothold, and is in every way satisfactory. It is well adapted to sawing, and is used quite extensively for general building purposes.

The quarry of Mr. J. M. Inskeep is located about twelve miles below Portsmouth, on the Ohio river, at a horizon about sixty feet above the Buena Vista stone proper. For the last three or four years this quarry has supplied material most extensively for the Columbus market, and a number of fine stone fronts have been constructed from it. The stone varies considerably in quality and needs to be carefully inspected.

The southwestern portion of Scioto county and the southeastern corner of Adams county, two adjoining districts, were once the most important localities in Ohio for the production of building-stone. In the earlier days of the State an engineer of reputation, employed upon the construction of canals, became conversant with the then known building-stones of the State, and recognizing the great value and accessibility of the ledge, commonly known as the Buena Vista Freestone Ledge, bought a large territory here, and began the development of the quarries in a large way. Other horizons of good rock were found at various levels, but this one bed, by its color and quality, supplied the Cincinnati market almost exclusively. Its reputation spread throughout the whole Ohio valley and beyond. Large quarries were opened on both sides of the river, government patronage was secured, and the material for the construction of custom-houses and other public buildings was ordered from the Buena Vista quarries. So great was the demand for this stone that material of poor quality as well as good was hurried into the market. The green stone while full of quarry water was laid in massive walls, and the bad behavior of this material soon excluded the stone almost entirely from the market. It is, however, as good now as when it earned its high reputation, but needs careful and conscientious selection and suitable seasoning.

THE FRENCH GRANT.

The "French Grant," a tract of 24,000 acres, is situated in the southeastern part of this county. "It was granted by Congress in March, 1795, to a number of French families who lost their lands at Gallipolis by invalid titles. It extended from a point on the Ohio river one and a half miles above, but opposite the mouth of Little Sandy creek in Kentucky, and extending eight miles in a direct line down the river, and from the two extremities of that line, reaching

back at right angles sufficiently far to include the quantity of land required, which somewhat exceeded four and a half miles." Twelve hundred acres additional were, in 1798, granted, adjoining it towards its lower end. Of this tract 4,000 acres directly opposite Little Sandy creek were granted to Mons. J. G. Gervais, who laid out a town upon it which he called Burrsburg, which never had but a few inhabitants. Thirty years since there were but eight or ten families residing on the French Grant.

Characteristics of the French Settlers.

Among the few Frenchmen that settled on the Grant were A. C. Vincent, Claudius Cadot, Petre Chabot, Francois Valodin, Jean Bertrand, Guillaume Duduit, Petre Ruishond, Mons. Ginat, Doctor Dufligny. The sufferings and hardships of these Frenchmen, so poorly adapted for pioneer life, were very great. (See Gallia County.) They were a worthy, simple-hearted people, and those who remained on the Grant eventually became thrifty and useful citizens.

It was in the spring of 1797 that the families of Duduit, Bertram, Gervais, Lacroix and Dutiel located on their lots in the Grant. They were followed by others, but, as previously stated, only a comparatively small number removed from Gallipolis to Scioto county. In the very valuable series of biographical sketches of Scioto county pioneers, by Mr. Samuel Keyes, are many interesting items illustrative of the characteristics and life of these Frenchmen. We give the following:

Liberal Dealing Profitable.—M. Dutiel, in selling grain, used a half-bushel measure a little larger than the law required. Some of his neighbors called his attention to the fact that he was giving more grain than was necessary, when he replied, "Well, I know it; but I would rather give too much than too little." This becoming known, Dutiel always sold out his surplus grain before his neighbors could sell a bushel.

Easily Scared.—Mons. Duduit, unlike most of his fellow-countrymen, took naturally to the woods, and soon became an expert hunter and woodsman. Before his removal to the Grant, he had been employed by Col. Sproat to scour the woods between Marietta and the Scioto, in company with Major Robt. Safford. It was their duty to notify the settlements of the approach of hostile Indians. On one occasion Duduit was out hunting with several of his countrymen, when he fired at and killed a deer; whereupon his companions, supposing they had been fired upon by Indians, fled to the settlement, and reported that the Indians had killed Duduit and were coming to raid the village. Duduit hung up his deer and hastened back to the village, which he found in an uproar and the settlers panic-stricken; but he soon quieted their fears, and induced some of them to assist him in bringing in the deer he had killed.

The Laziest Man in the World.—Petre Ruishond was called the "laziest man in the world." How he ever came to have energy enough to cross the ocean and work his way out to Ohio was a mystery to all who knew him. He spent a large portion of his time gazing at the stars and predicting future events, particularly changes in the weather. On one occasion a general meeting of the neighborhood was called for a certain date, to put up a bridge. "Big Pete," as he was called, predicted rain on that date. Sure enough, it did rain. No almanac-maker could have found occupation on the French Grant after that.

Ruishond was large, awkward and raw-boned. He never married, although often in love. He would go to see the fair object of his affections, but was too bashful to speak his love. He would sit and look at her all day without courage to say a word. He cleared only enough of his 217 acres of land to raise a few vegetables, just sufficient to support life. For weeks he would live on beans, which he boiled in large quantities to save building a fire too often. Occasionally he would trap a few turkeys, and then revel for a brief time in a change of diet. Finally his cabin burned down. He was too lazy to rebuild, but made a contract with one of his neighbors to keep him for the balance of his life in exchange for his 217 acres of land. He died about 1823.

A French Pettifogger.—Mons. Ginat had a medium education, and was quite useful to the French in the Grant, through his tact as a pettifogger. His mind seems to have been well adapted to this business, for he is said to have had a particular liking for disputation. He would always waive previous impressions and take the opposition on any question, simply for the sake of showing his talent and confusing his opponent. The French often had misunderstandings with the Yankees, and, as most of them spoke poor English, it was difficult for them always to obtain justice. M. Ginat had given much attention to law and spoke English fluently; he was therefore well prepared to advocate the causes of the French. He must have been expert in this craft, for men much dreaded him as an opponent.

A Peculiar Method of Cleaning Wheat.—"Petre Chabot had a peculiar method of separating wheat from the chaff not practised much, because few could do it. He had what was called a fan. It was made of light boards, with a hoop around three sides about six inches wide. The front was left open, with handles at the sides. He would put in about a peck of wheat and chaff altogether, and would then take it up by the handles in

front of him, and throw it up in such a manner that the wheat would fall back in the fan and at the same time blow the chaff out. By throwing it up in this way a few minutes the chaff would all be blown out and the wheat remain in the fan. I have seen negroes in Old Virginia clean hominy in a tray in that way that had been pounded with a hominy block. On account of Mons. Chabot's ability to clean wheat, he was employed by all his neighbors for the purpose of threshing and cleaning wheat."

A Penurious Doctor.—Doctor Dufligny left the reputation of extreme penuriousness. While keeping bachelor's hall, two Frenchmen, Vincent and Maguet, called on the doctor just before dinner-time. "Well, Doctor," they said, "we are very hungry and tired, and will have to trouble you for a little dinner." Doctor, looking up sadly, sighing and rubbing his eyes, said, "Friends, I am very sorry it is so, but I have been very poorly for some days; have no appetite and have not cooked anything, nor have I prepared anything to cook." The two, making themselves very free, opened the cupboard and continued, "Well, Doctor, as you are sick, we can cook a little for ourselves." Doctor—"I don't like to put you to so much trouble; besides I have nothing fit for you." The two exclaimed, "Oh! no trouble! why here are eggs, meat, flour, etc. Oh! we can get a good dinner of this." One made a fire, the other made up some bread, and broke in plenty of eggs. At this the doctor exclaimed, "Oh! gentlemen, you can't eat that." The reply was, "Never mind, Doctor; don't worry yourself." They prepared a good dinner, put it on the table, and were about to partake, when the doctor remarked, "Well, gentlemen, your victuals smell so well, my appetite seems to come to me. I think a little of your dinner cannot hurt me and may help me." Whereupon he drew up his chair, and eat a very hearty dinner with his importunate guests.

A Suicide.—M. Antoinme, a jeweler, who had brought his stock in trade to Gallipolis, finding there was no demand for his goods in the backwoods of Ohio, concluded to take them down the river to New Orleans. It was in the autumn of 1791 that he procured a large pirogue and had it manned by two hired men. Besides a vast amount of watches and jewelry, he took with him a supply of firearms for defensive purposes. The party fared well until within a short distance of the mouth of the Big Sandy, when a party of Indians appeared on the river bank.

Antoinme seized a musket and prepared to fire on the Indians, when his cowardly hirelings became panic-stricken and threatened him with instant death if he dared fire at them and thus provoke their anger. Antoinme in despair over the prospect of losing all his possessions, placed the musket to his head and blew out his brains. At the report of the gun the Indians turned to flee, but the hired men called them back, saying the man had only shot himself. The Indians boarded the pirogue, threw Antoinme's body overboard after rifling it, and took possession of such ammunition, provisions, arms, clothing and jewelry as suited their fancy. Much jewelry, tools, watches, etc., of which they could see no value, were thrown overboard and it is said that for many years afterwards watch crystals, etc., were found near this place. The Indians gave the cowardly hirelings two blankets and a loaf of bread each and sent them to the fort at Cincinnati.

A Scholarly Pioneer.—Antoine Claude Vincent settled on the grant as a farmer. He had been educated in France for a Roman Catholic priest, but his liberal opinions prevented his ordination, and he became a silversmith, and came to Gallipolis in the service of M. Antoinme, whose tragic death we have related.

Vincent settled in Gallipolis, afterward taught school in Marietta. It was while teaching school at the latter place and boarding at a hotel, that Louis Philippe with two relatives, traveling incognito visited the same hotel. There were many French then in Marietta and being favorably disposed to the Royalists', Louis Philippe made himself known to them. The Duke of Orleans (Louis Philippe) and his relatives were on their way to New Orleans, and sought some one to accompany them. Louis himself was very dejected and gloomy and sat with his "chapeau" far over his eyes, his face downcast and supported by his hands. He rarely spoke, but his relatives had the free use of their tongues. They were much pleased with Mons. Vincent and greatly desired him to share their fortune and accompany them to the city of New Orleans; and as the two relatives seemed about to fail in their object, the future sovereign of France broke his gloomy silence and with honest tears streaming from his eyes said, "Yes, come along with us, Vincent, come; we are now wretched outcasts, alone, friendless, homeless, moneyless, wandering through this wilderness infested with wild beasts and worse savages, far from our dear native land. We need you now, and yet can repay you nothing, but the time will come when we can and will; law and order will soon be restored; we will wait that occasion and then peaceably return and be restored to our possessions and rights. Then we can and will repay you; we will have offices to fill and titles to confer. They will be yours, only come with us now in our distress." Louis and his companions, however, could not prevail on M. Vincent to accompany them.

A Copperhead.—Some time after this Vincent was living alone in a house in the wilderness. He had occasion to get up one night, when he felt something, which he thought was a wire strike his foot repeatedly. He was soon convinced, however, that it was a snake and he started for the village to seek a physician. Before he could reach the village his feet were so swollen, that he was obliged to crawl the last quarter of a mile. The physician pronounced the bite that of a cop-

perhead, and for three weeks Vincent lay at the point of death, during which time he suffered excruciating agony, in his paroxysms literally gnawing to pieces the blanket which was his covering.

Lost in a Snow Storm.—On another occasion Vincent was overtaken in the night by a severe snow-stom, lost his way, was overcome by the cold and fell to the ground unconscious. Recovering consciousness in a short time he discovered that the storm had passed over and near by stood a house. He endeavored to rise, but his feet were frozen and he found he could only move by dragging himself along, using his elbows. After much painful effort he reached the house, and his cries soon brought assistance. For six weeks it was a question if he would survive his terrible experience, but, by the external use of lime water, his flesh was healed, although not without the loss of most of the first joints of his hands and feet.

Notwithstanding his sore experiences Mons. Vincent lived a long and useful life, during which he became wealthy, reared a large family and held the high respect of all who knew him. He was a man of liberal education, read Voltaire and Rousseau, and while in his Western home, was a student of history, philosophy, mathematics, ethics and music. He was a fine musician, being a great lover of the flute and violin, both of which he played well until he lost part of his fingers by freezing. He died August 22, 1846, in his 74th year.

HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE MISCELLANIES.

"The Pioneer Sketches," by Mr. James Keyes, is a little work of peculiar value, because a labor solely of love and knowledge. It gives pictures of original characters, whom he knew, and things long since past of which he was for the time being a part. His father was of an old Massachusetts family, who married a lady of Virginia, in which State (Albemarle county) he was born in the first year of this century. In 1810, when he was a lad of nine years, the family came to Scioto county, and here he lived his life. He was educated at the Ohio University, at one time taught school, made several trips on flatboats to New Orleans, and well knew Mike Fink, "the last of the boatmen," and his gang; was a great reader, very social, and knew more of the people of the county than any other man. He died June, 1883, at the advanced age of 81 years.

Major Isaac Bonser, in the spring of 1795, came on foot with his rifle and other equipment to the mouth of the Little Scioto, where he marked out land for settlement. He then started to return to Pennsylvania for the parties by whom he had been sent out when he fell in with a surveying party under Mr. Martin, who had just completed the survey of the French Grant. They were returning to Marietta in a canoe. Bonser found them in rather a bad predicament. They had exhausted their stock of provisions, their powder had become damp and unserviceable, and they were in danger of suffering for want of something to eat. Mr. Bonser proposed to them that he was going up into Pennsylvania and had rather a heavy load to carry, if they would take his baggage in their canoe, he would travel on shore with nothing but his rifle to carry, would kill as much meat as they all could eat, and camp together every night. This proposition was received with much satisfaction. Bonser being relieved of his heavy load walked on the bank with great alacrity, and occasionally brought down a deer or a turkey, or perhaps a bear, buffalo or elk, which were plenty at that time; they would take the game aboard the canoe and so traveling was made easy and expeditious for both parties. The first night after they had eaten their supper of fresh venison, Mr. Bonser asked them to let him see the condition of their powder. The powder was contained in a horn and too damp to ignite readily. He took a forked stick and stuck it into the ground a suitable distance from the fire, hung the powder horn up and took out the stopper so as to let the steam pass out, and let it remain in this position until morning. The heat from the fire dried out the powder so that it was fit for use if needed.

In this manner they meandered the river to Marietta, where they separated—Mr. Martin to report to Gen. Putnam, Surveyor General of the Northwest Territory, and Mr. Bonser to cross the mountains of Pennsylvania and report to those who had sent him out.

Major Bonser returned to the mouth of the Scioto river the following year, and

after Ohio had been admitted to the Union, contracted in partnership with Uriah Barber and another to build a State road from Portsmouth to Gallipolis. It lay nearly all the way through a dense forest. They had to cut the stumps so low that a wagon could pass over them, and to clear every thing out so as to make a good road. They surveyed and measured the distance and marked every mile tree. This was called a State road in contradistinction to other roads. The location has been changed very little since.

A Pioneer Fourth of July Celebration.

"In 1808, the people of the surrounding county celebrated the Fourth of July on the farm of Major Bonser. Great preparations were made, and the people came from far and near—West Union, Gallipolis and all the intermediate country were represented. They bored out a log and banded it with iron to serve as a cannon. But it soon burst. Robert Lucas read the Declaration of Independence, and made a speech. It is said to have been the first celebration of the kind ever held in the valley and formed an epoch in the annals of the Scioto country."

A Strange Superstition.

The family of Philip Salladay came from Switzerland, bought and settled on a lot in the French Grant soon after the opening of the country for settlement. Hereditary consumption developed itself in the family sometime after their location in Scioto county. The head of the family and the oldest son had died of it and others began to manifest symptons, when an attempt was made to arrest the progress of the disease by a process which has been practised in numerous instances, but without success. They resolved to disinter one of the victims, take his entrails and burn them in a fire prepared for the purpose, in the presence of the surviving members of the family. This was accordingly done in the winter of 1816-17, in the presence of a large concourse of spectators who lived in the surrounding neighborhood, and by Major Amos Wheeler, of Wheelersburg. Samuel Salladay was the one they disinterred and offered up as a sacrifice, to stop if possible the further spread of the disease. But like other superstitious notions with regard to curing diseases it proved of no avail. The other members of the family continued to die off until the last one was gone except George.

A Novel Foot Race.

Thomas Gilruth had a son James, the most athletic young man in all that section of country. Running, jumping, hopping, wrestling and even fighting when necessary, he generally came off the winner. He was bragging about his running one day in the presence of his father and said he could outrun any man about there. The old man listened for some time and at last said, "Jimmie, I can outrun you."

"Oh no, father. You are too old for that."

"Well," said the old man. "I'll tell you what I'll do. We'll both strip off everything but our shirts, and take each of us a good switch, and you may start first and I will follow you. If you can keep out of my reach, it is well. If not, I'll whip you all the way through. Then coming back, I will take the lead and you may whip me as much as you like."

"Agreed," said Jimmie, "we'll try that race."

They were to run a hundred yards and James started ahead. The old man kept so close to his heels that he gave him a severe flogging before they got through. Then it came the old man's turn to take the lead. He started off, but Jimmie never got near enough to give him one stroke with his switch. The young man came out crestfallen, and never wanted to hear of a foot-race after that.

Habits of Keel-Boatmen.

Claudius Cadot just after the war of 1812, went on the river to follow keel-boating to raise money to buy land. At that time keel-boating was about the only occupation at which money could be earned, and the wages were very low even there. Cadot hired himself to the celebrated Mike Fink, at fifty cents per day. The boats belonged to John Finch, one of a company that ran keel-boats from Pittsburg to different points in the West. Cadot soon learned the art of keel-boating. It was the usual practice of boatmen at that time to get on a spree at each town, but Cadot did not choose to spend his money in that way, and soon saved a considerable sum. He asked Capt. Fink to put this money in his trunk for safe-keeping. Fink consented to do this, but insisted that Cadot should carry the key as he had the most money. Fink was a noted character in his day (see Belmont county), he placed great confidence in Cadot and at the end of his first year's service paid him at the rate of 62½ cents per day, although the bargain only called for 50 cents per day.

How Keel-Boats were Manned.

The hull of a keel-boat was much like that of a modern canal boat, but lighter and generally smaller. The larger keel boats were manned by about twenty hands. It was the custom to make a trip from Pittsburg to New Orleans each year. They went down "under oars" and with a half dozen or so pairs worked by stout men they made good speed.

They took down flour, pork, beef, beans, etc., and brought up cotton, hemp, tobacco, etc., to Pittsburg. Many of these boats were manned by Canadians who seemed much to fancy their mode of life. As the boats went up they were pushed by poles on the shore side, while oars were worked on the outside. The average progress upstream was twelve miles per day—they lay up at night—but often when the wind was fair they would sail fifty miles.

It was the custom with the Canadians to sing hoosier songs and their yell was heard many miles. They also, since they were much exposed to the weather, made free use of liquors, the effect of which was plainly visible in their ruddy, full face, Much boating was also done from Charleston, Va., to Nashville and St. Louis.

The Duel of Governor Robert Lucas.

A number of horses had been stolen by Indians, and the settlers formed themselves into a military company to pursue the thieves, and if possible recover their stolen property. Robert Lucas was elected captain of the company. They overtook the Indians, but not until after traveling a long distance from the settlements and Lucas concluded that it would not be safe to attack them. Many of the company were indignant at this extreme caution, and Major Munn applied the epithet of "coward" to Lucas; whereupon the latter challenged Munn to fight a duel. The challenged was accepted, broadswords chosen as weapons and the next morning the appointed time.

Munn was promptly on the ground, but Lucas failed to appear, sending instead a note asking if the difficulty could not be settled in an amicable manner. Munn read the note and smiled, saying, "Certainly, it is his quarrel, and if he is satisfied, so am I."

A Refractory Brigadier.

Robert Lucas came to Ohio with his father in 1802. He was of mature age, and well qualified both by ability and education to take an active part in all matters pertaining to the organization of a new county and State. In 1803 he was the first county surveyor of Scioto county. He was especially efficient in organizing the militia, and was the first brigadier-general in the country.

In 1810 a girl of the neighborhood laid a child to his charge and called upon him to pay damages. This he declined to do, and a process was procured to take him to jail. When the sheriff attempted to serve the process he resisted and would not be taken. Thereupon, rather than endanger his life, the sheriff resigned, and his duties devolved upon the coroner, Maj. Munn, whom Lucas had previously challenged to fight a duel. Maj. Munn failed to arrest Lucas, and he also resigned. Then Lucas threatened to kill the clerk who had issued the writ, and he resigned. Upon this a call was made for county officers who could and would enforce the laws and arrest him. A young school teacher, John R. Turner, of Alexandria, came forward and said he would issue a writ if made clerk. Elijah Glover said, "Make me sheriff, and by G—d I'll take Gen. Lucas to jail, or any other man." They were appointed, the writ was issued, and when Glover showed the writ to Lucas, he quietly submitted and went to jail. But Squire Brown, father-in-law of Lucas, interfered to prevent the arrest, when Nathan Glover, a brother of the sheriff, picked him up and threw him into a clump of jimson weed, and told him to lie there and keep quiet or he might get into trouble. He lay there and kept quiet.

The Sycamore of Fifteen Horsemen.

The rich land which afterward produced such prolific crops of corn as to give to the valley of the lower Scioto the sobriquet of Egypt, were rank with vegetation when the early settlers came into the valley. The trees were, many of them, of enormous size, particularly the sycamores—although such species as the poplar, oak, cottonwood, black walnut and others, also attained large proportions. (See Ross County, the Chillicothe Elm.) The most remarkable tree, however, and probably the largest tree ever known in Ohio, is that mentioned in the *Ohio Gazeteer*, and described in the "Cincinnati Almanac" of 1810.

On the slopes of Mount Ætna stood, in the last century, a tree known as the "Chestnut of a Hundred Horses," from the statement that 100 mounted horsemen had rested at once beneath its branches. Therefore, this suggests that we shall call the Scioto valley sycamore "The Sycamore of Fifteen Horsemen," because that number could stand within its *trunk*. It stood on the farm of Abram Millar, in what is now Valley township. It was a forked, hollow sycamore, measuring twenty-one feet in diameter at its base and forty-two feet in circumference at the height of five feet. The opening of the cavity was ten feet in width at the bottom, was nine and one-half feet high, and had an inside diameter of fourteen feet. The fork was about eight feet from the ground. The tree was the wonder and admiration of the surrounding neighborhood, and parties were often made up to visit it. In June, 1808, a party of thirteen persons advanced on horseback into the cavity of the tree, and it is stated that there was ample room for two more.

William Headley, of Frederick county, Va., reported an account of this episode, he having been one of the party, and in the following November Maj. William Reynolds, of Zanesville, inspected the tree and caused to be published the facts here given.

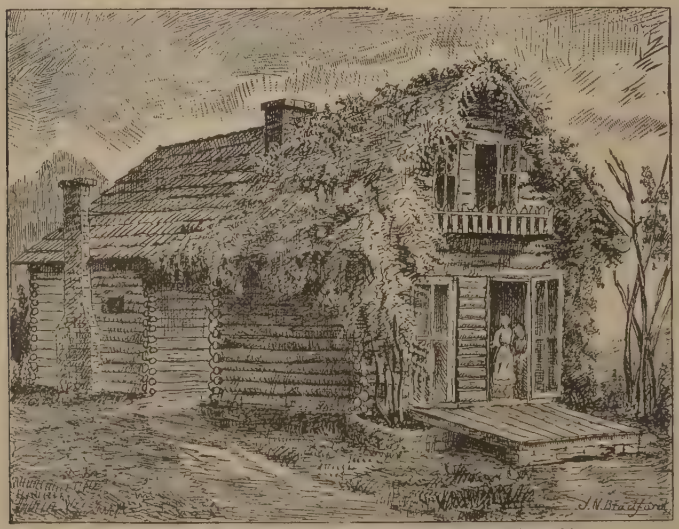
Mr. Samuel Keyes reports that this tree stood until the farm on which it was located was turned into a stock farm by Mr. Thomas Dugan. He turned some blooded bulls into the field where the tree was, and they got to fighting within the cavity of the tree with

the result that the vanquished was driven to the wall and gored to death—not being able to retreat and fight another day, as in an open field. The consequence of this was that Mr. Dugan ordered the tree cut down. The stump remained for several years; but some hogs having been turned into the field, and cholera breaking out among them, it was concluded that so many hogs of all sizes, ages, and sexes, piled together in one old stump, must have caused the disease. Therefore orders were given and the stump was removed, thus destroying the last vestige of what was a true "monarch of the forest."

DANIEL J. RYAN.

DANIEL J. RYAN was born in Cincinnati, January 1, 1855. His father was an Irish laborer in a foundry, and died a few years after his removal to Portsmouth, while Daniel was a small child. Under the careful guidance of his mother, Daniel received a good common-school education, graduating with credit from the high-school class of 1875.

He studied law in the office of Hon. James W. Bannon, and in February, 1877, was admitted to the bar. In the same year he was elected city solicitor of Portsmouth. In 1883 he was elected to the Legislature, and re-elected in 1885. At the National Convention of Republican Clubs, held in New York, December, 1887, Mr. Ryan was chosen temporary chairman. In 1888 he was elected Secretary of State, and re-elected in 1890. Mr. Ryan's public life has been devoted to the best interests of the people of Ohio, regardless of party advantage. He has been a hard student and is thoroughly informed on every public question requiring official action. He has been a leader in many important reforms. At the request of both capitalists and laborers he published an interesting volume on strikes and their remedies, entitled, "Arbitration between Capital and Labor." He is also the author of a concise and excellent "History of Ohio."



BUCKHORN COTTAGE. (A Retreat of One of the Literati.)

In 1855, just before the war, under the magic of money, a curious structure arose on the hills near the lines of Adams and Scioto counties. It was in a beautiful country, some little way back of Buena Vista. The cottage was of peeled white poplar logs, resin-varnished and mortar-daubed; it was therefore peculiar,

It was seventy-four feet long by twenty-two feet broad; in two parts, on the plan of the ordinary double cabin, with a seventeen-foot-wide floored and roofed space between them. A stone kitchen in the rear is out of the view. The chimneys were also of stone. Vines were placed to climb over it, which they accomplished in profusion; the summer breezes fluttered their leaves and the autumnal frosts put on them a blush.

In the Buckhorn lived for a term of years its owner and architect, Hon. William J. Flagg, and wife—a daughter of the late Nicholas Longworth, of Cincinnati—with occasional guests to share the romance of their solitude. On writing to him as an old friend and schoolmate, how he came to build it, and what he did when there, he gave this characteristic reply:

"In 1852 I bought a fifty-acre tract of hill land near Buena Vista, on the Ohio, through which the line runs that divides Adams and Scioto counties—bought it because I supposed there was valuable stone in it. This purchase led, step by step, to the acquisition of something over 9,000 acres adjacent. I cleared off woods and planted orchards and vineyards to the extent of more than 100 acres; opened a quarry, built a tramway, until my operations culminated in a log house on a hill top, a mile east of the county line and a half mile from the river, where, in different broken periods of time from '56 till '68, we spent about five years. It was mighty like being out of the world, but none the worse for that.

"In that hermitage we managed to lodge as comfortably as in a palace, and feed better than at Delmonico's. Our society, too, was excellent. William Shakespeare was a frequent visitor; Francis of Verulam was another; he was a nobleman, you know—a baron—so were others; Viscount Montesquieu, for instance, and Sir Charles Grandison. To prove how agreeable these made themselves, I will mention that the two packs of cards I provided myself with to pass away the time, were never cut or shuffled but for two games in the whole five years.

"Buckhorn, as we called the place, after the form of the hill and its branching spurs, was indeed an ideal retreat. I have never found a climate equal to it. But even souls at rest in Buddha's DEVEGHAN, after a certain stay there, feel a desire to live again, and so did we, and we returned to earth. Two years later the cabin went up in flames. I am glad it did. No insurance."

Thackeray, when he was travelling in our country, lecturing upon the Georges, in his sing-song sort of a way, one day took his huge body up into the Mercantile Library, in Cincinnati, and said to the librarian, Mr. Stephenson: "Nowadays, everybody is an author; everybody writes books." Mr. Flagg is not an exception. He is a literary gentleman and author of varied books, as "A Good Investment," "Three Seasons in European Vineyards" "Wall Street and the Woods," etc. This last is a novel description of the wild hill country in the regions back of Buckhorn, while the characters are mainly drawn from the very primitive inhabitants who dwell there—made so because of the inaccessibility of their homes, little or no intercourse being had with the outer world, not even in the way of books and newspapers; while, from the slender area of land for tillage, and the want of other industrial occupation, there is abundant leisure for meditation and the practice of a wisdom and morality peculiarly their own.

SCIOTOVILLE is four miles above Portsmouth, on the Ohio river, at the mouth of the Little Scioto river, and on the C. W. & B., S. V. and O. & N. W. Railroads.

Manufactures and Employees.—Scioto Fire-brick Co., fire-brick, 33 hands; Scioto Lumber Co., doors, sash, etc., 15; J. P. Kimball, flooring and siding, 8; Scioto Star Fire-brick Co., fire-brick, 61; Big Sandy Lumber Co., lumber, 12.—*State Report, 1888.*

Population, about 1,200. Capital invested in industrial establishments, $50,000. Value of annual product, $100,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

LUCASVILLE is on the Scioto river and S. V. Railroad, ten miles north of Portsmouth. It has one Methodist church, one newspaper—the *Transcript*—Independent, C. A. Hoover, editor and publisher. Population, about 350.

BUENA VISTA is on the Ohio river, eighteen miles below Portsmouth. Population, 1880, 324. School census, 1888, 150.

GALENA P. O. Rarden, is eighteen miles northwest of Portsmouth, on the O. & N. W. Railroad. School census, 1888, 183.

WHEELERSBURG is on the Ohio river and S. V. Railroad, nine miles above Portsmouth. School census, 1888, 231; G. W. Fry, superintendent.

SENECA.

SENECA COUNTY was formed from old Indian Territory, April 1, 1820, organized April 1, 1824, and named from the tribe who had a reservation within its limits. The surface is level, and the streams run in deep channels. The county is well watered, has considerable water-power, and the soil is mostly a rich loam. It was settled principally from Ohio, Pennsylvania, Maryland and New York, and by some few Germans. The principal farm products are wheat, corn, grass, oats, potatoes and pork. Area, about 540 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 219,543; in pasture, 26,352; woodland, 58,716; lying waste, 1,447; produced in wheat, 969,701 bushels; rye, 9,777; buckwheat, 400; oats, 834,806; barley, 10,407; corn, 1,240,246; meadow hay, 24,699 tons; clover hay, 8,369; flax, 12,900 lbs. fibre; potatoes, 87,584 bushels; butter, 686,237 lbs.; cheese, 5,800; sorghum, 3603 gallons; maple syrup, 10,489; honey, 3,848 lbs.; eggs, 553,716 dozen; grapes, 6,746 lbs.; wine, 226 gallons; sweet potatoes, 99 bushels; apples, 21,815 bushels; peaches, 2,735; pears, 1,746; wool, 287,003 lbs.; milch cows owned, 8,737. Ohio Mining Statistics, 1888.—Limestone, 21,155 tons burned for lime; 27,500 cubic feet of dimension stone; 13,226 cubic yards of building stone; 35,076 cubic yards of ballast or macadam. School census, 1888, 11,718; teachers, 361. Miles of railroad track, 172.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Adams,	1,250	1,624	London,	763	4,315
Big Spring,	926	2,048	Pleasant,	974	1,317
Bloom,	1,168	2,162	Reed,	1,214	1,527
Clinton,	2.197	9,581	Scipio,	1,556	1,836
Eden,	1,472	1,598	Seneca,	1,393	1,519
Hopewell,	913	1,631	Thompson,	1,411	1,901
Jackson,	596	1,399	Venice,	1,222	2,231
Liberty,	1,084	2,157			

Population of Seneca in 1830, 5,157; 1840, 18,139; 1860, 30,868; 1880, 36,947; of whom 26,945 were born in Ohio; 3,154, Pennsylvania; 905, New York; 350, Virginia; 214, Indiana; 27, Kentucky; 2,402, German Empire; 339, Ireland; 159, France; 141, England and Wales; 131, British America; 11, Scotland, and 6, Sweden and Norway. Census, 1890, 40,869.

Fort Seneca, a military post built in the war of 1812, was nine miles north of the site of Tiffin. It was a stockade with a ditch, and occupied several acres on a plain, on the bank of the Sandusky. Some vestiges of the work yet [1846] remain. It was only a few miles above Fort Stephenson, and was occupied by Harrison's troops at the time of the attack on the latter. While here, and just prior to Perry's victory, Gen. Harrison narrowly escaped being murdered by an Indian, the particulars of which we derive from his memoirs.

Peril of General Harrison.

The friendly Indians of the Delaware, Shawanese and Seneca tribes had been invited to join him. A number had accepted the invitation, and had reached Seneca before the arrival of the Kentucky troops. All the chiefs, and no doubt the greater part of the warriors were favorable to the American cause; but before their departure from their towns, a wretch had insinuated himself among them, with the intention of assassinating the commanding general. He belonged to the Shawanese tribe, and bore the name of Blue Jacket; but was not the celebrated Blue Jacket who signed the treaty of Greenville with Gen. Wayne. He had formerly resided at the town of Wapakoneta; he had, however, been absent for a considerable time and had returned but a few days before the warriors of that town set out to join the American army. He informed the chiefs that he had been hunting on the Wabash, and at his request, he was suffered to join the party which were about to march to Seneca. Upon their arrival at M'Arthur's blockhouse, they halted and encamped for the purpose of receiving provisions from the deputy Indian agent, Col. M'Pherson, who resided there. Before their arrival at that place, Blue Jacket had communicated to a friend (a Shawanese warrior), his intention to kill the American general, and requested his assistance; this his friend declined and endeavored to dissuade him from attempting it, assuring him that it could not be done without the certain sacrifice of his own life, as he had been at the American camp and knew that there was always a guard round the general's quarters, who were on duty day and night. Blue Jacket replied, that he was determined to execute his intention at any risk, that he would kill the general if he was sure that his guards would cut him in pieces not bigger than his thumb nail.

No people on earth are more faithful in keeping secrets than the Indians, but each warrior has a friend from whom he will conceal nothing; luckily for Gen. Harrison, the friend of the confidant of Blue Jacket was a young Delaware chief named Beaver, who was also bound to the general by the ties of friendship. He was the son of a Delaware war chief of the same name, who had with others been put to death by his own tribe, on the charge of practicing sorcery. Gen. Harrison had been upon terms of friendship with the father, and had patronized his orphan boy, at that time ten or twelve years of age. He had now arrived at manhood and was considered among the most promising warriors of his tribe: to this young chief the friend of Blue Jacket revealed the fatal secret. The Beaver was placed by this communication in an embarrassing situation, for should he disclose what he had heard, he betrayed his friend, than which nothing could be more repugnant to the feelings and principles of an Indian warrior. Should he not disclose it, consequences equally or even more to be deprecated were likely to ensue—the assassination of a friend, the friend of his father, whose life he was bound to defend, or whose death to revenge by the same principle of fidelity and honor which forbade the disclosure.

While he was yet hesitating, Blue Jacket came up to the Delaware camp somewhat intoxicated, vociferating vengeance upon Col. M'Pherson, who had just turned him out of his house, and whom he declared he would put to death for the insult he had received. The sight of the traitor aroused the indignation and resentment of the Beaver to the highest pitch. He seized his tomahawk, and advancing toward the culprit, "You must be a great warrior," said he; "you will not only kill this white man for serving you as you deserve, but you will also murder our father, the American chief, and bring disgrace and mischief upon us all; but you shall do neither, I will serve you as I would a mad dog." A furious blow from the tomahawk of the Beaver stretched the unfortunate Blue Jacket at his feet, and a second terminated his existence; "There," said he to some Shawanese who were present, "take him to the camp of his tribe, and tell them who has done the deed."

The Shawanese were far from resenting it; they applauded the conduct of the Beaver, and rejoiced at their happy escape from the ignominy which the accomplishment of Blue Jacket's design would have brought upon them. At the great treaty which was held at Greenville in 1815 Gen. Cass, one of the commissioners, related the whole of the transaction to the assembled chiefs, and after thanking the Beaver, in the name of the United States, for having saved the life of their general, he caused a handsome present to be made him out of the goods which he had sent for the purpose of the treaty. It is impossible to say what was the motive of Blue Jacket to attempt the life of Gen. Harrison: he was not one of the Tippecanoe Shawanese, and therefore could have no personal resentment against the general. There is little doubt that he came from Malden when he arrived at Wapakoneta, and that he came for the express purpose of attempting the life of the general; but whether he was instigated to it by any other person or persons, or had conceived the idea himself, has never been ascertained. Upon the arrival of the chiefs at Seneca, the principal war chief of the Shawanese requested permission to sleep at the door of the general's marquee, and this he did every night until the embarkation of the troops. This man, who had fought with great bravery on our side in the several sorties from Fort Meigs, was called *Capt. Tommy;* he was a great favorite of the officers, particularly the general and Commodore Perry, the latter of whom was accustomed to call him the general's Mameluke.

The Senecas of Sandusky—so called—owned and occupied forty thousand acres of choice land on the east side of Sandusky river, being mostly in this and partly in Sandusky county. Thirty thousand acres of this land was granted to them on the 29th of September, 1817, at the treaty held at the foot of Maumee Rapids, Hon. Lewis Cass and Hon. Duncan M'Arthur being the commissioners of the United States. The remaining 10,000 acres, lying south of the other, was granted by the treaty at St. Mary's, concluded by the same commissioners on the 17th of September, in the following year. By the treaty concluded at Washington city, February 28, 1831, James B. Gardiner being the commissioner of the general government, these Indians ceded their lands to the United States, and agreed to remove southwest of Missouri, on the Neosho river.

Indian Execution For Witchcraft.

At this time their principal chiefs were Coonstick, Small Cloud Spicer, Seneca Steel, Hard Hickory, Tall Chief and Good Hunter, the last two of whom were their principal orators. The old chief Good Hunter told Mr. Henry C. Brish, their sub-agent, that this band, which numbered about four hundred souls, were in fact *the remnant of Logan's tribe*, (see Pickaway county), and says Mr. Brish in a communication to us: "I cannot to this day surmise why they were called Senecas. I never found a Seneca among them. They were Cayugas—who were Mingoes—among whom were a few Oneidas, Mohawks, Onondagoes, Tuscarawas and Wyandots." From Mr. Brish, we have received an interesting narrative of the execution for *witchcraft* of one of these Indians, named Seneca John, who was one of the best men of his tribe.

About the year 1825, Coonstick, Steel and Cracked Hoof left the reservation for the double purpose of a three years hunting and trapping excursion, and to seek a location for a new home for the tribe in the far West.

At the time of their starting, Comstock, the brother of the first two, was the principal chief of the tribe. On their return in 1828, richly laden with furs and horses, they found Seneca John, their fourth brother, chief, in place of Comstock, who had died during their absence.

Comstock was the favorite brother of the two, and they at once charged Seneca John with producing his death by witchcraft. John denied the charge in a strain of eloquence rarely equalled. Said he, "I loved my brother Comstock more than I love the green earth I stand upon. I would give myself, limb by limb, piecemeal by peacemeal—I would shed my blood, drop by drop, to restore him to life." But all his protestations of innocence and affection for his brother Comstock were of no avail. His two other brothers pronounced him guilty and declared their determination to be his executioners.

John replied that he was willing to die and only wished to live until the next morning, "to see the sun rise once more." This request being granted, John told them that he should sleep that night on Hard Hickory's porch, which fronted the east, where they would find him at sunrise. He chose that place because he did not wish to be killed in the presence of his wife, and desired that the chief, Hard Hickory, should witness that he died like a brave man.

Coonstick and Steel retired for the night to an old cabin near by. In the morning, in company with Shane, another Indian, they preceeded to the house of Hard Hickory, who was my informant of what there happened.

He said, a little after sunrise he heard their footsteps upon the porch, and opened the door just enough to peep out. He saw John *asleep* upon his blanket, while they stood around him. At length one of them awoke him. He arose upon his feet and took off a large handkerchief which was around his head, letting his unusually long hair fall upon his shoulders. This being done, he looked around upon the landscape and at the rising sun, to take a farewell look, of a scene that he was never again to behold and then told them he was ready to die.

Shane and Coonstick each took him by the arm, and Steel walked behind. In this way they led him about ten steps from the porch, when Steel struck him with a tomahawk on the back of his head, and he fell to the ground, bleeding freely. Supposing this blow sufficient to kill him, they dragged him under a peach tree near by. In a short time, however, he revived; the blow having been broken by his great mass of hair. Knowing that it was Steel who struck the blow, John, as he lay, turned his head towards Coonstick and said, "Now brother, do you take your revenge." This so operated upon the feelings of Coonstick, that he interposed to save him; but it enraged Steel to such a degree, that he drew his knife and cut John's throat from ear to ear, and the next day he was buried

with the usual Indian ceremonies, not more than twenty feet from where he fell. Steel was arrested and tried for the murder in Sandusky county, and acquitted.

The grave of Seneca John was surrounded by a small picket enclosure. Three years after, when I was preparing to move them to the far West, I saw Coonstick and Steel remove the picket-fence and level the ground, so that no vestige of the grave remained.

Sacrificing Dogs to the Great Spirit.

A writer in the Sidney Aurora, gave a narrative of some of the religious rites of this tribe, just prior to their departure for their new homes. We extract his description of their sacrificing two dogs to the Great Spirit. This writer was probably Mr. Brish.

We rose early and proceeded directly to the council house, and though we supposed we were early, the Indians were already in advance of us.

The first object which arrested our attention, was a pair of the canine species, one of each gender suspended on a *cross!* one on either side thereof. These animals had been recently *strangled—not a bone was broken*, nor could a distorted hair be seen! They were of beautiful *cream* color, except a few dark spots on one, naturally, which same spots were put on the other, artificially, by the devotees. The Indians are very partial in the selection of dogs entirely *white* for this occasion; and for such they will give almost any price. Now for part of the decorations to which I have already alluded; a description of one will suffice for both.

First—A scarlet ribbon was tastefully tied just above the nose; and near the eyes another; next round the neck was a white ribbon, to which was attached some bulbous, concealed in another white ribbon; this was placed directly under the right ear, and I suppose it was intended as an amulet or charm. Then ribbons were bound round the forelegs, at the knees and near the feet—these were red and white alternately. Round the body was a profuse decoration—then the hind legs were decorated as the fore ones. Thus were the victims prepared and thus ornamented for burnt offering.

While minutely making this examination, I was almost unconscious of the collection of a large number of Indians who were there assembled to offer their sacrifices.

Adjacent to the cross was a large fire built on a few logs; and though the snow was several inches deep, they had prepared a sufficient quantity of combustible material, removed the snow from the logs and placed thereon their fire. I have often regretted that I did not see them light this pile. My own opinion is, they did not use the fire from their council-house; because I think they would have considered that as common, and as this was intended to be a holy service, they, no doubt, for this purpose struck fire from a flint, this being deemed sacred.

It was a clear, beautiful morning, and just as the first rays of the sun were seen in the tops of the towering forest and its reflections from the snowy surface, the Indians simultaneously formed a semicircle enclosing the cross, each flank resting on the aforesaid pile of logs.

Good Hunter, who officiated as High Priest, now appeared, and approached the cross; arrayed in his pontifical robes, he looked quite respectable.

The Indians being all assembled—I say Indians, for there was not a squaw present during all this ceremony—at a private signal given by the High Priest, two young chiefs sprang upon the cross and each taking off one of the victims, brought it down and presented it on his arms to the High Priest, who receiving it with great reverence, in like manner advanced to the fire, and with a very grave and solemn air, laid it thereon—and this he did with the other—but to which, whether male or female, he gave the preference I did not learn. This done, he retired to the cross.

In a devout manner he now commenced an oration. The tone of his voice was audible and somewhat chanting. At every pause in his discourse, he took from a white cloth he held in his left hand, a portion of dried, odoriferous herbs, which he threw on the fire; this was intended as incense. In the meanwhile his auditory, their eyes on the ground, with grave aspect and solemn silence, stood motionless, listening attentively to every word he uttered.

Thus he proceeded until the victims were entirely consumed and the incense exhausted, when he concluded his service; the oblation now made and the wrath of the Great Spirit, as they believed, appeased, they again assembled in the council-house, for the purpose of performing a part in their festival, different from any I yet had witnessed. Each Indian as he entered, seated himself on the floor, thus forming a large circle; when one of the old chiefs rose and with that native dignity which some Indians possess in a great degree, recounted his exploits as a warrior; told in how many fights he had been the victor; the number of scalps he had taken from his enemies; and what, at the head of his braves, he yet intended to do at the "Rocky Moun-

tains;" accompanying his narration with energy, warmth and strong gesticulation; when he ended, he received the unanimous applause of the assembled tribe.

This meed of praise was awarded to the chief by "three times three" articulations, which were properly neither nasal, oral nor guttural, but rather abdominal. Thus many others in the circle, old and young, rose in order, and *pro forma*, delivered themselves of a speech. Among those was Good Hunter; but he

"Had laid his robes away
His mitre and his vest."

His remarks were not filled with such bombast as some others; but brief, modest and appropriate; in fine, they were such as became a priest of one of the lost ten trtbes of Israel.

After all had spoken who wished to speak, the floor was cleared and the dance renewed, in which Indian and squaw united, with their wonted hilarity and zeal.

Just as this dance ended, an Indian boy ran to me and with fear strongly depicted in his countenance, caught me by the arm and drew me to the door, pointing with his other hand towards something he wished me to observe.

I looked in that direction, and saw the appearance of an Indian running at full speed to the council-house; in an instant he was in the house and literally in the fire, which he took in his hands and threw fire, coals and hot ashes in various directions through the house and apparently all over himself. At his entrance, the young Indians much alarmed, had all fled to the further end of the house, where they remained crowded, in great dread of this personification of the Evil Spirit. After diverting himself with the fire a few moments, at the expense of the young ones, to their no small joy he disappeared. This was an Indian disguised with a hideous false face, having horns on his head, and his hands and feet protected from the effects of the fire. And though not a professed "Fire King," he certainly performed his part to admiration.

During the continuance of this festival, the hospitality of the Senecas was unbounded. In the council-house and at the residence of Tall Chief, were a number of large fat bucks and hogs hanging up and neatly dressed. Bread also, of both corn and wheat, in great abundance.

Large kettles of soup ready prepared, in which maple sugar, profusely added, made a prominent ingredient, thus forming a very agreeable saccharine coalescence. All were invited and made welcome; indeed, a refusal to partake of their bounty, was deemed disrespectful, if not unfriendly.

I left them in the afternoon enjoying themselves to the fullest extent, and so far as I could perceive, their pleasure was without alloy. They were eating and drinking, but on this occasion, no ardent spirits were permitted—dancing and rejoicing—caring and probably thinking not of to-morrow,

Tiffin in 1846.—Tiffin, the county seat, is a compactly built village, on a level site, on the line of the railroad connecting Cincinnati with Sandusky City, and on the east bank of Sandusky river. It is 86 miles north of Columbus and 34 from Sandusky City. It was laid out about the year 1821, by Josiah Hedges, and named from the Hon. Edward Tiffin, of Ross, president of the convention which formed the constitution of Ohio, and the first governor of the State of Ohio in 1803. The town is gradually increasing with the growth of the county. The view was taken in the principal street, and shows on the left the court house and in the distance the spire of a Catholic church. It contains 2 Lutheran, 2 Catholic, 1 Episcopal, 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Reformed Methodist and 1 German Reformed church, 5 grocery and 9 dry goods stores, 1 foundry, 2 newspaper printing offices and had in 1840, 728 inhabitants: it now contains with the suburbs, about 1200. Opposite Tiffin, on the west bank of the Sandusky, is the small village of Fort Ball, so named from a fort erected there in the war of 1812, so called from Lieut. Col. James V. Ball, the commander of a squadron of cavalry under Harrison, while at Fort Seneca in this county. The fort was a small stockade with a ditch, occupying perhaps one-third of an acre. It stood on the bank of the river, about fifty rods south of the present bridge, and was used principally as a military depot. Vestiges of this work yet remain. On the old Indian reservation, in a limestone soil, are two white sulphur springs, respectively ten and twelve miles from Tiffin and about two apart. The water is clear and petrifies all objects with which it comes in contact. The water furnishes power sufficient for two large merchant mills, flows in great quantities and nearly alike in all seasons. In the northeastern corner of the county, in the township of Thompson, is a subterranean stream, about eighty feet under ground. The water is pure and cold, runs uniformly and in a northern direction. It is entered by a hole in the top, into which the curious can descend on foot, by the aid of a light.—*Old Edition.*

TIFFIN, county-seat of Seneca, is eighty miles northwest of Columbus, forty-two miles southeast from Toledo; is on on the T. B. & W., B. & O., and N. W. Railroads. It is the seat of Heidelberg College and other educational institutions, is in the midst of a very productive agricultural region and has extensive manufacturing interests. County officers, 1888: Auditor, James A. Norton; Clerk, Lewis Ulrich; Commissioners, Henry F. Hedden, Truman H. Bagby, Nicholas Burtscher; Coroner, Edward Lepper; Infirmary Directors, Daniel Metzger, John Rinebolt, William King; Probate Judge, John Royer; Prosecuting Attorney, William H. Dore; Recorder, George F. Wentz; Sheriff, George Homan; Surveyor, George McGormley; Treasurer, Benjamin F. Myers. City officers, 1888: Mayor, Dr. J. F. E. Fanning; Marshal, John Hummer; Street Commissioner, Scudder Chamberlin; Solicitor, H. C. Keppel; Clerk, William Dore; Chief of Fire Department, John Roller; Treasurer, B. F. Myers. Newspapers: *Seneca Advertiser*, Democratic, Myers Bros., editors and publishers; *Tribune and Herald*, Republican, Locke & Bro., editors and publishers; *Die Presse*, German, George Homan, editor and publisher; *News*, Democratic, D. J. Stalter, editor and publisher; *Heidelberg Journal*, literary, E. R. Good & Bro, editors and publishers; *Village Gardener and Poultry Breeder*, Philo J. Keller, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Presbyterian, 2 Catholic, 1 Episcopal, 3 Evangelical, 1 Methodist Protestant, 3 Reformed, 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Lutheran, 1 Baptist. Banks: Commercial, Warren P. Noble, president, Samuel B. Sneath, cashier; Tiffin National, John D. Loomis, president, J. N. Chamberlin, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—Tiffin Union Churn Co., churns, washboards, etc., 58 hands; Tiffin Agricultural Works, agricultural implements, 110; E. S. Rockwell & Co., woolen goods, 90; Schuman & Co., lager beer, 11; Enterprise Manufacturing Co., sash, doors, etc., 19; Tiffin Manufacturing Co., sash, doors, etc., 18; Glick & McCormick, wagon supplies, etc., 25; R. H. Whitlock, boxes, 18; Tiffin Glass Co., table ware, 90; National Machinery Co., bolt and nut machinery, 103; Loomis & Nyman, general machine work, 30; H. Hubach, lager beer, 7; Ohio Stove Co., stoves, 42.—*State Report, 1888.*

Population, 1880, 7,889. School census, 1888, 2,836; J. W. Knott, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, $637,227. Value of annual product, $966,310.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887.*

Census, 1890, 10,801.

Tiffin is a substantial, well-built city, and occupies both sides of the Sandusky river, including the site of the old Fort Ball. It is in a very rich country and has a large local trade. It is well named from Ohio's first governor—a gentleman of diversified attainments.

TRAVELLING NOTES.

When any of us think of a place it is, I believe, the universal law to have spring into our mind its prominent personalities, and according to the characters that mentally rise, is that place pleasant or disagreeable. To multitudes of Ohio people, when they think of the city of Tiffin, comes into their minds Ohio's great orator for near two generations—Gen. WILLIAM H. GIBSON, born in Ohio in 1822, who, as he says, was "the first male infant carried into Seneca county." So well is he known that only as a matter of record is it necessary to mention him. I presume there is not a county in Ohio in which his voice has not been uplifted in patriotic utterance, and in many counties many times. I know not one living who has appeared so much in our State on public occasions as the orator of the day, especially at out-of-door meetings of farmers and at pioneer celebrations. And he gives so much gratification that even his own townsmen throng any public place when it is advertised he is to appear. So, in his case, the old saying about prophets not being honored at home, fails when he is to appear in Tiffin.

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

CENTRAL VIEW IN TIFFIN.

B. Pennington, Photo., 1886.

CENTRAL VIEW IN TIFFIN.

GEN. WM. H. GIBSON.

Gen. GIBSON is of the blonde order, with oval face, tall and graceful person; but his great peculiarity is the clearness and phenomenal powers of voice that enable him to send every word distinct to the ears of acres of people gathered around in the open fields. Seldom has been heard a voice like it since the days of Whitefield. Then he is such an entertaining, delight-giving speaker, that he will hold a miscellaneous audience of men, women and children for hours together.

Capt. Henry Cromwell, an old citizen here in Tiffin, said to me, "I have been hearing Gibson for more than forty years, and I am amazed every time I hear him. In the Scott campaign of 1852 he introduced Gen. Scott to our people from the steps of the Shawhan House, A reporter of the New York *Herald* present said it was the best speech he had ever heard. In 1842, when a mere boy, I was present when he delivered the Independence Day oration at Melmore, then a spot well out in the woods. An old Revolutionary soldier sat by his side with long, flowing white hair, done up in a queue. As he closed he made an eloquent apostrophe to the flag waving over them, and then turning round put both hands on the old man's head, saying, 'Here is a man who fought for that flag.' Half of the audience were in tears. In the course of his life he has participated in twelve presidential campaigns as a campaign speaker, and seems good for more. In the Lincoln campaign Harriet Beecher Stowe happened to hear him, and wrote, 'I have heard many of the renowned orators of Europe and our own country, but I have never sat two and a half hours under such wonderful eloquence as that of Gen. William H. Gibson, of Ohio.'"

Gen. Gibson as a youth began work on a farm, then learned the carpenter's trade, and finally was educated to the law; was elected to the office of state treasurer in the year 1856, on the ticket with Salmon P. Chase as governor; served as colonel of the Forty-ninth Ohio, and was breveted brigadier-general on his retirement. Of late, having been duly qualified, he occasionally serves in the pulpit of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

If, when we think of Tiffin, the graceful form and somewhat sad face of the eloquent Gibson rises to our mind; so, when we think of Fostoria, the genial face and compact figure of another lights the scene. His is a phenomenal individuality—one that has illustrated that a man can be the governor of this great State and at the same moment "Charlie" to everybody in it. Born there when all around was woods; growing up with the people, ever manifesting a cheerful, generous, helping spirit; his life illustrates the fraternal idea; so the humblest individuals of his home community rejoice that he is one of them. The Hon. Daniel Ryan, in his "History of Ohio," thus outlines his career:

"The parents of CHARLES FOSTER were from Massachusetts. They moved West and settled in Seneca county, where he was born April 12, 1828. He received a common-school education and engaged in business pursuits for the early part of his life. In 1870 he was elected to Congress and served for eight years, although his district was politically very strong against him. While in Congress he was noted for the straightforward and businesslike view that he took of all measures. He was one of the Republican leaders of that body. The Republican party in 1879 nominated him for governor, and he was elected. Two years after he was re-elected. He administered state affairs with success. He took advanced ground on taxing the liquor traffic, and his party—in fact, the entire people of Ohio—have indorsed his views. He is now in private life, devoting his attention to business affairs at Fostoria."

Other noted persons come up with the thought of Seneca county. ANSON BURLINGAME in 1823 came with his father's family from the East—a child of three years. His father opened up a farm near Melmore, where he remained ten years. The family then removed to Michigan, but Anson soon returned and for a while taught school in Eden township. Eventually he settled in Massachusetts, after a course of law at Harvard.

In 1856, while serving as a member of Congress from the Boston (Mass.) district, he spoke in such terms of indignation of the brutal assault of Preston S. Brooks, of South Carolina, upon the Massachusetts Senator, Charles Sumner, that Brooks challenged him. He promptly accepted, named rifles as the weapons, and Navy Island, just above Niagara Falls, as the place of meeting. Brooks demurred as to the place for the duel, alleging that to get there he should be obliged to go through an enemy's country. Burlingame was an adept with the rifle, learned in his youthful days by practice upon the wild

beasts of Seneca county, and the public judgment was that Brooks, after his challenge, had learned that fact, and feared if the meeting took place, no matter where it might be, his fate would be that of some of those Seneca county bears. Burlingame's conduct was largely approved of by his party friends at the North, who on his return to Boston received him with distinguished honors. The crowning act of his life was when, in 1858, as United States minister to China, he made that great treaty since known as the "Burlingame Treaty." This valuable and heroic man closed his half century of life while on a mission to St. Petersburg in 1870.

Another mentionable fact connected with the personalities of this county, is that about a quarter of a century since, when that noted French divine, PERE HYACINTHE, left the bosom of mother church and advocated matrimony for priests, he proceeded to practice as he had preached and took for his bride a Seneca county lady.

CONSUL WILLSHIRE BUTTERFIELD, the historian, born in New York, began his career of authorship in this county, wherein for many years he was a teacher, at one time head of its Public Schools. His first work was a small history of Seneca county. Of late removed to Madison, Wisconsin, he has for his careful study and work access to the superb collection of historical works in the Wisconsin State Library, an institution which confers lasting honor upon that young State.

ALFRED H. WELCH, born at Fostoria, in 1850, died in 1888, when professor of English Literature in the Ohio State University, after a short but bright and useful career as teacher and author. Besides a series of school books he published "The Conflict of the Ages," The Development of English Literature and Language," and "Man and his Relations." He started a youth of humble means and in the employment of Hon. Charles Foster, who observing his faithfulness and capacity assisted him to obtain a college education. He has been said in many respects to resemble Goldsmith. He was fond of flowers and children, and it was his delight to organize parties to hunt flowers in the wild woods or gather pond-lilies.

CAPTIVITY AND EXPERIENCES AMONG THE OHIO INDIANS OF COL. JAMES SMITH,

Between May, 1755 and April, 1759, as related by himself.

In the year 1854, was published at Sandusky, one volume of "A History of Ohio," by James W. Taylor, a journalist of Sandusky. Only one of its two designed volumes was issued. This comprised the period between the years 1650 and 1787 and therefore before Ohio itself existed.

One of its chapters is entitled "A Pilgrim of Ohio One Hundred Years ago." That chapter embodies all that is essential in the personal narration of Col. Smith and is here copied entire. It is highly attractive from its simplicity of style and evident truthfulness in details.

It is in our power, by transcribing from a Narrative of the Captivity of Col. James Smith among the Indians, between May, 1755, and April, 1759, to present a picture of the wilderness and its savage occupants, which, bearing intrinsic evidence of faithful accuracy, is also corroborated by the public and private character of the writer.

Col. James Smith was a native of Pennsylvania, and after his return from Indian captivity, was entrusted, in 1736, with the command of a company of riflemen. He trained his men in the Indian tactics and discipline, and directed them to assume the dress of warriors and to paint their faces red and black, so that in appearance they were hardly distinguishable from the enemy. Some of his exploits in the defense of the Pennsylvania border are less creditable to him than his services in the war of the revolution. He lived until the year 1812, and is the author of a "Treatise on the Indian mode of warfare." In Kentucky, where he spent the latter part of his life, he was much respected and several times elected to the legislature.

The first edition of Smith's Journal was published in Lexington, Kentucky, by John Bradford, in 1799. Samuel Drake, the Indian antiquarian and author, accompanies its republication in 1851 by a tribute to Smith as "an exemplary Christian and unwavering patriot."

CAPTURE OF SMITH.

In the spring of 1755, James Smith, then eighteen years of age, was captured by three Indians (two Delaware and one Canasatauga) about four or five miles above Bedford, in Western Pennsylvania. He was immediately led to the banks of the Allegheny river, opposite Fort DuQuesne, where he was compelled to run the gauntlet between two long ranks of Indians, each stationed about two or three rods apart. His treatment was not severe until near the end of the lines, when he was felled by a blow from a stick or tomahawk handle, and on attempting to rise, was blinded by sand thrown into his eyes. The blows continued until he became insensible

and when he recovered his consciousness, he found himself within the fort, much bruised and under the charge of a French physician.

Exultation over Braddock's Defeat.

While yet unrecovered from his wounds, Smith was a witness of the French exultation and the Indian orgies over the disastrous defeat of Braddock. A few days afterward, his Indian captors placed him in a canoe and ascended the Allegheny river to an Indian town on the north side of the river, about forty miles above Fort DuQuesne. Here they remained three weeks, when the party proceeded to a village on the west branch of the Muskingum, about twenty miles above the forks. This village called Tullihas, was inhabited by Delawares, Caughnewagas and Mohicans. The soil between the Allegheny and Muskingum rivers on the route here designated, is described as "chiefly black oak and white oak land, which appeared generally to be good wheat land, chiefly second and third rate, intermixed with some rich bottoms.

Ceremony of Adoption.

While remaining at Tullihas, Smith describes the manner of his adoption by the Indians and other ceremonies, which we prefer to give in his own words: "The day after my arrival at the aforesaid town, a number of Indians collected about me, and one of them began to pull the hair out of my head. He had some ashes on a piece of bark, in which he frequently dipped his fingers in order to take a firmer hold, and so he went on, as if he had been plucking a turkey, until he had all the hair clean out of my head, except a small spot about three or four inches square on my crown. This they cut off with a pair scissors, excepting three locks, which they dressed up in their own mode. Two of these they wrapped round with a narrow beaded garter, made by themselves for that purpose and the other they plaited at full length and then stuck it full of silver brooches. After this they bored my nose and ears, and fixed me off with earrings and nose-jewels. Then they ordered me to strip off my clothes and put on a breechclout, which I did. They then painted my head, face and body in various colors. They put a large belt of wampum on my neck and silver bands on my hands and right arm; and so an old chief led me out on the street and gave the alarm halloo, "coo-wigh," several times, repeated quick; and on this, all that were in the town came running and stood round the old chief, who held me by the hand in the midst. As I at that time knew nothing of their mode of adoption, and had seen them put to death all they had taken and as I never could find that they saved a man alive at Braddock's defeat, I made no doubt that they were about putting me to death in some cruel manner. The old chief holding me by the hand, made a long speech, very loud, and when he had done he handed me to three young squaws, who led me by the hand down the bank, into the river, until the water was up to our middle. The squaws then made signs to me to plunge myself into the water, but I did not understand them. I thought the result of the council was that I should be drowned, and that these young ladies were to be the executioners. They all three laid violent hold of me and I for some time opposed them with all my might, which occasioned loud laughter by the multitude that were on the bank of the river. At length one of the squaws made out to speak a little English (for I believe they began to be afraid of me) and said "No hurt you." On this I gave myself up to their ladyships, who were as good at their word, for though they plunged me under water and washed and rubbed me severely, yet I could not say they hurt me much.

These young women led me to the council house, where some of the tribe were ready with new clothes for me. They gave me a new ruffled shirt, which I put on; also, a pair of leggins done off with ribbons and beads, porcupine quills and red hair; also, a tinsel-laced cappo. They again painted my head and face with various colors, and tied a bunch of red feathers to one of those locks they had left on the crown of my head, which stood up five or six inches. They seated me on a bearskin and gave me a pipe, tomahawk and polecat-skin pouch, which had been skinned pocket-fashion and contained tobacco, killegenico or dry sumach leaves, which they mix with their tobacco; also, punk, flint and steel. When I was thus seated the Indians came in, dressed and painted in their grandest manner. As they came in they took their seats, and for a considerable time there was profound silence; everyone was smoking, but not a word spoken among them. At length one of the chiefs made a speech, which was delivered to me by an interpreter and was as follows: "My son, you are now flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone. By the ceremony which was performed this day, every drop of white blood was washed out of your veins; you are taken into the Caughnewago nation and initiated into a warlike tribe; you are adopted into a great family, and now received with great seriousness and solemnity in the room and place of a great man. After what has passed this day, you are now one of us by an old strong law and custom. My son, you have now nothing to fear—we are now under the same obligations to love, support and defend you, that we are to love and defend one another; therefore you are to consider yourself as one of our people." At this time I did not believe this fine speech, especially that of the white blood being washed out of me; but since that time I have found that there was much sincerity in said speech; for, from that day, I never knew them to make any distinction between me and themselves, in any respect whatever, until I left them.

If they had plenty of clothing, I had plenty; if we were scarce, we all shared one fate.

After this ceremony was over I was introduced to my new kin, and told that I was to attend a feast that evening, which I did. And as the custom was, they gave me also a bowl and wooden spoon, which I carried with me to the place, where there were a number of large brass kettles, full of boiled venison and green corn. Everyone advanced with his bowl and spoon and had his share given him. After this one of the chiefs made a short speech and then we began to eat.

Smith Describes the War-dance.

The name of one of the chiefs of this town was Tecanyaterigto, alias "Pluggy," and the other Asallecoa, alias "Mohawk Solomon." As Pluggy and his party were to start the next day to war, to the frontiers of Virginia, the next thing to be performed was the war-dance and their war-songs. At their war-dance they had both vocal and instrumental music; they had a short, hollow gum, closed at one end, with water in it, and parchment stretched over the open end thereof, which they beat with one stick, and made a sound nearly like that of a muffled drum. All of those who were going on this expedition collected together and formed. An old Indian then began to sing, and timed the music by beating on this drum, as the ancients formerly timed their music by beating the tabor. On this the warriors began to advance or move forward in concert, as well-disciplined troops would march to the fife and drum. Each warrior had a tomahawk, spear or war-mallet in his hand, and they all moved regularly toward the east, or the way they intended to go to war. At length they all stretched their tomahawks toward the Potomac, and giving a hideous shout or yell, they wheeled quick about and danced in the same manner back. The next was the war-song. In performing this only one sung at a time, in a moving posture, with a tomahawk in his hand, while all the other warriors were engaged in calling aloud, "He uh, he uh," which they constantly repeated while the war-song was going on. When the warrior who was singing had ended his song, he struck a war-post with his tomahawk and with a loud voice told what warlike exploits he had done and what he now intended to do, which were answered by the other warriors with loud shouts of applause. Some who had not before intended to go to war at this time, were so animated by this performance that they took up the tomahawk and sung the war-song, which was answered with shouts of joy, as they were then initiated into the present marching company. The next morning this company all collected at one place, with their heads and faces painted various colors, and packs upon their backs; they marched off, all silent except the commander, who, in the front sung the traveling-song, which began in this manner: "Hoo caughtainteheegana." Just as the rear passed the end of the town they began to fire in their slow manner, from the front to the rear, which was accompanied with shouts and yells from all quarters.

A Courting-dance.

This evening I was invited to another sort of dance, which was a kind of promiscuous dance. The young men stood in one rank, and the young women in another, about one rod apart, facing each other. The one that raised the tune, or started the song, held a small gourd or dry shell of a squash in his hand, which contained beads or small stones, which rattled. When he began to sing he timed the tune with his rattle; both men and women danced and sung together, advancing toward each other, stooping until their heads would be touching together, and then ceased from dancing with loud shouts, and retreated and formed again, and so repeated the same thing over and over for three or four hours without intermission. This exercise appeared to me at first irrational and insipid; but I found that in singing their tunes, "Ya ne no hoo wa ne," etc., like our "Fa sol la," and though they have no such thing as jingling verse, yet they can intermix sentences with their notes, and say what they please to each other, and carry on the tune in concert. I found this was a kind of wooing or courting-dance, and as they advanced stooping with their heads together, they could say what they pleased in each other's ear, without disconcerting their rough music, and the others, or those near, not hear what they said.

Smith describes an expedition about thirty or forty miles southwardly, to a spot which he supposed to be between the Ohio, Muskingum and Scioto rivers (Hocking river, near Athens), perhaps in Licking county. It was a buffalo lick, where the Indians killed several buffalo, and in their small brass kettles made about half a bushel of salt. Here were clear, open woods, and thin white-oak land, with several paths like wagon roads leading to the lick.

Smith Goes to Lake Erie.

Returning to the Indian village on the Muskingum, Smith obtained an English Bible, which Pluggy and his party had brought back among other spoils of an expedition so far as the south branch of the Potomac. He remained at Tullihas until October, when he accompanied his adopted brother, whose name was Tontileaugo, and who had married a Wyandot woman, to Lake Erie. Their route was up the west branch of the Muskingum, through a country which for some distance was "hilly, but intermixed with large bodies of tolerable rich upland and excellent bottoms." They proceeded to the headwaters of the west branch of the Muskingum, and thence crossed to the waters of a stream, called by Smith the "Canesadooharie." This was probably the Black river, which, rising in Ashland, and traversing Medina and Lorain counties (at least by the waters of its east branch), falls into Lake

Erie a few miles north of Elyria. If we suppose that Tullihas, situated twenty miles above the principal forks of the Muskingum, was near the junction of the Vernon and Mohican rivers, on the borders of Knox and Coshocton counties, Smith and his companion probably followed what is called on Thayer's Map of Ohio, the "Lake fork of the Mohican," until they reached the northern portion of Ashland county, and there struck the headwaters of the Canesadooharie, where, as Smith testifies, they found "a large body of rich, well-lying land—the timber, ash, walnut, sugar-tree, buckeye, honey-locust and cherry, intermixed with some oak and hickory." Let us here resume the narrative:

On this route we had no horses with us, and when we started from the town all the pack I carried was a pouch, containing my books, a little dried venison and my blanket. I had then no gun. But Tontileaugo was a first-rate hunter, carried a rifle-gun, and every day killed deer, raccoons or bears. We left the meat, excepting a little for present use, and carried the skins with us until we encamped, and then stretched them with elm bark on a frame made with poles stuck in the ground and tied together with linn or elm bark, and when the skins were dried by the fire we packed them up and carried them with us the next day.

As Tontileaugo could not speak English, I had to make use of all the Caughnewaga I had learned even to talk very imperfectly with him. But I found I learned to talk Indian faster this way than when I had those with me who could talk English.

As we proceeded down the Canesadooharie waters our packs increased by the skins that were daily killed, and became so heavy that we could not march more than eight or ten miles a day.

We came to Lake Erie about six miles west of the mouth of Canesadooharie. As the wind was very high the evening we came to the lake, I was surprised to hear the roaring of the water and see the high waves that dashed against the shore like the ocean. We encamped on a run near the lake, and as the wind fell that night, the surface was only in a moderate motion, and we marched on the sand along the side of the water, frequently resting ourselves as we were heavy laden. I saw on the strand a number of large fish that had been left in flat or hollow places; as the wind fell and waves abated they were left without water, or only a small quantity, and numbers of bald and gray eagles, etc., were along the shore devouring them.

Wyandot Camp.

Some time in the afternoon we came to a camp of Wyandots, at the mouth of the Canesadooharie, where Tontileaugo's wife was. [This is believed to be the Black River in Lorain County.]

Here we were kindly received: they gave us a kind of rough brown potatoes, which grew spontaneously, and were called by the Caughnewagas *ohnenata*. These potatoes peeled, and dipped in raccoon's fat, taste nearly like our sweet potatoes. They gave us also what they called *caneheanta*, which is a kind of hominy made of green corn, dried, and beans mixed together.

From the headwaters of Canesadooharie to this place the land is generally good, chiefly first or second rate, and comparatively little or no third rate. The only refuse is some swamps that appear to be too wet for use, yet I apprehend that a number of them if drained would make excellent meadows. The timber is black oak, walnut, hickory, cherry, black ash, white ash, water ash, buckeye, black-locust, honey-locust, sugar-tree and elm. There is also some land, though comparatively small, where the timber is chiefly white oak or beech; this may be called third rate.

In the bottoms, and also many places in the uplands, there is a large quantity of wild-apple, plum, and red and black haw trees. It appeared to be well watered, and plenty of meadow ground intermixed with upland, but no large prairies or glades that I saw or heard of. In this route deer, bear, turkeys and raccoons appeared plenty, but no buffalo, and very little signs of elks.

We continued our camp at the mouth of Canesadooharie for some time, where we killed some deer and a great many raccoons: the raccoons here were remarkably large and fat. At length we embarked in a birch canoe. This vessel was four feet wide and three feet deep, and about five and thirty feet long; and though it could carry a heavy burden, it was so artfully and curiously constructed that four men could carry it several miles, or from one landing place to another, or from the waters of the lake to the waters of the Ohio. We proceeded up Canesadooharie a few miles, and went on shore to hunt; but to my great surprise, they carried the vessel that we all came in up the bank, and inverted it, or turned the bottom up, and converted it into a dwelling house, and kindled a fire before us to warm ourselves and cook. With our baggage and ourselves in this house, we were very much crowded, yet our little house turned off the rain very well.

We kept moving and hunting up this river until we came to the falls: here we remained some weeks, and killed a number of deer, several bears and a great many raccoons. They then buried their large canoe in the ground, which is the way to preserve this sort of a canoe in the winter season.

Indian Manner of Building Cabins.

As we had at this time no horses, every one had a pack on his back, and we steered an east course about twelve miles and encamped. The next morning we proceeded on the same course about twelve miles to a large creek that empties into Lake Erie betwixt Canesadooharie and Cayahaga. Here they made their winter cabin in the following form: they cut logs about fifteen feet long, and laid these logs upon each other, and

drove posts in the ground at each end to keep them together: the posts they tied together at the top with bark, and by this means raised a wall fifteen feet long, and about four feet high, and in the same manner another wall opposite to this, at about twelve feet distance: they then drove forks in the ground in the center of each end, and laid a strong pole from end to end on these forks: and from these walls to the poles, they set up poles instead of rafters, and on these they tied small poles in place of laths: and a cover was made of linn bark, which will run even in the winter season.

As every tree will not run, they examine the tree first, by trying it near the ground, and when they find it will do, they fell the tree and raise the bark with the tomahawk, near the top of the tree, about five or six inches broad, then put the tomahawk handle under the bark, and pull it down to the butt of the tree; so that sometimes one piece of bark will be thirty feet long. This bark they cut at suitable lengths in order to cover the hut.

At the end of these walls they set up split timber, so that they had timber all around, excepting a door at each end. At the top, in place of a chimney, they left an open place, and for bedding they laid down the aforesaid kind of bark, on which they spread bear skins.

From end to end of this hut, along the middle, there were fires, which the squaws made of dry split wood, and the holes or open places that appeared, the squaws stopped with moss, which they collected from old logs, and at the door they hung a bearskin, and notwithstanding the winters are hard here, our lodging was much better than I expected.

It appears that this Wyandot encampment consisted of eight hunters and thirteen squaws, boys and children. Soon afterwards, four of the hunters started on an expedition against the English settlements, leaving Tontileaugo, three other Indians and Smith to supply the camp with food. The winter months passed in hunting-excursions—the bear, even more than the deer, being an object of active and successful pursuit. The months of February and March, 1756, seem to have been occupied as follows:

Sugar Making.

In February we began to make sugar. As some of the elm bark will strip at this season, the squaws, after finding a tree that will do, cut it down and with a crooked stick, broad and sharp at the end, took the bark off the tree, and of this bark made vessels in a curious manner, that would hold about two gallons each; they made above one hundred of this kind of vessels. In the sugar tree they cut a notch, sloping down, and at the end where they stuck a tomahawk, they drove a long chip, in order to carry the water out from the tree, and under this they set their vessel to receive it. As the sugar-trees were plenty and large here, they seldom or never notched a tree that was not two or three feet over. They also made bark vessels for carrying the water that would hold about four gallons each. They had two brass kettles that held fifteen gallons each, and other smaller kettles in which they boiled the water. But as they could not at times boil away the water as fast as collected, they made vessels of bark that would hold about one hundred gallons each for retaining the water, and though the sugar-trees did not run every day, they had always a sufficient quantity of water to keep them boiling during the whole sugar season.

The way we commonly used our sugar while encamped was by putting it in bear's fat until the fat was almost as sweet as the sugar itself and in this we dipped our roasted venison. About this time, some of the Indian lads and myself were employed in making and attending traps for catching raccoons, foxes, wild cats, etc.

Trapping Coons, Foxes, etc.

As the raccoon is a kind of water animal that frequents the runs or small water courses almost the whole night, we made our traps on the runs, by laying one small sapling on another and driving in posts to keep them from rolling. The under sapling we raised about eighteen inches and set so that on the raccoon's touching a string or a small piece of bark, the sapling would fall and kill it; and lest the raccoon should pass by, we laid brush on both sides of the run, only leaving the channel open.

The fox-traps we made nearly in the same manner, at the end of a hollow log or opposite to a hole at the root of a hollow tree, and put venison on a stick for bait: we had it so set that when the fox took hold of the meat, the trap fell. While the squaws were employed in making sugar, the boys and men were engaged in hunting and trapping.

About the latter end of March we began to prepare for moving into town, in order to plant corn. The squaws were then frying the last of their bear fat and making vessels to hold it: the vessels were made of deer skins, which were skinned by pulling the skin off the neck without ripping. After they had taken off the hair, they gathered it in small plaits around the neck and with a string drew it together like a purse, in the centre a pin was put, below which they tied a string and while it was wet they blew it up like a bladder, and let it remain in this manner until it was dry, when it appeared nearly in the shape of a sugar loaf, but more rounding at the lower end. One of the vessels would hold about four or five gallons. In these vessels it was they carried their bear oil.

When all things were ready the party returned to the falls of Canesadooharie, and thence, after building another canoe of elm bark, to the town at the mouth of the river.

Kindness of the Indians.

By this time, Smith was thoroughly domesticated among his Indian captors. He found himself treated as an equal and often with disinterested kindness. His Indian name, by which they habitually addressed him, was Scoouwa. At length, he and his adopted brother Tontileaugo, started for a westward journey to Sandusky Lake—Smith on horseback along the strand of Lake Erie, and the Indian in a canoe near the shore. Here we resume our extracts:

A Wyandot Farm.

We arrived safe at Sunyendeand, which was a Wyandot town, that lay upon a small creek which empties into the little lake below the mouth of the Sandusky. The town was about eighty rods above the mouth of the creek, on the south side of a large plain on which timber grew, and nothing more but grass and nettles. In some places there were large flats where nothing but grass grew, about three feet high when grown, and in other places nothing but nettles, very rank, where the soil is extremely rich and loose—here they planted corn. In this town there were also French traders, who purchased our skins and furs, and we all got new clothes, paint, tobacco, etc.

Indian Mode of Eating.

As the Indians on their return from their winter hunt, bring in with them large quantities of bear oil, sugar, dried venison, etc., at times they have plenty and do not spare eating or giving—thus they make away with their provision as quick as possible. They have no such thing as regular meals, breakfast, dinner or supper, but if any one, even the town folks, would go to the same house several times in one day, he would be invited to eat of the best—and with them it is bad manners to refuse to eat when it is offered.

If they will not eat, it is interpreted as a symptom of displeasure, or that the persons refusing to eat were angry with those who invited them.

Indian Amusements.

All the hunters and warriors continued in town about six weeks after we came in. They spent this time in painting, going from house to house, eating, smoking and playing at a game resembling dice, or hustle cap. They put a number of plum-stones in a small bowl, one side of each stone is black and the other white; they then shake or hustle the bowl, calling "hits, hits, hits, honesy, honesy, rego, rego;" which signifies calling for white or black, or what they wish to turn up, they then turn the bowl and count the whites and blacks. Some were beating the drum (described elsewhere as "a short hollow gum closed at one end, with water in it, and parchment stretched over the end thereof, which they beat with one stick") and singing; others were employed in playing on a sort of flute, made of hollow cane, and others playing on the jews-harp. Some part of this time was also taken up in attending the council and as many others as chose attended and at night they were frequently employed in singing and dancing.

The Indians Prepare for War.

Towards the last of this time, which was in June, 1756, they were all engaged in preparing to go to war against the frontiers of Virginia. When they were equipped they went through their ceremonies, sung their war songs, etc. They all marched off, from fifteen to sixty years of age, and some boys only twelve years old, were equipped with their bows and arrows, and went to war, so that none were left in town but squaws and children, except myself, one very old man and another about fifty years of age, who was lame. The Indians were then in great hopes that they would drive all the Virginians over the lake, which is all the name they knew for the sea. They had some cause for this hope, because at this time the Americans were altogether unacquainted with war of any kind, and consequently very unfit to stand their ground with such subtle enemies as the Indians were.

Smith's Talk with two Old Indians.

The two old Indians asked me if I did not think that the Indians and French would subdue all America except New England, which they said they had tried in old times. I told them I thought not: they said they had already driven them all out of the mountains and had chiefly laid waste the great valley betwixt the North and South mountain, from Potomac to James river, which is a considerable part of the best land in Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania, and that the white people appeared to them like fools, they could neither guard against surprise, run, nor fight. These, they said, were their reasons for saying that they would subdue the whites. They asked me to offer my reason for my opinion, and told me to speak my mind freely. I told them that the white people to the east were very numerous, like the trees, and though they appeared to them to be fools, as they were not acquainted with their way of war, yet they were not fools, therefore after some time they will learn your mode of war and turn upon you, or at least defend themselves. I found that the old men themselves did not believe they could conquer America, yet they were willing to propagate the idea in order to encourage the young men to go to war.

Smith goes a Hunting.

When the warriors left this town we had neither meat, sugar or bear oil left. All that we had to live on was corn, pounded

into coarse meal or hominy—this they boiled in water, which appeared like well thickened soup, without salt or anything else. For some time we had plenty of this kind of hominy: at length we were brought to very short allowance, and as the warriors did not return as soon as they expected, we were in a starving condition with but one gun in the town and very little ammunition. The old lame Wyandot concluded that he would go a hunting in the canoe and take me with him, and try to kill deer in the water, as it was then watering time. We went up Sandusky a few miles, then turned up a creek and encamped. We had lights prepared, as we were to hunt in the night, and also a piece of bark and some bushes set up in the canoe, in order to conceal ourselves from the deer. A little boy that was with us held the light, I worked the canoe, and the old man who had his gun loaded with large shot, when we came near the deer, fired, and in this manner killed three deer in part of one night. We went to our fire, ate heartily, and in the morning returned to town, in order to relieve the hungry and distressed.

When we came to town the children were crying bitterly on account of the pinching hunger. We delivered what we had taken, and though it was but little among so many, yet it was divided according to the strictest rules of justice. We immediately set out for another hunt, but before we returned a party of warriors had come in and brought with them on horseback a quantity of meat.

Prisoners Running the Gauntlet.

These warriors had divided into different parties and all struck at different places in Augusta county, Virginia. They brought in with them a considerable number of scalps, prisoners, horses and other plunder: one of the prisoners was one Arthur Campbell, who was eventually taken to Detroit; his company was very agreeable and I was sorry when he left me. When the prisoners were made to run the gauntlet, I went and told them how to act. One John Savage was brought in and a middle-aged man about 40 years of age. He was to run the gauntlet and I told him what to do. After this I fell into the ranks with the Indians, shouting and yelling like them, and as they were not very severe with him, as he passed me I hit him with a piece of pumpkin, which pleased the Indians much but hurt my feelings.

Kindness of the Indians.

About the time the Indians came in, the green corn was ready, so that we had either green corn or venison and sometimes both, which was comparatively high living. When we could have plenty of green corn or roasting ears, the hunters became lazy and spent their time in singing, dancing, etc. They appeared to be fulfilling the Scriptures beyond those who profess to believe them, in that of taking no thought of to-morrow; and also in love, peace and friendship together. In this respect they shame those who profess Christianity.

Sometime in October, another adopted brother, older than Tontileaugo, came to pay us a visit at Sunyendeand, and asked me to take a hunt with him on Cayahaga. As they always used me as a freeman and gave me the liberty of choosing, I told him that I was attached to Tontileaugo—had never seen him before, and therefore asked some time to consider this. I consulted with Tontileaugo on this occasion, and he told me that our old brother Tecaughretanego (which was his name), was a chief, and a better man than he was, and if I went with him I might expect to be well used, but he said I might do as I pleased, and if I stayed he would use me as he had done. I told him he had acted in every respect as a brother to me, yet I was much pleased with my old brother's conduct and conversation, and as he was going to a part of the country I had never been in, I wished to go with him. He said that he was perfectly willing.

A Talk upon the White Man's Religion.

I then went with Tecaughretanego to the mouth of the little lake, where he met with the company he intended going with, which was composed of Caughnewagas and Ottawas. Here I was introduced to a Caughnewaga sister and others I had never seen before. My sister's name was Mary, which they pronounced Maully. I asked Tecaughretanego how it came that she had an English name. He said he did not know it was an English name; but it was the name the priest gave her when she was baptized, and which he said was the name of the mother of Jesus. He said there was a great many of the Caughnewagas and Wyandots that were a kind of half Roman Catholics; but as for himself, he said, that the priest and he could not agree, as they held notions that contradicted both sense and reason, and had the assurance to tell him that the book of God taught him these foolish absurdities; but he could not believe that the great and good Spirit ever taught them any such nonsense, and therefore he concluded that the Indian's old religion was better than this new way of worshiping God.

The Tents of the Ottawas.

The Ottawas have a very useful kind of tents which they carry with them, made of flags, plaited and stitched together in a very artful manner, so as to turn the rain and wind well—each mat is made fifteen feet long and five feet broad. In order to erect this kind of tent they cut a number of long straight poles, which they drive in the ground, in the form of a circle, leaning inwards; they then spread the mats on these poles, beginning at the bottom and extending up, leaving a hole in the top uncovered—and this hole answers the place of a chimney. They make a fire of dry

split wood in the middle, and spread down bark mats and skins for bedding, on which they sleep in a crooked posture all round the fire, as the length of their beds will not admit of their stretching themselves. In place of a door they lift up one end of a mat and creep in and let the mat fall down behind them.

These tents are warm and dry, and tolerably clear of smoke. Their lumber they keep under birch bark canoes, which they carry out and turn up for shelter, where they keep everything from the rain. Nothing is in the tents but themselves and their bedding.

After remaining here several days the party embarked in their canoes, paddling and sailing along the shore until they came to the mouth of the Cayahagæ, which empties into Lake Erie on the south side betwixt Canesadooharie and Presque Isle.

The Cayahaga River.

We turned up Cayahaga and encamped, where we stayed and hunted for several days, and so we kept moving and hunting until we came to the forks of Cayahaga. This is a very gentle river, and but few ripples or swift running places from the mouth to the forks. Deer here were tolerably plenty, large and fat; but bear and other game scarce. The upland is hilly, and principally second and third rate land; the timber chiefly black oak, white oak, hickory, dog-wood, etc. The bottoms are rich and large, and the timber is walnut, locust, mulberry, sugar-tree, red haw, black haw, wild apple trees, etc. The west branch of this river interlocks with the east branch of the Muskingum, and the east branch with the Big Beaver creek that empties into the Ohio about thirty miles below Pittsburgh.

From the forks of Cayahaga to the east branch of the Muskingum there is a carrying place where the Indians carry their canoes, etc., from the waters of Lake Erie into the waters of the Ohio.

From the forks I went over with some hunters to the east branch of the Muskingum, where they killed several deer, a number of beavers, and returned heavy laden with skins and meat, which we carried on our backs as we had no horses.

The land here is chiefly second and third rate, and the timber chiefly oak and hickory. A little above the forks, on the east branch of Cayahaga, are considerable rapids, very rocky for some distance, but no perpendicular falls.

From the east branch of the Muskingum the party went forty miles north-east to Beaver Creek, near a little lake or pond which is about two miles long and one broad, and a remarkable place for beaver. After various adventures in pursuit of beaver and other game, they went in February, 1757, to the Big Beaver, and in March returned to the forks of Cuyahoga. Here occurred a lesson on profane swearing, which is not unworthy of repetition.

An Indian's Idea of Profanity.

I remember that Tecaughretanego, when something displeased him, said "God damn it." I asked him if he knew what he then said? He said he did, and mentioned one of their degrading expressions, which he supposed to be the meaning, or something like the meaning of what he said. I told him that it did not bear the least resemblance to it; that what he had said was calling upon the Great Spirit to punish the object he was displeased with. He stood for some time amazed, and then said, if this be the meaning of these words, what sort of people are the whites? When the traders were among us these words seemed to be intermixed with all their discourse. He told me to reconsider what I had said, for he thought I must be mistaken in my definition; if I was not mistaken, he said, the traders applied these words not only wickedly but oftentimes very foolishly, and contrary to sense or reason. He said he remembered once of a trader accidentally breaking his gun lock, and on that occasion calling out aloud, "God damn it." Surely, said he, the gun lock was not an object worthy of punishment for Owananeeyo or the Great Spirit; he also observed the traders often used this expression when they were in a good humor and not displeased with anything.

I acknowledged that the traders used this expression very often, in a most irrational, inconsistent and impious manner; yet I still asserted that I had given the true meaning of these words. He replied, if so, the traders are as bad as Oonasharoona, or the underground inhabitants, which is the name they give to devils, as they entertain a notion that their place of residence is under the earth.

Making a large chestnut canoe, the party embarked, had an agreeable passage down the Cuyahoga and along the south side of Lake Erie until they passed the mouth of Sandusky, then the wind arose, and they put in at the mouth of the Miami of the Lake, at Cedar Point, and sailed thence in a few days for Detroit. After remaining in the Wyandot and Ottawa villages opposite Fort Detroit until November, a number of families prepared for their winter hunt, and agreed to cross the lake together. Here occurs a description of the Island Region of Lake Erie.

The Islands of Lake Erie.

We encamped at the mouth of the river the first night, and a council was held whether we should cross by the three islands, meaning of course, East Sister, Middle Sister and West Sister, or coast around the lake. These islands lie in a line across the lake, and are just in sight of each other. Some of the Wyandots or Ottawas frequently make their winter hunt on these islands, though, excepting wild fowl and fish, there is scarcely any game here but raccoons, which are amazingly plenty and exceedingly large and fat, as they feed upon the wild rice, which grows in

abundance in wet places round these islands. It is said that each hunter in one winter will catch one thousand raccoons

Indian Ideas upon Rattlesnakes and Raccoons.

It is a received opinion among the Indians that the snakes and raccoons are transmigratory, and that a great many of the snakes turn raccoons every fall, and the raccoons snakes every spring. This notion is founded on observations made on the snakes and raccoons on this island.

As the raccoons here lodge in rocks, the trappers make their wooden traps at the mouth of the holes; and as they go daily to look at their traps, in the winter season the commonly find them filled with raccoons, but in the spring, or when the frost is out of the ground, they say they can find their traps filled with large rattlesnakes, and therefore conclude that the raccoons are transformed. They also say that the reason why they are so plenty in winter is, every fall the snakes turn raccoons again.

I told them that though I had never landed on any of these islands, yet, from the numerous accounts I had received, I believed that both snakes and raccoons were plenty there, but no doubt they all remained there both summer and winter, only the snakes were not to be seen in the latter; yet I did not believe that they were transmigratory. These islands are but seldom visited, because early in the spring and late in the fall it is dangerous sailing in their bark canoes: and in the summer they are so infested with the various kind of serpents (but chiefly rattlesnakes) that it is dangerous landing.

A Driving Hunt.

I shall now quit this digression and return to the result of the council at the mouth of the river. We conclude to coast it around the lake, and in two days we came to the mouth of the Miami of the Lake, and landed on Cedar Point, where we remained several days. Here we held a council, and concluded we would take a driving hunt in concert and in partnership.

The river in this place is about a mile broad, and as it and the lake form a kind of neck, which terminates in a point, all the hunters (which were fifty three) went up the river, and we scattered ourselves from the river to the lake. When first we began to move we were not in sight of each other, but as we all raised the yell we could move regularly together by the noise. At length we came in sight of each other and appeared to be marching in good order. Before we came to the point both the squaws and boys in the canoes were scattered up the river and along the lake to prevent the deer from making their escape by water. As we advanced near the point the guns began to crack slowly, and after some time the firing was like a little engagement. The squaws and boys were busy tomahawking the deer in the water and we shooting them down on land. We killed in all about thirty deer, though a great many made their escape by water.

We had now great feasting and rejoicing, as we had plenty of hominy, venison and wild fowl. The geese at this time appeared to be preparing to move southward. It might be asked what is meant by the geese preparing to move. The Indians represent them as holding a great council at this time concerning the weather, in order to conclude upon a day that they may all at or near one time leave the northern lakes, and wing their way to the southern bays. When matters are brought to a conclusion and the time appointed that they are to take wing, then they say a great number of express are sent off, in order to let the different tribes know the result of this council, that they may all be in readiness to move at the time appointed. As there was a great commotion among the geese at this time, it would appear from their actions, that such a council had been held. Certain it is, that they are led by instinct to act in concert, and to move off regularly after their leaders.

Here our company separated. The chief part of them went up the Miami river, that empties into Lake Erie at Cedar Point, whilst we proceeded on our journey in company with Tecaughretanego, Tontileaugo, and two families of the Wyandots.

As cold weather was now approaching, we began to feel the doleful effects of extravagantly and foolishly spending the large quantity of beaver we had taken in our last winter's hunt. We were all nearly in the same circumstances; scarcely one had a shirt to his back, but each of us had an old blanket which we belted around us in the day and slept in at night, with a deer or bear skin under us for our bed.

The Falls of Sandusky.

When we came to the Falls of Sandusky we buried our birch bark canoes, as usual, at a large burying place for that purpose, a little below the falls. At this place the river falls about eight feet over a rock, but not perpendicularly. With much difficulty we pushed up our wooden canoes; some of us went up the river, and the rest by land with the horses, until we came to the great meadows or prairies that lie between Sandusky and Scioto.

A Ring Hunt.

When we came to this place we met with some Ottawa hunters and agreed with them to take what they call a ring hunt, in partnership. We waited until we expected rain was very near falling to extinguish the fire, and then we kindled a large circle in the prairie. At this time, or before the bucks began to run, a great number of deer lay concealed in the grass in the day and moved about in the

night, but as the fire burned in towards the centre of the circle, the deer fled before the fire; the Indians were scattered also at some distance before the fire and shot them down every opportunity, which was very frequent, especially as the circle became small. When we came to divide the deer there were about ten to each hunter, which were all killed in a few hours. The rain did not come on that night to put out the outside circle of the fire, and as the wind arose it extended through the whole prairie, which was about fifty miles in length, and in some places nearly twenty in breadth. This put an end to our ring hunting this season, and was in other respects an injury to us in the hunting business, so that upon the whole we received more harm than benefit by our rapid hunting frolic. We then moved from the north end of the glades and encamped at the carrying place.

This place is in the plains, betwixt a creek that empties into Sandusky and one that runs into Scioto; and at the time of high water, or the spring season, there is but about one half mile of portage, and that very level and clear of rocks, timber or stones, so that with a little digging there may be water-carriage the whole way from Scioto to Lake Erie.

From the mouth of Sandusky to the falls is chiefly first rate land, lying flat or level, intermixed with large bodies of clear meadows where the grass is exceedingly rank, and in many places three or four feet high. The timber is oak, hickory, walnut, cherry, black ash, elm, sugar-tree, buckeye, locust and beech. In some places there is wet timber land—the timber in these places is chiefly water-ash, sycamore or buttonwood.

From the falls to the prairies the land lies well to the sun, it is neither too flat nor too hilly, and is chiefly first rate; the timber nearly the same as below the falls, excepting the water-ash. There are also some plots of beech land that appear to be second rate, as they frequently produce spice-wood. The prairie appears to be a tolerably fertile soil, though in many places too wet for cultivation; yet I apprehend it would produce timber, were it only kept from fire.

Indian Ideas about Squirrels.

The Indians are of the opinion that the squirrels plant all the timber, as they bury a number of nuts for food, and only one nut at one place. When a squirrel is killed, the various kinds of nuts thus buried will grow.

I have observed that when the prairies have only escaped fire for one year, near where a single tree stood, there was a young growth of timber supposed to be planted by squirrels. But when the prairies were again burned all this young growth was immediately consumed, as the fire rages in the grass to such a pitch that numbers of raccoons are thereby burned to death.

On the west side of the prairie, or betwixt that and the Scioto, there is a large body of first rate land—the timber, walnut, ash, elm, locust, sugar-tree, buckeye, cherry, mulberry, plum trees, spice-wood, black haw, red haw, oak and hickory.

After passing the winter on the Oleantangy, a tributary of the Scioto, the old Indian and his young companion returned and proceeded down Sandusky, killing in the passage four bears and a number of turkeys. We quote again:

When we came to the little lake at the mouth of Sandusky we called at a Wyandot town that was then there, called Sunyendeand (he speaks as if it was a first visit, whereas we have devoted a large space to his former sojourn there.) Here we diverted ourselves several days by catching rock-fish in a small creek, the name of which is also Sunyendeand, which signifies rock-fish. They fished in the night with lights and struck the fish with gigs or spears. The rock-fish there, when they begin first to run up the creek to spawn, are exceedingly fat, sufficiently so to fry themselves. The first night we scarcely caught fish enough for present use for all that was in the town.

A White Captive Shows the Indians a New Way to Catch Fish.

The next morning I met with a prisoner at this place by the name of Thompson, who had been taken from Virginia. He told me if they would only omit disturbing the fish for one night he would catch more fish than the whole town could make use of. I told Mr. Thompson that if he knew he could do this I would use my influence with the Indians to let the fish alone for one night. I applied to the chiefs, who agreed to my proposal, and said they were anxious to see what the Great Knife (as they called the Virginian) could do. Mr. Thompson, with the assistance of some other prisoners, set to work, and made a hoop net of elm bark, then they cut down a tree across the creek, and stuck in stakes at the lower side of it to prevent the fish from passing up, leaving only a gap at one side of the creek, here he sat with his net, and when he felt the fish touch the net he drew it up, and frequently would haul out two or three rock-fish that would weigh about five or six pounds each. He continued at this until he had hauled out about a wagon load, and then left the gap open in order to let them pass up, for they could not go far on account of shallow water. Before day Mr. Thompson shut it up, to prevent them from passing down in order to let the Indians have some diversion in killing them in day-light.

When the news of the fish came to town, the Indians all collected and with surprise beheld the large heap of fish, and applauded the ingenuity of the Virginian. When they saw the number of them that were confined in the water above the tree, the young Indians ran back to the town and in a short time returned with their spears, gigs, bows and arrows, etc., and were the chief part of that

day engaged in killing rock-fish, insomuch, that we had more than we could use or preserve. As we had no salt or any way to keep them they lay upon the banks, and after some time great numbers of turkey-buzzards and eagles collected together and devoured them.

But enough of our Ohio Crusoe. His remaining adventures, before his restoration to his friends in 1760, consisted of a trip to Detroit, another hunt up Sandusky and down Scioto, and a journey to Caughnewaga, "a very ancient Indian town about nine miles from Montreal," besides an imprisonment of about four months in Montreal itself. This picture of northern Ohio, a century since, has the merit of novelty at least. That it is authentic, there can be no doubt, for in several historians of authority occur frequent and respectful reference to the narrative from whose pages we have drawn so copiously.

The geography of the last foregoing paragraphs is less difficult of explanation than in the first portion of the chapter.

The falls of Sandusky are doubtless the same as the rapids mentioned in the treaty of Greenville, near the site of Fremont, and the Sandusky plains which were burnt over by the ring hunt, are in Marion, Wyandot and Crawford counties.

FOSTORIA is 12 miles northwest of Tiffin, the largest part of it lies in Seneca, a considerable portion in Hancock and a small part in Wood county. It is a considerable railroad and manufacturing center. Its railroads are the B. & O., N. Y. C. & St. L., C. H. V. & T., T. & O. C. and L. E. & W. Natural gas is abundant and is used for manufacturing and domestic purposes.

City Officers: J. M. Bever, Mayor; J. M. Shatzel, Clerk; Charles Olmsted, Treasurer; J. B. Fox, Marshal; J. A. Stackhouse, Solicitor; L. D. Mussetter, Street Commissioner. Newspapers: *Dispatch*, Independent, A. J. De Wolf, editor; *Democrat*, Democratic, Charles L. Zahm, editor and publisher; *Review*, Republican, J. P. De Wolfe, editor and publisher; *Half Hours in Science and Art*, Science, George M. Gray, editor. Churches: 1 Methodist Protestant, 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Presbyterian, 1 United Baptist, 1 Lutheran, 1 Catholic, 1 German Reformed. Banks: First National, Andrew Emerine, president; Alonzo Emerine, cashier; Foster & Co.

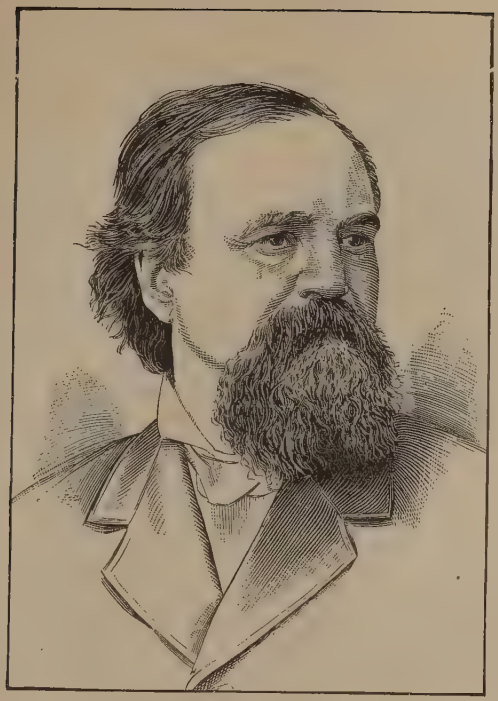
Manufactures and Employees.—Fostoria Stave and Barrel Co., 50; The Isaac Harter Co., flour, etc., 51; Fostoria Glass Co., 150; Koss, Mohler & Co., planing mill, 16; Walter S. Payne & Co., brass and iron foundry, etc., 55; Cunningham & Co., spokes and bent work, 32; Eureka Planing Mill and Lumber Co., 9; Nickel Plate Glass Co., 215; J. P. Warner, flour and feed, 4; G. W. & J. H. Campbell, planing mill, 17; American Food Evaporating and Preserving Co., 70; The Mambourg Glass Co., 60; The Butler Art Glass Co., 141; The Bevington Signal Co., 18.—*State Report, 1888.* Population, 1880, 3,569; School census, 1888, 1,439; William T. Jackson, superintendent of schools. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, $310,000. Value of annual product, $271,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.* Census, 1890, 7,070.

We annex the main points in the history of Fostoria, as given to us in a communication from its most widely known citizen, Hon. Charles Foster.

The lands in the neighborhood of this city were thrown open to market in 1831. My grandfather, John Crocker, who came to Seneca county and settled near Tiffin in 1824, entered the land upon which most of the city now stands. The town of Rome was laid out in the spring of 1832 by Roswell Crocker, son of John Crocker. About the same time, a mile north, the town of Risdon was laid out. These towns were located at the county line between Seneca and Hancock counties, part in each county, the town of Risdon being laid out to the corner of Wood county. The City of Fostoria now covers much more than all the territory of the two original villages and includes a portion of Wood county also.

My father built his double log cabin in the summer of 1832 and moved into it in November of that year, living with his family in one end and having his little store in the other.

The country filled up with actual settlers quite rapidly; but few had anything more than a yoke of oxen and few household effects. Being a heavily wooded country the progress of the settlement was subject to all the discomforts, privations and sacrifices incident to such settlements elsewhere.



SECRETARY FOSTER.

Chas. A. Griddle, Photo.

FOSTORIA.

Among the staples sold at the store for the first ten or fifteen years was quinine. I think I have seen nine out of ten of all the people in the neighborhood sick with fever and ague at one time. The store started in 1832 grew to be perhaps the largest country store in Ohio, and in my father's hands and my own continued in existence until 1888, fifty-six years.

Being in the midst of the Black Swamp the roads of the country were horrible. The first attempt at improvement of roads occurred in 1850, when a plank road was built from Fremont to Fostoria; Fremont, at that time, being at the head of navigation on the Sandusky river.

The first railroad was built in 1859, it is now known as the Lake Erie and Western. Since then four other railroads have been built through the city and it has now reached a population of about 8,000, having large manufacturing industries with natural gas for fuel.

In the early settlement there was great rivalry between the two hamlets of Rome and Risdon, a rivalry amounting to a hatred of each other. Many incidents might be related of the furious and bloody combats that took place when the boys of the two villages met.

GREEN SPRING is part in Seneca and part in Sandusky county. It is 12 miles northeast of Tiffin on the I. B. & W. R. R. The Green Spring Sanitarium and Water Cure is located here. City Officers, 1888: B. M. Reed, Mayor; Dell McConnel, Clerk; J. C. Kanney, Treasurer; J. C. Tarris, Marshal. Newspapers: *Times*, Independent, M. F. Van Buskirk, editor and publisher; *Mutual Underwriter*, Insurance, Underwriter Co., editors and publishers. Churches: 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Presbyterian, 1 United Baptist. Bank: L. W. Roys & Co. Population, 1880, 720. School census, 1888, 259. George M. Hoke, superintendent of schools.

The Green Spring Academy was founded here in 1881 by the Synod of Toledo. It prepares students for college and for teaching. R. B. Hayes is president of its board of trustees.

ATTICA is 16 miles southeast of Tiffin and one and a-half miles from Attica Station on the B. & O. R. R. Newspapers: *Current Wave*, Independent, V. Jay Hills, editor and publishers; *Journal*, Independent, E. A. Kelly, editor; *Medical Compend*, Medical, H. G. Blaine, M. D., editor and publisher. Bank: Lester Sutton. Population, 1880, 663. School census, 1888, 220. R. B. Drake, superintendent of schools.

NEW RIEGEL is 9 miles southwest of Tiffin on the T. & O. C. R. R. The Catholic Orphans' Home is located here. Population, 1880, 367. School census, 1888, 109.

REPUBLIC is 9 miles west of Tiffin on the B. & O. R. R. Population, 1880, 715. School census, 1888, 170. Ezra C. Palmer, superintendent of schools. It is a neat appearing village and was largely settled from Western New York.

FORT SENECA is 9 miles north of Tiffin on the Sandusky river and N. Y. C. & St. L. R. R. School census, 1888, 57.

BLOOMVILLE is 12 miles southeast of Tiffin on the N. W. O. R. R. Newspaper: *Seneca County Record*, Independent, I. N. Richardson, editor and publisher. Population, 1880, 689. School census, 1888, 243. W. E. Bowman, superintendent of schools.

BETTSVILLE is 10 miles northwest of Tiffin on the N. W. O. R. R. Newspaper: *Enterprise*, Independent, B. B. Krammes, editor and publisher. Population, 800 (estimated.)

ADRIAN is 11 miles southwest of Tiffin on the I. B. & W. R. R. Population, 1880, 211. School census, 1888, 66.

SHELBY.

SHELBY COUNTY was formed from Miami in 1819, and named from Gen. Isaac Shelby, an officer of the Revolution, who, in 1792, when Kentucky was admitted into the Union, was almost unanimously elected its first governor. The southern half is undulating, rising in places along the Miami into hills. The northern portion is flat table land, forming part of Loramie's summit, 378 feet above Lake Erie—being the highest elevation in this part of the State. The soil is based on clay, with some fine bottom land along the streams. The southern part is best for grain and the northern for grass. Area about 420 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 176,014; in pasture, 35,334; woodland, 37,949; lying waste, 4,192; produced in wheat, 550,866 bushels; rye, 1,548; buckwheat, 1,134; oats, 512,138; barley, 27,355; corn, 1,356,795; broom corn, 17,000 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 9,056 tons; clover hay, 6,063; flax, 354,700 lbs. fibre; potatoes, 36,845 bushels; tobacco, 11,730 lbs.; butter, 419,199; sorghum, 11,364 gallons; maple syrup, 2,816; honey, 8,594 lbs.; eggs, 523,658 dozen; grapes, 18,590 lbs.; sweet potatoes, 95 bushels; apples, 2,286; peaches, 21; pears, 283; wool, 28,125 lbs.; milch cows, 6,506. School census, 1888, 8,025; teachers, 189. Miles of railroad track, 51.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Clinton,	1,496	4,618	McLean,	513	1,545
Cynthian,	1,022	1,835	Orange,	783	984
Dinsmore,	500	2,257	Perry,	861	1,242
Franklin,	647	999	Salem,	1,158	1,576
Greene,	762	1,447	Turtle Creek,	746	1,359
Jackson,	478	1,852	Van Buren,	596	1,647
Loramie,	904	1,730	Washington,	1,688	1,046

Population of Shelby in 1820 was 2,142; 1830, 3,671; 1840, 12,153; 1860, 17,493; 1880, 24,137: of whom 19,988 were born in Ohio; 573, Pennsylvania; 331, Virginia; 234, Indiana; 134, New York; 123, Kentucky; 1,272, German Empire; 353, Ireland; 262, France; 53, England and Wales; 30, British America, and 14 Scotland. Census, 1890, 24,707.

The first white man whose name is lastingly identified with the geography of this county was PETER LORAMIE, or Laramie, inasmuch as his name is permanently affixed to an important stream. He was a Canadian French trader who in 1769, seventeen years after the destruction of Pickawillany, at the mouth of the Loramie, established a trading post upon it. The site of Loramie's store, or station, as it was called, was up that stream about fifteen miles, within a mile of the village of Berlin and near the west end of the Loramie reservoir. Col. John Johnston wrote to me thus of him:

At the time of the first settlement of Kentucky a Canadian Frenchman, named Loramie, established there a store or trading station among the Indians. This man was a bitter enemy of the Americans, and it was for a long time the headquarters of mischief towards the settlers.

The French had the faculty of endearing themselves to the Indians, and no doubt Loramie was, in this respect, fully equal to any of his countrymen, and gained great influence over them. They formed with the natives attachments of the most tender and abiding kind. "I have," says Col. Johnston, "seen the Indians burst into tears when speaking of the time when their French father had dominion over them, and their attachment to this day remains unabated."

So much influence had Loramie with the Indians, that when Gen. Clarke, from Kentucky, invaded the Miami valley in the autumn of 1782, his attention was

attracted to the spot. He came on and burned the Indian settlement here [at Upper Piqua], and plundered and burned the store of the Frenchman [about sixteen miles further north].

> The store contained a large quantity of goods and peltry, which were sold by auction afterwards among the men by the general's orders. Among the soldiers was an Irishman named Burke, considered a half-witted fellow, and the general butt of the whole army. While searching the store he found, done up in a rag, twenty-five half-joes, worth about $200, which he secreted in a hole he cut in an old saddle. At the auction no one bid for the saddle, it being judged worthless, except Burke, to whom it was struck off for a trifling sum, amid roars of laughter for his folly. But a moment elapsed before Burke commenced a search, and found and drew forth the money, as if by accident; then shaking it in the eyes of the men, exclaimed, "An' it's not so bad a bargain after all!"

Soon after this Loramie, with a colony of the Shawanese, emigrated to the Spanish territories, west of the Mississippi, and settled in a spot assigned them at the junction of the Kansas and Missouri, where the remaining part of the nation from Ohio have at different times joined them.

In 1794 a fort was built at the place occupied by Loramie's store by Wayne, and named *Fort Loramie.* The last officer who had command here was Col. Butler, a nephew of Gen. Richard Butler, who fell at St. Clair's defeat. Says Col. John Johnston

> His wife and children were with him during his command. A very interesting son of his, about 8 years old, died at the post. The agonized father and mother were inconsolable. The grave was inclosed with a very handsome and painted railing, at the foot of which honeysuckles were planted, grew luxuriantly, entwined the paling, and finally enveloped the whole grave. Nothing could appear more beautiful than this arbor when in full bloom.
>
> The peace withdrew Capt. Butler and his troops to other scenes on the Mississippi. I never passed the fort without a melancholy thought about the lovely boy who rested there, and his parents far away never to behold that cherished spot again. Long after the posts had decayed in the ground, the vines sustained the palings, and the whole remained perfect until the war of 1812, when all was destroyed, and now a barn stands over the spot.

The site of Loramie's store was a prominent point in the Greenville Treaty boundary line. The farm of the heirs of the late James Furrows now [1846] covers the spot. Col. John Hardin was murdered in this county in 1792, while on a mission of peace to the Indians. The town of Hardin has since been laid out on the spot.

Sidney in 1846.—Sidney, the county-seat, is sixty-eight miles north of west from Columbia, eighty-eight from Cincinnati, and named from Sir Philip Sidney, "the great light of chivalry." It was laid out as the county-seat in the fall of 1819, on the farm of Charles Starrett, under the direction of the court.

The site is beautiful, being on an elevated table-ground on the west bank of the Miami. The only part of the plot then cleared was a cornfield, the first crop having been raised there in 1809 by William Stewart. The court removed to Sidney in April, 1820, and held its meetings in the log cabin of Abraham Cannon, on the south side of the field, on the site of Matthew Gillespie's store. During the same year the first court-house, a frame building, now Judge Walker's store, was built, and also the log jail. The first frame house was built in 1820, by John Blake, now forming the front of the National Hotel. The first post-office in the county was established at Hardin in 1819, Col. James Wells post-master; but was removed the next year to Sidney, where the colonel has continued since to hold the office, except during Tyler's administration. The first brick house was erected on the site of J. F. Frazer's drug store by Dr. William Fielding. The Methodists erected the first church on the ground now occupied by them. Mr. T. Truder had a little store when the town was laid out, on the east side of the river, near the lower crossing. The *Herald,* the first paper in the county, was

established in 1836, and published by Thomas Smith. A block house at one time stood near the spring.

In the centre of Sidney is a beautiful public square on which stands the court-house. A short distance in a westerly direction passes the Sidney feeder, a navigable branch of the Miami canal. The town and suburbs contain 1 Methodist, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Associate Reformed, 1 Christian and 1 Catholic church; 1 drug, 2 iron, 5 hardware and 10 dry goods stores; 2 printing offices, 1 oil, 2 carding and fulling, 3 flouring and 4 saw mills, and in 1840 Sidney had 713 inhabitants, since which it has increased.—*Old Edition.*

In Van Buren township is a settlement of COLORED people, numbering about 400. They constitute half the population of the township, and are as prosperous as their white neighbors. Neither are they behind them in religion, morals and intelligence, having churches and schools of their own. Their location, however, is not a good one, the land being too flat and wet. An attempt was made in July, 1846, to colonize with them 385 of the emancipated slaves of the celebrated John Randolph, of Virginia, after they were driven from Mercer county; but a considerable party of whites would not willingly permit it, and they were scattered by families among the people of Shelby and Miami, who were willing to take them.—*Old Edition.*

The first white family who settled in this county was that of James Thatcher, in 1804, who settled in the west part on Painter's run; Samuel Marshall, John Wilson and John Kennard—the last now living—came soon after. The first court was held in a cabin at Hardin, May 13 and 14, 1819. Hon. Joseph H. Crane, of Dayton, was the president judge; Samuel Marshall, Robert Houston and William Cecil, associates; Harvey B. Foot, clerk; Daniel V. Dingman, sheriff, and Harvey Brown, of Dayton, prosecutor. The first mill was a saw mill, erected in 1808 by Daniel McMullen and Bilderbach, on the site of Walker's mill.—*Old Edition.*

SIDNEY, county-seat of Shelby, is on the Miami river, about sixty-five miles northwest of Columbus, forty miles north of Dayton, at the crossing of the C. C. C. & I. and D & M. Railroads. County officers, 1888: Auditor, J. K. Cummins; Clerk, John C. Hussey; Commissioners, Jacob Paul, Thomas Hickey, Jeremiah Miller; Coroner, Park Beeman; Infirmary Directors, James Caldwell, C. Ed. Bush, Samuel M. Wagoner; Probate Judge, Adolphus J. Rebstock; Prosecuting Attorney, James E. Way; Recorder, Lewis Pfaadt; Sheriff, G. E. Allinger; Surveyor, Charles Counts; Treasurer, William M. Kingseed. City officers, 1888: Mayor, M. C. Hale; Clerk, John W. Knox; Treasurer, Samuel McCullough; Solicitor, James E. Way; Surveyor, W. A. Ginn; Marshal, W. H. Fristo. Newspapers: *Journal*, Republican, Trego & Binkley, editors and publishers; *Shelby County Democrat*, James O. Amos (adjutant-general of Ohio 1874–6), editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Baptist, 1 Colored Baptist, 1 Presbyterian, 1 German Lutheran, 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Colored Methodist Episcopal, 1 Catholic, 1 United Presbyterian, 1 Christian, 1 German Methodist. Banks: Citizens', J. A. Lamb, president, W. A. Graham, cashier; German-American, Hugh Thompson, president, John H. Wagner, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—J. Dann, wheels, spokes, etc., 3 hands; John Loughlin, school furniture, 147; Slusser & McLean Scraper Co., road scrapers, 18; Sidney Manufacturing Co., stoves, etc., 36; Philip Smith, corn shellers, etc., 31; Wyman Spoke Co., spokes and bent wood, 20; J. M. Blue & Nutt, lumber, 6; R. Given & Son, leather, 10; B. W. Maxwell & Son, flour, etc., 4; Anderson, Frazier & Co., carriage wheels, 80; James O. Amos, weekly paper, 10; Valley City Milling Co., corn meal, 6; J. S. Crozier & Son, carriages, 7; J. M. Seitter & W. H. C. Monroe, builders' wood work, 32; Goode & Kilborn, road scrapers, 23; Sidney Steel Scraper Co., road scrapers, 22; J. F. Black, builders' wood work, 10; McKinnie & Richardson, brooms, 10.—*State Report, 1887.*

Population, 1880, 3,823. School census, 1888, 1,497; P. W. Search, school

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

PUBLIC SQUARE, SIDNEY.

E. P. Robinson, Photo., 1887.

PUBLIC SQUARE, SIDNEY.

superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, $616,150. Value of annual product, $1,216,100.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887.*

Census, 1890, 4,850.

The engraving given shows on the right the court-house, and in the distance the MONUMENTAL BUILDING, a very beautiful memorial to the fallen soldiers of the civil war. The corner-stone was laid June 24, 1875. On the second floor is the Library Hall, containing the public library, and where are preserved military relics, and on marble tablets inscribed the names of the departed heroes. On the third floor is the opera hall and town hall. The entire building is dedicated to public uses, and is a credit to the public spirit of the citizens, who, in the very starting of their pleasant little city, began to mark time in the name of a hero.

The early Indian history of this region makes it an especially interesting point. About a mile south of the Shelby county line as early as 1749 was a trading house, called by the English PICKAWILLANY, which was attacked and destroyed by the French and Indians in June of 1752. This trading post has been regarded as the first point of English occupation in what is now Ohio, inasmuch as it was a great place of gathering of English traders. Its exact location was "on the northwest side of the Great Miami, just below the mouth of what is now Loramie creek, in Johnston prairie," or as at present named, in Washington township, Miami county, and about nine miles southwest of Sidney.

"There was," writes Butterfield, "a tribe of Miamis known to the French as 'Picqualinees,' which word was changed by the English to Pickawillanies, and as these (many of them) had settled here, it was called as above 'Pickawillany,' or simply 'Picks-town,' sometimes 'Pictstown;' the inhabitants as well as the tribe being known as 'Picts.' These 'Pickqualines' were the Miami proper."

DE BIENVILLE'S VISIT TO PICKAWILLANY IN 1749.

In the year 1749 when CÉLORON DE BIENVILLE was sent by the Governor General of Canada with a force of about 235 soldiers and Indians (see Scioto county) down the Ohio and took possession of the country in the name of the King of France, he visited Pickawillany on his return home. Their farthest point west on the Ohio was the mouth of the Great Miami, as later called by the English, but then known to the French as "Rivière à la Roche" (Rock River). This was on the last day of August, 1749. There, as at other mouths of great rivers, they buried inscribed leaden plates as evidence of possession, and then bade farewell to the Ohio. On their return route they crossed the country for Canada. This plate was the last buried at what is now in the exact southwestern angle of Ohio. One other only had been planted in Ohio and at the mouth of the Muskingum.

For thirteen days after leaving the mouth of the Miami Céloron and his party toiled against the current of that stream until they reached Pickawillany, which villages had been lately built by a Miami chief called by the English "Old Britain" and by the French "Demoiselle." This chief and his band had only a short time before come into the country from the French possessions in Canada. This Céloron knew of and he was instructed before starting on his expedition to try and induce him to return as they feared his coming under English influence. The concluding history of the matter is thus told by Consul Willshire Butterfield in the *Magazine of Western History* for May, 1887, article "Ohio History."

"The burden of Céloron's speeches at this last village was that the Demoiselle and his band should at once leave the Miami river and return to their old home. The crafty chief promised to do so in the coming spring. "They kept always saying," said Céloron, in his journal, "and assuring me that they would return thither next spring." It is needless to say that the Indians did not move.

They afterward sent the following to all the governors of English provinces over the mountains:

"Last July (September, 1749), about 200 French and thirty-five French Indians came to the Miami village in order to persuade them to return back to the French settlements (Forts) whence they came, or if fair means would not prevail, they were to take them away by force, but the French finding that they were resolved to adhere to the English, and perceiving their numbers to be great, were discouraged from using any hostile measures, and began to be afraid lest they should themselves be cut off. The French brought them a present consisting of four half-barrels of powder, four bags of bullets, and four bags of paint, with a few needles and a little thread which they refused to accept of; whereupon the French and their Indians made the best of their way off for fear of the worst, leaving their goods scattered about. But, at the time of their conference, the French upbraided the Indians for joining the English, and more so for continuing in their interest, who had never sent them any presents nor even any token of their regards for them."

Céloron's account of the reception of his presents differs from the Indians. "I showed them magnificent presents on part of Monsieur the general to induce them to return to their villages, and I explained to them his invitations," says the French commander, and adds that they carried away the presents, "where they assembled to deliberate on their answer." This was was probably the truth.

The French commander found at the Demoiselle's town two hired men belonging to the English traders, and these he obliged to leave the place before he would speak to the savages.

Céloron, after remaining at this Miami village a week to recruit and prepare for the portage to the waters of the Maumee, broke up his camp, and, having burned his battered canoes and obtained some ponies, he set out on his overland journey to the junction of the St. Mary's and St. Joseph rivers, the site of the present city of Fort Wayne, Indiana. The distance was estimated by him at fifty leagues, or 120 miles, and five and a half days were allowed for the journey. Had the water in the rivers been high, Céloron could have paddled up Loramie creek sixteen miles, then a short portage would have taken them to the waters of the St. Mary's, down which he could have floated to the head of the Maumee; but in August or September this was impracticable. He reached the French post at that point on the 25th of September, where he found "M. de Raimond" in command. The latter and his men were shivering with ague—a disease, it may be said, still clinging to the region of the Maumee.

On the 26th day, the day after his arrival at the French post, Céloron had a conference with Cold Foot, chief of the Miamis, who resided near the fort, and some other savages of note, when he rehearsed to them in the presence of the French officers of his detachment and of M. de Raimond, what he had said at the village of the Demoiselle and the answer he had received. Thereupon Cold Foot said: "I hope I am deceived, but I am sufficiently attached to the interests of the French to say that the Demoiselle is a liar!" And he added significantly: "It is the source of all my grief to be the only one who loves you, and to see all the nations of the south let loose against the French." From the French fort Céloron made his way by water to Montreal, which he reached on the 10th of November.

Céloron's conclusions as to the state of affairs upon the Ohio are too important not to be mentioned in this connection. "All I can say is," he declared, "that the nations of these localities are very badly disposed towards the French, and are entirely devoted to the English. I do not know in what way they could be brought back." "If our traders," he added, "were sent there for traffic, they could not sell their merchandise at the same price that the English sell theirs, on account of the many expenses they would be obliged to incur." Trade then—traffic with the Indians—was the secret spring stimulating activity on part of the French officials.

Christopher Gist's Visit to Pickawillany in 1751.

Knapp in his history of the Maumee gives some items in regard to Pickawillany that describes the place the year after the visit of Céloron. He says, "Having obtained permission from the Indians, the English [traders] in the fall of 1750 began the erection of a stockade, as a place of protection, in case of sudden attack, both for their persons and property. When the main building was completed, it was surrounded with a high wall of split logs, having three gateways. Within

the inclosure the traders dug a well which supplied abundance of fresh water during the entire year, except in summer. At this time Pickawillany contained 400 Indian families and was the residence of the principal chief of the Miami Confederacy.

Christopher Gist was there in February, 1751, and in his published journal says the place was daily increasing and accounted 'one of the strongest towns on this continent.' Gist was the agent of the 'Ohio Company,' an association of English merchants and Virginia planters. He had been given a royal grant to examine the western country "as far as the falls of the Ohio," to mark the passes in the mountains, trace the course of rivers and observe the strength and numbers of the Indian nations.

Gist was a hardy frontierman, experienced and sagacious. On the 31st of October, 1750, he left Old Town, on the Potomac, in Maryland, and crossing the Alleganies, on the 14th December, arrived at an Indian village at the forks of the Muskingum, where now stands the town of Coshocton. Here he met George Croghan, an English trader, who had there his head quarters. He remained until January 15th, 1751, and then being joined by Croghan and Andrew Montour, a half-breed of the Senecas, pursued his journey west, visiting Indian villages and holding conferences, first going down the Scioto to the mouth, and finally reaching Pickawillany in February. This was his principal objective point. He remained some time holding conference with the great chief of the Miamis, the "Old Britain" as aforesaid.

While there four Ottawa or French Indians came in and were kindly received by the town Indians. They tried to bring the Miamis to the French interest, having been sent as ambassadors for that purpose. After listening in the council house to their speeches Old Britain replied in a set speech, signifying his attachment to the English, and that "they would die here before they would go to the French." The four messengers therefore departed and the French flag was taken down from the council house. After a full deliberation an alliance was formed with the Miamis and the Weas and Piankeshaws, living on the Wabash, who had sent messengers for that purpose. Old Britain himself, the head chief of the Miamis, was a Piankeshaw.

Destruction of Pickawillany by the French and Indians in 1752.

Pickawillany, after the visit of Gist, soon became a place of great importance. The savages by immigration from tribes farther west had continued to swell the population and all were in open hostility to the French. Here congregated English traders, sometimes to the number of fifty or more. In 1752 an expedition, consisting of 250 Chippewas and Ottawas was started from Michilimackinac by Charles Langdale, a resident there, to destroy the place. They proceeded in their canoes down the lake to Detroit, paused there a little while and thence made their way up the Maumee to its head waters, and at about nine o'clock, June 21st, they reached the town, taking it completely by surprise. Butterfield writes:

"The first to observe the enemy were the squaws who were working in the cornfields outside the town. They rushed into the village giving the alarm. At this time the fort was occupied by the English traders as a warehouse. There were at the time but eight traders in the place. Most of the Indians were gone on their summer hunt, so that, in reality, Pickawillany was almost deserted; only Old Britain, the Piankeshaw king, and a small band of his faithful tribesmen remained. So sudden was the attack that but five of the traders (they were all in their huts outside the fort) could reach the stockade, and only after the utmost difficulty. The other three shut themselves up in one of their houses. At this time there were but twenty men and boys in the fort, including the white men. The three traders in their houses were soon captured. Although strongly urged by those in the fort to fire upon their assailants, they refused. The enemy learned from them the number of white men there were in the fort, and, having taken possession of the nearest houses, they kept up a smart fire on the stockade until the afternoon.

The assailants now let the Miamis know

that if they would deliver up the traders that were in the fort they would break up the siege and go home. Upon consultation it was agreed by the besieged that, as there were so few men and no water inside the stockade, it would be better to surrender the white men with a pledge that they were not to be hurt, than for the fort to be taken and all to be at the mercy of the besiegers. The traders, except Thomas Burney and Andrew McBryer, whom the Indians hid, were accordingly given into the hands of the enemy. One who had been wounded was stabbed to death and then scalped. Before getting into the fort fourteen Indians were shot, including Old Britain, one Mingo, and one of the Shawanese nation.

The savages boiled and ate the Demoiselle (Old Britain) as he, of all others, because of his warm attachment to the English, was most obnoxious to them. They also ate the heart of the dead white man. They released all the women they had captured, and set off with their plunder, which was in value about £3,000.

"The captured traders, plundered to the skin, were carried by Langdale to Duquesne, the new governor of Canada, who highly praised the bold leader of the enterprise, and recommended him for such reward as befitted one of his station. 'As he is not in the king's service, and has married a squaw, I will ask for him only a pension of 200 francs, which will flatter him infinitely.'"

The sacking of Pickawillany and the killing of fourteen Indians and one Englishman by the allies of the French who had been marshalled for the express purpose of attacking the town, must be considered the real beginning of the war, popularly known as Braddock's war, which only ended by the cession of Canada and New France to Great Britain by the treaty of Paris in 1763.

Thus after nearly four years of existence Pickawillany was completely wiped out and never again re-occupied. The traders, Thomas Burney and Andrew McBryer, whom the Indians had hidden went east and carried the tidings to the friendly Indians at the mouth of the Scioto. Burney went direct from there to Carlisle with a message to the Governor of Pennsylvania from the Miamis and also to Governor Dinwiddie in Virginia. He laid before Dinwiddie a belt of wampum, a scalp of one of the Indians that adhered to the French, a calumet pipe and two letters "of an odd style," wrote Dinwiddie. Thus wrote the Miamis to him:

ELDER BROTHER! This string of wampum assures you that the French King's servants have spilled our blood and eaten the flesh of three of our men. Look upon us and pity us for we are in great distress. Our chiefs have taken up the hatchet of war. We have *killed and eaten ten of the French and two of their negroes. We are your* BROTHERS.

The message to the Governor of Pennsylvania was more in detail, as given by Butterfield:

"We, your brothers, the Miamis, have sent you by our brother, Thomas Burney, a scalp and five strings of wampum in token of our late unhappy affair at Pickawillany; and, whereas, our brother [the governor] has always been kind to us, we hope he will now put to us a method to act against the French, being more discouraged for the loss of our brothers, the Englishmen who were killed, and the five who were taken prisoners than for the loss of ourselves; and, notwithstanding, the two belts of wampum which were sent from the Governor of Canada as a commission to destroy us, we shall still hold our integrity with our brothers and are willing to die for them. . . . . .

We saw our great PIANKESHAW KING [who was commonly called OLD BRITAIN by us] taken, killed and eaten within a hundred yards of the fort, before our faces. We now look upon ourselves as a lost people, fearing our brothers will leave us; but before we will be subject to the French, or call them our fathers, we will perish here.

VOCABULARIES OF THE SHAWANOESE AND WYANDOTT LANGUAGES, ETC.

[The following article was communicated for our first edition by the venerable Col. John Johnston, of Upper Piqua, Ohio, who, for about half a century, had been an agent of the United States over the Indians of the West. See page 519, Vol. II.

The Wyandotts had resided on the soil of Ohio long before the French or English visited the country. Forty-six years ago, I took a census of them, when they numbered 2300 souls. In 1841 and 1842, I was, as the commissioner of the United States, negotiating with them a treaty of cession and emigration, when it was found, by actual and accurate count, that, in a little less than 50 years, they

had been reduced to the number of 800; none had emigrated—all that was left were the subjects of my negotiation. I had been their agent a great part of my life; and after being separated from them for 11 years by the power of the Executive, it fell to my lot, under the appointment of my honored and lamented friend and chief, President Harrison, to sign and seal the compact with their chiefs for their final removal from their cherished homes and graves of their ancestors, to which, of all their race I had ever known, they were the most tenderly attached, to the country southwest of Missouri.

The Shawanoese came into Ohio not long anterior to Braddock's campaign of 1754. They occupied the country contiguous to the Wyandotts, on the Scioto, Mad river, the Great Miami, and the upper waters of the Maumee of the lake, being in the light of tenants at will under the Wyandotts. They were their devoted friends and allies in all their wars with the white people—these two tribes having been the last of the natives who have left us, for there is not an Indian now in Ohio, nor an acre owned by one of their race within its limits.

I have thought that a specimen of the respective languages of these tribes might form a proper item in the history of a state so lately owned and occupied by the primitive inhabitants. The vocabulary, as far as it goes, is accurate, and may be relied upon. The reader will at once observe the great dissimilarity in the two languages, not one word in the whole being common to both. In all their large councils, composed of both tribes, interpreters were as necessary between the parties as it was between the Indians and the United States officers. Not so with the Shawanoese, Delawares, Miamies, Putawatimies, Chippeways, Ottawas, Wee,as, Kickapoos and Piankeshawas—all of whom had many words in common, and clearly establishing a common origin. Almost all the tribes I have known, had tradition that their forefathers, at some remote period, came from the west; and this would seem to strengthen the commonly received opinion of Asiatic descent. Many of the Indian customs, even at this day, are strictly Jewish: instance the purification of their women, the year of Jubilee, the purchase of wives, etc.

All the Indians have some sort of religion, and allege that it was given to their forefathers, and that it would be offensive to the Great Spirit to throw it away and take up with any other. They all believe that after this life is ended, they will exist in another state of being; but most of their sacrifices and petitions to their Maker are done with a view to the procuring of temporal benefits, and not for the health of the immortal part.

Death has no terrors to an Indian; he meets it like a stoic. The fate of the soul does not appear to give him the smallest uneasiness. I have seen many die, and some in full confidence of a happy immortality; such were not taught of the Christian missionaries. In innumerable instances I have confided my life and property to Indians, and never, in time of peace, was my confidence misplaced. I was, on one occasion, upwards of a week, in a time of high waters, alone, in the month of March, with a Delaware Indian in the woods, whom I ascertained afterwards to be a notorious murderer and robber; and having every thing about my person to tempt a man of his kind—a good horse, equipments, arms, clothing, etc.—and yet no one could be more provident, kind and tender over me than he was. When the chiefs heard that I had taken this otherwise bad man for a guide, they were alarmed until informed of my safety. I have had large sums of public money, and public dispatches of the greatest importance, conveyed by the Indians, without in any case suffering loss.

VOCABULARY OF THE SHAWANOESE.

One—Negate.
Two—Neshwa.
Three—Nithese.
Four—Newe.
Five—Nialinwe.
Six—Negotewathe.
Seven—Neshwathe.
Eight—Sasheksswa.
Nine—Chakatswa.
Ten—Metathwe.

Eleven—Metath,we, Kit,en,e,gate.
Twelve—Metathwe, Kiteneshwa.
Thirteen—Metathwe, Kitenithwa.
Fourteen—Metathwe, Kitenewa.
Fifteen—Metathwe, Kitenealinwe.
Sixteen—Metathwe, Kitenegotewathe.
Seventeen—Metathwe, Kiteneshwathe.
Eighteen—Metathwe, Kitensashekswa.
Nineteen—Metathwe, Kitenchakatswe.
Twenty—Neesh,wa,tee,tuck,e.
Thirty—Nithwabetucke.
Forty—Newabetucke.
Fifty—Nialinwabetucke.
Sixty—Negotewashe.
Seventy—Neshwashe.
Eighty—Swashe.
Ninety—Chaka.
One hundred—Te,pa,wa.
Two hundred—Neshwatepawa.
Three hundred—Nithwatepawa.
Four hundred—Newe-tepawa.
Five hundred—Nialinwe-tepawa.
Six hundred—Negotewathe-tepawa.
Seven hundred—Neshwethe-tepawa.
Eight hundred—Sashekswa-tepawa.
Nine hundred—Chakatswe-tepawa.
One thousand—Metathwe-tepawa.
Two thousand—Neshina,metathwe,tepawa.
Three thousand—Nethina,metathwe,tepawa.
Four thousand—Newena,metahwe tepawa.
Five thousand—Nealinwa metathwe tepawa.
Old man—Pashetotha.
Young man—Meaneleneh.
Chief—Okema.
Dog—Weshe.
Horse—Meshewa.
Cow—Methothe.
Sheep—Meketha.
Hog—Kosko.
Cat—Posetha.
Turkey—Pelewa.
Deer—Peshikthe.
Raccoon—Ethepate.
Bear—Mugwa.
Otter—Kitate.
Mink—Chaquiwashe.
Wild cat—Peshewa.
Panther—Meshepeshe.
Buffalo—Methoto.
Elk—Wabete.
Fox—Wawakotchethe.
Musk rat—Oshasqua.
Beaver—Amaghqua.
Swan—Wabethe.
Goose—Neeake.
Duck—Sheshepuk.
Fish—Amatha.
Tobacco—Siamo.
Canoe—Olagashe.
Big vessel or ship—Misheologashe.
Paddle—Shumaghtee.
Saddle—Appapewee.
Bridle—Shaketonebetcheka.
Man—Elene.
Woman—Equiwa.
Boy—Skillewaythetha.
Girl—Squithetna.
Child—Apetotha.
My wife—Neewa.
Your wife—Keewa.
My husband—Wysheana.
Your husband—Washetche.
My father—Notha.
Your father—Kotha.
My mother—Neegah.
Grandmother—Cocumtha.
My sister—Neeshematha.
My brother—Neethetha.
My daughter—Neetanetha.
Great chief—Kitchokema.
Soldier—Shemagana.
Great soldier, as Gen. Wayne, } Kitcho, great, and } Shemagana, soldier.
Hired man, or servant—Alolagatha.
Englishman—by the Ottawas, Sagona.
" by Putawatimies and Chippeways, the same.
" by the Shawanoese, Englishmanake.
Frenchman—Tota.
American—Shemanose, or big knives, first applied to the Virginians.
The lake—Kitchecame.
The sun—Kesathwa.
" by the Putawatimies, Chippeways and Ottawas, Keesas.
The moon—Tepeth,ka,kesath,wa.
The stars—Alagwa.
The sky—Men,quat,we.
Clouds—Pasquawke.
The rainbow—Quaghcunnega.
Thunder—Unemake.
Lightning—Papapanawe.
Rain—Gimewane.
Snow—Conee.
Wind—Wishekuanwe.
Water—Nip,pe.
" by the Putawatimies, Ottawas and Chippeways, Na,bish.
Fire—Scoate.
Cold—We,pe.
" Putawatimie, Sin,e,a.
Warm—Aquettata.
Ice—M'Quama.
The earth—Ake.
The trees, or the woods—Me,to,quegh,ke.
The hills—Mavueghke.
Bottom ground—Alwamake.
Prairie—Tawaskota.
Friend—Ne,can,a.
" in Delaware, N'tschee.
" in Putawatimie, Ottawa and Chippeway, Nitche.
River—Sepe.
Pond—Miskeque.
Wet ground, or swamp—Miskekope.
Good land—Wesheasiske.
Small stream—The,bo,with,e.
Poor land—Mel,che,a,sis,ke.
House—Wig,wa.
Council house, or great house—Takatchemaka wigwa.
The great God, or good spirit—Mishemenetoc.
The bad spirit, or the devil—Watchemenetoc.
Dead—Nep,wa.
Alive—Lenawawe.
Sick—Aghqueloge.
Well—Weshelashamama.

Corn—Da,me.
" by the Putawatimie, M'tame.
Wheat—Cawasque.
Beans—Miscoochethake.
Potatoes—Meash,e,tha,ke.
" by the Putawatimies, Peng,aca.
Turnips—Openeake.
Pumpkins—Wabegs.
Melons—Usketomake.
Onions—Shekagosheke.
Apples—Me,she,me,na,ke.
Nuts—Pacanee.
Nut—Pacan.
Gum—Metequa.
Axe—Te,ca,ca.
Tomahawk—Cheketecaca.
Knife—Manese.
" by the Putawatimies, Comong.
Powder—Macate.
Flints—Shakeka.
Trap—Naquaga.
Hat—Petacowa.
Shirt—Peleneca.
Blanket—Aquewa.
" by the Putawatimies, Wapyan, or wabscat, wapyan, i. e. white blanket.
Handkerchief—Pethewa.
Pair of leggings—Me,tetawawa.
Eggs—Wa,wa,le.
Fresh meat—Weothe.
" by the Putawatimies, We,as.
Salt—Nepepimme.
" by the Putawatimies, Su,ta,gin.
Bread—Ta,quan,e.
" Putawatimies, Quasp,kin—a Shawanoese would say, Meet,a,lasqw.
I have got no bread—Taquana.
Kettle—A,coh,qua.
Sugar—Me,las,sa.
Tea—Shis,ke,wapo.
Medicine—Cho,beka.
I am very sick—Olame,ne,taghque,lo,ge.
I am very well—Ne,wes,he,la,shama,mo.
A fine day—Wash,he,kee,she,ke.
A cloudy day—Mes,quet,wee.
My friend—Ne,can,a.
My enemy—Matche,le,ne,tha,tha.
The Great Spirit is the friend of the Indians—Ne,we,can,e,tepa, we,sphe,ma,mi,too.
Let us always do good—We,sha,cat,we,lo ke,we,la,wapa.
Bell—To,ta,gin.
Plenty—Ma,la,ke.
Cut.e,we,ka,sa, or Blackfoot, the head chief of the Shawanoese, died at Wapoghkonetta in 1831, aged about 105 years.
She,me,ne,too, or the Snake, another aged chief, emigrated with the nation west.
Fort, or garrison—Wa,kargin.

SPECIMEN OF THE WYANDOTT, OR HURON LANGUAGE.

One—Scat.
Two—Tin,dee.
Three—Shaight.
Four—An,daght.
Five—Wee,ish.
Six—Wa,shaw.
Seven—Soo,ta,re.
Eight—Ace,tarai.
Nine—Ain,tru.
Ten—Augh,sagh.
Twenty—ten,deit,a,waugh,sa.
Thirty—Shaigh,ka,waugh,sa.
Forty—An,dagh,ka,waugh,sa.
Fifty—Wee,ish,awaugh,sa.
Sixty—Waw,shaw,wagh,sa.
Seventy—Soo,ta,re,waugh,sa.
Eighty—Au,tarai,waugh,sa.
Ninety—Ain,tru,waugh,sa.
One hundred—Scu,te,main,gar,we.
The great God, or good spirit—Ta,main,de,-zue.
Good—Ye,waugh,ste.
Bad—Waugh,she.
Devil, or bad spirit—Deghshee,re,noh.
Heaven—Ya,roh,nia.
Hell—Degh,shunt.
Sun—Ya,an,des,hra.
Moon—Waugh,sunt,ya,an,des,hra.
Stars—Tegh,she.
Sky—Cagh,ro,ni,ate.
Clouds—Ogh.se,rah.
Wind—Iru,quas.
It rains—Ina,un,du,se.
Thunder—Heno.
Lightning—Tim,mendi,quas.
Earth—Umait,sagh.
Deer—Ough,scan,oto.
Bear—Anu,e.
Raccoon—Ha,in,te,roh.
Fox—Th,na,in,ton,to.
Beaver—Soo,taie.
Mink—So,hoh,main,dia.
Turkey—Daigh,ton,tah.
Squirrel—Ogh,ta,eh.
Otter—Ta.wen,deh.
Dog—Yun.ye,nah.
Cow—Kin,ton,squa,ront.
Horse—Ugh,shut,te, or man carrier.
Goose—Yah,hounk.
Duck—Yu,in,geh.
Man—Air,ga,hon.
Woman—Utch,ke.
Girl—Ya,weet,sen,tho.
Boy—Oma,int,sent,e,hah.
Child—Che,ah,ha.
Old man—Ha,o,tong.
Old woman—Ut,sindag,sa.
My wife—Azut,tun,oh,oh.
Corn—Nay,hah.
Beans—Yah,re,sah.
Potatoes—Da,ween,dah.
Melons, or pumpkins—O,nugh,sa.
Grass—E,ru,ta.
Weed—Ha,en,tan.
Trees—Ye,aron,ta.
Wood—O,tagh,ta.
House—Ye,anogh,sha.
Gun—Who,ra,min,ta.
Powder—T'egh,sta.
Lead—Ye,at,ara.
Flints—Ta,wegh,ske,ra.
Knife—We,ne,ash,ra.
Axe—Otto,ya,ye.
Blanket—Deengh,tat,sea.

Kettle—Ya,yan,e,tith.
Rum—We,at,se,wie.
River—Ye,an,da,wa.
Bread—Da,ta,rah.
Dollar—Sogh,ques,tut.
Shirt—Ca,tu,reesh.
Legginos—Ya,ree.
Bell—Te,ques,ti,egh,tas,ta.
Saddle—Quagh,she,ta.
Bridle—Cong,shu,ree.
Fire—Sees,ta.
Flour—Ta,ish,rah.
Hog—Quis,quesh.
Big house—Ye,a,nogh,shu,wan,a.
Corn field—Ya,yan,quagh,ke.
Musk rat—Se,he,ash,i,ya,hah.
Cat—Dush,rat.
Wild cat—Skaink,qua,hagh.
Mole—Ca,in,dia,he,nugh,qua.
Snake—To,en,gen,seek.
Frog—Sun,day,wa,shu,ka.
Americans—Sa,ray,u,migh, or big knives.
Englishman—Qu,han,stro,no.
Frenchman—Tu,hugh,car,o,no.
My brother—Ha,en,ye,ha.
My sister—A,en,ya,ha.
Father—Ha,yes,ta.
Mother—Ane,heh.
Sick—Shat,wu,ra.
Well—Su,we,regh,he.
Cold—Ture,a.
Warm—Ote,re,a,ute.
Snow—De,neh,ta.
Ice—Deesh,ra.
Water—Sa,un,dus,tee,the, the origin of Sandusky, the bay, river and county of that name.
Friend—Ne,at,a,rugh.
Enemy—Ne,mat,re,zue.
War—Tre,zue.
Peace—Scan,o,nie.
Are you married—Scan,dai,ye.
I am not married yet—Augh,sogh,a,sante,-te,sandai,ge.
Come here—Owa,he.
Go away—Sa,cati,arin,ga.
You trouble me—Ska,in,gen,tagh,qua.
I am afraid—I,agh,ka,ron,se.
I love you—Yu,now,moi,e.
I hate you—Yung,squa,his.
I go to war—A,yagh,kee.
I love peace—Eno,moigh,an,dogh,sken,onie.
I love all men—Away,tee,ken,omie.
I have conquered my enemy—O,negh,e,ke,-wishe,noo.
I don't like white men—Icar,tri,zue,egh,har,-taken,ome,enu,mah.
Indians—I,om,when.
Negro—Ahon,e,see.
Prisoner—Yan,dah,squa.
He is a thief—Run,neh,squa,hoon.
Good man—Room,wae,ta,wagh,stee.
Fish—Ye,ent,so.
Plums—At,su,meghst.
Apples—Sow,se,wat.
Fruit—Ya,heeghk.
Sugar—Se,ke,ta. Honey—the same.
Bees—Un,dagh,quont.
Salt—Anu,magh,ke,he,one, or the white people's sugar.
Moccasin—Aragh,shee.
How do you do—Tu,ough,qua,no,u.
I amy sorry—I,ye,et,sa,tigh.
I am hungry—Yat,o,regh,shas,ta.
You will be filled—E,sagh,ta,hah.
I am dying—E,hye,ha,honz.
God forgive me—Ho,ma,yen,de,zuti,et,te,-rang.
Auglaize river—Qus,quas,run,dee, or the falling timber on the river.
Blanchard's fork of the Auglaize—Quegh,-tu,wa, or claws in the water.
Sandusky—Sa,un,dos,tee, or water within water-pools.
Muskingum—Da,righ,quay, a town or place of residence.
Cuyahoga—Ya,sha,hia, or the place at the wing.
Miami of the lake—Cagh,a,ren,du,te, or standing rock. At the head of the rapids of this river there is in the middle of the stream a large elevated rock, which, at a distance, very much resembles a house. The place was named by the French Roche de Boef, and hence the Standing rock river.
The sea of salt water—Yung,ta,rez,ue.
The lakes—Yung,ta,rah.
Detroit—Yon,do,tia, or great town.
Defiance, now the county seat of Defiance county, at the junction of the Auglaize and Miami of the lake—Tu,enda,wie, or the junction of two rivers. After defeating the Indians in 1794, Gen. Wayne, on his return, built Fort Defiance, thereby proclaiming defiance to the enemy.
Chillicothe town—Tat,a,ra,ra, or leaning bank. Chillicothe is Shawanoese, and is the name of one of their tribes.
Cincinnati—Tu,ent,a,hah,e,wagh,ta, a landing place, where the road leaves the river.
Ohio river—O,he,zuh,ye,an,da,wa, or something great.
Mississippi—Yan,da,we,zue, or the great river.

NAMES OF RIVERS BY THE SHAWANOESE—SPOKEN SHA,WA,NO.

Ohio, i. e. Eagle river.

Ken,a,wa—meaning having whirlpools, or swallowing up. Some have it that an evil spirit lived in the water, which drew substances to the bottom of the river.

Sci,o,to was named by the Wyandotts, who formerly resided upon it. A large town was at Columbus, having their cornfields on the bottom grounds opposite that city. The Wyandotts pronounce the word *Sci,on,to*, signification unknown.

Great Miamie—Shi,me,a,mee,sepe, or Big Miamie.

Little Miamie—Che,ke,me,a,mee,sepe, or Little Miamie.

Mus,king,um is a Delaware word, and means a town on the river side. The Shawanoese call it Wa,ka,ta,mo,sepe, which has the same signification.

Hock,hock,ing is Delaware, and means a bottle. The Shawanoese have it Wea,tha,kagh, qua,sepe—Bottle river.

Auglaize river—Cow,the,na,ke,sepe, or falling timber river.

Saint Mary's river—Ca,ko,the,ke,sepe, or kettle river—cako,the,ke, a kettle.

Miamie of the lake—Ot,ta,wa,sepe, or Ottawa river. The Ottawas had several towns on is river as late as 1811, and down to within 10 years. They occupied the country about the lake shore, Maumee bay and the rapids above Perrysburgh.

Blanchard's fork of the Auglaize—Sha,po,qua,te,sepe, or Tailor's river.

Sandusky riverc—alled by the Shawanoese Po,ta,ke,sepe. a rapid river.

Detroit strait, or river—Ke,ca,,ne,ge, the narrow passage, or strait.

Kentucky is a Shawanoese word, and signifies at the head of a river.

Licking river, which enters the Ohio opposite the city of Cincinnati—the Shawanoese have it, Ne,pe,pim,me,sepe, from Ne,pe,pim,me, salt, and sepe, river, i. e. salt river.

Mad river—by the Shawanoese, Athe,ne,sepe,athe,ne, a flat or smooth stone, and sepe, river. i. e. a flat or smooth stone river.

A German Catholic Community.

The village of Berlin, P. O. Loramies, has about 500 inhabitants. It is in the township of McLean, fourteen miles northwest of Sidney. It was laid out on December 2d, 1837, by Jonathan Counts for William Prillman, proprietor, on the line of the Miami Canal. It has in the St. Michael's Church, consecrated in 1881, one of the most beautiful of churches. It is in the Italian Gothic style and is richly decorated with paintings, statuary, frescoed walls, altars, etc. Historically the site is interesting, being on the line of Loramies Creek, or the "West branch of the Big Miami" of ancient maps. The site of old fort Loramie is within a mile of it. Several relics have been discovered in this locality, and among them a silver cross evidently belonging to the French chevaliers of that early and warlike period. This relic is preserved by the priest at Berlin, Rev. Wm. Bigot.

Sutton's County History gives the following description of the community which is valuable, as it illustrates the characteristics of the Catholic Germans, whose industry and thrift has so largely helped to develop the wilderness of Northwestern Ohio. After stating that the people of the village and township are almost exclusively Germans or direct descendants of this nationality, the work says:

> A marked characteristic of the people is the industry observable on every hand. This German element came here into the woods, and by hard incessant toil cleared away the primeval forest, wringing farms from the wilderness and building a town on the ruins of a forest. In common with the people of the township the inhabitants are almost uniformly Catholics in religion and Democrat in politics. There were peculiarities which brought about these results, among which we mention as one factor the authority of Rev. Mr. Bigot. After settlement here the Germans strove to prevent the settlement of Americans in their midst, and by different methods very nearly succeeded. Still a few straggling Americans settled on lands within the township, but each soon found it desirable to leave, and so was bought out as early as he would sell, and was generally succeeded by a German. This at least was the plan of the German settlers themselves, and keeping the plan in view, they have preserved the characteristics of nationality, religion and politics up to the present.
>
> Throughout the town and township the German characteristics are preserved to such an extent that a stranger would question his senses as to the possibility of a community, no larger than this, maintaining the integrity of all German habits, customs and manners. They have cleared excellent farms, erected substantial buildings, and in their own way and according to their own ideas, pursue the enjoyments of life. Perhaps their church comes first, and the building is almost fit for the abode of personal gods. Next come social customs, and fronting these is lager beer, without which it appears life would be a burden, and liberty a misnomer. Following this comes politics, in which field some one man will be found to hold an electoral dictatorship, and on election day Democratic ballots will be found thick "thick as autumnal leaves in Vallombrosa." There are, in short, characteristics here which the next generation will not entirely outgrow nor outrun.

The Rector at Berlin, Rev. Wm. Bigot, above alluded to, like many of the Catholic priests who have come to Ohio to look after the moral and spiritual welfare of their Ohio people, has had a previous training in the cause of suffering

humanity. In the Franco-Prussian war he was given the pastorate over 12,000 captured and wounded French soldiers who were within the enemies' lines. He thus passed eleven months of arduous labor, enduring many privations and relieving suffering. For his services the French Government conferred upon him the "Cross of Chivalry of the Legion of Honor and the Cross of Merit." His portrait in the County History appears as that of a young man rendered strikingly refined and sweet from the indwelling of a pure and benevolent spirit.

The Loramie Portage and Reservoir.

The topography of this part of the county is interesting from the fact that it is the highest land between Lake Erie and the Ohio, and here within a few miles of each other the head streams of the Miami and the Maumee take their rise. For untold centuries it was the main route of travel between the two, the savage dwellers going in their canoes all the way excepting a few miles by portage. This portage in very high water was reduced to only six miles. Wayne's army made Fort Piqua, just below the mouth of the Loramie Creek, their place of deposit for stores. Their portage from these to Fort Loramie was fourteen miles, thence to St. Mary's twelve miles. Loaded boats sometimes ascended to Loramie, the loading frequently taken out and hauled to St. Mary's. The boats also moved across on wheels, were again loaded and launched for Fort Wayne, Defiance and the Lake! The *Loramie Reservoir* is on the line of the Loramie Creek. It is seven miles long, two and a-half wide in the lower part, and contains 1,800 acres, and abounds in fish and fowl.

Anna is 7 miles north of Sidney on the D. & M. R. R. It was laid out in 1858 by J. W. Carey, and named from his daughter, Mrs. Anna Thirkield. Newspapers: *Times*, Independent, A. S. Long, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Lutheran. Population, 1880, 266. School census, 1888, 162. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, $23,000. Value of annual product, $33,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

Lockington is 6 miles southwest of Sidney on the Miami and Erie Canal. It has churches, 1 Methodist Episcopal and 1 United Baptist. Population, 1880, 219. School census, 1888, 80.

Port Jefferson is 5 miles northeast of Sidney on the Great Miami River. Population, 1880, 421. School census, 1888, 168.

Hardin is 5 miles west of Sidney on the C. C. C. & I. R. R. School census, 1886, 54.

Montra is 12 miles northeast of Sidney. School census, 1888, 117.

STARK.

STARK COUNTY was established February 13, 1808, and organized in January, 1809. It was named from Gen. John Stark, an officer of the revolution, who was born in Londonderry, New Hampshire, in 1728, and died in 1822. The surface is generally rolling; the central and northeast portions are slightly undulating. The soil is a sandy loam; in some parts of the north and east a clay soil predominates. It is a rich agricultural county, one of the great wheat producing counties. It embraces within itself the requisite facilities for making it the seat of various manufactures—mineral coal, iron ore, flocks of the choicest sheep, and great water power. Limestone abounds, and inexhaustible beds of lime marl exist. It was settled mainly by Pennsylvania Germans, and from Germany and France.

Area about 580 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 202,996; in pasture, 48,540; woodland, 41,991; lying waste, 6,080; produced in wheat, 986,962 bushels; rye, 2,195; buckwheat, 610; oats, 944,367; barley, 6,434; corn, 1,020,356; broom-corn, 60 pounds brush; meadow hay, 42,107 tons; clover hay, 25,649; flax seed, 12 bushels; potatoes, 171,921; tobacco, 100 pounds; butter, 1,155,775; cheese, 1,097,000; sorghum, 940 gallons; maple syrup, 16,881; honey, 12,766 pounds; eggs, 762,909 dozen; grapes, 52,208 pounds; wine, 637 gallons; sweet potatoes, 578 bushels; apples, 118,588. [In 1876 it produced in apples 881,832 bushels, probably never equalled by any other county in the State.] Peaches, 24,799; pears, 3,697; wool, 194,716 pounds; milch cows owned, 12,676. Ohio Mining Statistics, 1888: Coal, 793,227 tons, employing 1,747 miners and 216 outside employees; iron ore, 11,455 tons; fire clay, 14,730; limestone, 2,043 tons burned for lime. School census, 1888, 25,376; teachers, 443. Miles of railroad track, 239.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Bethlehem,	1,019	2,304	Paris,	2,474	2,639
Canton,	3,298	14,873	Perry,	2,210	9,219
Jackson,	1,546	2,079	Pike,	1,409	1,514
Lake,	2,162	2,177	Plain,	1,838	2,540
Lawrence,	2,045	4,351	Sandy,	1,265	1,265
Lexington,	1,640	6,287	Sugar Creek,	1,862	2,285
Marlboro,	1,670	1,942	Tuscarawas,	1,942	2,957
Nimishillen,	1,927	3,114	Washington,	1,389	2,187
Osnaburg,	2,333	2,298			

Population of Stark in 1820 was 12,406; 1830, 26,552; 1840, 34,617; 1860, 42,978; 1880, 64,031; of whom 47,161 were born in Ohio; 5,885 Pennsylvania; 586 New York; 306 Indiana; 302 Virginia; 36 Kentucky; 4,100 German Empire; 1,451 England and Wales; 917 France; 623 Ireland; 294 Scotland; 129 British America, and 23 Norway and Sweden. Census, 1890, 84,170.

The *first Moravian missionary* in Ohio, Mr. Frederick Post, settled in 1761 in what is now Bethlehem township, on the north side of the Muskingum, at the junction of its two forks, the Sandy and Tuscarawas. The locality called Tuscararatown is on the south side of the river, just above Fort Laurens, and immediately contiguous to Bolivar. Just there was the Indian ford, on the line of the great Indian trail running west. The site of Post's dwelling, or missionary station, was long indicated by a pile of stones, which had probably formed the back wall of the chimney. The site of the garden differs from the woods around it in the total want of heavy timber. The ruins of a trader's house, on the opposite side of the river, have been mistaken for those of the missionary station.

The dwelling built by Post must have been the first house erected in Ohio by whites, excepting such as may have been built by traders or French Jesuits. The Indian and Moravian village of Schoenbrun was not commenced until 1772, eleven years later.

Loskiel's History of the Missions says, in allusion to this mission—"On the Ohio river, where, since the last war, some Indians lived who had been baptized by the brethren, nothing could be done up this time. However, brother Frederick Post lived, though of his own choice, about 100 English miles west of Pittsburgh, at Tuscararatown, with a view to commence a mission among those Indians. The brethren wished him the blessings of the Almighty to his undertaking; and when he asked for an assistant to help him in his outward concerns, and who might, during the same time, learn the language of the Delaware Indians, they (the brethren) made it known to the congregation of Bethlehem, whereupon the brother John Heckewelder concluded of his own choice to assist him."

"We know of Post that he was an active and zealous missionary, but had married an Indian squaw, contrary to the wishes and advice of the directory, who had the oversight of the Moravian missions, and by that act had forfeited so much of his standing that he would not be acknowledged as one of our missionaries in any other manner than under the direction and guidance of another missionary. Whenever he went farther, and acted on his own accord, he was not opposed, had the good will of the society, of which he continued a member, and its directory, and even their assistance, so far as to make known his wants to the congregation, who threw no obstacle in the way if any person felt inclined of his own choice to assist him; but he was not then acknowledged as *their* missionary, nor entitled to any farther or pecuniary assistance." This will explain the above passage in Loskiel.

"In Heckewelder's Memoirs, written by himself, and printed in Germany, there is a short allusion to the same subject. He says, in substance, that he had in his early youth frequent opportunities of seeing Indians, and that gradually he became desirous of becoming useful to them; that already in his 19th year, his desire was in some measure gratified, as he was called upon by Government to accompany the brother Frederick Post to the western Indians on the Ohio. He then mentions some of the fatigues and dangers of the journey, and that he returned in the latter half of the year 1762. In Heckewelder's Narrative of the Indian missions of the United Brethren, he gives a more detailed account of this mission. He says, in effect, that Frederick Post, who had the preceding year [1761] visited the Indians on the Muskingum, thought he would be able to introduce Christianity among them; that the writer of the narrative, by and with the consent of the directors of the society, went with him principally to teach the Indian children to read and write. They set out early in March, and came to where Post had the preceding year built a house on the bank of the river Muskingum, at the distance of about a mile from the Indian village, which lay to the south across the river. When they commenced clearing, the Indians ordered them to stop and appear before their council the next day, where Post appeared, and was charged with deceit, inasmuch as he had informed the Indians his intentions were to teach them the word of God, and now he took possession of their lands, etc. Post answered that he wanted no more land than sufficient to live from it, as he intended to be no burden to them, etc.; whereupon they concluded that he should have 50 steps in every direction, which was stepped off by the chief next day. He farther says, that an Indian treaty being to be held at Lancaster in the latter part of summer, Post was requested by the governor of Pennsylvania to bring some of the western Delawares to it, which he did, leaving Heckewelder, who returned the same fall, in October, from fear of a war, etc. Post probably never returned to this station."

In Zeisberger's Memoirs there is no allusion to this mission, though he and Post were frequently associates at an earlier date, and in 1745 were imprisoned together in New York as spies. The foregoing is abridged from papers in the Barr MSS., comprising a letter from Mr. Thomas Goodman, in which was copied one from Judge Blickensderfer, of Dover, who had carefully investigated the subject. No mission it seems was established, only an attempt to found one was made.—*Old Edition.*

A Running Fight.

The following account of the only fight between the whites and Indians known to have occurred within the present limits of Stark county has been furnished us by Dr. Lew Slusser, of Canton.

Before the settlement of whites in this part of Ohio, the general government authorized the formation of scouting parties, known as "scouts" or "spies," whose duty it was to reconnoiter the country beyond the Ohio.

These scouting parties were made up of men accustomed to the privations and exposure incident to border life. Many of them had encountered Indians before, and knew something by experience, of their habits and mode of warfare. They received from the

Government monthly pay and ammunition, furnishing their own arms. It was their duty on the discovery of any sign of Indians, to return immediately and give the alarm, that the frontier settlers might adopt measures for their own protection.

There was a company of five, all of whom afterward became citizens of Stark county—James Downing, Sr., John Cuppy, Isaac Miller, George Foulk and Thomas Dillon. Dillon and Foulk had both been captured by the Indians when young, lived with them many years and knew their habits and customs. Downing was captain of the company.

The party left their place of rendezvous for a scout, in April, 1793. They crossed the Ohio river at the mouth of Yellow Creek, followed up the north branch to near its source, then directed their course west to the head waters of Sandy. After reconnoitering for miles around without discovering any sign of Indians, they came to the conclusion, there were none about. Up to this time, they had not discharged a gun, from fear of being discovered. The rations with which they had supplied themselves on starting, were nearly exhausted, and they concluded it would be safe to kill some game. Downing shot a deer and another of the party a turkey. This was on the morning of the fourth day out, between Little Sandy and Indian Run. As they had not yet taken breakfast, they concluded to prepare the meal.

A party of Indians numbering eighteen or twenty of the Ottaway and Wyandot tribes, heard the firing and detected the locality of the scouts. They divided their force into two parties, with the purpose of approaching them from a different course, one of which was from a direction the scouts would be most likely to take in an effort to escape.

While Cuppy was engaged examining his gun he happened to look up, and saw at a distance an Indian moving about peering through the underbrush. He immediately sprang to his feet and gave the alarm. As soon as the Indian saw he was discovered, he turned and ran, and as he did so, Cuppy fired at him, but without effect. Miller and Foulk snatched up their guns and gave chase. The ground was sparsely timbered. Miller was in the advance, when Foulk called to him to halt, as he knew just as soon as the Indian reached a more heavily timbered piece of ground he would stop behind a tree and shoot Miller as he approached. Thereupon Miller turned about and he and Foulk started for the place they had left. Meanwhile the other party of Indians, numbering six or eight, made their appearance in another direction. They were bold and demonstrative.

Downing said to Cuppy and Dillon: "Let us stand together and defend ourselves to the last." "No," replied Dillon, "each one for himself"—and suiting his action to the sentiment, started on a run. Downing and Cuppy kept together and moved cautiously along the higher ground or upper bench towards the forks of Sandy. As the Indians pressed upon them too closely, they would turn, raise their guns as though they intended to shoot. Then the Indians would jump around, throw up their hands, and run upon the hands and knees, evidently for the purpose of diverting the aim of the whites.

By degrees they became bolder and advanced closer, when Downing, taking advantage of a good opportunity, shot the nearest, which had the effect of keeping the others at a greater distance. Soon after, Downing and Cuppy caught up with Dillon, who appeared much exhausted as though about to fall. Dillon begged "for God's sake" that they would help him, and as Downing turned and saw his face, he discovered that he was choking with his necktie. Dillon in his haste to loosen it and assist his breathing, pulled the wrong end and made it tighter. Downing cut the neckerchief with his belt knife, thereby releasing him, when Dillon immediately took a fresh start and was soon out of sight. Downing and Cuppy were both past middle age and somewhat fleshy. They had both run until nearly exhausted, and knew they could not hold out much longer. Downing said to Cuppy, "I can't go any farther—I'll stand and fight under this thorn bush if I die," and stand he did. At the same time Cuppy got behind a tree, and both awaited the approach of the savages, determined to make the best resistance they were able.

They had not long to wait, for soon the Indians were seen approaching. Downing reserved his fire until the foremost Indian came within close range, then taking deliberate aim, fired and brought him down. The others returned a volley which cut the bushes around Downing and Cuppy, but did not strike either. Miller and Foulk hearing the firing, hastened in the direction from whence it came, and before aware of it were among the Indians. Miller espied one of unusual size, with a silver half-moon hanging on his breast. He was in the act of loading his gun, and just as Miller was drawing a bead upon him, the chief saw him, gave a yell and sprang behind a tree. Miller soon discovered that he was so surrounded that it would be impossible to protect himself behind a tree, thereupon he determined upon flight as the only hope of safety for his scalp. Quick as thought he sprang from the upper bank and ran across the bottom or swamp toward the north branch of the stream.

The Indians left Downing and Cuppy, threw down their guns, drew their tomahawks, gave a scalp yell and gave chase after Miller. At one time they were so near he recognized a tall warrior known among the whites as Tom Jilleway. After Miller crossed Little Sandy, and was in an open plain, he thought as he afterwards expressed it, "now legs for it." He always considered himself swift on foot, and put in his best efforts for about a mile and a half until he reached the highlands or ridge, when he stopped to look back and listen. He could neither hear nor see anything of the Indians. After resting a short time, he concluded to

return to the place where they were first surprised, in the hope of finding the rest of his company.

As they were not there, and the day was far advanced, he decided upon making for the company's place of rendezvous on the east side of the Ohio river. He continued to travel as long as he could see his way until he reached Yellow creek. Here, under a fallen tree that lay up from the ground, he made a bed of leaves upon which he slept soundly amid the howling of wolves and the screeching of wild cats. Next day he crossed the Ohio at the mouth of Yellow creek and reached the place of rendezvous where he found Downing, Cuppy and Dillon safe and unhurt, except that Downing's face was much swollen and his eyes bloodshot from exertion.

In the evening of the next day Foulk made his appearance, and reported that when the Indians started after Miller, he hid himself in the brush. When they were out of sight he crossed over a branch of the Sandy, the same that is now called Indian Run from this identical fight, and secreted himself on a hill where he could overlook the plains south without being observed. He could see the Indians in camp not a mile distant, and was satisfied, from his knowledge of their ceremonies, that two of their number had been killed. In discussing the matter, the company were of the opinion that they had the best of the fight and that they made a fortunate escape.

The next day Gen. Wayne and his staff in a barge, with his troops in 95 flatboats, came down the river on their way to camp Washington, afterward Cincinnati. As they came in sight, the scouts discharged their guns as a salute. Gen. Wayne had his barge run ashore, and, on learning they were Government scouts, signalled a boat containing sharp-shooters to land. He had a target set up, and a trial of skill between his sharpshooters and the scouts in which the sharpshooters came out second best. General Wayne complimented the scouts, saying: "My brave fellows, you are d—d fine shots," and treated them to brandy.

Canton in 1846—Canton, the county seat, is 120 miles northeast of Columbus. It is finely situated in the forks of the Nimishillen, a tributary of the Muskingum. It was laid out in 1806 by Bezaleel Wells, of Steubenville, and the first house erected the same year. Mr. Wells was the original proprietor of the town, and died in 1846. The view shows a part of the public square, with the court house on the left and the market in the centre. It is a very compact town, with many brick dwellings. A large business is done here in the purchase of flour and wheat, and within the vicinity are many flouring mills. Canton contains 1 German Reformed, 1 Lutheran, 1 Presbyterian, 2 Catholic and 1 Methodist church; 10 dry goods, 2 book, 2 hardware and 7 grocery stores; 2 newspaper offices, 1 gun barrel and 2 woolen factories, 2 iron founderies, and about 2,000 inhabitants. The Canton female institute is a flourishing institution, with near 100 pupils.—*Old Edition.*

Canton, county seat of Stark, about 105 miles northeast of Columbus, about 50 miles south of Cleveland, about 75 miles westerly from Pittsburg, is in the midst of a rich agricultural and mineral region. It is on the P. Ft. W. & C.; Valley C. & C.; C. & W. and P. M. & C. Railroads. Canton is one of the most important manufacturing cities in the State. Machinery manufactured here is shipped to all parts of the world.

County Officers, 1888: Patrick L. Manly, Auditor; John McGregor, Clerk; Alonzo Smith, Jonas W. Wearstler, and Jacob Schmachtenberger, Commissioners; Joseph A. Schaefer, Corouer; Joseph Mandru, Leopold Biechele and Cyrus H. Stoner, Infirmary Directors; Jacob P. Fawcett, Probate Judge; John C. Welty, Prosecuting Attorney; James E. Dougherty, Recorder; Augustus Leininger, Sheriff; Reuben Z. Wise, Surveyor; Hiram Doll, Treasurer. City Officers, 1888: John F. Blake, Mayor; Ed. M. Grimes, Clerk; Atlee Pomerene, Solicitor; David Pletcher, Marshal; Hiram Doll, Treasurer; John E. Dine, Street Commissioner; John H. Holl, Engineer; Louis B. Ohliger, Chief of Fire Department; L. T. Cool, Sealer. Newspapers: *News-Democrat*, Democratic, Isaac R. Sherwood & Wilbur G. Miller; *Ohio Volks-Zeitung Und Journal*, German, Democratic, H. Ohlrichs, editor; *Repository*, Republican, Repository Printing Co., publishers; *Advance*, Prohibition, J. R. Beden, editor and publisher; *Wochenblatt Der Cantoner Press*, German, Canton Publishing Co. Churches: 2 Catholic; 1 Church of God; 2 Evangelical; 3 Methodist; 2 Lutheran; 1 Reformed; 1 Episcopal; 1 Presbyterian; 1 Baptist; 1 German Reformed; 1 Disciples; 1 United Brethren; 1 Christian; 1 Dunkard. Banks: City National, P. H. Barr, president, Henry A.

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

PUBLIC SQUARE, CANTON.

From Photograph in 1887.

VIEW FROM THE PUBLIC SQUARE, CANTON.

Wise, cashier; Farmers', John H. Brenner, president, T. C. McDowell, cashier; First National, George D. Harter, president, L. L. Miller, cashier; Savings Deposit, Isaac Harter & Sons; Geo. D. Harter & Bro.

Canton Workshops and Factories.—Globe Iron Foundery, castings, 7 hands; E. W. Poorman, steam heating apparatus, 30; Wrought Iron Bridge Co., 200; Berger Manufacturing Co., steel sheet roofing, 36; Kanneberg Roofing Co., 20; Willis Lind & Co., sash, door and blinds, 52; Gibbs Lawn Rake Co., 20; Canton Electric Light and Power Co., 12; Clark, Smith & Co., wind mills, etc., 8; A. B. Morris, patterns and models, 10; W. R. Harrison & Co., feed cutters, 30; Pearl Steam Laundry, 10; Canton Steam Pump Co., 49; J. H. McLain Machine Co., feed mills, etc., 135; Harvard Co., surgical and dental chairs, 23; Canton File Case Co., furniture, 10; Dexter Wagon Co., 18; Wood, Brown Co., buggy gears, 12; Ney Manufacturing Co., hay carriers, etc., 35; J. F. Blake, flour, 6; Novelty Cutlery Co., 39; Canton Stove Co., 36; Dick's Agricultural Works, feed cutters, 60; Canton Street Railroad Co., electric power, 4; Union Brewing Co., 12; Whitman & Barnes Manufacturing Co., drop forgings, 103; Canton Gas Light and Coke Co., 10; Joseph Biechele Soap Co., 18; John Danner Manufacturing Co., revolving desks, 70; G. C. Howey, flour, 4; Jos. Weaver & Sons, sash doors and blinds, 40; Gilliam Manufacturing Co., coach pads and gig-saddles, 148; Campbell Lumber Co., doors, sash and blinds, 28; Alexander's Woolen Mills, 12; Skinner Bros., planing, 6; Berg & Son, carriages, 10; Canton Brewing Co., 10; F. B. Smith, force pumps, 37; Canton Buggy and Gear Co., 37; New York Steam Laundry, 6; Canton Tile Hollow Brick Co., 10; J. G. Wachter, machinery, 6; Jos. M. Ball, flour, 12; Canton Combination Lock Co., 24; Canton Steel Roofing Co., 35; Princes Plow Co., 50; C. Aultman & Co., engines and threshers, 356; Bolton Iron and Steel Co., 200; Canton Spring Co., vehicle springs, 94; Canton Saw Co., 32; Sun Vapor Street Light Co., street lamps, 70; City Box Factory, 20; Novelty Iron Works, castings and machinery, 65; Diebold Safe and Lock Co., 420; Chieftain Hay Rake Co., 30; Bucher & Gibbs Plow Co., 133; Elbel & Co., saddlery and hardware, 252; Peerless Reaper Co., 150; Wrigley Bros., paper boxes, 32; Hampden Watch Manufacturing Co., 1,276; Dueber Watch Case Co., 996. *State Report, 1890.* Population in 1880, 12,258. School census, 1888, 6,677, J. H. Lehman, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, $3,335,244. Value of annual product, $4,705,297.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887.*

Since these last statistics of 1888 were gathered, Canton has taken a surprising bound in importance among the manufacturing points. This by the accession of the Hampden Watch Manufacturing Company from Springfield, Mass., combined with the Dueber Watch Case Company from Newport, Kentucky. Unitedly they employ over 2,300 workmen, who with their families increase the population over 5,000. This brings, at this writing, just gathered, the census of Canton, for 1890, to 26,337. The establishment of these works in Canton was in consequence of a proposition made by its citizens, at the close of some preliminary negotiations, to Mr. John Dueber, of Newport, Kentucky, that if he would bring his works here and those from Springfield, Mass., which he had recently purchased, they would give him $100,000 in cash, 20 acres of land on a beautiful commanding site and exemption from city taxation for ten years; the whole representing a cash valuation of at least $175,000. So happy now is Canton, for she starts on the new decade prepared to supply the time for the whole world—tick! tick! tick!

TRAVELLING NOTES.

Canton is a solid substantial appearing town. A marked feature is its public square in the centre, whereon forty years ago was a market. The square is some two hundred or more feet wide and say four hundred feet long, all open and paved, used as a street and bounded with substantial buildings. The new view is looking

out of the square down Tuscarawas street. On the right appears the new court-house, occupying the site of that shown in my old picture: beyond is seen the tower of the Hurford House, and in the distance appear the spires of the First Methodist Episcopal, Presbyterian and Lutheran churches, costly and elegant buildings. The last named is built of the cream-tinted Massillon sandstone, on which is carved the sublime heart-resting line, which opens Luther's famous battle hymn—"*A mighty fortress is our God.*"

The Hurford House at which I stopped, is a remarkably well-built, well appointed hostelry. It has 110 rooms, and cost, including furniture, $125,000. The proprietor, Mr. Alex. Hurford, is past the hustling period of life: has the honor of being one of the town born; his first appearance here was in the "sad and dreary month of November," A. D. 1817; but there is nothing of the sad and dreary about him. He has lived the town and has given me some amusing items.

Like a large part of the original stock of this central back-bone region of Ohio, his father, Thomas Hurford, was from Pennsylvania; moreover a Chester county Quaker, and a queer thing about him was that he changed his Quaker garb at the beck of a poll parrot. He was in Winchester, Virginia, on business, and while there, on passing up a street he was startled by the cry, as he supposed from an upper window, "You're a Quaker." Looking around, he saw no one and started on, but had proceeded but a few steps more, when the cry was repeated, "You're a Quaker." Again looking around and seeing no one, he hastened on, angry at what he considered a deliberate insult to his religion. Some hours later he passed the same spot, when he was again saluted with the same cry, "You're a Quaker." Quickly turning, he discovered the guilty party: it was a parrot. He was so much chagrined at the circumstance, that, as soon as he got home, he doffed his Quaker clothes and never resumed them.

My father learned the milling business, emigrated to Ohio and worked in a mill at Steubenville, for the great man of the place who had founded it, Bezaleel Wells. During this time he took a flat-boat to New Orleans with flour, on which he cleared $2,500. With this money he came to Canton, which had been laid out by his old employer, Bezaleel, and built the now abandoned mill yet standing below the Oak Grove.

"Before the building of the Ohio canal," said he, "the people were wretchedly poor for the want of a market. Within my memory, the farming folks used to start to church Sundays barefoot, carrying their shoes and stockings in a handkerchief until they got to the foot of south hill, near where Aultman & Co.'s works now are, when they would stop and put them on. At that time wheat brought but twenty-five cents a bushel and had no outlet except by wagon to Cleveland and Pittsburg.

The only things that would bring cash were beeswax and ginseng. Store coffee then cost fifty cents a pound. It could not be bought without ginseng, beeswax or money. Most well-to-do families made it a point to have store coffee on Sunday: on other days, used coffee from burnt rye or wheat. My father, about 1823, kept a store on the southeast corner of Market Square, now the site of Durben & Wright's drug store. He paid about 25 cents a pound for ginseng. It was cut into, say, about four-inch pieces and strung on strings, like as our grandmothers used to string their apples for drying. The ginseng was sent to Pittsburg in wagons and thence to China, for the use of "the pig-tail people." They used it as a substitute for opium and as joss sticks, to burn as incense before their idols.

My father was, at the beginning, farmer, miller and distiller. Whiskey sold for two cents a dram, or eighteen cents a gallon: and everybody drank. In the spring of 1821 or 1822, he loaded two flat-boats with whiskey, at Bethlehem, in this county, for New Orleans. The river changed its name according to the branches that poured into it. At Bethlehem it was the "Tuscarawas," lower down "White Woman," then "White Woman" was succeeded by "One Leg," and that went into the "Muskingum," which in the Indian, signifies an "Elk's Eye," and next came the Ohio, the "Beautiful River." This swelled the "Father of Waters," and so at last, on the bosom of these many waters, father's whiskey got to New Orleans.

When the idea of the Ohio canal going through Canton was broached, it met with great opposition from some of the leading men, who fought it away, and it was located

eight miles west and made the town of Massillon, and that sunk this town for twenty years. Among its opponents were three old doctors, who shook their heads, looked wise, and said it would increase the ague: almost everybody was then shaking with the ague. Every season seven out of every ten had their turn at the shakes. So the three wise doctors scared the people dreadfully, by simply putting their canes to their mouths and thus delivering themselves lugubriously. Great personal animosities arose in consequence between the enemies and friends of the "big ditch;" my father, who favored it, made enemies who remained so until he died. This statement of Mr. Hurford but supplies another illustration of the old truth, that mankind may forgive your crimes, but never your opinions.

To one of the old doctors, the work seemed so stupendous, so impossible of accomplishment that he said if the Almighty would just allow him to live until the canal was finished, he would willingly lie down and yield up the ghost. Within three years from that utterance, the canal was in full operation from the lake to the river, yet the old doctor seemed not quite ready to have his ghost "go up a spout."

My father claimed the canal would create a current and drain the swamps. When it was finished the sanitary effect of the measure was astonishing. It drained the swamps throughout its course and malaria largely disappeared through its influence.

The very first start of the work was beneficial. The canal was principally dug by Ohio farm boys; eldest sons of the farmers who earned from $6 to $10 per month and boarded at home: this with a larger part of them was about the first chance that they ever had to get a whack at any money. And this greatly benefited the farming people; put them in happy smiling frames of mind. Massillon at once sprang into a great wheat market for a large section of country:—for Stark, Carroll, Wayne, Holmes and Richland counties. And strings of wheat wagons from all directions poured into the place, cumbered the streets, and Massillon rejoiced in much trade.

In the palmy days at Massillon, one could tell on meeting the returning farmers on the road, without a question, whether wheat was up or wheat was down. If down, they approached slowly, their heads hanging, and to your question would drawl out in sleepy tones, kind o' grumpy, "*f-eef-ty cents.*" If wheat was up, they would be seen coming up at a rapid rate, horses on a gallop, heads up, eyes bright, and if you inquired, "Neighbor, how is wheat to-day?" they would jerk out sharp, with an upward toss of the head, but a single word—"*Dollar!*"

The loss of the canal was the first lost opportunity for the prosperity of Canton. The second came years later. The projectors of the Cleveland and Pittsburg Railroad, the first railroad built across Eastern Ohio, from lake to river, said to our people, Subscribe $10,000 and you shall have the railroad. But the leaders again sniveled their noses and gave a toss of their heads and blurted out, "Won't do any such thing. It's all in your eye. The railroad has got to come through Canton, anyway, the railroad folks can't help themselves!" But it didn't: it went 18 miles east and thereupon the town of Alliance sprang up. But for these dead weights, neither Alliance nor Massillon would have had a being, and Canton to-day would have more than absorbed their entire populations, for growing centres increase through their own accommodations. Now comes a third opportunity, the chance for obtaining the great Hampden-Dueber watch works.

On my original visit to Canton I met Mr. JOHN SAXTON. He was born in Huntingdon, Pennsylvania, in 1792, came to Canton in 1815, when it was a village of three hundred inhabitants and not a newspaper west of it, and died here Sunday, April 16, 1871, at the age of 81. A late publication says of him:—"He was the oldest editor and morally one of the best men in the profession in the United States. He started the "Stark County Repository" in the year 1815, and and continued it consecutively for fifty-six years.

When the news came to him of the surrender of Napoleon III. at Sedan, to the Germans, he copied from his files of fifty-five years preceding, the account of the surrender, June 18, 1815, of Napoleon I. after Waterloo, to the Germans and British, and wrote a very touching article upon the mutability of human affairs. Almost to the day of his death he continued to set type with his own hands. Major McKinley, M. C., married with his son's daughter.

His paper was a pure, cleanly issue. He felt deeply the moral responsibility of an editor's position. His biographer says of him—He practised religion in his daily life. He literally went about doing good. His every-day work was planned to that end. He began and ended it with a careful reading of the Scriptures and prayer. He ascertained who was sick and who was needy and had about as many patients for his daily visits as a physcian in moderate practice. In his old age although too deaf to hear a word, he was ever present in his pew at church, feeling it was good to be there. His temper was so under control, that one

who had worked by his side for over thirty years, never knew him to lose it but on a single occasion. The children on the streets loved him for his genial smile and loving ways, and he knew them all by name. The people called him "Father Saxton." In politics he began as a Federalist and eventually became a Republican.

A genial and obliging gentleman I find here in the editor of the Stark County Democrat, Mr. Archibald McGregor. He is a much older man than was Father Saxton when I knew him. They call him "Archie," in all this part of the State. He is every inch a Scotchman, was born in Lanarkshire, and takes a just pride in the fact. He presides at all gatherings of the Burns Club, in this region, and gives them original poems of patriotism in the dialect that warms the hearts in memories of the land of Robert Burns, Walter Scott, Gretna Green, Johnnie Groat's house, Hogg's Tales, etc.

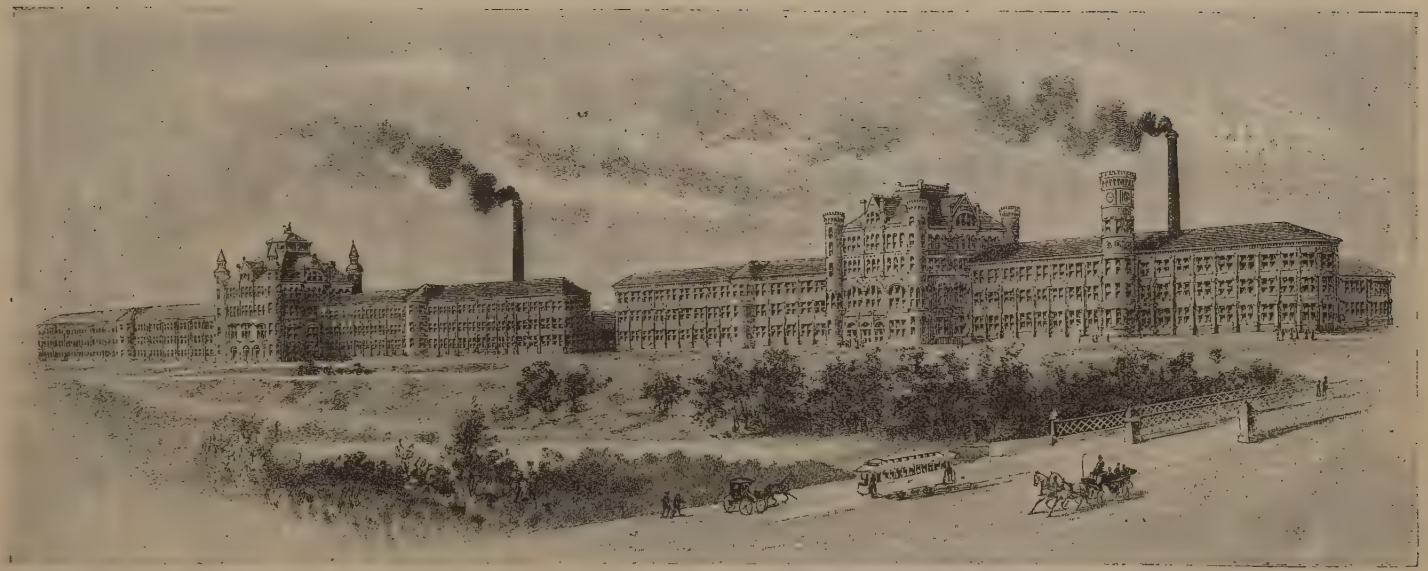
The *Stark County Democrat* was started jointly by his father and himself in 1848. His father, Mr. John McGregor, was a graduate of the University of Glasgow, and a teacher by profession. He was by nature an ardent Republican, and a leader of the Radical party of 1819, bent on establishing a British Republic. Their plans were betrayed, and he with his family first fled to the mountains and then to America, to escape capture and imprisonment. And his little clan of McGregor which he had brought, grew and helped to brighten the land, he taking them to the liberty-crowned hills of Vermont for their first nestling place.

Massillon in 1846.—Massillon is on the Ohio canal and Tuscarawas river, eight miles from Canton and sixty-five miles from Cleveland. It was laid out in March, 1826, by James Duncan, and named from John Baptiste Massillon, a celebrated French divine, who died in 1742, at the age of 79. The Ohio canal was located only a short time before the town was laid out, at which period, on its site was a grist mill, a distillery and a few dwellings only.

The view was taken near the American hotel, shown on the right, and within a few rods of the canal, the bridge over which is seen in front. The town is compactly built, and is remarkable for its substantial appearance. It is very thriving and is one of the greatest wheat markets in Ohio. At times, Main street is almost completely blocked by immense wagons of wheat and the place has generally the bustling air of business. It lies in the centre of a very rich wheat region. The old town of Kendall, laid out about the year 1810 by Thomas Roach, joins on the east. Massillon contains 1 German Evangelical, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Episcopal, 1 Lutheran, 1 Disciples, 1 Episcopal Methodist and 1 Catholic church; 2 hardware, 2 wholesale grocery and 11 dry goods stores; 6 forwarding houses, 3 foundries, 3 machine shops, 1 newspaper office, 1 bank, 1 woolen factory, and had in 1840, 1,420 inhabitants and now has about 2,000. "Just below the town commences a series of extensive plains, spreading over a space of ten or twelve miles in length from east to west and five or six in breadth. These were covered with a thin growth of oak timber and were denominated *barrens*, but, on cultivation, they produced fine crops of wheat. The Tuscarawas has cut across these plains on their western end, and runs in a valley sunk about thirty feet below their general surface."—*Old Edition.*

MASSILLON is eight miles west of Canton, on the Tuscarawas river, the Ohio Canal, the P. Ft. W. & C.; C. L. & W.; W. & L. E. and M. & C. Railroads.

City Officers, 1888: Josiah Frantz, Mayor; Joseph R. White, Clerk; J. W. Foltz, Treasurer; Otto E. Young, Solicitor; Adam Wendling, Marshal. Newspapers: *Independent*, Republican, R. P. Skinner, editor; *American*, Independent, J. J. Hoover, editor and publisher; *Gleaner*, Newstetter & Co., editors and publishers. Churches: 1 Presbyterian, 1 United Brethren, 1 Lutheran, 1 Evangelical, 1 Disciples, 1 Episcopal, 2 Catholic, 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 African. Banks: First National, S. Hunt, president, C. Steese, cashier; German Deposit, McClymonds, Albright & Co., P. G. Albright, cashier; Union National, Joseph Coleman, president, James H. Hunt, cashier.



The Dueber-Hampden Watch Factories, Canton.

Manufactures and Employees.—The Massillon Bridge Co., 94 hands; Warwick & Justice, flour and feed, 16; Massillon Glass Works, 201; M. A. Brown, cigar boxes, etc., 15; S. R. Wells, window glass, 68; The Massillon Paper Co., 50; Hess, Snyder & Co., stoves, steam pumps, etc., 63; J. F. Pocock, flour and feed, 13; A. J. Humberger & Son, dry goods store, 12; C. Seibold, dry goods store, 8; Ricks Brothers, dry goods store, 7; S. Oberlin's Sons, dry goods store, 6; Allman & Putman, dry goods store, 20; Frank Crone, dry goods store, 5; Joseph Corns & Son, rolling mill, 114; Peter Sailer, cigars, 170; Massillon Machine Co., 22; Conrad, Dangler & Brown, sash, doors and blinds, 11; Russell & Co., agricultural machinery, 665.—*State Report, 1888.* Population, 1880, 6,836. School census, 1888, 3,325, E. A. Jones, superintendent of schools. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, $850,000. Value of annual product, $1,200,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

Census, 1890, 10,063.

BIOGRAPHIES.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY, JR. was born in Niles, Trumbull county, Ohio, February 26, 1844. He received a common school education, which was interrupted before completion by his enlistment in May, 1861, as a private in the 23d O. V. I. He

MAJOR MCKINLEY.

THE HOME OF MAJOR MCKINLEY.

gradually rose from the ranks and at the close of the war was mustered out with the rank of colonel and brevet-major.

He then studied law, was admitted to the bar in 1867, and settled in Canton. He was prosecuting attorney of Stark county, 1869-71; was elected to the 45th, 46th, 47th and 48th congresses, receiving the certificate of election to the latter, but late in the first session his opponent was given his seat by the House. He was elected to the 49, 50th and 51st congresses. In June, 1888, as chairman of the platform committee of the Republican National Convention held at Chicago, he is accredited with drafting the resolutions that were adopted. He is the leader in Congress in protective tariff measures and the author of the tariff bill of October, 1890.

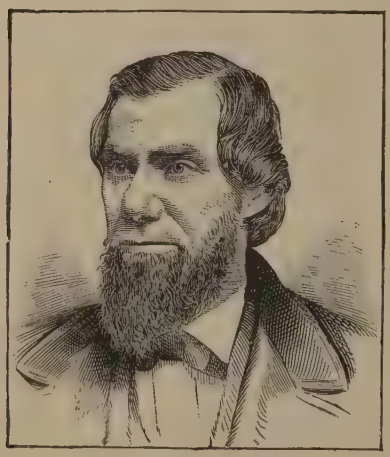
It is a matter of pride to the people of Canton that it is the home of Major McKinley. It helps to make their place known to multitudes in both continents, while his personal characteristics are such as to win the esteem and regard of all with whom he is associated in either public or social life. A late writer says, "In his home life Mr. McKinley is just as unassuming as in his public career. The

house occupied by him overlooks the Public Square in Canton. It is the old homestead of the Saxton family and is the property of Mrs. McKinley, who was a Miss Saxton. On account of the prominent position occupied in Ohio by the family, this mansion has been for years the headquarters for the reception of distinguished visitors in Canton. During the campaign of 1880 Garfield and Arthur, Senator Sherman and his brother Gen. W. T. Sherman, all met under this hospitable roof.

The house is large and roomy with a wide, comfortable porch running all round it. Within a short distance is Mr. McKinley's law office and that of his brother, who is also his partner. This office is situated in a large building known as the "McKinley block," which was put up by the two brothers from the profits of their business. The property now yields a handsome revenue and materially assists Maj. McKinley in maintaining his position in Washington.

Maj. McKinley is very fond of good horses, and also of the country. Just outside of Canton he has a small farm, and in the next county a larger one. He drives out to these nearly every morning and takes great personal interest in all the operations upon them.

JOHN HANCOCK KLIPPART, who for nearly twenty-two years was Secretary of the Ohio State Board of Agriculture, was born in



J. H. KLIPPART.

Stark county, Ohio, in 1823. His ancestors were German, though citizens of the United States for two or three generations. His opportunities for education were at first limited, but he early learned to make every occupation a means of culture. In 1847, at the age of twenty-four, he was married to Miss Emiline Rahn, of Canton.

In 1856, while assistant editor of the Ohio Farmer, he was elected corresponding secretary of the State Board of Agriculture; had he been styled General Secretary it would have better expressed the extent and scope of his duties. At the meeting of the Board, although usually some member acting as Recording Secretary made a minute of the business transacted, these records were arranged by Mr. Klippart for publication in the annual report. The reports from County Societies were placed in his charge, and by him arranged and sent to press. Preparations for each State Fair were made by the whole Board, or by its executive committee, but a large share of the work unavoidably fell upon the secretary. Members of the Board, without compensation, gave their time to arranging for and attending the State Fairs at great sacrifice of personal interests, consequently Mr. Klippart, the only salaried officer connected with the Board, was left to look after numerous details. During the fairs innumerable matters required his attention, the services of the Secretary were always in requisition; so when the fairs were over, an immense number of settlements and adjustments were necessarily referred to him.

Besides this, he kept the office through the year, and in addition to his legitimate duties, answered orally or by letter innumerable inquiries. Perhaps, none, except members of the Board, who of necessity were often in the office, could form an idea of the multitude of sensible and senseless questions to which the Secretary was expected to furnish a satisfactory answer.

In addition to this, Mr. Klippart performed a large amount of literary labor of higher character. He wrote essays on almost all agricultural topics of interest, many of which required extensive research; he also translated many of the best articles from French and German periodicals. He made laborious compilations of statistics, showing the condition and progress of agriculture within the State. Two elaborate treatises emanated from his pen; one on the Wheat Plant, the other on Drainage; these were first published in the annual reports and afterwards in book form.

In 1860 Governor Dennison appointed him

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

MAIN STREET, MASSILLON.

J. C. Harrings, Photo., 1887.

PROSPECT STREET, MASSILLON.

one of the Board of Commissioners to proceed to the Atlantic seaboard, to examine and report on the pleuro-pneumonia of cattle, which was then creating consternation among the stockmen of the country. In 1865 he visited Europe, made an extended tour and an able report upon the various agricultural institutions there in operation. In 1869 he was appointed by Governor Hayes one of the Assistant Geologists for the State Survey.

In 1873 he was appointed by Governor Noyes one of a Board of Commissioners to take measures for restocking the waters of the State with edible fish. In 1876 he attended the great Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, to present there the agricultural products of Ohio. From all these appointments and consequent services rendered to the State, the volumes of the Ohio Agricultural Reports have been enriched; they certainly constitute a body of agricultural literature upon which the people of any state might look with satisfaction. These twenty-one volumes form a splendid monument to his memory and will serve to remind the farmers of Ohio, of his services to the State, much better than any stately obelisk erected in a century. Mr. Klippart died October 24, 1878, being fifty-five years of age.

The above is from remarks made by J. M. Millikin and N. S. Townshend, members of the State Board of Agriculture, at a meeting of the Board soon after Mr. Klippart's death. It was also said that from the life of Mr. Klippart three important lessons might be learned. From the amount of work done by him in early life and the excellent training it afforded, one may learn that it pays a man *to work*. From the success of his arduous labors and the service he was enabled to render to the State, it evidently pays well to *work hard*. But in view of the exhaustion of his powers and comparatively early decline, it is equally evident that it does not pay to work *too hard*.

GEN. I. R. SHERWOOD.

ISAAC R. SHERWOOD was born in Stanford, N. Y., August 13, 1835. In 1854, he went to Antioch College, two years later

JOSEPH MEDILL.

entered the Ohio Law College, at Poland, O. In 1857, he located at Bryan, Ohio, and published the *Williams County Gazette*, which he put in full mourning when John Brown was hung at Harper's Ferry. April 16, 1861, the day following President Lincoln's call for volunteers, he left the office of Probate Judge and the newspaper business to enlist as a private in the 14th O. V. I.

February 14, 1863, he was promoted to rank of major in the 111th O. V. I., February 2, 1864, to lieutenant-colonel, and to colonel September 8, 1864. He particularly distinguished himself in a gallant charge at the head of his regiment, at Resaca.

At the battle of Franklin, November 30, 1864, he made an heroic defense of his position, the command fighting with muskets clubbed and bayonets, after the ammunition had given out. In recognition of this service, the Ohio civilians in Tennessee presented him with an elegant sword. President Lincoln promoted him to the rank of brevet brigadier general. He was mustered out with his regiment at Cleveland, July 15, 1865.

For a time he conducted the *Toledo Commercial*, later was on the editorial staff of the *Cleveland Leader*.

In 1868, he was elected Secretary of State and re-elected in 1870. He organized the

Bureau of Statistics and issued four annual reports, widely commented upon for their accurate exhibits. In 1872 he was elected to Congress. From 1875 to 1886 he published the *Toledo Journal*. From 1879 he served six years as Probate Judge of Lucas county. September 1, 1859, he married Miss Katharine Margaret Brownlee.

In 1888 Gen. Sherwood removed to Canton, O., to assume control of the *Stark County Democrat*.

JOSEPH MEDILL was born in New Brunswick, Canada, April 6, 1823. He removed with his father to Stark county in 1832. His boyhood was spent on a farm, later he studied law and practised at Massillon. In 1849 he founded a Free-soil paper at Coshocton. In 1852 he established the "*Leader*" in Cleveland. In 1854 he was one of the organizers of the Republican party in Ohio. In 1855 he became identified with the Chicago "*Tribune*," of which he is still the editor-in-chief. He was a member of the U. S. Civil Service Commission in 1871, and was elected Mayor of Chicago.

LYMAN U. HUMPHREY was born in Stark county, Ohio, July 25, 1844. At the outbreak of the war he enlisted as a private in the 76th O. V. I., participated in many important engagements, was wounded near Chattanooga, but refused to leave the field; he served for four years without losing a day, and when mustered out had been promoted to a first lieutenantcy.

After the war he attended Mt. Union College and then the University of Michigan. In 1868 he was admitted to the bar and removed to Independence, Kansas, his present home. He has served in both branches of the Kansas Legislature, was elected lieutenant governor in 1877 and again in 1879. In 1888 was elected governor by over 72,000 majority over his Democratic opponent and September 3, 1890, renominated for that office, by acclation, by the Republican State Convention. Governor Humphrey is the true type of the genial, industrious and energetic Kansan.

He has the distinction of being the first Governor to issue a proclamation officially creating a new holiday to be known as LABOR DAY. He recommended that Monday, Sept. 1, 1890, be observed and that business in the great "Prairie State" be at least so far suspended as to permit all who desired to participate in the public festivities of the occasion.

LYMAN U. HUMPHREY.

CHARLES FREDERICK MANDERSON was born in Philadelphia, Pa., February 9, 1837. In 1856 he removed to Canton, studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1859; was elected city solicitor in 1860, and in 1861, entered the army as first lieutenant in the 19th O. V. I. He rose to be colonel of his regiment. In September, 1864, he was so severely wounded that several months later he was obliged to resign from the army. He received the brevet of brigadier-general for gallant, long continued and meritorious service.

He resumed the practice of law in Canton; was twice elected district attorney. In 1869 he removed to Omaha, Neb., and 1882 was elected to the U. S. Senate by the Republicans. In 1888 he was re-elected to the Senate.

ALLIANCE is eighteen miles northeast of Canton, on the P. Ft. W. & C.; C. & P.; L. E. A. & S. and A. N. & A. R. Railroads.

Alliance was originally called Freedom, and was laid out in 1838, by Matthias Hester and John Miller. The original proprietors of the land were Matthias Hester, William Aultman, Michael and John Miller, Messrs. Scott and Cassidy. The first house was erected and the first store established by Mr. Hester. The growth of the town was very slow until the crossing of the P. Ft. W. & C. and C. & P. R. R. at this point gave it a new impetus. The population in 1850 was 250.

Gen. Robinson at this time gave the place the name of Alliance, on account of the relation it was expected the two systems of railroads would occupy to each other, although no alliance had been consummated at that time. Since then the

growth of the town has been steady, until it now stands among the important manufacturing centres of the State.

City Officers, 1888: O. M. Coxen, Mayor; James Culbertson, Clerk; Wm. Teel, Treasurer; Judson L. Philips, Solicitor; M. Stacey, Marshal; Matthew White, Street Commissioner. Newspapers: *Leader*, Independent Democrat, Wallace H. Phelps, editor; *Review*, Republican, J. W. Gillespie, editor; *American Carp Culture*, Fish Culture, L. B. Logan, editor and publisher. Churches: 2 Presbyterian, 1 Lutheran, 1 Catholic, 1 United Brethren, 1 German Reformed, 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Congregational, 1 Disciples, 1 Baptist, 1 Welsh Congregational, 1 Friends and 2 others. Bank: Alliance Bank Co., John Atwell, president, W. H. Ramsey, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—Elmer E. Cline, general machinery, 6 hands; Millord & Co., foundry work, 7; Stanley & Hawkins, flour and feed, 6; Alliance Steam Boiler Works, 4; G. L. Chapman, general machine work, 3; F. Baugh, castings, 8; Morgan Engineering Co., 400; J. T. Weybrecht, sash, doors and blinds, 14; The Solid Steel Co., 215; The A. W. Coats Co., hay-rakes, 26; George N. Yant, planing mill, 7.—*State Report, 1888.* Population, 1880, 4,636. School census, 1888, 1,832. C. C. Davidson, superintendent of schools. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, $51,300. Value of annual product, $154,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

Census, 1890, 7,607.

ALLIANCE DISASTER.

In 1867-68, there was built in Alliance an opera house at an estimated cost of $80,000. Even at the time of its completion the building was considered unsafe, owing to the use of poor material and hasty construction. Indeed, so well was this understood, that its property value was very materially affected thereby and the building was sold in 1877, for $9,000. At this time, some $14,000 to $16,000 were expended in improvements, but without permanently securing its safety as subsequent events demonstrated.

The frontage of the building was eighty feet, by the same depth; it consisted of four stories, containing stores, offices and assembly rooms with the third floor entirely occupied by the opera house auditorium, stage, etc., with a seating capacity

of one thousand, although fifteen hundred were sometimes crowded within its doors.

On June 2, 1886, two of the offices on the second floor, and three of the four stores on the street floor were occupied by business men. An adjoining two-story frame building east of the opera house, was occupied upstairs as a dwelling, by the family of George Myers, and downstairs by the grocery of James I. Rickard. Early in the day they discovered that their doors did not open and shut freely; they at once surmised the pressure of the yielding east wall of the opera house to be the cause and notified Mr. Florian Marchand, manager of the building. Later in the day, Mr. Marchand in company with J. T. Weybrecht, an expert builder, made an inspection of the building, with the result that its immediate vacation was ordered. At 4.30 Messrs. Marchand and Rickard were anxiously watching the building, when fragments of brick began to fall.

At once perceiving that the end had come, they raised the alarm. The frightened immates of the stores and offices came rushing out, none too soon. A long gap opened in the east wall, an awful roar swept over the startled city, a cloud of dust rose slowly against the slanting rays of the afternoon sun, and the stately pile fell crushed like an eggshell into utter and shapeless ruin.

The fire bell rang out clear in the awful silence that followed. Men and women stood for an instant spellbound with horror; then a cry arose on all sides: "The opera house has fallen!" Every mind instantly rested on the occupants of the ruined structure. Women screamed and fainted, men shuddered and turned pale, and all rushed to the scene, dreading the worst, scarcely daring to hope. As if by magic, the streets were black with people, with blanched faces and fast beating hearts. The general and intense relief can be imagined when it was definitely ascertained that positively no person was killed, or even injured. The families of the persons whose various occupations were conducted in the opera house block were naturally frantic with fear and terror, only equaled by the joy caused by the unexpected good news that all had escaped.

By a combination of circumstances peculiarly fortunate the great ruin became the tomb of no living being. Had those falling walls, sinking floors and crashing timbers engulfed, as well they might, hundreds of happy, unsuspicious pleasure seekers, the mind shudders at the awful picture.

That such a risk of terrible calamity as menaced the people of Alliance for a term of years was permitted in the State of Ohio, is evidence that our laws on the construction and maintenance of public buildings are not such as should satisfy the people.

Mount Union College, located at Mount Union, south of, and connected with Alliance by an electric railway, is a progressive institution that has exerted a wide educational, moral and religious influence. It had its beginning in a school founded by Rev. O. N. Hartshorn, D. D., LL. D., in 1846. It had unusual success and the outcome was the college, founded in 1858. The institution has had a phenomenal growth, largely owing to the energy of Dr. Hartshorn, ably assisted by his colleagues. It would have been impossible for the college to reach its present large proportions but, for the princely gifts and wise counsels of Hon. Lewis Miller, of Akron, and Messrs. C. Aultman and Jacob Miller, of Canton. Its buildings are handsome and extensive, beautifully situated on the grounds, which comprise some fifty-four acres. A new building has just been erected through the generosity of T. R. Morgan, Jr., of Alliance, Richard Brown, of Youngstown, and others. This building is to be used for a gymnasium and observatory, and is said to be one of the finest college edifices in the State.

The Museum of Art and Science is valued at more than a quarter of million dollars. Bayard Taylor said of it in the New York Tribune in 1876, "The museum of Mount Union College is among the best I ever visited anywhere, and the natural specimens are the most select and valuable I have seen in any country."

In 1886, Dr. Hartshorn retired from his long and useful career, and in 1888, Rev. Tamerlane Pliny Marsh, D. D., of Chicago, was elected his successor. Under his control the institution is rapidly increasing its sphere of usefulness. The institution has been attended by more than 18,000 persons, has graduated 1,477, and during the past year has had 580 students in its different departments. Among its most noted graduates are Gov. Humphrey, of Kansas, Bishop John H. Vincent, LL. D., of Buffalo, N. Y., Prof. H. S. Lehr, president of Ada Normal University, Von Jackson, Privy Counsellor to the King, Stuttgart, Germany, and many other eminent men.

MINERVA is on the line of Stark and Carroll counties, mostly in Stark, at the junction of the C. & C.; C. & P. and L. E. Alliance & Southern Railroads.

Its situation is pleasant, in a good country in the valley of the Big Sandy, near its head waters. City Officers, 1888: Mayor, James Jerome; Clerk, Wm. Unger; Treasurer, A. C. Unkefer; Marshal, T. J. Roach; Street Commissioner, Jos. Eiken. Churches: 1 Methodist Episcopal, 2 Disciples, 1 Lutheran and 1 Presbyterian. It has one newspaper, the "*Minerva News*," W. S. Knox, editor; 1 bank; Peet & Bro.'s Glass Bottle and Jar Works; Yost & Co's furniture making; car building factory, two planing and one grist mill, and water works, and is in a fine agricultural and coal mining region. Capital in manufactures, $109,100; value of annual products, $642,400.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

CANAL FULTON is fifteen miles northwest of Canton, on the Tuscarawas river, the Ohio canal, C. L. & W. and Massillon branch of the C. A. & C. Railroads.

City Officers, 1888: Charles H. Fisher, Mayor; J. W. Kirk, Clerk; J. M. Bergold, Treasurer; Jas. McLaughlin, Marshal and Street Commissioner. Newspaper: *Fulton Signal*, Independent, J. P. Yockey, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 United Brethren, 1 Reformed, 1 Presbyterian, 2 Catholic, 1 Methodist Episcopal and 1 other. Bank: Fulton, J. M. Bergold. Population, 1880, 1,196. School census, 1888, 575. I. M. Taggart, superintendent of schools. Principal manufactures are Fulton Wind Engine and Pump Co., and Fulton Tool and Manufacturing Co.

GREENTOWN is nine miles north of Canton, on the Valley Railroad. School census, 1888, 133.

LOUISVILLE is seven miles northeast of Canton, on the P. Ft. W. & C. R. R. It has five churches. Newspaper: *Herald*, Independent, L. P. Bissell & Co., editors and publishers. Bank: Louisville Deposit (Keim & Sons), John Keim, cashier. Population, 1880, 1,050. School census, 1888, 476. J. M. Kerstetter, superintendent of schools.

Louisville was almost entirely settled by French from the Rhine, of whom there are several thousand in this county. They form an excellent population and readily assimilate to the American customs. The French enter the English schools, while the Germans show more attachment to those in their native language.—*Old Edition.*

WAYNESBURG is twelve miles southeast of Canton, on the C. & P. R. R.

Newspaper: *Valley Enterprise*, Independent, Chas. A. Law, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Lutheran, 1 Disciples. Population, 1880, 622. School census, 1888, 198.

WILMOT is twenty miles southwest of Canton. School census, 1888, 167. Newspaper: *Review*, Independent, W. S. Spidle & Co., editors and publishers.

LIMAVILLE is seventeen miles northeast of Canton, on the C. & P. R. R. Population, 1880, 164.

NORTH LAWRENCE is fifteen miles west of Canton, on the P. Ft. W. & C. R. R. Population, 1880, 494.

MT. UNION is one and a half miles south of Alliance, on the L. E. A. & S. R. R. Population, 1880, 327. School census, 1888, 178. F. P. Shumaker, superintendent of schools.

NAVARRE is ten miles southwest of Canton, on the Tuscarawas river, the Ohio

Canal, C. L. & W.; W. & L. E. and C. & C. Railroads. Churches: 1 Catholic, 1 United Brethren, 1 Reformed Methodist, 1 Episcopal, 2 Lutheran. Newspaper: *Independent*, Independent, Frank M. Corl, editor and publisher. Population, 1880, 867. School census, 1888, 370. J. E. McKean, superintendent of schools. Coal mining is its principal industry. It is a very rich agricultural district, which also abounds in coal, fire-clay, lime and building stone.

Beach City is fourteen miles southwest of Canton, on the C. L. & W. and C. & C. Railroads. School census, 1888, 200.

Mapleton is eight miles southeast of Canton, on the C. & C. R. R. It has five churches. School census, 1888, 130.

New Berlin is five miles northwest of Canton, on the Valley R. R. School census, 1888, 173.

New Franklin is fifteen miles south of Canton. School census, 1888, 66.

Osnaburg is five miles east of Canton, on the C. & C. R. R. It has four churches. Population, 1880, 507. School census, 1888, 246.

Uniontown, P. O. Lake, is twelve miles north of Canton, on the Valley R. R. It has three churches. School census, 1888, 101.

Magnolia is twelve miles southeast of Canton, on the Tuscarawas Branch of the C. & P. R. R. School census, 1888, 130.

Marlboro is fourteen miles northeast of Canton. School census, 1888, 131.

SUMMIT.

Summit County was erected from Portage, Medina and Stark, March 3, 1840. It derived its name from having the highest land on the line of the Ohio canal, originally called "the Portage Summit." Along the Cuyahoga it is uneven and hilly; elsewhere level or undulating. It has immense beds of bituminous coal and fine clay. The soil is fertile and produces excellent fruit. The principal productions are wheat, corn, hay, oats, cheese, butter, potatoes and fruit.

Area, about 420 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 105,569; in pasture, 56,922; woodland, 23,513; lying waste, 4,343; produced in wheat, 552,269 bushels; rye, 1,121; buckwheat, 241; oats, 581,260; barley, 600; corn, 451,232; meadow hay, 26,082 tons; clover hay, 16,245; potatoes, 124,424 bushels; butter, 657,527 lbs.; cheese, 1,011,957; maple syrup, 14,944 gallons; honey, 3,903 lbs.; eggs, 345,814 dozen; grapes, 39,820 lbs.; wine, 349 gallons; sweet potatoes, 200 bushels; apples, 75,006; peaches, 8,990; pears, 2,067; wool, 86,801 lbs.; milch cows owned, 11,501. Ohio Mining Statistics, 1888.—Coal mined, 112,024 tons, employing 231 miners and 40 outside employees; fire clay, 3,000 tons. School census, 1888, 15,339; teachers, 379. Miles of railroad track, 154.

Townships and Census.	1840.	1880.	Townships and Census.	1840.	1880.
Akron city and Middlebury township co-extensive,		16,512	Northampton,	963	977
Bath,	1,425	1,039	Northfield,	1,031	1,076
Boston,	845	1,221	Norton,	1,497	2,066
Copley,	1,439	1,184	Portage,	2,382	2,540
Coventry,	1,308	2,305	Richfield,	1,108	1,253
Cuyahoga,		2,294	Springfield,		2,332
Franklin,	1,436	2,203	Stow,	1,533	911
Green,	1,536	1,827	Tallmadge,	2,134	1,455
Hudson,	1,220	1,817	Twinsburg,	1,039	776

Population of Summit in 1840, 22,469; 1860, 27,344; 1880, 43,788; of whom 29,198 were born in Ohio; 3,354, Pennsylvania; 1,644, New York; 182, Indiana; 124, Virginia; 42, Kentucky; 2,081, England and Wales; 2,275, German Empire; 1,321, Ireland; 499, British America; 207, Scotland; 200, France; and 109 Sweden and Norway. Census, 1890, 54,089.

Summit county is the centre of a region that for a radius of about forty miles differs from any other in the State in the existence of a number of natural lakes, such as Silver, Congress, Myers, Springfield, Long, Summit, Turkey Foot, Chippewa, etc. The origin of these lakes was glacial, and they were formed during the same era that produced the varied natural formations peculiar to the region in the vicinity of Cuyahoga Falls. This region is one of great interest to geologists, and furnishes opportunity for study and research as to the forces producing the external formation of the State.

The map given herein, which is from Prof. G. Frederick Wright's work on "The Ice Age in North America" (D. Appleton & Co., 1890), shows that the waters of the Cuyahoga and Tuscarawas rivers intermingled at one period of time. (See "The Great Dam at Cincinnati in the Ice Age," Hamilton county, also, "Glacial Man in Ohio.")

Here, at one of the highest points of the State, the dividing ridge separates, with but a few miles between them, the Cuyahoga, flowing north to Lake Erie, and the Tuscarawas, whose waters, through the Muskingum, reach the Ohio river. During the occupation of the Indians the region had many important advantages for the red men. It could be reached from the lake in canoes, and by carrying their birch-bark canoes seven miles, navigation was clear to the Ohio river. Fish and game were plentiful. OLD PORTAGE, at the head of navigation on the Cuyahoga, became a trading-post for whites and Indians. It was a recognized landmark in the western boundary line of the United States, in the treaty of Fort McIntosh in 1798. In the war of 1812 it was the rendezvous of the troops furnished by the Western Reserve.

The old Indian PORTAGE PATH was part of the ancient boundary between the *Six Nations* and the Western Indians. Its exact course is thus described with reference to present sites.

It left the Cuyahoga at the village of Old Portage, about three miles north of Akron. It went up the hill westward about half a mile to the high ground, where it turned southerly and ran about parallel with the canal to near the Summit lake; there took the low ground nearly south to the Tuscarawas, which it struck a mile or two above the New Portage. The whole length of the path was, by the survey of Moses Warren, in 1797, 8 miles, 4 chains and 55 links.

The First Settlement made in this county was at Hudson, in the year 1800, by Mr. David Hudson, the history of which we derive from a series of articles written by Rev. J. Seward, and published about the year 1835 in the Hudson *Observer*.

In the division of the Western Reserve among the proprietors, the townships of Chester and Hudson fell to the lot of Birdsey Norton and David Hudson.

Dangerous Travelling.—In the year 1799 Mr. Hudson came out to explore his land in company with a few others. On the way he fell in with Benj. Tappan, since judge, then travelling to his town of Ravenna. They started in his boat from Gerondigut bay, on Lake Ontario, early in May, and soon overtook Elias Harmon, since judge, in a boat with his wife, bound to Mantua. On arriving at Niagara, they found the river full of ice. They had their boats conveyed around the falls, and proceeded on their dangerous way amidst vast bodies of floating ice, having some of the men on the shore pulling by ropes until out of danger from the current of the Niagara. Arrived at the mouth of the lake, they found it full of floating ice as far as the eye could reach, and were compelled to wait several days ere they could proceed, which they then did along near the shore. When off Ashtabula county, their boats were driven ashore in a storm, and that of Mr. Harmon's stove in pieces; he proceeded from thence by land to Mantua. Having purchased and in a manner repaired Harmon's boat, Mr. Hudson shipped his effects in it,

and they arrived at Cleveland on the 8th of June.

Locating a Township.—Morse's Geography having given them about all the knowledge of the Cuyahoga that they possessed, they supposed it capable of sloop navigation to its forks. The season being dry, they had proceeded but a few miles when they found it in places only eight or ten inches deep, and were often obliged to get out, join hands, and drag their boats over the shallow places, and made but slow progress. After a lapse of several days, they judged they were in the latitude of the town of which they were in search. Mr. Hudson went ashore and commenced hunting for a surveyor's line much too far north, and it was not until after six days' laborious and painful search that he discovered, towards night, a line which led to the southwest corner of his township. The succeeding day being very rainy he lodged under an oak tree, without any covering except the clothes he wore, with the grateful pleasure of resting on his own land. In the morning he returned highly elated to the boats and gave information of his success.

Driving Cattle Through the Wilderness.—While in Ontario, New York, Tappan bought a yoke of oxen, and Hudson two yoke and two cows. These eight cattle they committed to the care of Meacham, a hired man in Tappan's service, who brought them safely on the Indian trail through Buffalo, until they found near the lake the west line of the seventh range on the Reserve. This line, it being the east line of the towns now named Painsville, Concord, Chardon, Monson, Newburg, Auburn, Mantua, Shalersville and Ravenna, they followed due south more than forty miles, crossing the Grand and Cuyahoga rivers, and striking the Salt Spring Indian trail near the southeastern corner of Ravenna. They followed this trail westwardly until they came to the new line recently made by Hudson and Tappan, which they followed to the spot where the boats were lying on the Cuyahoga, in Boston.

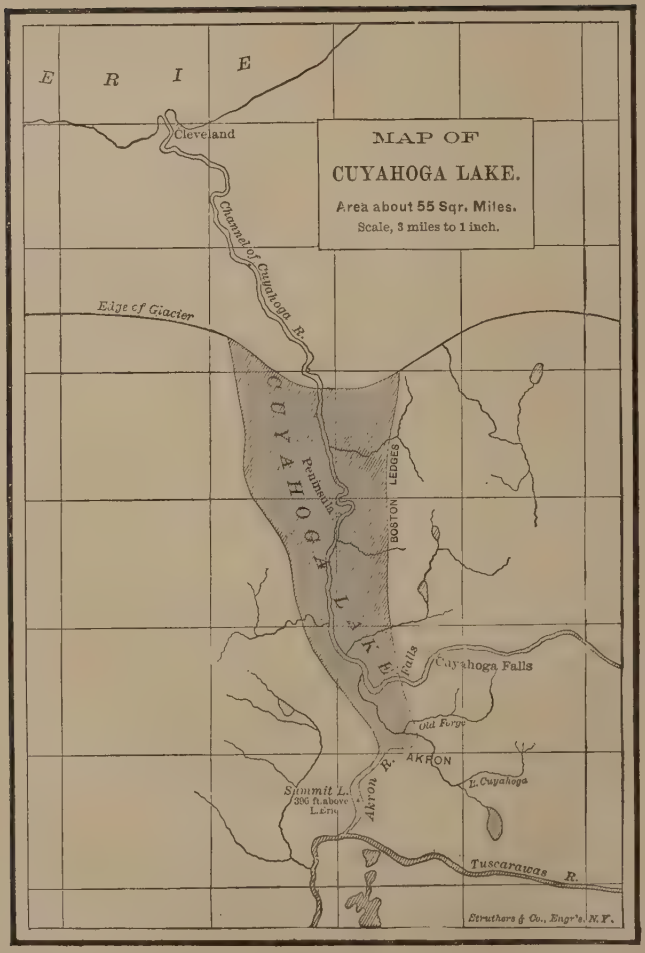
The difficulties encountered by these men in driving this small drove about three hundred miles on an obscure, crooked Indian path, and in following town lines through swamps, rivers and other obstacles fifty miles farther, almost through an uninhabited wilderness, were appalling; and what rendered their circumstances truly unpleasant, and in some cases hazardous, was that they were strangers to the country and without a guide. Their mode of travelling was to have several bags of flour and pork, together with two blankets and an axe, well secured on the backs of the oxen. They waded fordable streams and compelled their cattle to swim those that could not be forded, passing across those streams themselves with their provisions on rafts hastily made of sticks.

Vicious Flies.—Mr. Hudson's company being thus collected, his first care, after making yokes for his oxen, was to open some road to his land. The gullies they crossed were numerous and frequent, and often abrupt to an angle of forty-five degrees or more. On this road, bad as it was, they performed all their transportrtion in the year 1799, while their oxen were tormented and rendered almost unmanageable by immense swarms of large flies, which displayed such skill in the science of phlebotomy, that, in a short time, they drew out a large share of the blood belonging to these animals: the flies actually killed one of Tappan's oxen this season.

After having conveyed their small stock of provisions on to the southwest corner of this town and erected a bark hut. Mr. Hudson's anxiety became very great lest he and his company should suffer for want of provisions, his stock being very much reduced in consequence of the Indians having robbed his boat. Not hearing from Lacey, a man he had left behind in Western New York to bring on stores, and dreading the consequences of waiting for him any longer, Mr. Hudson started to meet him. Taking a boat at Cleveland, which was providentially going down the lake, on the 2d of July he found Lacey lying at his ease near Cattaraugus. With difficulty he there obtained some provisions, and having a prosperous voyage arrived in season, to the joy of those left in the wilderness, who must have been put upon short allowance had his arrival been delayed any longer.

Difficulty of Obtaining Provisions.—The company being thus furnished with provisions, they built a large log-house. Mr. Hudson also set his men to work in clearing a piece of land for wheat, and on the 25th of July he commenced surveying. The settlement now consisted of thirteen persons. In August every person except Mr. Hudson had a turn of being unwell. Several had the fever and ague, and in the progress of surveying the town into lots, the party frequently had to wait for some one of their number to go through with a paroxysm of ague and then resume their labors. By the middle of September they found to their surprise they had only nine days' provision on hand; and as Mr. Hudson had heard nothing from his agent, Norton, at Bloomfield, New York, he was once more alarmed lest they should suffer for want of food.

He immediately went to Cleveland and purchased of Lorenzo Carter a small field of corn for $50, designing to pound it in mortars and live thereon in case of necessity. He hastened back to his station, and having previously heard that Ebenezer Sheldon had made a road through the wilderness to Aurora, and that there was a bridle-path thence to Cleveland, he thought it probable that he might obtain pork for present necessity from that quarter. He accordingly set out on foot and alone, and regulated his course by the range of his shadow, making allowance for change in the time of day. He found the Cleveland path near the centre of Aurora, then a dense forest. Thence he proceeded about two and a half miles to Squire Sheldon's cabin, and on inquiring found that he could obtain no provisions within a reasonable



From Wright's *Ice Age in North America;* by courtesy of D. Appleton & Co., Publishers.

distance in that direction. The next morning, on his return, he found that the boat had arrived with an ample supply of provisions.

A Perilous Voyage.—Having completed his surveying on the 11th of October, Mr. Hudson left on the next day for Connecticut, to bring out his family, in company with his little son and two men. Being disappointed in not finding a good boat at Cleveland, he took the wreck of one he had purchased of Harmon, and embarked upon the dangerous enterprise of crossing the lake in it. It was so leaky that it required one hand most of the time to bail out the water, and so weak that it bent considerably in crossing the waves. During their passage, the weather was generally cold and boisterous; three different times they narrowly escaped drowning by reason of the darkness of the night or violence of the wind. Being under the necessity of lying five days on Chatague point, they lived comfortably during that time on boiled chestnuts, in order to lengthen out their small stock of provisions. Arrived at Goshen, Conn., Mr. Hudson found his family in health, and by the 1st of January, 1800, was in readiness to leave his native State with all its tender associations. "Thus," says he, "ends the eventful year 1799, filled with many trouples, out of all of which hath the Lord delivered me."

Harrowing Uncertainty.—Having taken an affecting farewell of his friends and acquaintances, whom he had left behind, Mr. Hudson set out from Goshen in January, with his family and others. They tarried at Bloomfield, Ontario county, New York, until spring, making preparations for their voyage through the lakes and up the Cuyahoga. They purchased four boats, from one to two tons' burden, and repaired thoroughly the wreck of Harmon's boat. Lightly loading them with supplies to the value of about two thousand dollars, they completed every necessary preparation by the 29th of April.

"The next night," said Mr. Hudson, "while my dear wife and six children, with all my men, lay soundly sleeping around me, I could not close my eyes, for the reflection that those men and women, with almost all that I held dear in life, were now to embark in an expedition in which so many chances appeared against me; and should we survive the dangers in crossing the boisterous lakes, and the distressing sickness usually attendant on new settlements, it was highly probable that we must fall before the tomahawk and scalping-knife. As I knew at that time no considerable settlement had been made but what was established in *blood*, and as I was about to place all those who lay around me on the extreme frontier, and as they would look to me for safety and protection, I almost sunk under the immense weight of responsibility resting on me. Perhaps my feelings on this occasion were a little similar to those of the patriarch, when expecting to meet his hostile brother. But after presenting my case before Israel's God, and committing all to his care, I cheerfully launched out the next morning upon the great deep."

The crews of their boats consisted of Samuel Bishop and his four sons, David, Reuben, Luman and Joseph, Joel Gaylord, Heman Oviatt, Moses Thompson, Allen Gaylord, Stephen Perkins, Joseph and George Darrow, William M'Kinley, and three men from Vermont by the names of Derrick, Williams and Shefford. The women in the company were the wives of Messrs. Hudson, Bishop and Nobles, with Miss Ruth Gaylord and Miss Ruth Bishop. The six children of Mr. Hudson completed the number.

They had little trouble until they reached the mouth of the Cuyahoga. The wind on that day being rather high, Mr. Hudson, in attempting to enter the river with his boat, missed the channel and struck on a sand-bar. In this very perilous situation the boat shipped several barrels of water, and himself and all his family must have been drowned had not a mountain wave struck the boat with such violence as to float it over the bar. When up the river, within about two miles of their landing-place, they stopped for the night a little north of Northfield, at a locality now known as The Pinery.

Waiting for the Fall of the Waters.—A tremendous rain in the night so raised the river by daybreak that it overflowed the bank whereon they slept, and even their beds were on the point of floating. Everything was completely drenched, and they were compelled to wait five days ere the subsiding waters would allow them to force their boats against the current. On the sixth day, May 28th, they reached their landing-place, from whence Mr. Hudson, leaving his wife and children, hurried to see the people whom he had left overwinter, and whom he found well.

About the time they completed their landing, Elijah Noble arrived with the cattle and Mr. Hudson's horse, which had been driven from Ontario by nearly the same route that the cattle were the preceding year.

Being busy in arranging for them, Mr. Hudson did not take his horse to the river to bring up his family for several days. When he arrived, he found his wife, who had cheerfully submitted to all the inconveniences hitherto experienced, very much discouraged. She and the children suffered severely from the armies of gnats and mosquitoes which at this season of the year infest the woods. After all the persons belonging to the settlement had collected, thanksgiving was rendered to the God of mercy, who had protected them in perils, preserved their lives and brought them safely to their place of destination. Public worship on the Sabbath was resumed, it having been discontinued during the absence of Mr. Hudson. "I felt," said he, "in some measure the responsibility resting on first settlers, and their obligations to commence in that fear of God which is the beginning of wisdom, and to establish those moral and religious habits on which the temporal and eternal happiness of a people essentially depends."

Mr. David Hudson died March 17, 1836, aged 75 years, leaving a memory revered, and an example of usefulness well worthy of imitation.

Hudson in 1846.—Hudson is twenty-four miles from Cleveland and thirteen northeast of Akron, on the stage road from Cleveland to Pittsburg. It contains

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.
WESTERN RESERVE COLLEGE.

two Congregational, one Episcopal and one Methodist church, four stores, one newspaper printing-office, two female seminaries, and about 600 inhabitants. The village is handsomely situated and neatly built, and the tone of society elevated, which arises in a great measure from its being the seat of the Western Reserve College.

The college buildings are of brick, and situated upon a beautiful and spacious green, in an order similar to the edifices of Yale, on which institution this is also modelled, and of which several of its professors are graduates. The annexed view was taken near the observatory, a small structure shown on the extreme right. The other buildings are, commencing with that nearest—south college, middle college, chapel, divinity hall, president's house, athenæum, and a residence of one of the professors, near the roadside, nearly in front of the athenæum.

The Medical College at Cleveland is connected with this institution. By the catalogue of 1846–7, the whole number of professors and instructors in the college was 19; the whole number of students 320, viz., 14 in the theological department; 216 in the medical department; 71 undergraduates and 19 preparatory.—*Old Edition.*

The college, while at Hudson, did a great work in the cause of education; its professors were largely graduates of Yale, some of whom attained national reputation, but it always was financially a struggling institution, and the salaries of its officers pitifully meagre. In consequence of an offer of half a million of dollars from Amasa Stone, the college was removed to Cleveland in 1882, and its classical department then named ADELBERT COLLEGE, in memory of Mr. Stone's "lost and lamented son."

The old college buildings are now occupied by the WESTERN RESERVE ACADEMY, which is for the education of both sexes. It was established in 1882 under the charter of the old college, which now comprises "Adelbert College" and "College for Women," at Cleveland. It is maintained by and is under the direction of the trustees of Adelbert College, and has an annual income of $3,000.

The academy is under the charge of Prof. Newton B. Hobart. The site is beautiful, comprising about thirty acres of land. It began with a higher standard than that of any other preparatory school in the State and its reputation is of the highest. In the eight years of its existence it has had about 400 students from fifteen different States, of whom 111 have graduated and 79 entered varied colleges, as Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Cornell, Amherst, Adelbert, Cleveland College for Women, Ann Arbor, etc.

HUDSON is twelve miles north of Akron and twenty-six southeast of Cleveland, on the junction of the C. & P. and C. A. & C. Railroads.

City Officers, 1888: H. B. Foster, Mayor; E. E. Rogers, Clerk; S. Miller, Treasurer; L. E. Reed, Marshal. Newspaper: *Express*, Independent, D. B. Sherwood & Son, editors and publishers. Churches: 1 Congregational, 1 Catholic, 1 Episcopal, 1 Methodist. School census, 1888, 263. C. F. Seese, superintendent of schools.

The celebration of the ninetieth birthday anniversary of Mrs. Anna M. Hudson Baldwin was held in the Congregational Church at Hudson, Tuesday, Oct. 28, 1890. From the programme of the commemoration exercises we derive these items:

Her father, David Hudson, the founder of the town, was a direct descendant of Hendrick Hudson, who discovered the Hudson river in 1609. Hendrick named his youngest son David, and he was the sixth David in that line. He was born at Branford, Connecticut, July 17, 1760. His daughter, Anna, was the first white child born in Summit county. This event took place in a hut of a single room, which stood at what is now the junction of Baldwin with Main street.

First Things, wheeled, arrived in March, 1802; log school-house, 1802; first burial in old cemetery, mother of John Brown, 1808; Congregational Church formed September 4, 1802, David Bacon, pastor, 1804 to 1807; first tannery opened by Owen Brown, father of John, 1805; college opened, 1826; removed to Cleveland 1882, and Western Reserve Academy organized; town celebrations, June 18, 1850 and 1856, and October 28, 1890.

At this celebration the president was Geo. L. Starr; the historical address by S. A. Lane, of Akron, the county historian; and another, "First ninety years of the century," by Hon. J. C. Lee, Toledo.

Akron in 1846.—The large and flourishing town of Akron, the county-seat, is on the Portage summit of the Ohio canal, at the junction of the Pennsylvania canal, 36 miles from Cleveland and 110 northeast of Columbus. The name of this town is derived from a Greek word signifying an elevation. Akron was laid out in 1825; where South Akron now is. In the fall of the same year, the Irish laborers on the Ohio canal put up about 100 cabins. South Akron grew rapidly for a few years; but in 1832 some buildings were put up half a mile farther north, and business in a short time centered here. In 1827 the Ohio canal was finished from Cleveland to this place. In 1841 Akron was made the county-seat of the new county of Summit. The same year the canal connecting Akron with Beaver, Pa., was opened, and a new impetus given to the town by these advantages.

Akron contains 1 Episcopal, 1 Congregational, 1 Baptist, 1 Methodist, 1 Disciples, 1 Universalist, 1 German Lutheran, and 1 Catholic church, 20 mercantile stores, 10 grocery, 4 drug and 2 book stores, 4 woollen factories, 2 blast and 3 small furnaces, 1 carding machine manufactory, 5 flouring mills, 1 insurance company, 1 bank, 2 newspaper printing-offices, and a great variety of mechanical establishments. The mercantile business of this town is heavy and constantly increasing, and immense quantities of wheat are purchased. The water privileges here are good, and manufacturing will eventually be extensively carried on. In 1827 its population was about 600; in 1840 it was 1,664, since which it is estimated to have doubled. Two miles south of Akron is Summit lake, a beautiful sheet of water on the summit of the Ohio canal. Part of its waters find their way to the St. Lawrence, and part to the Gulf of Mexico.—*Old Edition.*

A resident of Akron has given us some facts respecting the settlement of the country, and one or two anecdotes, which we annex.

In 1811 Paul Williams, Amos and Minor Spicer came from New London, Conn., and settled in the vicinity of Akron, at which time there was no other white settlement between here and Sandusky. We give an anecdote of Minor Spicer, who is still living at Akron. In the late war, one night just before retiring, he heard some one call in front of his house,

and went out and saw a large Indian with two rifles in his hand, and a deer quartered and hung across his horse. Spicer inquired what he wanted. The Indian replied in his own dialect, when the other told him he must speak English, or he would unhorse him. He finally gave them to understand that he wished to stay over night, a request that was reluctantly granted. His rifles were placed in a corner, his venison hung up, and his horse put into a large pig-stye, the only stable attached to the premises.

The Indian cut out a piece of venison for Mrs. Spicer to cook for him, which she did in the usual way, with a liberal quantity of pepper and salt. He drew up to the table and eat but a mouthful or two. The family being ready to retire, he placed his scalping-knife and tomakawk in the corner with his rifles, and stretched himself upon the hearth before the fire. When he supposed the family were asleep, he raised himself slowly from his reclining position and sat upright on the hearth, looking stealthily over his shoulder to see if all was still. He then got upon his feet and stepped lightly across the floor to his implements of death. At this juncture the feelings of Spicer and his wife may be well imagined, for they were only feigning sleep and were intently watching. The Indian again stood for a moment, to see if he had awakened any one, then slowly drew from its scabbard the glittering scalping-knife. At this moment Spicer was about putting his hand upon his rifle, which stood by his bed, to shoot the Indian, but concluded to wait further demonstration, which was an entirely different one from what he had anticipated, for the Indian took hold and cut a piece of his venison, weighing about two pounds, and laying it on the live coals until it was warmed through, devoured it and went to sleep. Mrs. Spicer's cooking had not pleased him, being seasoned too high. The day before he and his father lost themselves in the woods, and after covering his parent, under a log, with his blanket, he had wandered until he saw Spicer's light.

James Brown, or, as he was commonly called, "Jim Brown," was one of the early settlers in the north part of the county. He was known throughout the country as the head of a notorious band of counterfeiters. Few men have pursued the business so long without being convicted. Aside from this he was to a certain extent respected, for he had the externals of a gentleman in his conversation and address, and had many friends. He was a fine-looking man, over six feet in height, with a keen penetrating eye. He even held the office of justice of the peace when last arrested. He had often been tried before, and as often escaped. Once he was sentenced to the penitentiary from Medina, and the sheriff had nearly reached Columbus, when he was overtaken with a writ of error and set at liberty. It is said that large numbers of young men have been drawn into his schemes from time to time, and thereby found their way to the penitentiary. Many anecdotes are related of him.

He and a brother and one Taylor once supplied themselves with counterfeit paper and proceeded to New Orleans, where they purchased a ship with it and set sail for China, intending to make large purchases there with counterfeit notes on the United States bank. A discovery, however, was made, and they were apprehended before they had got out of the river, and brought back for trial, but he escaped by turning State's evidence. He escaped so often that it was said he could not be convicted. However, in 1846, he was taken the last time, tried at Columbus, and sentenced to the penitentiary for ten years. When first arrested, he said, "Well, boys, now the United States have taken hold of me, I may get floored; but I could have worried out a county."

AKRON, county-seat of Summit, about one hundred and ten miles northeast of Columbus, about thirty miles south of Cleveland, is an important manufacturing city, sewer pipe and stoneware being noted interests. It is the seat of BUCHTEL COLLEGE. Its railroads are: N. Y., P. & O.; C. A. & C.; Valley; and P. & W. It is also on the Ohio canal.

County Officers, 1888: Auditor, Charles W. F. Dick; Clerk, Othello W. Hale; Commissioners, King J. Ellet, Washington G. Johnston, Charles C. Hine; Coroner, Albert H. Sargent; Infirmary Directors, Stephen D. Miller, Joseph Moore, Eli Smith; Probate Judge, Charles R. Grant; Prosecuting Attorney, George W. Sieber; Recorder, Henry C. Searles; Sheriff, David R. Bunn; Surveyor, Charles E. Perkins; Treasurer, James H. Seymour. City Officers, 1888: Louis D. Seward, Mayor; Dayton A. Doyle, Solicitor; Newton Ford, Clerk; Arthur M. Cole, Treasurer; Simon M. Stone, Marshal; W. D. Chapman, Civil Engineer, Henry Acker, Street Commissioner; B. F. Manderbach, Chief Fire Department. Newspapers: *Beacon*, Republican, Beacon Publishing Co., editors and publishers; *Telegram*, Independent, F. S. Pixley, editor; *Germania*, German Independent, Germania Publishing Company, editors and publishers; *City Times*, Democratic, F. S. Pixley, editor; *Freie Presse*, German, Freie Presse Publishing Company; *American Farm News*, Aultman, Miller & Co., publishers; *Ohio Educational*

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

AKRON, FROM THE MEDINA ROAD.

AKRON, FROM NEAR THE MEDINA ROAD, 1890.

Monthly and National Teacher, educational, Samuel Findlay, editor. Churches: 1 Baptist, 1 Congregational, 2 Christian, 1 Hebrew, 1 Evangelical, 2 Methodist, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Universalist, 1 German Lutheran, 1 German Reformed, 1 Reformed, 2 Catholic, 1 Episcopal, 1 Lutheran, 1 United Brethren, 1 African Methodist Episcopal. Banks: Bank of Akron, George W. Crouse, president, George T. Perkins, cashier; Citizens' Savings and Loan Association, E. Steinbacher, president, W. B. Raymond, cashier; City National, J. B. Woods, president, F. W. Butler, cashier; First National, T. W. Cornell, president, W. McFarlin, cashier; Second National, George D. Bates, president, A. N. Sanford, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—Aultman, Miller & Co., harvesting machinery, 605 hands; J. F. Seiberling & Co., harvesting machinery, 256; The J. C. McNeil Co., steam boilers, etc., 32; Akron Twine and Cordage Co., twine and cordage, 60; Taplin, Rice & Co., stoves and general machine work, 16; F. Schumacher Milling Co., flour, etc., 276; Citizens' Electric Light Co., 6; D. W. Thomas, planing mill, 24; The Hower Co., oat products, 20; Allen & Co., flour and feed, 17; J. Park Alexander, fire-brick, 20; W. B. Doyle & Co., planing mill, 10; Baker, McMillen & Co., wood-turning, etc., 98; A. A. Bartlett, planing mill, 13; Dempsey Machine Co., general machine work, 12; D. E. H. Merrill & Co., stoneware, 49; Enterprise Manufacturing Co., hardware specialties, 35; The Hardware Manufacturing Co., hardware specialties, 17; The Thomas Phillips Co., flour sacks, 50; Christian Voght, carriages and wagons, 10; The B. F. Goodrich Co., mechanical and hard rubber, 260; The Akron Cracker Co., crackers and cakes, 14; Weary, Snyder, Wilcox Manufacturing Co., planing mill and box factory, 25; Webster, Camp & Lane Machinery Co., hoisting machinery, etc., 135; The Akron Belting Co., leather belting, 25; Werner Printing and Manufacturing Co., lithographing, printing, etc., 140; The Beacon Publishing Co., printing and bookbinding, 36; Akron Contracting and Cabinet Co., builders' supplies, etc., 25; Smith Brothers, druggists' supplies, etc., 24; The Akron Iron Co. bar iron, etc., 412; C. A. Hankey, planing mill, 15; The Diamond Match Co., matches, 664; Whitman & Barns Manufacturing Co., knives and sickles, 286; Miller Match and Chain Co., matches and chains, 138; J. C. Ewart & Co., roofing tile, etc., 70; The Selle Gear Co., spring wagons and truck gears, 46; The Buckeye Sewer-pipe Co., sewer-pipe, 40; The U. S. Stoneware Co., stoneware, 40; The Akron Sewer-pipe Co., sewer-pipe, 90; The Hill Sewer-pipe Co., sewer-pipe, 45; Whitmore, Robinson & Co., stoneware, etc., 129; The Seiberling Milling Co., flour and feed, 23; The Akron Fire-brick Co., fire-brick, 8; T. C. Budd, machine and foundry work, 7; Akron Steam Forge Co., iron and steel forging, 23; F. Horix, lager beer, 12; Robinson Brothers & Co., sewer-pipe, 70; Weeks Brothers, stoneware, 31; Viall & Markell, stoneware, 25; Cook, Fairbanks & Co., stoneware, 23; Akron Stoneware Co., stoneware, 43; F. W. Rockwell & Co., stoneware, 20; The Ohio Stoneware Co., stoneware, 32.—*State Report, 1888.*

Population in 1880, 16,512. School census, 1888, 7,707; Elias Fraunfelter, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, $7,202,000. Value of annual product, $7,487,369.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887.*

Census, 1890, 27,702.

Akron's Sewer-pipe Industry is famed throughout the whole country. The sewer-pipe has been in use in many cities for years and only gains added reputation by the test of time. It is manufactured in large quantities by skilled labor and powerful machinery. It is thoroughly vitrified and impervious to acids, gases or steam. The glaze being formed from the action of the vapors of salt upon the clay at a high temperature is not liable to scale or cut off by sewer gas, as is sometimes the case when a slip glaze of foreign substances is applied to the clay.

Of the clay beds which supply the material for Akron's sewer-pipe Dr. Orton says: "The potters' clays of Springfield township, Summit county, are among the best natural beds of stoneware clay in the State. The clay deposits are from six

to ten feet thick, overlain by shales and a hard sand-rock, and underlain by shales and occasionally by an inch or two of coal. The clays are of several grades of excellence; the poorest, or 'chuck' clay, which is commonly rejected, is found on the top of the bed. The beds are found close to the surface in the largest part of the territory. They are mined by long pits or trenches by which the whole area worked is taken clean and the refuse is piled back. In one or two instances the clays are mined by drifting, which gives a much cleaner product than the customary way. The district in which these clays are found is small, all the workings being at one place, viz., North Springfield, Summit county, where there are twelve or fifteen banks. They supply all the Mogadore, Tallmadge, Cuyahoga Falls and Akron stoneware potteries, which make at least twice as much stoneware as any other district in Ohio."

Akron has another industry—the MATCH INDUSTRY—which is almost as widely known as its famous sewer-pipe. One-fifth of the entire match product of the United States is made by one concern in Akron. The Barber Match Company was established in 1847 by George Barber, and became by consolidation a branch of the Diamond Match Company in 1881.

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

MIDDLEBURY FROM THE TALLMADGE ROAD.

The Akron branch of this concern use annually in the manufacture of matches 3,000,000 feet of white pine lumber, 70 tons of brimstone, 17,000 lbs. of phosphorus, 33,600 lbs. chlorate of potash, 30,000 lbs. of glue and 50,000 lbs. of paraffine wax. The work is largely done by improved machinery.

On the location of the canal at Akron the town of Middlebury began to lose its prestige, and its citizens decided that it must get increased water-power to hold its own against the young rival.

The MIDDLEBURY HYDRAULIC COMPANY was organized and authorized by the Legislature "to raise the natural surface of Springfield lake, in which the Little Cuyahoga had its rise, six feet, and lower it four feet below the natural surface. This gave to the water-power of the village a permanency and sufficiency that could be relied on at all times." In 1872 Middlebury was annexed to Akron as the sixth ward of that city.

MIDDLEBURY is now a part of Akron. In our old edition it was thus described as in the township of Tallmadge: "Two miles east of Akron and on both sides of the Little Cuyahoga is the village of Middlebury. As early as 1807 a grist mill was built on the site of the town by Amos Norton and Joseph Hart.

The town was laid out in 1818 by them, and soon became the most thriving village in this whole region until the canal was cut through to Cleveland, when Akron took away most of its trade. It has two churches and about 1,000 people." —*Old Edition.*

Within Akron's beautiful and well-kept Glendale cemetery stands the AKRON SOLDIERS' MEMORIAL CHAPEL, dedicated Decoration Day, 1876. At the time of its erection it was the only building of the kind in the country. Its erection is due to the Buckley Post of the G. A. R., aided by outside subscriptions. The chapel is a handsome stone structure, its cost $25,000. Built into its interior walls are fourteen marble slabs, engraved with the names of the fallen brave of Akron and Portage township.

A striking feature of the chapel are three beautiful memorial windows—one by the surviving members of the 29th O. V. I., in honor of the regiment and the late Col. Lewis P. Buckley, from whom the Post is named; a second, representing woman's work in the war; and the third, commemorative of three epochs in national history—Washington, Perry and Lincoln.

MEMORIAL CHAPEL.

There are also eight small memorial windows, individual contributions.

The admirable AKRON SCHOOL SYSTEM (see Vol. I., page 143) is the result of the efforts of Rev. I. Jennings, a young man, pastor of the Congregational church at Akron, who, in 1846, set himself to work to reorganize the common schools of Akron. Previous to this the schools of Akron were poor affairs, giving only the most rudimentary education, and even that was accorded to only about two-thirds of the children of school age.

In May, 1846, Mr. Jennings called a public meeting to secure better education, at which he was appointed chairman of a committee to submit a plan for improvement. At an adjourned meeting of citizens, held Nov. 21, 1846, the following plan received the unanimous approval and adoption of those assembled:

1. Let the whole village be incorporated into one school district.

2. Let there be established six primary schools in different parts of the village, so as best to accommodate the whole.

3. Let there be one grammar-school, centrally located, where instructions may be given in the various studies and parts of studies not provided for in the primary schools, and yet requisite to a respectable English education.

4. Let there be gratuitous admission to each school in the system for the children of residents, with the following restrictions, viz.: No pupil shall be admitted to the grammar-school who fails to sustain a thorough examination in the studies of the primary school, and the teacher shall have power, with the advice and direction of the superintendent, to exclude for misconduct in extreme cases, and to classify the pupils as the best good of the schools may seem to require.

5. The expense of establishing and sustaining this system of schools shall be thus provided for: First, by appropriating what public school money the inhabitants of the village are entitled to, and what other funds or property may be at the disposal of the board for this purpose; and secondly, a tax be levied by the Common Council upon the taxable property of this village for the balance.

6. Let six superintendents be chosen by the Common Council, who shall be charged with perfecting the system thus generally defined, the bringing of it into operation, and the control of it when brought into operation. Let the six superintendents be so-

chosen that the term of office of two of them shall expire each year.

This plan was embodied in an act passed by the Legislature, Feb. 8, 1847, excepting that the name of officers and mode of election of the sixth paragraph were changed.

From a historical sketch of the schools of Akron, by Judge C. Bryan, we quote the following: "The interval between the meetings, in May and November, 1846, was improved by Mr. Jennings in collecting information, maturing the plan and elaborating the report. The idea originated with Mr. Jennings, and the labor of visiting every home in the village, to ascertain what children went to school and who did not go, and who went to public schools and who went to private, and how much was paid for school instruction, was performed by him. He went to Cleveland and Sandusky city in the same interest, to see the operation of graded schools there. He procured estimates by competent mechanics of the cost of erecting a grammar-school building to accommodate 500 pupils, and omitted no detail of the plan that was necessary to show it in organic completeness; and whatever credit and distinction Akron may have enjoyed for the principle of free graded schools in Ohio is due to Mr. Jennings."

BUCHTEL COLLEGE stands on a beautiful and commanding eminence overlooking the city. It was founded in 1870 through the action of the State Convention of Universalists, and named in honor of John R. Buchtel, of Akron, who contributed $25,000 for the building and $6,000 for the endowment fund.

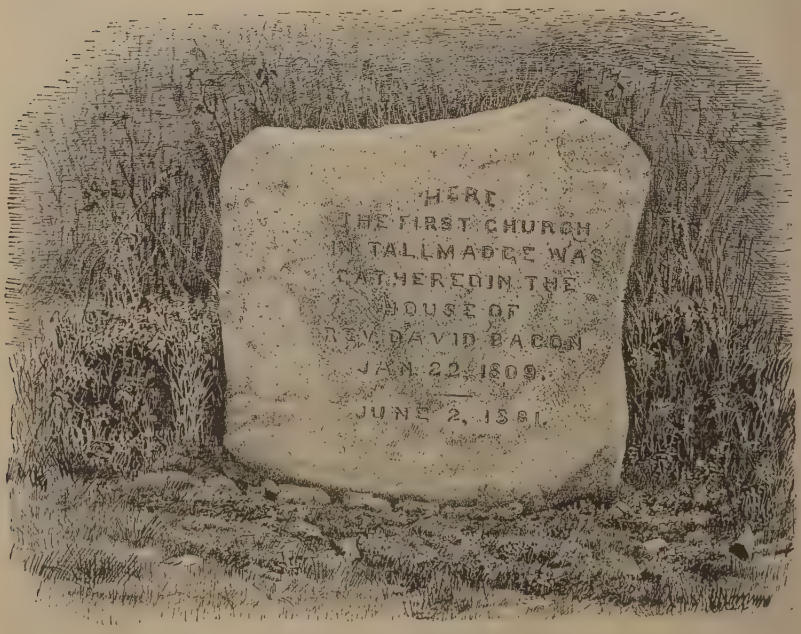
After the completion of the Ohio and Erie Canal, it was determined to make water connection between Cleveland and Pittsburg, and in 1841 the PENNSYLVANIA AND OHIO CANAL was completed from Akron to Beaver, Pa. For a time the canal flourished, but the competition of and later the control acquired by the Cleveland and Mahoning Railroad Company, led to its gradual disuse and dilapidation, until it became a menace to the health of those residing in its neighborhood. One night, in the spring of 1868, the banks were cut in three places, at and near Cuyahoga Falls, and its waters flowed out until the bottom appeared. The State threatened prosecution, but none was ever commenced and the breaks never repaired. Again, in the spring of 1874, the canal was cut by night in Akron by disguised men, but no one was punished, although the supposed guilty parties were arrested.

In 1838 a party of capitalists, largely Eastern men, undertook to build a great manufacturing city at a point between Cuyahoga Falls and Akron, to be called SUMMIT CITY. A joint stock company, with a capital of $500,000, was organized. The city was to be supplied with inexhaustible water-power, by means of a dam and canal diverting the waters of the Cuyahoga river. Work was begun and in 1839 water turned into the canal, but at this point the money gave out, and matters were at a standstill until in 1843 Horace Greeley, while on a visit to Akron, was so impressed by the scheme that, on his return to New York, he published in the *Tribune* an enthusiastic article, predicting that "Summit City" would become the "Lowell of the West." Nevertheless, no more money could be raised for the future "Lowell," and it "died a'bornin'." The lands of the company, called the "Chuckery," are now in the suburbs of Akron.

TALLMADGE, THE CHRISTIAN COLONY.

The history of the settlement of the township of Tallmadge is peculiar. At a drawing among the members of the Connecticut Land Company, at Hartford, Connecticut, Jan. 30, 1798, this township was drawn by the "Brace Company" and others. In 1803 the proprietors made a division. The Brace Company took all west of the meridian, one-half mile west of the centre line. The remainder of the township was taken by Ephraim Starr and Col. Benjamin Tallmadge, of Litchfield, from whom the township was named.

No settlement was made in Tallmadge until the summer of 1807, when Rev. David Bacon, a missionary in the Western settlements, built a log-house on the



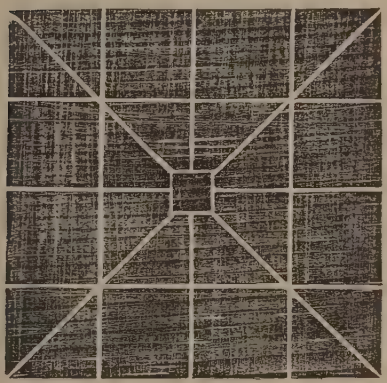
PORTRAIT AND MONUMENT OF
REV. DAVID BACON, MISSIONARY AND COLONIZER.

south line of the township, half a mile west of the centre, and moved in with his family, the only one in the township.

Mr. Bacon had conceived the idea of a religious colony, and made a contract with the owners for nearly the entire township; in all about 12,000 acres at $1.50 per acre. Payments were to be made upon time, but when payments were made for any part in full a deed was to be given.

In the preceding year he had a new survey made of the township upon his own plan. He divided it into sixteen squares of 1,000 acres each, called *Great Lots*, a mile and a quarter on each side. A road or highway was established sixty-six feet wide on each line of the Great Lots, except the exterior or township line. These roads all run north and south or east and west. A public square of seven and a half acres was laid out as a common centre for churches, schools, stores, etc. From this square roads ran to each of the four corners of the township. The plan is shown in the annexed diagram, as given in 1842, by Col. Charles Whittlesey (see page 521), in his sketch of Tallmadge. Here he passed his youthful days and from his sketch these facts are derived.

"At the common intersection of roads on the public square stands (1842) a guide-post, having eight fingers or hands, pointing in as many directions, with the names of two to four adjacent places painted upon each. On each of these avenues there are now planted double rows of elms from the adjoining forests. The northwest diagonal intersects the town line about half a mile east of the corner, in order to avoid the Cuyahoga river, and the southwest diagonal has a deviation in a straight course in the village of Middlebury; otherwise all these roads, amounting to forty-five miles in length, are now travelled in right lines through the town as laid out by Mr. Bacon.



It was the intention of the contractor, Mr. Bacon, to introduce a community of property to some extent, and among other things to have a large tract appropriated as a common pasture for all the sheep of the settlement, the proceeds to be drawn in proportion to the stock put in.

No immigrants were to receive land who were not professors of the Congregational or Presbyterian Church, and two dollars for each 100 acres was to be paid for the support of the gospel. The latter provision was inserted in some of the early contracts and deeds, but, in fact, never went into effect.

During the spring and summer of the year following Mr. Bacon's establishing here, families came in rapidly, nearly all originally from Connecticut, especially from Litchfield county; many came direct from other settlements in Ohio, as those from Ravenna who "were driven out," writes Whittlesey, "by the systematic oppression of a large proprietor and agent, Benjamin Tappan."

The first settlers prior to 1812 were: In 1808, Dr. A. C. Wright, Joseph Hart, Adam Norton, Charles Chittenden, Jonathan Sprague, Nathaniel Chapman, Titus, his father, Titus and Porter, and others of his sons, William Niel, Joseph Bradford, Ephraim Clark, Jr., George Kilbourne, Capt. John Wright, Alpha Wright, Eli Hill.

In 1809, Jotham Blakeley, Jotham Blakelee, Conrad Boosinger, Edmund Strong, John Wright, Jr., Stephen Upson, Theron Bradley, Peter Norton.

In 1810, Elizur Wright, Justus Barnes, Shubel H. Lowrey, David, John,

Samuel, David, Jr., and Lot Preston, Drake Fellows, Samuel M'Coy, Luther Chamberlin, Rial M'Arthur, Justin Bradley.

In 1811, Deacon S., Norman, Harvey, Leander, Cassander, Eleazar and Salmon Sackett, Daniel Beach, John Carruthers, Reuben Upson, and Asa Gillett.

On the 21st of January, 1809, Geo. Kilbourne and his wife Almira, Justin E. Frink, Alice Bacon, wife of David Bacon, Hepsibah Chapman, Amos C. Wright, and Lydia, his wife, and Ephraim Clark, Jr., with his wife Alva A. Clark, associated themselves together as a church, named the Church of Christ in Tallmadge. Thus in the second year of its existence were the principles of the Bible adopted as the rule of moral government in this settlement. In 1813 the church had twenty-seven members, mostly heads of families within the township.

The stern purity of those New Englanders relaxed none of its rigor in consequence of a removal from the regular administration of the gospel in the East to the depths of a Western wilderness. The usual depreciation of morals in new countries was not experienced here. To this day the good effects of this primitive establishment of religion and order are plainly visible among this people and their posterity, who will no doubt exhibit them through all time.

Individuals not professors of religion considered it a paramount duty to provide for religious services on the Sabbath. Elizur Wright, who became an extensive proprietor in the Brace Company's tract, readily adopted the plan of Mr. Bacon, and inserted it in his first conveyance. But this scheme was considered by most of the inhabitants as an encroachment upon their personal independence, and was generally resisted. Very early, however, a regular mode of contribution was established for the support of the gospel.

The materials of society which Mr. Bacon had introduced were not of the proper kind to carry out his project. There was too much enterprise and independence of feeling among the early settlers to form a community of the character contemplated by him. Differences of a personal nature rose between him and many of the inhabitants, both upon pecuniary and religious matters. His purchases being made on time, without means and at high prices, and the sales not being sufficient, payments were not made to the original proprietors; the expenses of survey had been considerable, interest accumulated and the contract was finally abandoned. He left this region in the spring of 1812. The lands not sold came back to the proprietors; and some that had been sold and the payments not made to them were in the same situation. The large owners at this time were Tallmadge and Starr in the central and eastern part; Elizur Wright and Roger Newberry in the west.

In the summer of 1875 two of the grandsons of Mr. Bacon, both Congregational clergymen, Theodore Woolsey Bacon and David Bacon, came from the East, and selecting a boulder had engraved upon it an historical statement, as a memorial to him and the founding of the church. A picture of it on another page is engraved from a photograph. A large concourse of people attended the memorial services, which consisted of addresses by the grandsons and others, with prayer and songs. The site is about two miles south of the centre and half a mile north of the Cuyahoga, on the spot where stood the Bacon cabin, the ground having been purchased for the purpose.

HISTORICAL MISCELLANY.

Driving Away the Evil Spirit.

On June 17, 1806, an eclipse of the sun occurred. It occasioned much consternation among ignorant whites throughout Ohio, and great terror among the Indians. Those in Summit county were greatly frightened, notwithstanding its having been foretold by some of their squaws, who were not believed and put to death for witchcraft. (The squaws probably got their information from some of the whites.)

When the sun was obscured, the terrified savages gathered together, and forming a circle, commenced marching around in regular order, each one firing his gun and making all the noise possible, so as to frighten away the evil spirit menacing the destruction of the world.

One "brave," who had fired off his rifle just as the shadow began to pass from the sun, claimed the distinction of having driven away the evil spirit—a claim which his fellow-barbarians recognized, and for his valor-

ous deed and invaluable service, at once raised him to the dignity of chieftainship.

Stigwanish and his Totem.

Stigwanish, or Seneca, as he was sometimes called by the whites, although that was the name of his tribe, had many noble traits of character, was friendly to the whites and much respected by them. (See Lake County).

His people for years cultivated corn fields near where the village of Cuyahoga Falls now stands. In Boston township they erected a wooden god or totem, around which they held feasts and dances, before starting on hunting and possibly marauding expeditions.

They would make offerings and hang tobacco round the neck of the totem, which the white settlers would steal as soon as the Indians had left. The tobacco was said to have been of a superior quality.

When the Indians went farther west in 1812, this god was taken with them.

Death of Nickshaw.

Stigwanish had a son, "George Wilson," and a son-in-law, Nickshaw, each of whom was killed by a white hunter named Williams at different times, but in both cases under circumstances hardly creditable to the white hunter. The death of Nickshaw occurred in December, 1806; he had traded a pony with one of the settlers, and being worsted in the bargain wanted to trade back, which John Diver, the settler, refused to do. Nickshaw threatened vengeance; he told the settlers he had been cheated, and intended to shoot Diver. Later, while at the cabin of his brother, Nickshaw and another Indian called and tried to get Diver to come out, but he would not, and his brother Daniel went out to placate the Indians when he was fired upon, and though not mortally wounded was blinded for life.

The Indians fled, and a party of settlers, under Maj. H. Rogers, started in pursuit. They came upon the camp of the Senecas about midnight on a cold, clear night, at a point near the northwestern boundary of the county. Surrounding the camp they closed in upon the Indians, but Nickshaw escaped them and fled to the woods. He was followed, by George Darrow and Jonathan Williams, who, after a three mile chase, overtook Nickshaw and called upon him to yield; this he refused to do, although without means of defence. Williams then shot over his head to frighten him into subjection, but without the desired effect; whereupon he fired again, killing the Indian. The body was placed under a log and covered with brush. Afterward it was decently buried by the whites.

Some of the settlers, deeming the death of Nickshaw unwarrantable and likely to occasion trouble with the Indians, demanded an investigation. The investigation, however, ended in a "hoe-down," with plenty of whiskey and a $5 collection for Williams.

Williams, the Hunter.

Johathan Williams belonged to that class of old pioneer hunters who knew no fear, were fully equal to the Indians in woodcraft, and bore them an inveterate hatred. He lost no opportunity to kill an Indian. He was six feet in height, with strong physique, swarthy complexion, lithe and noiseless in his movements. He supported a family. With his two dogs and rifle he was feared and shunned by the Indians, and was continually on his guard against them, as his life was threatened many times.

Death of "George Wilson."

On one occasion, stopping at the house of one of the settlers, Williams was told that "George Wilson," a good-for-nothing son of Stigwanish, had been there, drunk and ugly, and had made an old woman, whom he found alone, dance for his amusement until she sank to the floor from exhaustion. Williams at once started after the Indian, and overtook him in the vicinity of a piece of "Honeycomb swamp." Taking advantage of the Indian while off his guard, he shot and killed him. Then depositing the body in the swamp, he pushed it down into the mud until it sunk out of sight.

The disappearance of "George Wilson" created a great sensation among the Senecas, but it was not known until years afterward what had become of him, although the Indians and settlers suspected Williams as the cause of it.

"Blue Law" in Ohio.

Some years after the organization of Copley township in 1819, one of its citizens, early one Sunday morning, was aroused from his slumbers by the noise of a great commotion in his pig pen. Hastily donning his clothes, he seized a rifle and rushed out of his cabin just in time to see a bear disappear in the forest with one of his pigs. He pursued the bear and shot it; whereupon he was brought before the Squire for violating the Sabbath, and fined $1. Shortly afterward the citizen left that community and joined the Mormons. The historian does not so state, but if he was prompted to this as a result of the fine imposed for violating the Sabbath, he was so far, perhaps, justified in joining the Mormons, who had no laws against shooting marauding bears on the "Lord's day."

A Lottery Scheme.

In 1807 the improvement of the Cuyahoga and Tuscarawas rivers was the great idea of Northwestern Ohio. Col. Charles Whittlesey gives the following interesting description of a scheme to this end:

"It was thought that if $12,000 could by some means be raised the channels of those streams could be cleared of logs and trees and the portage path made passable for

loaded wagons. Thus, goods might ascend the Cuyahoga in boats to Old Portage, be hauled seven miles to the Tuscarawas, near New Portage, and thence descend that stream in bateaux. This great object excited so much attention that the Legislature authorized a lottery to raise the money."

The tickets were headed "Cuyahoga and Muskingum Navigation Lottery." They were issued in May, 1807, the drawing to take place at Cleveland, the first Monday in January, 1808, or as soon as three-fourths of the tickets were sold. There were 12,800 tickets at $5 each. There were to be 3568 prizes, ranging from one capital prize of $5000; two second prizes of $2500 each, down to 3400 at $10. The drawing never came off. Many years after, those who had purchased tickets received their money back, without interest.

A Destructive Tornado.

On the 20th of October, 1837, there passed through Stow township a tornado of great destructive power. It occurred about three o'clock in the morning, struck the western part of the township, passed north of east, and exhausted itself near the center of the township. Its roar was terrific, its force tremendous; in its course through heavy timber, every tree within a path forty rods wide was snapped like a pipe-stem. It was accompanied by vivid flashes of lightning, roaring thunder, and downpouring rain. It passed over Cochran pond. The residence of Frederick Sandford was torn to fragments, killing his two sons and mother-in-law outright, injuring Mr. Sandford so that he died within a few hours, while Mrs. Sandford and her daughter escaped severe injury. Other houses were struck and felled or damaged, but no other deaths resulted. Farm utensils were twisted and torn to pieces. Domestic animals killed, as well as fowls and birds; the latter being plucked clean of feathers.

Remarkable Case of Circumstantial Evidence.

One of the most remarkable cases of circumstantial evidence occurred in Northfield township. It came near resulting in the conviction for murder of an innocent man. The circumstances are quoted from Gen. L. V. Bierce's "History of Summit County," a work valuable for its preservation of pioneer history:

"An Englishman, named Rupert Charlesworth, who was boarding with Dorsey Viers in 1826, suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. He was traced to the cabin of Viers on the night of the 23d of July, but on the following morning when a constable went there to arrest him, he was gone and no trace of him could be found. On the arrival of the constable, Mrs. Viers was found mopping up the floor. Questions were asked, but Mrs. Viers told contradictory stories as to the disappearance of the man, alleging in one instance that he jumped out of the window and ran off and could not be caught; and in another, that he left when Viers was asleep, and the latter knew nothing of his whereabouts. A few days later some one announced having heard the report of a rifle at Viers' cabin the night of the man's disappearance, and of having seen blood on a pair of bars which led from the cabin to the woods. Years rolled on, and the excitement grew stronger with age, until, on the 8th of January, 1831, complaint was entered before George Y. Wallace, Justice of the Peace, that Viers had murdered Charlesworth. Viers was arrested, and a trial of eight days followed. Not only were the circumstances above narrated proved, but a hired girl who was working for Viers at the time of the man's disappearance, swore that a bed blanket used by Charlesworth was missing from the cabin on the day of his departure, and that it was afterward found concealed under a haystack, with large, black spots on it, resembling dried and clotted blood. It was also proved that Charlesworth had a large amount of money, and that Viers was, previous to the disappearance of the man, comparatively poor, but immediately afterward was flush of money. To complete the chain of circumstantial evidence, a human skeleton had been found under a log in the woods, beyond the bars already mentioned. Matters were in this shape when two men from Sandusky unexpectedly appeared and swore that they had seen Charlesworth alive and well after the time of the supposed murder, though when seen he was passing under an assumed name. On this testimony Viers was acquitted; but his acquittal did not change public sentiment as to his guilt. It was generally believed that the witnesses had been induced to perjure themselves. Viers, however, did not let the matter rest at this stage. He began a vigorous and protracted search for the missing man, and continued it with unwavering perseverance.

He visited all parts of the Union, and, after a search of years, he one day went into a tavern at Detroit, and in the presence of a large assemblage of men, inquired if any one knew of a man named Charlesworth. All replied no. Just as he was about to leave a man stepped up to him, and taking him to one side, inquired if his name was Viers, from Northfield. Viers replied that it was. The stranger then said, "I am Rupert Charlesworth, but I pass here under an assumed name." Charlesworth was informed of all that had taken place, and he immediately volunteered to go to Northfield and have the matter cleared up. On their arrival a meet- of the township was called, and after a thorough investigation it was the unanimous vote, with one exception, that the man alleged to have been murdered now stood alive before them. It appears that he had passed a counterfeit ten-dollar bill on Deacon Hudson, and fearing an arrest, he left the cabin of Viers suddenly, and soon afterward went to England, where here mained two years, at the

end of which time he returned to the United States under an assumed name, and went into the backwoods of Michigan, where his real name, former residence and history were unknown. The name of the family was thus, almost by accident, cleared of infamy and shame. This remarkable case is rivalled only by the celebrated case of the Bournes in Vermont."

Experiences of David Bacon, Missionary and Colonizer.

Rev. David Bacon, the founder of Tallmadge, was born in Woodstock, Conn., in 1771, and died in Hartford, in 1817, at the early age of forty-six years, worn out by excessive labors, privations and mental sufferings, largely consequent upon his financial failure with his colony. He was the first missionary sent to the Western Indians from Connecticut. His means were pitifully inadequate; but with a stout heart reliant upon God he started, August 8, 1800, from Hartford, afoot and alone through the wilderness, with no outfit but what he could carry on his back. At Buffalo creek, now the site of the city of Buffalo, took vessel for Detroit, which he reached September 11, thirty-four days after leaving Hartford, where he was hospitably received by Major Hunt, commandant of the United States garrison there. After a preliminary survey he returned to Connecticut, and on the 24th of December was married at Lebanon to Alice Parks, then under eighteen years of age; a week later, on the last day of the last year of the last century, December 31, 1800, he was ordained regularly to the specific work of a missionary to the heathen, the first ever sent out from Connecticut.

On the 11th of February, 1801, with his young wife, he started for Detroit, going through the wilderness of New York and Canada by sleigh, and arrived there Saturday, May 9. The bride, before she got out of Connecticut, had a new and painful experience. They stopped at a noisy country tavern at Canaan. They were a large company altogether; some drinking, some talking, and some swearing; and this they found was common at all the public-houses.

Detroit at this time was the great emporium of the fur trade. The Indian traders were men of great wealth and highly cultivated minds. Many of them were educated in England and Scotland at the universities, a class to-day in Britain termed "university men." They generally spent the winter there, and in the spring returned with new goods brought by vessels through the lakes. The only Americans in the place were the officers and soldiers of the garrison, consisting of an infantry regiment and an artillery company, the officers of which treated Mr. Bacon and family with kindness and respect. The inhabitants were English, Scotch, Irish and French, all of whom hated the Yankees. The town was enclosed by cedar pickets about twelve feet high and six inches in diameter, and so close together one could not see through. At each side were strong gates which were closed and guarded, and no Indians were allowed to come in after sundown or to remain overnight.

Up to his arrival in Detroit the Missionary Society paid him in all $400; then, until September, 1803, he did not get a cent. He began his support teaching school, at first with some success; but he was a Yankee, and the four Catholic priests used their influence in opposition. His young wife assisted him. They studied the Indian language, but made slow progress, and their prospect for usefulness in Detroit seemed waning.

On the 19th of February, 1802, his first child was born at Detroit—the afterwards eminent Dr. Leonard Bacon. In the May following he went down into the Maumee country, with a view to establish a mission among the Indians. The Indians were largely drunk, and he was an unwilling witness to their drunken orgies. Little Otter, their chief, received him courteously, called a council of the tribe, and then, to his talk through an interpreter, gave him their decision that they wouldn't have him. It was to this effect:

Your religion is very good, but only for white people; it will not do for Indians. When the Great Spirit made white people, he put them on another island, gave them farms, tools to work with, horses, horned cattle, and sheep and hogs for them, that they might get their living in that way, and he taught them to read, and gave them their religion in a book. But when he made Indians he made them wild, and put them on this island in the woods, and gave them the wild game that they may live by hunting. We formerly had a religion very much like yours, but we found it would not do for us, and we have discovered a much better way.

Seeing he could not succeed he returned to Detroit. He had been with them several days, and twice narrowly escaped assassination from the intoxicated ones. His son, Leonard, in his memoirs of his father, published in the *Congregational Quarterly* for 1876, and from which this article is derived, wrote:

Something more than ordinary courage was necessary in the presence of so many drunken and half-drunken Indians, any one

of whom might suddenly shoot or tomakawk the missionary at the slightest provocation or at none. The two instances mentioned by him, in which he was enabled to baffle the malice of savages ready to murder him, remind me of another incident.

It was while my parents were living at Detroit, and when I was an infant of less than four months, two Indians came as if for a friendly visit; one of them a tall and stalwart young man, the other shorter and older. As they entered my father met them, gave his hand to the old man, and was just extending it to the other, when my mother, quick to discern the danger, exclaimed, "See! he has a knife." At the word my father saw that, while the Indian's right hand was ready for the salute, a gleaming knife in his left hand was partly concealed under his blanket.

An Indian, intending to assassinate, waits until his intended victim is looking away from him and then strikes. My father's keen eye was fixed upon the murderer, and watched him eye to eye. The Indian found himself strangely disconcerted. In vain did the old man talk to my father in angry and chiding tones—that keen black eye was watching the would-be assassin. The time seemed long. My mother took the baby [himself] from the birch-bark cradle, and was going to call for help, but when she reached the door she dared not leave her husband. At last the old man became weary of chiding: the young man had given up his purpose for a time and they retired.

Failing on the Maumee, Mr. Bacon soon after sailed with his little family to Mackinaw. This was at the beginning of the summer, 1802, Mackinaw was then one of the remotest outposts of the fur trade and garrisoned by a company of United States troops. His object was to establish a mission at Abrecroche, about twenty miles distant, a large settlement of Chippewa Indians, but they were no less determined than those on the Maumee that no missionary should live in their villages. Like those, also, they were a large part of the time drunk from whiskey supplied in abundance by the fur traders in exchange for the proceeds of their hunting excursions. They had at one time no less than 900 gallon kegs on hand.

His work was obstructed from the impossibility of finding an interpreter, so he took into his family an Indian lad, through whom to learn the language—his name Singenog. He remained at Mackinaw about two years, but the Indians would never allow him to go among them. Like the Indians generally they regarded ministers as another sort of conjurors, with power to bring sickness and disease upon them.

At one time early in October, the second year, 1803, Singenog, the young Indian, persuaded his uncle, *Pondega Kauwan*, a head chief, and two other Chippewa dignitaries, to visit the missionary, and presenting to him a string of wampum, Pondega Kauwan made a very non-committal, dignified speech, to the effect that there was no use of his going among them; that the Great Spirit did not put them on the ground to learn such things as the white people. If it was not for rum they might listen, "but," concluded he, "RUM is our MASTER." And later he said to Singenog, "*Our father is a great man and knows a great deal; and if we were to know so much, perhaps, the Great Spirit would not let us live.*"

After a residence at Mackinaw of about two years and all prospects of success hopeless, the Missionary Society ordered him to New Connecticut, there to itinerate as a missionary and to improve himself in the Indian language, etc. About the 1st of August, 1804, with his wife and two children, the youngest an infant, he sailed for Detroit. From thence they proceeded in an open canoe, following the windings of the shore, rowing by day and sleeping on land by night, till having performed a journey of near 200 miles, they reached, about the middle of October, Cleveland, then a mere hamlet on the lake shore.

Leaving his family at Hudson, he went on to Hartford to report to the Society. He went almost entirely on foot a distance of about 600 miles, which he wearily trudged much of the way through the mud, slush and snow of winter. An arrangement was made by which he could act half the time as pastor at Hudson, and the other half travel as a missionary to the various settlements on the Reserve. On his return, a little experience satisfied him that more could be done than in any other way for the establishment of Christian institutions on the Reserve, by the old Puritan mode of colonizing, by founding a religious colony strong enough and compact enough to maintain schools and public worship.

An ordinary township, with its scattered settlements and roads at option, with no common central point, cannot well grow into a town. The unity of a town as a body politic depends very much on fixing a common centre to which every homestead shall be obviously related. In no other rural town, perhaps, is that so well provided as in Tallmadge. "Public spirit, local pride," writes Dr. Bacon, "friendly intercourse, general culture and good taste, and a certain moral and religious steadfastness, are among the characteristics by which Tallmadge is almost proverbially distinguished throughout the Reserve. No observing stranger can pass through the town without seeing it was planned by a sagacious and far-seeing mind."

It was fit that he who had planned the settlement, and who had identified with it all his hopes for usefulness for the remainder of his life, and all his hopes of a competence for his family, should be the first settler in the township. He did not wait for hardier adventurers to encounter the first hardships and to break the loneliness of the woods. Selecting a temporary location near an old Indian trail, a few rods from the southern

boundary of the township, he built the first log cabin, and there placed his family.

I well remember the pleasant day in July, 1807, when that family made its removal from the centre of Hudson to a new log-house, in a township that had no name and no other human habitation. The father and mother, poor in this world's goods, but rich in faith and in the treasure of God's promises; rich in their well-tried mutual affection; rich in their expectation of usefulness and of the comfort and competence which they hoped to achieve by their enterprise; rich in the parental joy with which they looked upon the three little ones that were carried in their arms or nestled among their scanty household goods in the slow-moving wagon—were familiar with whatever there is in hardship and peril or disappointment, to try the courage of the noblest manhood or the immortal strength of a true woman's love. The little ones were natives of the wilderness—the youngest a delicate nursling of six months, the others born in a remoter and more savage West. These five, with a hired man, were the family.

I remember the setting out, the halt before the door of an aged friend to say farewell, the fording of the Cuyahoga, the day's journey of somewhat less than thirteen miles along a road that had been cut (not made) through the dense forest, the little cleared spot where the journey ended, the new log-house, with what seemed to me a stately hill behind it, and with a limpid rivulet winding near the door. That night, when the first family worship was offered in that cabin, the prayer of the two worshippers, for themselves and their children, and for the work which they had that day begun, was like the prayer that went up of old from the deck of the Mayflower or from beneath the wintry sky of Plymouth.

One month later a German family came within the limits of the town; but it was not till the next February that a second family came, a New England family, whose mother tongue was English. Well do I remember the solitude of that first winter, and how beautiful the change was when spring at last began to hang its garlands on the trees.

The next thing in carrying out the plan to which Mr. Bacon had devoted himself was to bring in, from whatever quarter, such families as would enter into his views and would co-operate with him for the early and permanent establishment of Christian order. It was at the expense of many a slow and weary journey to older settlements that he succeeded in bringing together the families who, in the spring and summer of 1808, began to call the new town their home. His repeated absences from home are fresh in my memory, and so is the joy with which we greeted the arrival of one family after another coming to relieve our loneliness; nor least among the memories of that time is the remembrance of my mother's fear when left alone with her three little children. She had not ceased to fear the Indians, and sometimes a straggling savage, or a little company of them, came by our door on the old portage path, calling, perhaps, to try our hospitality, and with signs or broken English phrases asking for whiskey. She could not feel that to "pull in the latch-string" was a sufficient exclusion of such visitors; and in my mind's eye I seem now to see her frail form tugging at a heavy chest, with which to barricade the door before she dared to sleep. It was, indeed, a relief and joy to feel at last that we had neighbors, and that our town was beginning to be inhabited. At the end of the second year from the commencement of the survey, there were, perhaps, twelve families, and the town had received its name, "Tallmadge."

Slowly the settlement of the town proceeded, from 1807 to 1810. Emigration from Connecticut had about ceased, owing to the stagnation of business from the European wars, and the embargo and other non-intercourse acts of Jefferson's administration. Mr. Bacon could not pay for the land he had purchased. He went East to try to make new satisfactory arrangements with the proprietors, leaving behind his wife and five little children. The proprietors were immovable. Some of his parishioners felt hard towards him because, having made payments, he could not perfect their titles. With difficulty he obtained the means to return for his family. In May, 1812, he left Tallmadge, and all "that was realized after five years of arduous labor was poverty, the alienation of some old friends, the depression that follows a fatal defeat, and the dishonor that falls on one who cannot pay his debts." He lingered on a few years, supporting his family by travelling and selling "Scott's Family Bible" and other religious works, from house to house, and occasional preaching. He bore his misfortunes with Christian resignation, struggled on a few years with broken spirits and broken constitution, and died at Hartford, August 17, 1817. "My mother," said Dr. Bacon, "standing over him with her youngest, an infant, in her arms, said to him, 'Look on your babe before you die.' He looked up and said, with distinct and audible utterance, 'The blessing of the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, rest upon thee.' Just before dawn he breathed his last. 'Now he knows more than all of us,' said the doctor; while my mother, bathing the dead face with her tears, and warming it with kisses, exclaimed, 'Let my last end be like his.'"

The village of Cuyahoga Falls is four miles northeast of Akron, on the line of the Pennsylvania canal and on the Cuyahoga river. Manufacturing is already carried on here to a large extent, and the place is perhaps destined to be to the West what Lowell is to the East. The Cuyahoga has a fall here of more than 200 feet in the distance of two and one half miles, across stratified rocks, which

are worn away to nearly this depth in the course of this descent. In the ravine thus formed are a series of wild and picturesque views, one of which is represented in an engraving on an adjoining page.

The Indians called Cuyahoga Falls "Coppacaw," which signifies "*shedding tears.*" A Mr. O., an early settler in this region, was once so much cheated in a trade with them that he shed tears, and the Indians ever afterwards called him *Coppacaw.*

The village was laid out, in 1837, by Birdseye Booth, grew rapidly, and in 1840 was the rival of Akron for the county-seat. It contains 1 Episcopal, 1 Wesleyan Methodist and 1 Presbyterian church, 1 academy, 7 mercantile stores, 1 bank, 1 insurance office, 4 paper, 2 flouring and 1 saw mill, 2 furnaces, 2 tanneries, 1 fork and scythe, and 1 starch factory, 4 warehouses, and about 1,200 inhabitants.

The view was taken from near the Cleveland road, above the village, at Stow's quarry. On the right are seen the Methodist and Episcopal churches, in the centre the American House, and on the left the Cuyahoga river, the lyceum and Presbyterian church.—*Old Edition.*

Cuyahoga Falls is four and a half miles north of Akron, on the C. A. & C. and P. & W. Railroads. The Cuyahoga river furnishes abundant water-power for manufacturing purposes.

City Officers, 1888: John T. Jones, Mayor; Frank T. Heath, Clerk; George Sackett, Treasurer; Orlando Wilcox, Solicitor; George W. Hart, Street Commissioner; Harry Westover, Marshal. Newspapers: *Home Guest*, Home Guest Publishing Company, editors and publishers; *Reporter and Western Reserve Farmer*, Independent, E. O. Knox, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Disciples, 1 Episcopal, 1 Congregational, 1 Methodist.

Manufactures and Employees.—Thomas Brothers, stoneware, 21 hands; Camp & Thompson, sewer-pipe, etc., 50; Empire Paper Mill, 24; Phœnix Paper Mills, 14; Reeve & Chester, wire, 63; Glen Wire Manufacturing Co., 16; Sterling Chain and Manufacturing Co., 72; John Clayton, carriages; William Barker, blacksmithing; William Blong, carriages; C. Kittleberger, tannery, 9; Hoover & Co., flour, etc.; David Hahn, cooperage; George W. Smith, planing mill; Turner, Vaughn & Taylor, machinery, 40; The Falls Rivet Co., 133; American Foundry and Machine Works, 9.—*State Report, 1887.*

Population, 1890, 2,614. School census, 1888, 691; Frederick Schnee, superintendent of schools. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, $150,000. Value of annual product, $175,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

Cuyahoga Falls has become a great place of resort for summer excursionists, and improved approaches, stairways, etc., have been constructed to make the romantic glens and nooks more accessible to the visiting multitudes. The High Bridge, Lover's Retreat, Fern Cave, Observation Rock, Grand Promenade and Old Maid's Kitchen are some of the features that go to make up the romantic interest of this rock-bound gorge.

The beautiful *Silver Lake* is a short distance above Cuyahoga Falls. It is nearly a mile long and a third of a mile wide. Steamers ply on the lake. It is surrounded by woods with picnic grounds, and near it is a railroad station for the accommodation of visiting parties.

BIOGRAPHY.

John Brown, of Osawatomie, was born in Torrington, Conn., May 9, 1800. For three generations his family were devoted to anti-slavery principles. His father, Owen Brown, in 1798, took part in the forcible rescue of some slaves claimed by a Virginia clergyman in Connecticut. At the age of five, John Brown removed with his parents to Hudson, Ohio. Until twenty years of age he worked at farming and in his father's tannery. He then learned surveying. Later he

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

CUYAHOGA FALLS.

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

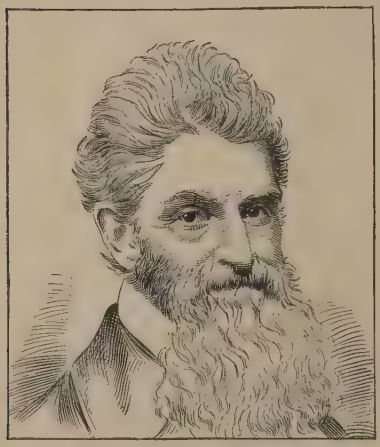
RAVINE AT CUYAHOGA FALLS.

removed to Pennsylvania, and was postmaster at Randolph, Pa., under President Jackson. In 1836 he returned to Ohio; removed to Massachusetts in 1844; in 1849 purchased a farm and removed to Northern New York.

In 1854 five of his sons removed from Ohio to Kansas, settling near Osawatomie, and their father joined them the following year, for the purpose of aiding the "Free-State Party."

The Brown family was mustered in as Kansas militia by the Free-State Party: their active participation in the Kansas troubles is a part of the history of the Union.

On the night of Sunday, Oct. 16, 1859, Captain Brown, with his sixteen men, captured Harper's Ferry and the United States Arsenal. The citizens of the town had armed themselves, and penned Brown and his six remaining men in the engine-house, when, on the evening of the next day, Col. Robert E. Lee arrived with a company of United States Marines. When Brown was finally captured, two of his sons were dead, and he was supposed to be mortally wounded. Brown was tried in a Virginia court, and sentenced to death by hanging. On the day of his execution, he handed one of his guards a paper, on which was written the following:



JOHN BROWN.

"CHARLESTOWN, VA., Dec. 2, 1859. I, John Brown, am now quite *certain* that the crimes of this *guilty land* will never be purged away but with *blood*. I had, as I now think, vainly flattered myself that without very much bloodshed it might be done."

Rev. S. D. Peet, in the "Ashtabula County History," gives some interesting items. The means were so out of proportion to the magnitude of the enterprise that most men not acquainted with John Brown believed him to be insane; but to those who knew him; who knew the depth and fervor of his religious sentiments; his unwavering trust in the Infinite; his strong conviction that he had been selected by God as an instrument in his hands to hasten the overthrow of American slavery; to such he seemed inspired rather than insane. In a conversation I had with him the day he started for Harper's Ferry, I tried to convince him that his enterprise was hopeless, and that he would only rashly throw away his life. Among other things, he said, "I believe I have been raised up to work for the liberation of the slave; and while the cause will be best advanced by my life, I shall be preserved; but when that cause will be best served by my death, I shall be removed." The result proved that his sublime faith and trust in God enabled him to see what others could not see. He had so lived that, though dead, "his soul went marching on."

Sanborn's "Life of John Brown," published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, is the most complete biography of him extant. We here give, in an original contribution from high authority in this county, some facts in his history not before published.

John Brown, of Osawatomie and Harper's Ferry, spent a large part of his youth in Hudson, and the incidents of his life there throw much light upon his subsequent career.

Space will permit the record of only a few

of the "memorabilia" which might be gathered up. He was the son of Owen Brown, a tanner, one of the pioneers of the township; a man of strong character, of many peculiarities, and of the most unquestioned integrity.

Owen Brown was an inveterate stammerer and a noted wit. He could not endure placidly any reference to his infirmity of speech, and was never more witty and caustic in his retorts than when some well-intentioned party sought to help him to the word he was stammering for. On one occasion when, in answering the question of a stranger, his effort to give a desired word had become painful, the stranger kindly helped him to it; when his answer was, "Ba-Ba-Ba-Balaam ha-ha-had an a-a-ss to speak for him too."

The stranger rode on without an answer to his question.

Owen Brown's first wife was a Miss ——, of a large family in Hudson and the neighborhood, in which there was a strong hereditary tendency to insanity. All the members were peculiar, eccentric, and many of them insane. John was a son of this first wife, and in early life disclosed the influence of this insane tendency. He was noted for his pranks and peculiarities, which reverence for the stern government of his father could not suppress. This government was based upon the rule laid down by Solomon, not to spare the rod; and the old man was as faithful in tanning the hides of his boys as he was in tanning the hides pickled in his vats; and this practice gave John an early opportunity to disclose his penchant for military tactics.

When a mere lad, having committed an offence which by sad experience he knew would bring the accustomed chastisement, he repaired to the barn, the well-known place of discipline, and prepared for it by so arranging a plank that one stepping upon it would be precipitated through the floor and upon the pile of agricultural implements stored beneath it; and then, with apparent childish innocence, returned to the house. Soon the *pater familias* accused him of the offence, and invited him to an interview in the barn. After a paternal lecture, responded to by supplications for mercy, and promises "never to do so again," in obedience to orders he meekly stripped off coat and vest, and, with apparent resignation, submitted himself to the inevitable. As the first blow was about to fall, he dexterously retreated across the concealed chasm, and the good father was found to be as one "beating the air."

The ancient Adam in him was aroused, and leaping forward, with more than usual vigor in his arm, as the cutting blow was about to descend, he stepped upon the treacherous plank and landed upon the plows and harrows below. John retired from the scene. With difficulty the father rescued himself from his position, and with bruised and chafed limbs repaired to the house. John escaped further interviewing for this offence, but tradition is silent as to the cause, whether, before the father's recovery, the offence was deemed outlawed, or whether his own experience had given him some new ideas as to the effect of the abrasion of a boy's cuticle.

Passing over many similar events of his boyhood, his first military campaign should not be omitted. After reaching his majority and becoming the head of a family, he was the owner of a farm in Northeastern Hudson, upon which there was a mortgage that he was finally unable to raise, and proceedings in court were had for its foreclosure. Brown repaired to his neighbor, Chamberlain; told him he could not keep the farm, and asked him to bid it in. This he agreed to do and did. But after the sale was made and deed given, Brown asked for the privilege of remaining on the premises for a little time as tenant. The request was granted. When this time had elapsed he refused to vacate. Proceedings in ejectment were had, and the officers of the court turned him out of the house. Upon the withdrawal of the officers he again took possession, barricaded the house, armed his family with shot-guns and rifles, and prepared to hold the fort. Repeatedly arrested and sued, he responded to the warrant or summons, but left his garrison in possession of the stronghold. The contest was protracted into the winter, when an heroic scheme, like that of the Russians in burning Moscow, compelled the retreat of our general. On some real or fictitious charge, warrants were obtained in another township for the arrest of the eccentric garrison. While the warrants were served some half hundred of Chamberlain's friends were ambushed in the immediate neighborhood, and as the officer and his prisoners passed out of sight they took possession of the premises; and as the building was of little value they quickly razed it to the foundations, carried off all material which would suffice even for building a hut, and rendered the place untenable. When Brown and his garrison returned, he found a hasty retreat the only alternative. It was not as disastrous as Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, but it ended the campaign.

His subsequent experience in wool-growing was not more successful. Simon Perkins, then a well-known capitalist of Akron, furnished the capital for the enterprise, and Brown furnished the brains. He soon became as enthusiastic over fine-wooled sheep as he afterwards became over the woolly-headed slave and brother, but when the business was closed out, the share contributed to the capital by Brown was all that remained.

His experiences in Kansas and at Harper's Ferry are too well known to need repetition here; but some account of his last visit to Hudson and the neighborhood, just before his invasion of Virginia, is important to a right understanding of his character. After his trial and conviction in the Virginia court, M. C. Read, an attorney of Hudson, was employed by a brother of John Brown to take affidavits of parties whom he interviewed just before leaving for Harper's Ferry, to be laid before Governor Wise, with the hope of obtaining a commutation of his sentence. It

was found that he had approached many persons with solicitations of personal and pecuniary aid, but these approaches were made with great shrewdness and caution. His real design was masked under a pretended scheme of organizing a western colony. In discussing this, he adroitly turned the conversation to the subject of slavery; to his work in Kansas; and finally to his divine commission to overthrow the institution of slavery. His commission was from Jehovah; his success was certain, because it was divinely promised, and divine direction to the employment of the proper means was assured. Affidavits of these parties were taken, showing the details of the conversation, and giving the opinion of the affiants that Brown was insane. They were laid before Governor Wise by C. P. Wolcott, then an attorney of Akron, and afterwards Assistant Secretary of War under President Lincoln. They produced no effect upon the Governor.

This unquestioning faith of Brown in his divine commission and in his promised success, accounts for his undertaking so gigantic a work with such inadequate means. He had read and believed that the blowing of ram's horns by the priests, and the shouting of the people with a great shout, had caused the walls of Jericho to fall down, because Jehovah had so ordered it. He believed that, with a score of men poorly armed, he could conquer the South and overturn its cherished institution, because Jehovah had so ordered it, and had commissioned him for the work. His faith was equal to that of any of the old Hebrew prophets, but his belief in his divine commission was a delusion, resulting from pre-natal influence and the mental wrench and exhaustion of his Kansas experience.

The Rev. CHARLES B. STORRS, the first president of the Western Reserve College, was the son of the Rev. Richard S. Storrs, of Long Meadow, Mass., and was born in May, 1794. He pursued his literary studies at Princeton, and his theological at Andover, after which he journeyed at the South, with the double object of restoring his health and preaching the gospel in its destitute regions. In 1822 he located himself as a preacher of the gospel at Ravenna. In this situation he remained, rapidly advancing in the confidence and esteem of the public, until March 2, 1828, when he was unanimously elected professor of Christian theology in the Western Reserve College, and was inducted into his office the 3d of December following. The institution then was in its infancy. Some fifteen or twenty students had been collected under the care and instruction of a tutor, but no permanent officers had been appointed. The government and much of the instruction of the college devolved on him. On the 25th of August, 1830, he was unanimously elected president, and inaugurated on the 9th of February, 1831.

In this situation he showed himself worthy of the confidence reposed in him. Under his mild and paternal, yet firm and decisive administration of government, the most perfect discipline prevailed, while all the students loved and venerated him as a father. Under his auspices, together with the aid of competent and faithful professors, the institution arose in public estimation, and increased from a mere handful to nearly one hundred students. For many years he had been laboring under a bad state of health, and on the 26th of June, 1833, he left the institution to travel for a few months for his health. He died on the 15th of September ensuing, at his brother's house in Braintree, Mass. President Storrs was naturally modest and retiring. He possessed a strong and independent mind, and took an expansive view of every subject that occupied his attention. He was a thorough student, and in his method of communicating his thoughts to others peculiarly happy. Though destitute in the pulpit of the tinsel of rhetoric, few men could chain an intelligent audience in breathless silence, by pure intellectual vigor and forcible illustration of truth, more perfectly than he. Some of his appeals were almost resistless. He exerted a powerful and salutary influence over the church and community in this part of the country, and his death was deeply felt.—*Old Edition.*

REV. DR. HENRY M. STORRS, the eminent Congregational divine, is a son of this the first President of the Western Reserve College. The father was one of the earliest and strongest to uplift his voice in behalf of the slave; and when he died, the then young but now venerable and deeply-revered WHITTIER paid to his memory the tribute of his humanizing verses: two of these are annexed:

Joy to thy spirit, brother!
A thousand hearts are warm,—
A thousand kindred bosoms
Are baring to the storm.
What though red-handed Violence
With secret Fraud combine!
The wall of fire is round us,
Our Present Help was thine.

Lo,—the waking up of nations,
From Slavery's fatal sleep,—
The murmur of a Universe,—
Deep calling unto Deep!
Joy to thy spirit, brother!
On every wind of heaven
The onward cheer and summons
Of FREEDOM'S VOICE is given.

DR. LEONARD BACON, whose sketch of his father we have so largely drawn upon, was literally a child of the wilderness. His long life of usefulness closed

at New Haven, Dec. 24, 1881, in his eightieth year. It had been incessantly devoted to the discussion of questions bearing upon the highest interests of man. He was a strong, independent thinker, and his writings upon vital topics so largely judicial as to carry conviction to the leading minds of the nation. Abraham Lincoln ascribed to a volume of Dr. Bacon on slavery his own clear and comprehensive convictions on that subject. Leonard Bacon did more than any man who has lived in making clear to the popular apprehension, and in perpetuating to the knowledge of the coming generations the simple domestic virtues of the fathers; the religious and political principles which governed them, and gave to the American people their strongest, all-conquering element. In his Half-century sermon, preached in New Haven, March 9, 1875, Dr. Bacon gave an eloquent description of his boy-life here in Summit county, when all around was in the wildness of untamed nature:

"I think to-day of what God's providence has been for three and seventy years. I recall the first dawning of memory and the days of my early childhood in the grand old woods of New Connecticut, the saintly and self-sacrificing father, the gentle yet heroic mother, the log-cabin from whose window we sometimes saw the wild deer bounding through the forest-glades, the four dear sisters whom I helped to tend, and whom it was my joy to lead in their tottering infancy—yes, God's providence was then ever teaching me.

"Our home life, the snowy winter, the blossoming spring, the earth never ploughed before and yielding the first crop to human labor, the giant trees, the wild birds, the wild flowers, the blithesome squirrels, the wolves which we heard howling through the woods at night but never saw, the red-skin savage sometimes coming to the door.—by these things God was making impressions on my soul that must remain forever, and without which I should not have been what I am."

A daughter of David Bacon, DELIA, was born at Tallmadge, February 2, 1811, and the next year she was taken with the family to Connecticut. Her early life was a bitter struggle with poverty, but she became a highly-educated and brilliant woman in the realms of ideality; was a teacher and lecturer, and published "Tales of the Puritans" and "The Bride of Fort Edward," a drama.

A published account of her states that her chief delight was to read Shakespeare's plays and his biographies. The idea at length grew upon her that the plays were the work of the brilliant Elizabethan coterie and not of the actor and manager, Shakespeare. In opposition to the wishes of her family, she went to London in 1853 to publish her work on the subject. This she at last accomplished, chiefly through the marked kindness of Hawthorne, then Consul at Liverpool, who was willing to listen to her argument, but never accepted it. Hawthorne's letters to her have a beautiful delicacy, though she must have tried his patience frequently, and sometimes repaid his generosity with reproaches. Her book, a large octavo, never sold. The edition is piled up in London to-day. Carlyle took some interest in Miss Bacon, who came to him with a letter from Emerson. Carlyle's account of her to Emerson is as follows:

"As for Miss Bacon, we find her, with her modest, shy dignity, with her solid character and strange enterprise, a real acquisition, and hope we shall see more of her now that she has come nearer to us to lodge. I have not in my life seen anything so tragically quixotic as her Shakespeare enterprise. Alas! alas! there can be nothing but sorrow, toil and utter disappointment in it for her! I do cheerfully what I can, which is far more than she asks of me (for I have not seen a prouder silent soul); but there is not the least possibility of truth in the notion she has taken up, and the hope of ever proving it or finding the least document that countenances it is equal to that of vanquishing the windmills by stroke of lance. I am often truly sorry about the poor lady; but she troubles nobody with her difficulties, with her theories; she must try the matter to the end, and charitable souls must further her so far."

Miss Bacon's account of the visit to her sister contains this:

"My visit to Mr. Carlyle was very rich. I wish you could have heard him laugh. Once or twice I thought he would have taken the roof of the house off. At first they were perfectly stunned—he and the gentleman he had invited to meet me. They turned black in the face at my presumption. 'Do you mean to say so and so,' said Mr. Carlyle, with his strong emphasis, and I said that I did, and they both looked at me with staring eyes, speechless from want of words in which to convey their sense of my audacity. At length Mr. Carlyle came down on me with such a volley. I did not mind it in the least. I told him he did not know what was in the plays if he said that, and no one could know who

believed that that booby wrote them. It was then that he began to shriek. You could have heard him a mile."

Miss Bacon's brother advised her to publish her theory as a novel. He was in earnest, but she found it hard to forgive him. Hawthorne saw her personally but once. She wrote to him from London: "I have lived for three years as much alone with God and the dead as if I had been a departed spirit. And I don't wish to return to the world. I shrink with horror from the thought of it. This is an abnormal state, you see, but I am perfectly harmless; and if you will let me know when you are coming, I will put on one of the dresses I used to wear the last time I made my appearance in the world, and try to look as much like a survivor as the circumstances will permit."

Miss Bacon returned to America in 1858. It was found necessary to place her in an asylum, and a few months later she died. She is buried in her brother's lot at New Haven.

A REMINISCENCE.—I remember often seeing Delia Bacon in my youth in my native city, going in and coming from a private residence, wherein, in a private parlor, that of Dr. Joseph Darling, an old Revolutionary character in old Revolutionary attire, she met a select class of young ladies, to whom she delivered her thoughts upon noted historical characters. She was somewhat tall and of a willowy figure; a very *spirituelle* appearing personage,attired in black,with simplicity and neatness, a strikingly refined and thoughtful expression, that always attracted my youthful gaze as something above the ordinary line of mortality. If indeed it be true that "this world is all a fleeting show for man's illusion given," it is a happy arrangement with some of us ancients, who have come down from a former generation, that we can reproduce from our mental plates, used in boyhood years of innocence, such an interesting variety of the *genus* woman, of whom to me Delia Bacon was among the celestials.

Delia had a younger brother, who narrowly escaped being Ohio-born, DAVID FRANCIS BACON, alike brilliant and erratic. He went out to Liberia, to serve as a physician to the colony which, it was thought by Henry Clay and other wise men of the day, would solve that early vexed question, "What shall we do with the negro?"

David Francis soon hurried back, his nose on a snivel, thoroughly disgusted with an African Republic, under the statesmanship of exported plantation slaves. He published a book wherein he described his voyage over, and gave a sad account of the loss at sea of a bright youth, closing with a poem of lamentation. He began the poem with a borrowed line, apologizing for so doing by stating his muse was like a pump gone dry. He always had to get a line from some other poet, to first pour in as a *starter*. Certainly a good thing to do if, when one gets on a flow, he can bring out champagne.

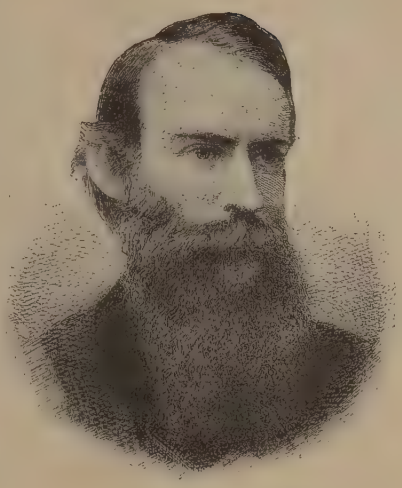
JOHN STRONG NEWBERRY was born in Windsor, Conn., December 22, 1822. Two years later his father, Henry Newberry, removed with his family to Cuyahoga Falls. The last-named was a lawyer, a large landholder, and one of the Directors of the Connecticut Land Company, which he founded on land inherited from his father, Hon. Roger Newberry. Young Newberry graduated at Western Reserve College in 1846, and at Cleveland Medical College in 1848. Travelled and studied abroad two years; then practised medicine at Cleveland until 1855.

In May, 1855, he was appointed assistant surgeon and geologist with a United States exploring party to Northern California. In 1857–58 he accompanied Lieut. Ives in the exploration and navigation of the Colorado river. In 1859 he travelled over Southern Colorado, Utah, Northern Arizona and New Mexico on an exploring expedition, which gathered information of great value concerning a hitherto unknown area of country.

June 14, 1861, although still on duty in the war department, he was elected a member of the United States Sanitary Commission. His medical knowledge and army experience led to his becoming one of the most important members of that Commission. (For a sketch of his valuable services on this Commission, during which hospital stores valued at more than five million dollars were distributed, and one million soldiers not otherwise provided for received food and shelter, see Vol. i. "Ohio's Work in United States Sanitary Commission.")

After the war, Dr. Newberry was appointed Professor of Geology and Paleontology at the Columbia School of Mines—a position he still holds. In 1869 he was appointed State Geologist of Ohio, filling this office till the close of the survey, making reports on all the counties of the State. The results of the survey are embodied in nine volumes, of which six are on geology, two on paleontology and one on the zoology of the State, with a large number of geological maps. In 1884 he was appointed Paleontologist to the United States Geological Survey. In January, 1888, the Geological Society of London conferred on him its Murchison medal.

He is a member of most of the learned societies in this country and many in Europe. He was one of the original incorporators of the National Academy of Sciences; has been President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and President of the New York Academy of Science since 1867, and President of the Torrey Botanical Society. The publications of Prof. Newberry are quite numerous, and include, in addition to his reports to the United States Government, the State of Ohio, and the Sanitary Commission, contributions to the scientific journals, and transactions of learned societies, of which the titles number nearly two hundred.



JOHN S. NEWBERRY.

An Educational Hero.

The northernmost part of this county is formed by two townships. That on the west is Northfield and that on the east Twinsburg. It has a village centre called Twinsburg, wherein stands on the village green a Congregational church and a Soldiers' monument, thus symbolizing God and Country.

When old Pomp took me over the State, I passed through this village and found it was an educational spot for children—boys and girls largely from farmers' families from the entire country around. They told me that in many cases children from the same family kept house and boarded themselves—the girls cooking for their brothers, and they chopping wood, kindling fires, and doing the rough work for their sisters. This struggling for an education among the young people aroused my sympathy. As Pomp bore me away, I felt I had a pleasant indestructible picture for my mind's keeping. The good things are eternal. Then Twinsburg is not a bad name; it brings the thought of two at one time to coo and be loved.

From that period until now Twinsburg has been as a far-away picture in the dim remote. Now, on opening the county history, there comes a revelation of the great work done there in the early years, starting out of the wilderness. Then, withal, a hero is behind it—a great moral hero. The contemplation of one who liveth not unto himself alone swells the heart.

Samuel Bissell is of Puritan stock: his ancestors among the founders of old Windsor on the Connecticut. In 1806, when he was nine years old, he came with his father into the wilderness of Portage county, where he helped to clear up the woods. He was educated at Yale, took charge of a then feeble Congregational Society at Twinsburg and taught school. The church grew under his ministrations, and after a lapse of fourteen years he gave up his pastorate and devoted all his time to the "Twinsburg Institute." He has devoted himself to the institute for over fifty-two years, during which time more than 6,000 students of both sexes have been under his instruction. The details of his work are here given from the history issued in 1881.

It was in 1828 that he came to Twinsburg, when the Society erected a block-house for his family, and he took for his school a rude log-house twenty by thirty feet. It had for

windows three small openings in the logs, each with rude sashes and four small panes of glass. The furniture consisted of rude seats and desks hastily constructed. The dismal room had a broad fire-place, with chimney built of stones and clay. He thus began his work of philanthropy. The school was opened free of any charge to all young people desirous to attend, except from those disposed to pay, in which case the tuition for the term was to be two dollars. From the first it was a success. Three years later a combined church and school-house was erected. In 1843 a large two-storied frame building was secured, and in the lapse of five years two others. The reputation of the Twinsburg Institute was now so extended that he had about 300 pupils of both sexes largely from abroad. Seven teachers and assistants were under him, and the students wherever desired fitted for college. No charter was obtained and no public money given—the entire institution rested upon the shoulders of one man. The ordinary tuition charged was two dollars for the term, and when the classics were taught never more than four dollars.

More than six thousand students have been in attendance at the institute during its continuance, and out of these about two hundred have been Indians of the Seneca, Ottawa, Pottawatomie and Ojibway tribes. Ministers, statesmen, generals, lawyers, professors, physicians and artisans, in all portions of the country, trace the beginning of their education to the door of the Twinsburg Institute. A good library was secured, and literary and other societies were instituted.

The benevolence of Mr. Bissell was such that he not only greatly lowered the tuition, but even educated hundreds at his own expense who were unable to pay their own way. He was accustomed to give such students a few light chores to do, and these trifling duties were so divided and subdivided that the work was more in name than in reality. It is related that on one occasion Mr. Bissell having gone to extremes in this respect, some of the students thus detailed grumbled about having more to do than others. Considerable ill-will was thus incited. One morning Mr. Bissell arose at his usual hour, five o'clock, and, beginning with these chores, completed the entire round before the time for opening the school. Not a word was said; but the act spoke in volumes to the fault-finding students, who, after that, vexed the ear of the principal with no more grumblings.

Among the Indian youth was George Wilson, a Seneca, about whom a great deal has been said. He became a fine scholar—superior in many important respects to any other ever in the institute. His presence was fine and imposing, and he displayed rare gifts in logical force and fervid eloquence. Mr. Bissell says that the quality of his eloquence, the unusual power of his intellect and the force of his delivery, resembled in a marked manner those of Daniel Webster. He afterward became chief of his tribe, and was sent to represent their interests to the New York Legislature and to the New York Historical Society, receiving from the latter several thousand dollars for his people, who were in a starving condition in the West.

Another one, named Jackson Blackbird, or "Mack-a-de-bennessi," was an Ottawa, and a direct descendant of Pontiac. He excelled in composition, and composed a comedy, three hours in length, that was presented by the societies of the institute publicly to large audiences with great success. Mr. Bissell became known throughout the Reserve for his philanthropy in the cause of Indian education. Some two hundred were educated at the institute, from whom no compensation worth mentioning was ever received. All their expenses were paid—including board, tuition, room, fuel, light, washing, books and stationery, and some clothing—at the fair estimate of $200 each a year. This expense, borne by no one except the Principal, estimated at these figures, has amounted during the history of the institute to over $40,000. Almost as much has been expended on indigent white youth; and when the cost of erecting the various buildings is added to this, the total amount foots up to the enormous sum of over $80,000; all of which has been borne by Mr. Bissell. To offset this not more than $12,000 have been received from all sources.

When the rebellion ensued the institute received an almost ruinous blow. Several of the buildings were sold to pay its debts. From the materials of the wreck he saved a few hundred dollars, obtained a loan of $1,500, and erected the present stone building, largely doing the manual labor himself, he then a man of seventy years. Without any previous experience he put on the roof, made the doors, window frames, etc. The entire cost was about $8,000. "Not only," says the 'County History,' "was the undertaking gigantic, but its wisdom may be doubted. The institute is likely to fail altogether when the Principal's hand is removed by death from the helm.

"Mr. Bissell is now almost penniless, and is compelled to teach for a living at the age of more than eighty years. Considering the invaluable service he has rendered the village and township in the past; how scores of people now living there have been the recipients of his generous bounty; how patient self-denial and faith in God have been the watchwords of this venerable old man; it is unquestionably due from the citizens to provide him with at least the necessaries of life."

Joshua Stow was from Middlesex county, Connecticut, and was born in 1762. He was the proprietor of the township of Stow, surveyed in 1804, under his personal supervision, by Joseph Darrow, of Hudson. In our first edition it was

stated Stow was a member of the first party of surveyors of the Western Reserve, who landed at Conneaut, July 4, 1796. (See V. I., p. 252.) Augustus Porter, Esq., the principal surveyor, in his history of the survey, in the Barr manuscripts, gives the following anecdote of Mr. Stow, who was the commissary of the party:

A GENUINE SNAKE STORY.—In making the traverse of the lake shore, Mr. Stow acted as flag-man; he, of course, was always in advance of the party; rattlesnakes were plenty, and he coming first upon those in our track killed them. I had mentioned to him a circumstance that happened to me in 1789. Being with two or three other persons three days in the wood without food, we had killed a rattlesnake, dressed and cooked it, and whether from the savory quality of the flesh or the particular state of our stomachs, I could not say which, had eaten it with a high relish. Mr. Stow was a healthy, active man, fond of wood-life, and determined to adopt all its practices, even to the eating of snakes; and during almost any day while on the lake shore, he killed and swung over his shoulders and around his body from two to six or eight large rattlesnakes, and at night a part were dressed, cooked and eaten by the party with a good relish, probably increased by the circumstance of their being *fresh* while all our other meat was salt.

A REMINISCENCE.—Joshua Stow became a noted character in Connecticut, to which he returned after his Ohio experiences. He was a strong old-style Democrat, and one of the first in the State to start the cry, "Hurrah for Jackson!" which he did so lustily that Old Hickory made him postmaster of the little town of Middletown.

In the summer of 1835 I was a rod-man in the party who made the first survey for a railroad in Connecticut. The country people over whose farms we ran our lines were greatly excited at our advent. They left their work and came around us, and looked on with wondering eyes, calling us the "*Ingun-neers.*" But few had been one hundred miles from home; scarce any had seen a railroad; had but a faint idea of what a railroad looked like. Our operations were a mystery, especially the taking of the levels. A dignified gentleman, the head of the party, Prof. Alex. C. Twining, peering through a telescope, and calling out to the rod-man, "Higher!" "lower!" "higher!" "a tenth higher!" "one hundredth higher!" "a thousandth lower!" "all right!" accompanied by a gyration of the arm, which meant screwing up tight the target; then came the reading of the rod, "Four-nine-seven-two." Remember these were old times, indeed, when letters cost from ten to twenty-five cents postage; before prepaid stamps on letters were known, and then when they did come into use the mucilage was so poor that sometimes they were lost, which led to a profane wag of the time writing under one, "*Paid*, if the *darned* thing sticks!"

One of our lines of exploration was made three miles west of Middletown. One morning there approached us, as a looker-on, a queer-looking old man. He had come from his farm perhaps a mile away. He was short and stout; had a most determined expression of countenance; was attired in gray from head to foot; wore a gray roundabout jacket, and a shot-gun was hanging by the middle from his hand. This sort of Rip Van Winkle figure was bent over and dripping with water. Just before reaching us, while crossing a brook on a rail, the rail turned and he tumbled in. This was Joshua Stow, or, as called by the people at the time, "*Josh Stow.*" He was then just seventy-three years of age; a man who had found rattlesnakes a savory diet, hurrahed for Gen. Jackson, and gave his name to one of the prettiest and most romantic spots of land in Summit county.

It is a remarkable fact that the very township which Mr. Stow purchased and named after himself to show to posterity that such a man as Joshua Stow once lived should prove to have been about the most prolific in Ohio in its snake product. The County History thus states:

> Rattlesnakes were very numerous, and a great pest to the first settlers of Stow township. The "Gulf" at Stow's Corners was filled with these reptiles, and it was many years before they were killed off. So numerous were they and so dangerous, that the

settlers took turns in watching the rocks to kill all that came forth. This was done on sunny days in early spring, when the snakes first came from their holes to bask in the sun.

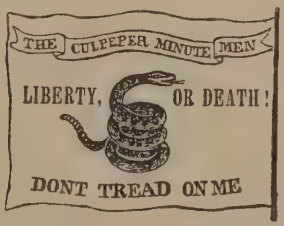
Watching for Snakes.—It fell upon Mr. Baker to watch the gulf one Sunday, when Deacon Butler was holding a class-meeting in a log-cabin close by. While looking down into the gulf, Mr. Baker saw a large number of rattlesnakes crawl from a crevice in the rocks and coil themselves in the sun. When it seemed that all had come forth, Mr. Baker dropped his coat near the crevice, and with a long pole prepared for the purpose, pushed the garment into the opening. He then descended to the rock, and killed *sixty-five* of the venomous reptiles.

Dad's Achievement.—The first intimation that the worshippers had of what had taken place was made known by a son of Mr. Baker, who ran to the log meeting-house at the top of his speed, crying out with a loud voice: "Oh, dad's killed a pile of snakes! dad's killed a pile of snakes!" This adjourned the meeting, and the members repaired to the gulf, to continue their thanks for the victory over the ancient enemy of mankind.

A Mother's Terror.—One day, when John Campbell was away from home, his wife placed her little child on the floor, with a cup of milk and a spoon, and closing the door went a short distance to one of the neighbors' on an errand. She soon returned and, stepping up to the little window, looked in to see what her baby was doing. There sat the child upon the floor, while close at its side was coiled up a large yellow, repulsive rattlesnake. It had crawled up through the crack of the floor, and, when first seen by Mrs. Campbell, was lapping or drinking the milk, which had been spilled by the child. Just as the mother was taking her first lightning survey of the fearful sight the child reached out its spoon, either to give the reptile some milk or to touch its shining body with the spoon. The mother gave a piercing scream, and the snake slid down a crack and disappeared. Mr. Campbell came in soon afterward, and raising a plank of the floor, killed the snake.

From the dawn of history the snake has had the first place as the symbol of deceit and subtilty, finding his first victim in our common mother. Nothing good in the common estimation has come from this reptile. It will therefore be new to many that the snake idea should have been pressed into patriotic service among the heroes of the American Revolution.

In 1844, when travelling over Virginia for my work upon that State, I called upon Capt. Philip Slaughter, at his home in Culpeper county, on the eastern slope of the Blue Ridge. He was then some eighty-six years



of age, and about the last surviving officer of the Virginia line of Continentals.

When the war broke out, Patrick Henry, the commander of the Virginia troops, received 150 men from Culpeper; among them was Slaughter, then seventeen years of age, who enlisted as a private. The flag used by the Culpeper men I drew from his description, as depicted in the annexed engraving with a rattlesnake in the centre. The head of the snake was intended for Virginia, and the twelve rattles for the other twelve States. The corps were dressed in green hunting shirts, with the words "LIBERTY OR DEATH" in large white letters on their bosoms. They wore in their hats buck-tails, and in their belts tomahawks and scalping-knives, making a terrific appearance.

As illustrating the chivalrous feelings among the Virginia officers, the old hero told me that when he received his commission as captain, he then being but nineteen years of age, he indorsed upon it the name of the lady to whom he was engaged, at the same time declaring it never should be disgraced; and he added, with commendable pride, "it never was disgraced."

The prominent villages in Summit county are TWINSBURG, having, in 1890, 821 inhabitants; PENINSULA, 562; and these others with less: Copley Centre, Clinton, Manchester, Mogadore, Richfield, Tallmadge, and Western Star.

TRUMBULL.

TRUMBULL COUNTY was formed in 1800, and comprised within its original limits the whole of the Connecticut Western Reserve. This is a well cultivated and wealthy county. The surface is mostly level, and the soil loamy or sandy. In the northern part is excellent coal. The principal products are wheat, corn, oats, grass, wool, butter, cheese and potatoes.

Area about 650 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 117,169; in pasture, 150,722; woodland, 57,927; lying waste, 2,033; produced in wheat, 169,681 bushels; rye, 1,772; buckwheat, 5.950; oats, 656,908; barley, 1,017; corn, 142,617; meadow hay, 42,730 tons; clover hay, 7,693; flax, 298,046 lbs. fibre; potatoes, 147,697 bushels; tobacco, 200 lbs.; butter, 1,114,672; cheese, 1,974,098; sorghum, 349 gallons; maple sugar, 93,028 lbs.; honey, 10,501; eggs, 457,815 dozen; grapes, 15,185 lbs.; wine, 9 gallons; apples, 264,292 bushels; peaches, 15,707; pears, 2,361; wool, 275,638 lbs.; milch cows owned, 14,554. Ohio Mining Statistics, 1888.—Coal mined, 157,826 tons, employing 520 miners and 80 outside employees; iron ore, 11,622 tons. School census, 1888, 12,811; teachers, 435. Miles of railroad track, 248.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Bazetta,	1,035	1,400	Johnston,	889	790
Bloomfield,	554	835	Kinsman,	954	1,224
Braceville,	880	1,019	Liberty,	1,225	4,058
Bristol,	802	1,162	Lordstown,	1,167	805
Brookfield,	1,301	2,559	Mecca,	684	950
Champion,	541	866	Mesopotamia,	832	742
Farmington,	1,162	1,152	Newton,	1,456	1,358
Fowler,	931	851	Southington,	857	916
Greene,	647	863	Vernon,	788	1,018
Gustavus,	1,195	936	Vienna,	969	1,994
Hartford,	1,121	1,382	Warren,	1,996	5,553
Howland,	1,035	762	Wethersfield,	1,447	6,583
Hubbard,	1,242	5,102			

Population of Trumbull in 1840, 25,700; 1860, 30,656; 1880, 44,880; of whom 28,459 were born in Ohio; 4,627, Pennsylvania; 1,127, New York; 158, Virginia; 88, Indiana; 46, Kentucky; 4,569, England and Wales; 1,665, Ireland; 894, German Empire; 296, British America; 182, France; and 29, Sweden and Norway. Census, 1890, 42,373.

On the 10th of July, 1800, Governor St. Clair proclaimed that all the territory included in Jefferson county, lying north of the forty-first degree, north latitude, and all that part of Wayne county included in the Connecticut Western Reserve, should constitute a new county, to be known by the name of Trumbull, and that the seat of justice should be at Warren. It will be seen that the county thus constituted was coextensive with the Reserve or the New Connecticut of five years before.

THE TRUMBULL FAMILY.

No better name than Trumbull could have been selected for this Western Connecticut. The name is imperishably stamped on almost every phase of the history of the parent State, and represents distinguished achievement in statesmanship, law, art, divinity and literature. While the name for the county was undoubtedly chosen as a compliment to the staunch soldier and statesman who was at that time governor of Connecticut, three others of the name and kin were

at the time distinguishing their State. BENJAMIN TRUMBULL, a divine of reputation, had just published a history of the Connecticut colony, which has obtained a permanent place in our historical literature. JOHN TRUMBULL was distinguished as a lawyer and judge, as well as a poet. His poem, "McFingal," passed through thirty editions. It is in Hudibrastic verse. Two or three of its couplets have passed into permanent use as proverbs, which have been wrongly credited to Samuel Butler, author of "Hudibras:"

"No man e'er felt the halter draw,
With good opinion of the law;"

and

"But optics sharp it needs, I ween,
To see what is not to be seen."

Another was Col. JOHN TRUMBULL, the painter, whose career was just beginning when the name was conferred upon New Connecticut. Having served with credit as aide-de-camp to Gen. Washington, and having spent considerable time in England under the celebrated painter, West, he made himself known as an artist by the production of "The Battle of Bunker Hill" in 1796. His most important works are the pictures in the rotunda of the capitol at Washington, which every visitor stops to admire. His brother was Governor Jonathan Trumbull, Jr., in whose special honor the county was named.

Jonathan Trumbull, Jr., was born at Lebanon, Conn., in 1740. He served during the Revolution as paymaster, and afterwards as aide-de-camp to General Washington. He was elected to the first Congress after the adoption of the Federal Constitution, and in 1791 was chosen Speaker of that body. In 1795 the Connecticut Legislature elected him to the United States Senate, where he distinguished himself as a Federalist and supporter of Washington's administration. In 1798 he was elected Governor of his State, an office which he held until his death in 1809. If there is anything in a name to direct aspiration or give inspiration, it would have been difficult to find a more significant gift for a political division of territory. There are few names in American history possessing an equal range of meaning.

The first Governor Trumbull of Connecticut, Jonathan Trumbull, Sr., was the only governor under both the Crown and the Republic. He was born in Lebanon, Conn., Oct. 12, 1710, and died there August 17, 1785. His ancestor came from England about 1639, and settled in Rowley, Mass., having three sons. His father, Joseph, was a merchant and farmer. Jonathan was graduated at Harvard in 1727, studied theology, and was licensed to preach, but in 1731 resigned the ministry to take the place of an elder brother in his father's store. He afterward adopted the profession of law; was a member of the assembly in 1733 and its speaker in 1739; became an assistant in 1740 and was re-elected to that office twenty-two times. He was subsequently judge of the county court, assistant judge of the superior court, and in 1766–9 chief justice of that body. He was deputy-governor in 1767–8, and governor from 1769 till 1783, when he resigned. When under the crown in 1765, he refused to take the oath of office that was required of all officials to support the provisions of the stamp act.

Bancroft says of him, in this period of his career (1767): "He was the model of the virtues of a rural magistrate; profoundly religious, grave in manner, discriminating in judgment, fixed in his principles." His opinion was formed that if "methods tending to violence should be taken to maintain the dependence of the colonies, it would hasten separation; that the connection with England could be preserved by gentle and insensible methods rather than by power and force." But on the declaration of war he threw his whole influence on the patriot side; co-operated with vigor in securing the independence of the colonies, and was the only colonial governor that espoused the people's cause.

When Washington wrote him of the weakness of his army in August, 1776,

Trumbull convened his council of safety, and, although he had already sent out five Connecticut regiments, he called for nine more, and to those who were not enrolled in any train-band, said: "Join yourselves to one of the companies now ordered to New York, or form yourselves into distinct companies, and choose captains forthwith. March on; this shall be your warrant. May the God of the armies of Israel be your leader." At these words the farmers, although their harvests were but half gathered, rose in arms, forming nine regiments, each of 350 men, and, self-equipped, marched to New York just in time to meet the advance of the British. In 1781, when Washington appealed to the governors of the New England States to "complete their Continental battalions," Trumbull cheered him with the words, that he "should obtain all that he needed." He was the chosen friend and counsellor of Washington throughout the Revolution, who, says Jared Sparks, "relied on him as one of his main pillars of support, and often consulted him in emergencies." The epithet, "BROTHER JONATHAN," now applied as a personification of the United States, is supposed to owe its origin to Washington's habit of addressing Gov. Trumbull, and to the phrase that he often used when perplexed, "Let us hear what Brother Jonathan says."

In 1783, he extolled Washington's last address in a letter to him dated the tenth of June, as exhibiting the foundation principles of an indissoluble union of the States under one federal head. In the next autumn, when he retired from public life after fifty years' service, he set forth to the Legislature of Connecticut "that the grant to the Federal Constitution of powers clearly defined, ascertained, and understood, and sufficient for the great purposes of the Union, could alone lead from the danger of anarchy to national happiness and glory." Washington wrote of him as "the first of patriots, in his social duties yeilding to none." The Marquis de Chastellux, the traveller, who saw him when he was seventy years of age, describes him as "possessing all the simplicity in his dress, all the importance, and even all the pendantry, becoming the great magistrate of a small republic." Yale gave him the degree of LL. D. in 1779, and the University of Edinburgh the same in 1787.

The Trumbull family illustrate its intellectuality in living characters as Hon. LYMAN TRUMBULL, the friend of Lincoln, and senator from Illinois in the war era; JAMES HAMMOND TRUMBULL, LL. D., Hartford, philologist, historian, bibliographer, the only man living who can read Elliott's Indian Bible in the original; his brother, HENRY CLAY TRUMBULL, D. D., editor of *Sunday School Times*, Philadelphia, author, traveller and lecturer, etc.; GORDON TRUMBULL, New London, artist and ornethologist, etc.

Previous to the settlement of this county, and indeed before the survey of the eastern part of the Western Reserve in 1796, salt was manufactured by the whites, at what is frequently spoken of as the "old salt works," which were situated, we are informed, in what is now the township of Wethersfield, on or near the Mahoning. They were known to the whites as early as 1755, and are indicated on Evans' map published that year. Augustus Porter, Esq., who had charge of the first surveying party of the Reserve, thus alludes to these works in the Barr MSS., in connection with the history of his survey.

> These works were said to have been established and occupied by Gen. Parsons, of Connecticut, by permission of the governor of that State. At this place we found a small piece of open ground, say two or three acres, and a plank vat of sixteen or eighteen feet square, and four or five feet deep, set in the ground, which was full of water, and kettles for boiling salt; the number we could not ascertain, but the vat seemed to be full of them. An Indian and a squaw were boiling water for salt, but from appearances, with poor success.
>
> Amzi Atwater, Esq., now (1846) of Portage county, who was one of the first surveying party of the Reserve, in a communication to us, says:
>
> It was understood that Gen. Parsons had some kind of a grant from the State of Connecticut, and came on there and commenced making salt, and was drowned on his return at Beaver Falls. On the first map made of the Reserve by Mr. Seth Pease, in 1789, a tract was marked off and designated as "the salt spring tract." I have understood that the heirs of Gen. Parsons advanced some

claims to that tract, but I believe without success. At an early part of the settlement, considerable exertions were made by Reuben Harmon, Esq., to establish salt works at that place, but the water was too weak to make it profitable.

We annex some facts connected with the settlement of Warren and vicinity, from the narrative of Cornelius Feather, in the MSS. of the Ashtabula Historical Society.

The plat of Warren in September, 1800, contained but two log cabins, one of which was occupied by Capt. Ephraim Quinby, who was proprietor of the town and afterwards judge of the court. He built his cabin in 1799. The other was occupied by Wm. Fenton, who built his in 1798. On the 27th of this month, Cornelius Feather and Davison Fenton arrived from Washington county, Pa. At this time, Quinby's cabin consisted of three apartments, a kitchen, bed-room and jail, although but one prisoner was ever confined in it, viz: Perger Shehigh, for threatening the life of Judge Young, of Youngstown.

The whole settlements of whites within and about the settlement of Warren, consisted of sixteen settlers, viz: Henry and John Lane, Benj. Davison, Esq., Meshach Case, Capt. John Adgate, Capt. John Leavitt, William Crooks and Phineas Leffingwell, Henry Lane, Jr., Charles Daily, Edward Jones, George Loveless and Wm. Tucker, who had been a spy five years under Capt. Brady.

At this time, rattlesnakes abounded in some places. And there was one adventure with them worth recording, which took place in Braceville township.

A Mr. Oviatt was informed that a considerable number of huge rattlesnakes were scattered over a certain tract of wilderness. The old man asked whether there was a ledge of rocks in the vicinity, which way the declivity inclined, and if any spring issued out of the ledge. Being answered in the affirmative, the old man rejoined, "we will go about the last of May and have some sport." Accordingly they proceeded through the woods well armed with cudgels. Arrived at the battle-ground, they cautiously ascended the hill, step by step, in a solid column. Suddenly the enemy gave the alarm, and the men found themselves completely surrounded by hosts of rattlesnakes of enourmous size, and a huge squadron of black snakes. No time was lost. At the signal of the rattling of the snakes, the action commenced, and hot and furious was the fight. In short, the snakes beat a retreat up the hill, our men cudgelling with all their might. When arrived at the top of the ledge, they found the ground and rocks in places almost covered with snakes retreating into their dens. Afterwards the slain were collected into heaps, and found to amount to 486, a good portion of which were larger than a man's leg below the calf, and over five feet in length.

The news of this den of venomous serpents being spread, it was agreed that the narrator and two more young men in Warren, and three in Braceville, should make war upon it until the snakes should be principally destroyed, which was actually accomplished.

One circumstance I should relate in regard to snake-hunting. Having procured an instrument like a very long chisel, with a handle eight or nine feet long, I proceeeded to the ledge alone, placed myself on the body of a butternut tree, lying slanting over a broad crevice in the rocks, seven or eight feet deep, the bottom of which was literally covered with the yellow and black serpents. I held my weapon poised in my right hand, ready to give the deadly blow, my left hold of a small branch to keep my balance, when both my feet slipped, and I came within a hairs' breadth of plunging headlong into the den. Nothing but the small limb saved me from a most terrible death, as I could not have gotten out, had there been no snakes, the rocks on all sides being nearly perpendicular. It was a merciful and providential escape.

In August, 1800, a serious affair occurred with the Indians, which spread a gloom over the peaceful prospects of the new and scattered settlements of the whites, the history of which we derive from the above-mentioned source.

Joseph M'Mahon, who lived near the Indian settlement at the Salt Springs, and whose family had suffered considerable abuse at different times from the Indians in his absence, was at work with one Richard Story, on an old Indian plantation, near Warren. On Friday of this week, during his absence, the Indians coming down the creek to have a drunken frolic, called in at M'Mahon's and abused the family, and finally Capt. George, their chief, struck one of the children a severe blow with the tomahawk, and the Indians threatened to kill the whole family. Mrs. M'Mahon, although terribly alarmed, was unable to get word to her husband before noon the next day.

M'Mahon and Story at first resolved to go immediately to the Indian camp and kill the whole tribe, but on a little reflection, they desisted from this rash purpose, and concluded to go to Warren, and consult with Capt. Ephraim Quinby, as he was a mild, judicious man.

By the advice of Quinby, all the persons capable of bearing arms were mustered on Sunday morning, consisting of fourteen men

and two boys, under the command of Lieut. John Lane, who proceeded towards the Indian camp, determined to make war or peace as circumstance dictated.

When within half a mile of the camp, Quinby proposed a halt, and as he was well acquainted with most of the Indians, they having dealt frequently at his tavern, it was resolved that he should proceed alone to the camp, and inquire into the cause of their outrageous conduct, and ascertain whether they were for peace or war. Quinby started alone, leaving the rest behind, and giving direction to Lane that if he did not return in half an hour, he might expect that the savages had killed him, and that he should then march his company and engage in battle. Quinby not returning at the appointed time, they marched rapidly to the camp. On emerging from the woods they discovered Quinby in close conversation with Captain George. He informed his party that they had threatened to kill McMahon and his family, and Story and his family, for it seems the latter had inflicted chastisement on the Indians for stealing his liquor, particularly on one ugly-looking, ill-tempered fellow, named Spotted John, from having his face spotted all over with hair moles. Capt. George had also declared, if the whites had come down the Indians were ready to fight them.

The whites marched directly up to the camp, McMahon first and Story next to him. The chief, Capt. George, snatched his tomahawk, which was sticking in a tree, and flourishing it in the air, walked up to McMahon, saying, "*If you kill me, I will lie here—if I kill you, you shall lie there!*" and then ordered his men to *prime* and *tree!* Instantly, as the tomahawk was about to give the deadly blow, McMahon sprang back, raised his gun already cocked, pulled the trigger, and Capt. George fell dead. Story took for his mark the ugly savage, Spotted John, who was at that moment placing his family behind a tree, and shot him dead, the same ball passing through his squaw's neck, and the shoulders of his oldest papooes, a girl of about thirteen.

Hereupon the Indians fled with horrid yells; the whites hotly pursued for some distance, firing as fast as possible, yet without effect, while the women and children screamed and screeched piteously. The party then gave up the pursuit, returned and buried the dead Indians, and proceeded to Warren to consult for their safety.

It being ascertained that the Indians had taken the route to Sandusky, on Monday morning James Hillman was sent through the wilderness to overtake and treat with them. He came up with them on Wednesday, and cautiously advanced, they being at first suspicious of him. But making known his mission, he offered them first $100, then $200, and so on, to $500, if they would treat with him on just terms, return to their homes and bury the hatchet. But to all his overtures they answered, "No! No! No! we will go to Sandusky and hold a council with the chiefs there." Hillman replied, "You will hold a council there, light the war torch, rally all the warriors throughout the forests, and with savage barbarity, come and attempt a general massacre of all your friends, the whites, throughout the Northwest Territory." They rejoined, "that they would lay the case before the council, and within fourteen days four or five of their number should return with instructions, on what terms peace could be restored." For a more full and perfectly reliable statement of Hillman's agency in this affair, see his memoir in Mahoning county.

Hillman returned, and all the white settlers from Youngstown and the surrounding settlements, garrisoned at Quinby's house in Warren, constructed port-holes through the logs and kept guard night and day.

On the fourth or fifth day after the people garrisoned, a circumstance struck them with terror. John Lane went out into the woods a little distance, one cloudy day, and missing his way gave some alarm. In the evening, a man's voice known to be his, was heard several times, and in the same direction twelve or fourteen successive reports of a gun. It was judged that the Indians had returned, caught Lane, confined him and compelled him to halloo, with threats of death if he did not, under the hope of enticing the whites into an ambush, and massacreeing them.

In the morning, as these noises continued, Wm. Crooks, a resolute man, went out cautiously to the spot whence they proceeded, and found that Lane had dislocated his ankle in making a misstep, and could not get into the fort without assistance.

The little party continued to keep guard until the fourteenth day, when exactly, according to contract, four or five Indians returned with proposals of peace, which were, that McMahon and Story should be taken to Sandusky, tried by Indian laws, and, if guilty, punished by them. This they were told could not be done, as McMahon was already a prisoner under the laws of the whites, in the jail at Pittsburg, and Story had fled out of the country.

McMahon was brought to Youngstown and tried with prudence, Gen. St. Clair chief judge. The only testimony that could be received of all those present at the tragedy was a boy who took no part in the affair, who stood close by Capt. George when he said, "If you kill me, I'll lie here; if I kill you, you will lie there." A young married woman, who had been a prisoner among the Indians, was brought to testify, as she understood the language. She affirmed that the words signified, that if McMahon should kill Capt. George, the Indians should not seek restitution; nor should the whites, if McMahon were killed. In regard to the death of Spotted John, the Indians finally claimed nothing, as he was an ugly fellow, belonging to no tribe whatever.

The Indians again took up their old abode, re-buried the bodies of their slain down the

river two or three miles, drove down a stake at the head of each grave, hung a new pair of buckskin breeches on each stake, saying and expecting that "at the end of thirty days they would rise, go to the North Sea, and hunt and kill the *white bear.*" An old pious Indian said, "No! they will not rise at the end of thirty days. When God comes at the last day, and calls all the world to rise and come to judgment, *then* they will rise."

The Indians nightly carried good supplies of cooked venison to the graves, which were evidently devoured. A white settler's old slut, with a litter of six or eight pups, nightly visited the savory meats, as they throve most wonderfully during the thirty days.

The Hon. Joshua R. Giddings, in a note to the above, says:

McMahon served afterwards in the war of 1812, and in the Northwestern army under Gen. Harrison. In the battle with the Indians on the Peninsula, north of Sandusky bay, on the 29th of September of that year, he was wounded in the side. After his recovery, he was discharged in November and started for home. He left Camp Avery, in Huron county, and took the path to the old Portage. Being alone and happening to meet a party of Indians, he fell a victim to their hostility.

The Rev. Joseph Badger, *the first missionory on the Reserve,* resided for eight years at Gustavus, in this county. He was born at Wilbraham, Mass., in 1757. He served as a soldier in the Revolutionary war, graduated at Yale College in 1785, in 1787 was ordained as a minister over a church in Blandford, Mass., where he remained for fourteen years.

In 1800 such an opportunity for usefulness offered as he had long wished for. The missionary societies of the Eastern States had for many years been desirous of sending missionaries to the Indians which then dwelt in the northern portion of Ohio.

At their instance, Mr. Badger made a visit to this country during that year, and was so well satisfied with the opportunity of usefulness, which his residence among the Wyandots and other tribes would afford, that he returned after his family, and since that time his labors have been principally divided between the Western Reserve, and the country bordering on the Sandusky and Maumee rivers. Among his papers the writer finds certificates of his appointment to the several missionary stations on the Reserve and at Lower Sandusky, as also commissions of the postmaster's appointment, for the several places where he has from time to time resided. Mr. B.'s labors among the scattered inhabitants on the Reserve and the Indians were arduous and interesting. Many incidents common to frontier life are recorded in his journals. His duties as a missionary were all faithfully discharged, and he saw this portion of the West grow up under his own eye and teaching.

In 1812 he was appointed chaplain to the army by Gov. Meigs. He was at Fort Meigs during the siege of 1813, and through the war was attached to Gen. Harrison's command. He removed from Trumbull county in 1835 to Plain township, Wood county.

Mr. Badger was a man of energy, perseverance and fine intellectual endowments. His naturally strong and brilliant mind retained all its power until within the last three years of his life. He was a faithful and devoted Christian. He ardently loved his fellow-men—his God he loved supremely. Few men have ever lived who have given such an unequivocal proof of Christian meekness and submission—few whose labors have more highly adorned the great and responsible profession of the ministry. Full of years and of honors, and possessing the paternal affection of a people, who have been long accustomed to regard him as a father, he has at length gone to his final account. He died in 1846, aged 89.

The following miscellaneous collection of incidents and events of pioneer life in the Mahoning valley are derived from "Historical Collections of the Mahoning Valley," published by the Mahoning Valley Historical Society:

O'Mick.

O'Mick, an account of whose execution for murder is given in Cuyahoga County, belonged to a party of Indians who in 1800 encamped on the bottom lands in Kinsman township. They were a source of much annoyance to the settlers, who were somewhat in fear of them, although they were generally disposed to be friendly. Old O'Mick, their chief, was a Chippewa, and of surly disposition. It was his delight to frighten the whites by unexpectedly entering their cabins. His son, called "Devil Poc-con," on returning from a visit to Washington, appeared in a military suit, and thereafter was nicknamed "Tom Jefferson" by the white settlers. Afterward, he, with two other Indians, coming upon two hunters, Buel and Gibbs, at Pipe creek, killed them while asleep. It was

for this crime that he was hanged at Cleveland. The name O'Mick did not properly belong to him but to his father.

Early Commercial Enterprise.

The first supply of merchandise was brought to Warren in June, 1801, in which year Jas. E. Caldwell and an assistant poled a canoe up the Mahoning about once in two weeks. When they approached a settlement they blew a horn, and the settlers who wanted anything came down to the river to purchase.

In the fall of 1801, or early in 1802, George Lovelass opened a small shop on the east side of Main street, a few rods north of South street. About the same time Robt. Erwin, "who was a handsome but a sad scamp," so says an old lady, was set up in business by his uncle, Boyle Erwin.

First Mail to the Reserve.

The following extract from a letter of Gen. Simon Perkins gives some interesting items concerning the first mail route to the Western Reserve:

"The mail first came to Warren, October 30, 1801, via Canfield and Youngstown. Gen. Wadsworth was appointed postmaster at Canfield, Judge Pease at Youngstown, and myself at Warren. A Mr. Frithy, of Jefferson, Ashtabula County, was contractor on the route, which came and terminated at Warren, the terminus for two or four years before it went on to Cleveland. Eleazar Gilson, of Canfield, was the first mail carrier, and made a trip once in two weeks; but I do not recollect the compensation. This was the first mail to the Reserve. Two years afterward, I think it was, that the mail was extended to Detroit, and it may have been four years. The route was from Warren, via Deerfield, Racenna, Hudson, etc., to Cleveland, and then along the old Indian trail to Sandusky, Maumee, River Raisin, to Detroit, returning from Cleveland, via Painesville, Harpersfield, and Jefferson to Warren. The trip was performed from Pittsburg to Warren in about two days. The distance was eighty-six miles."

Squire Brown and the Slave-Hunters.

One afternoon in September, 1823, a negro and his wife with two children passed through Bloomfield on their way toward Ashtabula. At nearly dark of the same day, three dusty, way-worn travellers rode up to the tavern and announced themselves as slave-hunters. They were much fatigued and easily persuaded by the landlord to remain over night. It was soon noised abroad that the slave-hunters were in town and much excitement prevailed. Squire Brown got out his wagon, and a party of men were sent out to warn and secrete the slaves, who were found at a house near Rome, Ashtabula County, and temporarily secreted in a barn.

In the meanwhile, the Virginia slave-hunters were sleeping off the effects of their hard journey. A singular torpor seemed to come over every one about that tavern on that night, so that it was late in the morning before any one was aroused; the breakfast was delayed, the key of the stable lock could not be found, and when at last the stable was opened, the Virginian horses were each found to have cast a shoe. A blacksmith shop was visited, but the smith was absent, and when at last hunted up, he had no nails, must make new shoes; the fire was out, so that when the horses were finally shod it was well toward noon. The Virginians finally got started on their journey, but not until beset by the most remarkable series of mishaps and delays that ever occurred to impatient tavellers.

Some time after their departure, Squire Brown's wagon drove into town with the negro family. They were led into the dense woods, where under the direction of Squire Brown, a temporary hut had been erected for their accommodation. Here they were concealed, and food carried to them by night, until the excitement passed by.

Three days later, the slave-hunters rode up to the tavern on their homeward journey. They found a warrant, issued by Squire Kimble awaiting their attention. Their offense was that of running the toll-gate on the turnpike a little north of Warren. On passing the gate they had supposed that the objects of their pursuit had taken the State road toward Painesville, and therefore paid the half toll necessary to go by that route; whereas, if they had represented that they were coming to Bloomfield, they would have been required to pay full toll. On application to Mr. Harris for horse-feed, they were told that no slave-hunter's horses could again stand in his stable under any consideration. They then hitched their horses to the sign-post, and proceeded with the constable to Squire Kimble's, where they were fined five dollars each and costs. On their return they found the tails and manes of their steeds wanting as to "hair," and a notice pinned to one of the saddles, which read something as follows:

"Slave-hunters, beware!
For sincerely we swear
That if again here
You ever appear,
We'll give you the coat of a Tory to wear."

This latter episode was greatly deplored by those who took the most active part in the rescue. After the departure of the slave-hunters, the negroes remained for some time, the father working for Squire Brown. Eventually they were placed aboard a Canada bound vessel, their fares paid, and they reached their destination without molestation.

An Intelligent Dog.

Bloomfield Township was purchased in

1814 by Ephraim Brown of Westmoreland, New Hampshire, and Thomas Howe of Williamstown, Vermont, of Peter Chardon Brookes of Boston, the proprietor of large tracts in this part of the Reserve. They engaged S. J. Ensign to survey it, and in the winter of 1814–15, Lemon Ferry, wife, two sons and four daughters moved into the township. This was the first family. In the spring of 1815, Willard Crowell, Israel Proctor, Samuel Eastman, and David Comstock, came on foot from Vermont. "By special request, Howe allowed his favorite dog Argus to accompany these men. Very much to their chagrin, the dog was missed somewhere in New York, and did not again join them.

"Several months after, Howe drove through, and, on stopping at a wayside inn to rest his horse, was much surprised to find Argus, who manifested his delight in all the ways within his power. Mr. Howe remarked to the landlord that he was glad to find his dog. The landlord insisted, as landlords will, that he had raised the dog from a puppy. Howe thought it would be easy to test the matter of ownership, and, pointing to his cutter, told the dog to take care of it. He then told the astonished inn-keeper that if he could take anything from the cutter the dog was his; otherwise not. The landlord endeavored by coaxing and threatening to obtain possession of a robe or whip, but in vain. Argus, rejoiced at finding his old master, immediately resumed a grateful service to him. When Howe was ready to start, he told his host that he should not call off his dog, but Argus was only too glad to follow, and in the new county was a general favorite, and became famous as a deer hunter."

Indian Religious Festival.

A few Indians still remained in the Mahoing Valley up to the time of the war of 1812. They seemed like outlaws, who feel that their country owes them a living, and it is theirs to obtain it as best they can. Still they were never quarrelsome, though in looks they were frightfully savage.

A band of Indians and John Omick, their sachem had until the year 1810, encamped on the west bank of the Pymatuning creek, and were supposed to be a remnant of the Chippewa tribe. Their *totem*, or family designation, was the venomous black rattlesnake, called the Massasauga. But they were peaceable, disturbing no man's property or person.

"Burning the White Dog was their annual religious festival, and to this they always invited white men to come. The sacrifice was offered each year in a certain spot in the northeast part of the township, and the country was hunted over to find a dog purely white for the offering. A pole was supported at either end by forked sticks set firmly in the ground; beneath it were placed wood and kindlings for the fire. The dog was carefully bound with thongs, passed over the pole in such a way that the victim could be raised or lowered at will. Whiskey and food were provided, and as the dusky band assembled their weapons were stacked and a guard placed over them, so that no one in a moment of excitement should seize a weapon for retaliation or destruction. The fire was kindled and as a circle of these swarthy worshippers danced slowly around the altar, mingling their wailing songs with the beating of rude drums, the victim was lowered into the flames, then raised at intervals, and thus tortured until life was extinct.

Attempts, it is said, were made to Christianize them; but at last, very many having fallen victims to the small-pox, they thought the Great Spirit frowned upon them for staying here, so the survivors moved westward in 1810.

Hog Stories.

In the spring of 1806 or 1807, David Brownlee settled in Coitsville; he hailed from Washington county, Pa. In emigrating he brought with him a sow and a half a dozen pigs, five or six months old. They all seemed satisfied with their new Buckeye home, regardless of dangers from the prowling wolf, the bear, the panther, and the other wild beasts, plenty in our forests in those days, and lovers of pork, and indulged in it at every opportunity. These swine were in their stye every evening, and regularly at their troughs at feeding times, and things for a time went on very pleasantly with the porker family. Anticipation ran high with Mr. Brownlee in prospect of the good and profitable things coming in the shape of ham, shoulders, flitch, spare ribs, sausages, etc. Now one evening in early summer the pigsty was empty; none of its occupants put in an appearance, Not much solicitude was felt about their absence for a few days, then a dilligent search was made for their whereabouts, but they could not be found and were given up for lost.

After a time, Mr. Brownlee went back to Washington County to harvest his wheat that he had left growing. To his great surprise he found all his swine, with an addition of eight or ten pigs to the family, not one missing. When Mr. Brownlee was ready to return to his home he gathered his herd of swine, notified them of his purpose, and started them on their way. None making any detirmined opposition, they passed on before him until they came to the river, where they took to the water cheerfully and landed safely on the other side and took the direct road to Coitsville, nor ceased their efforts at all seasonable hours until they reached their Coitsville home and rested again within the sty, and fed from the trough which they had clandestinely deserted a few months before.

Another Case.—When Mr. David Stewart emigrated to Coitsville he brought his hogs with him. When they came to the Ohio river they drove the hogs, with other stock, on to the ferry-boat, and pushed off into the stream. One hog jumped from the boat

when near the middle of the river and swam back to the shore. They did not attempt to recover the hog, and when they landed drove on. On the second evening after they crossed the river, Mr. Stewart put up for the night at Amos Loveland's in Coitsville, and put the hogs in an enclosure by the wayside. Next morning the missing hog was lying on the outside of the fence which enclosed its mates, composed as if nothing remarkable had happened. It must have recognized that it was lost from its companions, swam the river, took the cold track of the herd, and followed on persistently, tired and hungry, until it overtook them."

The Dean Rafts.

In December, 1804, an elderly gentleman came to this region representing that he wished to contract for squared white-oak timber and staves to be used for ship-building, and the staves to be taken to the Madeira Islands for wine casks. He was referred to Isaac Powers and Amos Loveland, men that could furnish what he wanted. He called upon them and made a bargain, which they had to go to Poland to have written. The contract was drawn at the house of Jonathan Fowler, and written either by him or Terhand Kirtland. The sizes and lengths of the timbers were all specified. It was all large timber. The contract for the timber was made with Isaac Powers, and the staves with Amos Loveland. Mr. Dean was evidently a man that understood his business, and capable of driving a sharp bargain, as he succeeded in getting Mr. Powers into a contract entirely in his own favor, Mr. Powers, although being a good mechanic in timber, never had the experience of the cost of furnishing timber of such sizes and weight, and consequently got but little to pay the scant wages due his workmen and for his own time and labor. He, however, furnished the timbers as called for by the contract. Mr. Loveland's part of the bargain will be understood by giving it in the words of his daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth M'Farland, who is now living (1876) in Coitsville Township, and is eighty-five years of age. She says:

"My recollection of the Dean rafts is that they were three in number, and were got up about the year 1803 or 1804. They were composed of square timbers hewed out, and of large, air-tight casks. My father, Amos Loveland, furnished all the timber for the casks, and helped to take it out. He also furnished the trees standing in the woods from which the square timber was made. He was not under contract for building the casks, or for any other part of the labor of constructing. He, however, had the contract to furnish the staves dressed. The staves were got out and dressed and finished, and then set up for the wine casks, and afterwards knocked down, that is, taken apart, and the staves destined for each cask punched or bundled, each bundle being secured by a small hoop at each end. John Moore, father of Wm. O. Moore, of the Sarah J. Stewart tragedy, James Walker, —— Holmes, with the help of my father, were the coopers who split them out (the staves) in the summer, set them up and built the casks in the fall and winter. The casks were intended to buoy up the rafts. We furnished the boarding and lodging and shop for these coopers. We were often hard put to furnish the table with the necessary substantials of life. For meat we often had game, namely, wild turkey, venison, and occasionally bear meat.

"Mr. Powers took out all the squared timber and built the rafts. It took about one year to get them completed. They were successfully launched in the Mahoning River in Coitsville Township, at the south end of the present Lawrence Railroad Bridge, at the spring flood in 1806. The river was swollen to its highest water-mark, and most of the inhabitants of the surrounding neighborhood were there to see them off. An old gentleman, Mr. Dean, contracted for the building and launching of them. He was not here often, but his nephew, James Dean, bossed the job. He, James, fell out of a canoe between this and Beaver Falls. He, with two men, were travelling in the canoe. The two others went ashore to sleep, leaving Mr. Dean in the canoe to watch their trunks and outfit. The next morning he was found at the bottom of the river, wrapped in his blanket, dead. The rafts went to pieces on the falls of Beaver on account of insufficient depth of water to float them over.

"The timbers of the rafts were lost, but most of the staves were gathered, loaded in flat boats, and taken to New Orleans. These rafts were about one hundred feet in length, and about twenty-five feet wide. The casks for buoys or floats were made air-tight, and frame or yokes were made, in which they were confined. Upon this frame or yoke the raft timbers were placed. The casks were about four feet in diameter and six feet in length, and made of very heavy staves and well bound with hoops. The exact number to each raft is not known, but we are led to believe that it was twenty-four. They were framed in the timbers in pairs, to move endways on the water. On the top of the rafts were piled the staves.

"Jonathan Fowler, the first settler of Poland Township, was drowned at that time at Hardscrabble in the Beaver River. He was accompanying the party that was running the rafts. While passing the rapids at that place, the canoe in which he was riding struck a rock and upset, and he was lost. The others that were in the canoe at that time were rescued.

"At the time these rafts were got out, and until after they were gone and lost, there were no suspicions but that they were intended to be used for legitimate purposes. It, however, afterward was rumored that Dean was a Confederate or in the employ of Aaron Burr, and it was supposed and believed by

many that they were intended to be used by him in his treasonable purposes against the Government. Nothing, however, positive was ever known to the people of this country as to their intended destination."

THE EMIGRATION OF 1817–1818 TO NEW CONNECTICUT.

For some years just prior to the war of 1812, and also during the war, the emigration to Ohio was slight. This primarily was caused by the unhappy condition of the people on the seaboard, consequent upon the embargo and other non-intercourse acts of the general government, which brought on a stagnation in trade and great pecuniary distress. The people could not sell their farms, had they been so disposed, and thereby raise the means to venture into a wilderness, nor did they have much inclination, in view of the demonstrations from the Indians, which eventually culminated in open war.

A few years after the close of the war there came a great revival of emigration, which is thus well told by Goodrich in his "Peter Parley's Recollections of a Lifetime:"

I must now ask your attention to several topics having no connection, except unity of time and place: the cold seasons of 1816 and 1817, and the consequent flood of emigration from New England to the West; the political revolution in Connecticut, which was wrought in the magic name of Toleration, and one or two items of my personal experience.

The summer of 1816 was probably the coldest that has been known here in this century. In New England—from Connecticut to Maine—there were severe frosts in every month. The crop of Indian corn was almost entirely cut off; of potatoes, hay, oats, etc., there was not probably more than half the usual supply. The means of averting the effects of such a calamity—now afforded by railroads, steam navigation, canals, and other facilities of inter-communication—did not then exist. The following winter was severe, and the ensuing spring backward. At this time I made a journey into New Hampshire, passing along the Connecticut river, in the region of Hanover. It was then June, and the hills were almost as barren as in November. I saw a man at Orford who had been forty miles for a half bushel of Indian corn and paid two dollars for it!

Along the seaboard it was not difficult to obtain a supply of food, save only that every article was dear. In the interior it was otherwise; the cattle died for want of fodder, and many of the inhabitants came near perishing from starvation. The desolating effects of the war still lingered over the country, and at last a kind of despair seized upon some of the people. In the pressure of adversity, many persons lost their judgment, and thousands feared or felt that New England was destined, henceforth, to become a part of the frigid zone. At the same time, Ohio—with its rich soil, its mild climate, its inviting prairies—was opened fully upon the alarmed and anxious vision. As was natural under the circumstances, a sort of stampede took place from the cold, desolate, worn-out New England, to this land of promise.

I remember very well the tide of emigration through Connecticut, on its way to the West, during the summer of 1817. Some persons went in covered wagons—frequently a family consisting of father, mother and nine small children, with one at the breast—some on foot and some crowded together under the cover, with kettles, gridirons, feather beds, crockery and the family Bible, Watts' Psalms and Hymns, and Webster's Spelling Book—the lares and penates of the household. Others started in ox-carts, and trudged on at the rate of ten miles a day. In several instances I saw families on foot—the father and boys taking turns in dragging along an improvised hand-wagon, loaded with the wreck of the household goods—occasionally giving the baby and mother a ride. Many of these persons were in a state of poverty, and begged their way as they went. Some died before they reached the expected Canaan; many perished after their arrival from fatigue and privation; and others from the fever and ague, which was then certain to attack the new settlers.

It was, I think, in 1818 that I published a small tract entitled "T'other side of Ohio," that is, the other view, in contrast to the popular notion that it was the paradise of the world. It was written by Dr. Hand—a talented young physician of Berlin—who had made a visit to the West about these days. It consisted mainly of vivid but painful pictures of the accidents and incidents attending this wholesale migration. The roads over the Alleghenies, between Philadelphia and Pittsburg, were then rude, steep and dangerous, and some of the more precipitous slopes were consequently strewn with the carcasses of wagons, horses, carts, oxen, which had made shipwreck in their perilous descents. The scenes on the road—of families gathered at night in miserable sheds, called taverns; mothers frying, children crying, fathers swearing—were a mingled comedy and tragedy of errors. Even when they arrived in their new homes, along the banks of the Muskingum or Scioto, frequently the whole family—father, mother, children—speedily exchanged the fresh complexion and elastic step of their first abodes for the sunken cheek

and languid movement which marks the victim of intermittent fever.

The instances of homesickness described by this vivid sketcher were touching. Not even the captive Israelites, who hung their harps upon the willows along the banks of the Euphrates, wept more bitter tears, or looked back with more longing to their native homes, than did these exiles from New England; mourning the land they had left, with its roads, schools, meeting-houses; its hope, health and happiness!

Two incidents related by the traveller I must mention, though I do it from recollection, as I have not a copy of the work. He was one day riding in the woods, apart from the settlements, when he met a youth, some eighteen years of age, in a hunting-frock, and with a fowling-piece in his hand. The two fell into conversation.

"Where are you from?" said the youth at last.

"From Connecticut," was the reply.

"That is near the old Bay State?"

"Yes."

"And you have been there?"

"To Massachusetts! Yes; many a time."

"Let me take your hand, stranger. My mother was from the Bay State, and brought me here when I was an infant. I have heard her speak of it. Oh, it must be a lovely land! I wish I could see a meeting-house and a school-house, for she is always talking about them. And the sea, the sea! oh, if I could see that! Did you ever see it, stranger?"

"Yes; often."

"What! the real salt sea; the ocean, with the ships upon it?"

"Yes."

"Well," said the youth, scarcely able to suppress his emotion, "if I could see the old Bay State and the ocean, I should be willing then to die!"

In another instance the traveller met, somewhere in the valley of the Scioto, a man from Hartford, by the name of Bull. He was a severe Democrat, and feeling sorely oppressed with the idea that he was no better off in Connecticut under Federalism than the Hebrews in Egypt, joined the throng and migrated to Ohio. He was a man of substance, but his wealth was of little avail in a new country, where all the comforts and luxuries of civilization were unknown.

"When I left Connecticut," said he, "I was wretched from thinking of the sins of Federalism. After I had got across Byram river, which divides that State from New York, I knelt down and thanked the Lord, for that he had brought me and mine out of such a priest-ridden land. But I've been well punished, and I'm now preparing to return. When I again cross Byram river, I shall thank God that he has permitted me to get back again!"

Mr. Bull did return, and what he hardly anticipated had taken place in his absence: the Federal dynasty had passed away, and Democracy was reigning in its stead! This was effected by a union of all the dissenting sects—Episcopalians, Methodists, Baptists—co-operating with the Democrats to overthrow the old and established order of things.

The intense bitterness existing in those early days between men of different politics and religious faiths seems in these later times to have been childish, when we reflect that all parties and all sects have an honest and patriotic and precisely the same ends in view. It was a difference in belief as to the means to that end. Among the outgrowths of the feeling of the early days was a comical pasquinade by Theodore Dwight, later Secretary of the Hartford Convention, in ridicule of a Jeffersonian festival, held at New Haven early in the century. It was repeated and sang all over the country by the Federalists, greatly to the irritation of the Democrats. But when years later the Democrats got into power, they repeated it in their own meetings with great gusto. We annex the first two stanzas:

"Ye tribes of Faction, join—
Your daughters and your wives—
Moll Cary's come to town
To dance with Deacon Ives.
Ye ragged throng
Of Democrats,
As thick as rats,
Come, join the song.

"Old Deacon Bishop stands,
With well-befrizzled wig,
File-leader of the bands,
To open with a jig;
With parrot toe,
The poor old man
Tries all he can
To make it go."

What Mr. Goodrich, in the narrative copied, means by the expression "established order of things," needs explanation to some of our young readers. Connecticut then had no State constitution other than the old Colonial charter granted by Charles II. Rhode Island also lived under the charter from Charles II., until the "Dorr Rebellion" of 1842 led to the adoption of a State constitution on more liberal principles. Under the code of laws in Connecticut estab-

EMIGRATING TO NEW CONNECTICUT, 1817–1818.

From an engraving in Peter Parley's Recollections.

lished on the basis of the meagre charter of the king, the Congregational church assumed especial privileges. Every person was taxed to support it unless they should declare their adhesion to some other persuasion. And all were taxed to support Yale College, a religious seminary governed by the Congregational clergy. Practically the State's government was a theocracy, a union of church and State. In 1818 the Federalists were overthrown and a State constitution adopted. The conflict, while impending, occasioned great distress among the Congregational clergy and their members. If the people were not compelled by law to support the institutions of religion, they felt religion would perish from the earth.

Lyman Beecher, in his reminiscences, gives vent to his distressful emotions on the occasion of the success of what was termed the "Toleration Party." Years later, Lyman Beecher rejoiced with exceeding great joy on witnessing the success of the voluntary system in its support of the institutions of religion. He felt that freedom in religion was of God. At the time of the success of the Toleration party there was not a Catholic church in the State, and when, from the influx of foreigners about 1834, they began to erect Catholic churches largely over the country, many looked on with horror, apprehensive of the reign of the Pope and the eventual advent of the Spanish Inquisition. Early in the century "Fox's Book of Martyrs" and other similar lugubrious books had been largely circulated in the rural regions at the east by perambulating book-venders going from house to house. Lyman Beecher, on coming to Ohio, although he had survived the Toleration scare, found a fresh one in his fear of Catholic supremacy, and thundered and lightened. But he lived to modify his opinions when he saw that Catholic priests never ran away from a pestilence and the Sisters of Charity were unceasing in ministering to the sick and dying. The soul of goodness is in all Christian faiths, and the spirit of patriotism prevails in the hearts of the people, irrespective of politics.

Warren in 1846.—Warren, the county seat, is on the Mahoning river and Ohio and Penn. canal, 161 miles northeast of Columbus and 77 from Pittsburgh. It is a well-built and very pleasant town, through which beautifully winds the Mahoning. In the centre is a handsome public square, on which stands the court-house. In June, 1846, this village was visited by a destructive fire, which destroyed a large number of buildings facing one side of the public square, since built up with beautiful stores. Warren was laid out in 1801, by Ephraim Quinby, Esq., and named from Moses Warren, of Lyme. The town plat is one mile square, with streets crossing at right angles. Warren contains 1 Presbyterian, 1 Episcopal, 1 Baptist, 1 Methodist and 1 Disciples' church, about 20 mercantile stores, 3 newspaper printing offices, 2 flour mills, 1 bank, 1 woollen factory and a variety of mechanical establishments; in 1840, its population was 1,066; it is now estimated at 1,600. In a graveyard on the river's bank lie the remains of the Hon. Zephania Swift, author of "Swift's Digest," and once chief-justice of the State of Connecticut. He died here September 27, 1823, at the age of 64 years, while on a visit to a son and daughter.—*Old Edition.*

WARREN, county-seat of Trumbull, on the Mahoning river, about 145 miles northeast of Columbus, 52 miles southeast of Cleveland, is the centre for a fine agricultural region famous for dairying. Its railroads are N. Y. P. & O., A. & P., P. P. & F., and Mahoning Branch of N. Y. P. & O.

County Officers, 1888: Auditor, William Wallace; Clerk, Albert B. Camp; Commissioners, Joel Bushnell, Henry H. Pierce, Warren D. Hall; Coroner, William C. Hunt; Infirmary Directors, Frank C. Van Wye, Job J. Holliday, William W. Griffith; Probate Judge, David R. Gilbert; Prosecuting Attorney, Thomas H. Gillmer; Recorder, David J. Woodford; Sheriff, Andrew P. McKinley; Surveyor, Homer C. White; Treasurer, Addison Rogers. City Officers, 1888: John L. Smith, Mayor; M. J. Sloan, Solicitor; C. F. Dickey, Engineer; Allen Walker, Marshall; W. G. Watson, Street Commissioner; E. H.

Goodale, Sealer. Newspapers: *Chronicle*, Republican, William Ritezel & Co., editors and publishers; *Taxpayers' Guardian*, Independent, J. S. Wrightnour, editor; *Tribune*, Republican, W. H. Smiley, editor and publisher; *Western Reserve Democrat*, Democrat, R. W. Paden, editor; *Church at Home*, Evangelistic, E. B. Wakefield, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 African Methodist Episcopal, 1 German Lutheran, 1 Disciples, 1 Catholic, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Baptist. Banks: First National, H. B. Perkins, president, J. H. McCombs, cashier; Second National, C. A. Harrington, president, R. W. Ratliff, cashier; Western Reserve National, Albert Wheeler, president, O. L. Walcott, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—W. Packard & Co., planing mill, 30; R. Bartholomew, building, 4; George T. Townsend, furniture, 12; Trumbull Milling Co., flour, etc., 5; The Warren Paint Co., paints, 23; Drennen & Son, carriages, etc., 8; Griswold Linseed Oil Co., linseed oil, etc., 20; Spangenberg, Pendleton & Co., machinery, 15; Reed's Planing Mill, planing mill, etc., 3; Warren Evaporator Works, sugar evaporators, 6; Warren Stave Works, staves, heading, etc., 45; S. F. Bartlett, carriages, etc., 12; James Reed & Son, stoves, 10; G. H. Reed & Son, machinery, 6; Warren Tube Co., iron and steel tubes, 161; The Winfield Manufacturing Co., tinware, 86; Ætna Machine Co., machinery, 40; R. P. McCleland, woollen mills, 4; R. McBerty, blinds and screens, 3.—*State Report, 1887.*

Population, 1880, 4,428. School census, 1888, 1,912. E. F. Moulton, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, $368,500. Value of annual product, $613,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887.* Census, 1890, 5,973.

TRAVELLING NOTES.

On my arrival at Warren I found it was a day for the reunion of the 105th Ohio. This regiment was mainly made up of farmers from the counties of Lake, Ashtabula, Geanga, Trumbull, and some miners from Mahoning. At Perrysville it lost heavily, and it was on Sherman's march to the sea. Judge Albert Tourgee (see Vol. I., p. 280) was an officer of this regiment.

Naturally one warms towards these veterans. Going up to a group in the hotel I said to one of them: "Aren't you glad you have got through your shooting?" "Humph," he replied, "I am glad I have got through being shot at." Then he showed me his mutilated, ruined arm, and told me he had been hit five times and laid long in hospitals.

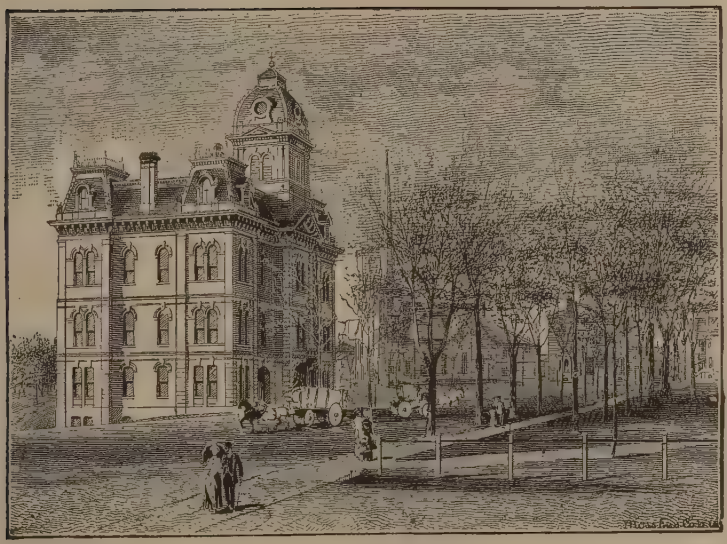
On my tour I met many of the Grand Army veterans, and they are largely wrecks.

Many of these men who look well are in anguish from their war experiences. Comparatively few are in full physical vigor. The hardships and sufferings of years of campaigning have left a majority with broken constitutions. One I met in Bellaire, on the Ohio, had been in twenty-eight battles. He had been wounded four times. He was suffering from part of his windpipe having been shot away. Back of his neck was a wound that has been a running sore since 1864.

At Ripley, also on the Ohio, I arrived in the rain and dark, and was directed by a colored porter to a little tavern under the hill where there were three apparently old men. They were about the only persons I saw on the premises. They were old soldiers; one the landlord. All had been sufferers; one a complete wreck. Seeing me walking about with alacrity, the contrast with his own suffering condition aroused him, and he said in plaintive tones, "You move about springy and easy, and, as you say, you are seventy years old, just look at me; I am but forty-two years old, and yet I am to-day an older man than you. The war has ruined me, I'm in constant suffering, can scarcely move about—have no health nor strength—every moment I'm in misery."

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

PUBLIC SQUARE, WARREN.



L. M. Rice, Photo., 1887.

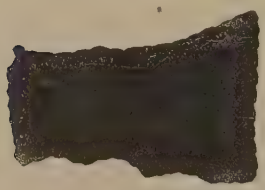
VIEW ON THE PUBLIC SQUARE, WARREN.

Yet with any of these old soldiers, who volunteered because they loved their country, you cannot get one to say they regretted their experiences. So grand is this principle of patriotism, that suffering for it but increases devotion. I asked one who had half of his lower jaw shot away beside receiving other wounds:

"Do you regret your army experiences? If you could have foreseen them, would you have refrained from volunteering?"

"No," he replied, with a twinkle of the eye; "lost jaw and all."

In the many conflicts of the war, the narrow escapes from death often seemed a little less than marvellous. At Paulding, in the person of the landlord of the hotel where I tarried, was an old soldier, Mr. T. J. Saltzgaber. A piece of a shell had gone coursing through his head just under his skull. He showed me the scar where it had entered and the scar where it had come out. The distance apart was six inches, by my measure, around the back of the neck. It entered one and a half inches behind the right ear, on a level with the ear entrance, took off a piece of the base of the skull, and passing between the "leaders" and spinal column, came out three inches below the lobe of the left ear and the same distance farther back. He handed me the missile. Its weight was three ounces. I laid it on my note-book and with a pencil outlined its thickness and its other dimensions. The diagrams annexed are fac-similes of the originals in size and form.



Length and Breadth.

Thickness.

"This," he said, "was fired into me by Wheeler's artillery down in Alabama, October 25, 1864. After the war I met the artilleryman in Seguin, Texas, who fired the gun, and boarded at his hotel—a very clever fellow."

The wounds which some of them received and survived were indeed alike marvellous. Col. Charles Whittlesey relates an instance in his "War Memories" in which an apparently mortal wound through the body saved a man's life. We extract his statement, which is under the caption of "Experience of Col. Garis:"

Col. C. Garis, of Washington, Fayette county, Ohio, was a captain in the 20th Ohio. Soon after the battle of Shiloh Church he resigned on account of a large abscess in the left lung, which, it was presumed, would soon terminate his life.

When the one hundred days' regiments were organized, he was appointed a colonel, and sent to Kentucky. His command was stationed at Cynthiana, on the Licking river, when the place was attacked by Morgan, with a large force. J. R. Stewart, who had been a private in the 20th Ohio, and was then hospital steward, was captured in the town early in the day.

After several hours' fighting, Morgan set fire to the building occupied by Col. Garis, and sent Stewart to him with a demand to surrender. On his way back Morgan's men fired on Stewart, but Morgan told them he was a prisoner, and they allowed him to pass.

Stewart was taken away by the Confederates, but about thirty miles out he managed to escape. Col. Garis came out of the burning buildings and surrendered.

He was fired upon at a few steps by five men, one shot passing through the diseased lung. He was left for dead, or more bullets would have been put into his body. What appeared to be entirely fatal wounds, proved to be a savage remedy for his lungs.

From the bullet holes a large quantity of pus was discharged, and, although not very robust, Col. Garis is still living, and a man of active business (1884). Col. Garis' statement here follows:

"I cheerfully contribute my mite to carry to posterity the noble deeds of the men I had the honour to command.

"You use the proper term when you call our treatment at Cynthiana horrid butchery. We fought for two hours, with inferior arms and a force ten to our one, from some buildings, which gave us some advantage; but the people, being nearly all rebels, set fire to the buildings, which compelled us to surrender or be roasted alive. We chose the former, expecting to be treated as prisoners of war; but to the surprise of us all, as when I, at the head of my men, stepped out of the building, we were fired upon by five men, not more than ten or twelve yards from me, and I received every ball in my arm, side and shoulder, after which they ceased firing.

"While weltering in my blood they tore my sword off from me, and robbed me of my watch. My horse had been shot from under me at the commencement of the battle. My saddles, pistols, trunk, and all we had shared the fate of my sword and purse."

Mr. Whittlesey gives also an instructive paragraph upon the last moments of the dying soldier. In speaking of the battle of Shiloh, where he was in command of the 20th Ohio, he says: "On such fields there are great mental activities and agonies that must not be overlooked. Before the stupor of death comes on, there are preternatural flashes of memory, illuminating the path of life.

"The spirit of the dying soldier returns to the home he has left. Actions and thoughts that occupied many years, reappear with a rapidity comparable to nothing better than electricity. Some are silent, only a few utter groans; others sigh and pray, only rarely there are curses.

"A later stage is that of delirium with chatter and laughter, as indescribable as it is horrible, because it is a premonition of the end. Many who anticipated death, that did not come, spoke of a spiritual elevation, such as a mind partially liberated from the body might experience."

In his time HORACE GREELEY, through the influence of his paper and his oft personal visits in lecturing, was a great educational force on the Reserve. His discussions of new questions seem to be especially adapted to the tastes of the active minded progressive people of New Connecticut. His very oddities made him stand apart from other leaders of men: as his uncouth, careless attire, shambling, awkward gait, childlike simplicity of manner and speech. His personal presence, light pale eyes, complexion, and hair gave to him a sort of milkiness of aspect very unusual, and when he was seen in motion, wearing his old white coat and hat, he seemed, as he was, an original character who lived in his own philosophy and felt at peace with all mankind.

I got here in Warren an original anecdote that illustrates the Johnnie Appleseed spirit of this original Horace. It is from the Warren editor, Mr. F. M. Ritezel. "When," said he, "Greeley was lecturing over the line in Greencastle, Pa., I went thither and engaged him to come to Warren and give us a speech. I met him there on the street occupied eating a peach. As we walked along he continued eating and talking, and when he had dispatched the peach he threw the stone over into a field for its planting with the remark, 'There; somebody may have the good of it.'"

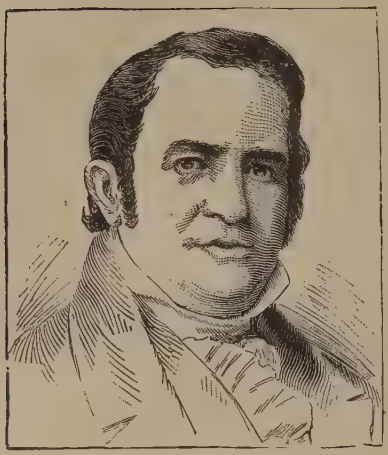
This anecdote of Mr. Ritezel brought another from me. Stories are fruitful of others, and this of mine was about fruit; the subject was the same, Horace Greeley, only it was not about a peach, it was an apple that was concerned. At the period of the Harrison campaign, Greeley, from a raw country youth had quickly become a power in New York city, and, indeed, in the nation. My room-mate, near that period, told me he was walking on Nassau street when, just ahead of him, his attention was arrested by the quaint person of Greeley, as usual shuffling along, oblivious to all surroundings, busy eating an apple. Presently he paused on the edge of the pavement, threw his weight on his right leg, lifted the other and cast the apple-core as far behind as he could, and then, country boy like, looked behind to see what had become of it!

It is probable that this eccentric performance, in a crowded street of the great metropolis, was unknown to the actor himself. It was an automatic performance; his mind at the moment absorbed in thought upon some topic of public utility that was to appear as a leader in his next day's issue.

In spite of his eccentricities Greeley was a man who inspired respect from his force of intellect and high moral aims and his memory is held in honor, though in looking back upon his career in the light of our time we can see his judgments were often erroneous—a great man in some directions, but not a safe guide in a time of peril to a nation. Still everybody is glad that to help out our variety of beneficent characters that America has produced a Horace Greeley.

BIOGRAPHY.

SIMON PERKINS was born in Norwich, Conn., Sept. 17, 1771. His father was an officer in the Revolutionary army, and died in camp in 1778. The son removed to Os-



GENERAL SIMON PERKINS.

GENERAL J. D. COX.

THE PERKINS HOMESTEAD, WARREN.

wego, N. Y., in 1795, where for three years he was occupied with large land agencies. In the spring of 1798 he went to the Western Reserve, to explore and report a plan for the sale and settlement of the lands of "The Erie Land Company." He entered Ohio July 4, and established "Perkins' Camp" on Grand River. Returning to Connecticut in October, he was given entire control of the lands of the company. For several years his summers were spent on the Reserve and the winters in Connecticut. March 18, 1804, he married Nancy Ann Bishop, of Lisbon, Conn., and with his wife settled the following July at Warren. His integrity and superior business judgment and capacity were highly appreciated by land proprietors. So extensive were the agencies entrusted to him, that in 1815 the State land tax paid by him was one-seventh of the entire State revenue.

He was the first postmaster on the Western Reserve. In 1807, at the request of Postmaster-General Granger, he established a line of expresses through the Indian country to Detroit. His efforts led to the granting, in a treaty held at Brownstown in 1808, the right of way to the United States for a road from the Western Reserve to the Rapids of the Maumee, the Indians ceding lands a mile in width all the way on each side of the road.

In May, 1808, he was commissioned a brigadier-general of militia. In the war of 1812, on learning of Hull's surrender, without waiting to hear from his superior officers, he issued orders to his colonels to prepare their regiments for active duty. To him was assigned the duty of protecting the Northwestern frontier. He held his position in the field until Gen. Harrison had been reinforced by regular troops and the militia were withdrawn. Gen. Harrison highly complimented his zeal and activity, and tendered him a colonelship in the regular army, which he declined.

From 1826 to 1838, Gen. Perkins was an active member of the "Board of Canal Fund Commissioners," serving without bond or pecuniary reward, issuing and selling State bonds to the amount of $4,500,000.

November 24, 1813, he organized, and was president for twenty-three years of the Western Reserve Bank, conducting its affairs, during trying financial periods, with such wise judgment and management that "As good as a Western Reserve bank bill" became a common saying. He died at Warren, Nov. 19, 1844. Lossing's "Field Book of the War of 1812" said of him: "Among the remarkable men who settled on the Western Reserve, Gen. Simon Perkins ever held one of the most conspicuous places, and his influence in social and moral life is felt in that region to this day."

Of his six sons and two daughters only two are now living—SIMON PERKINS, of Akron, and HENRY B. PERKINS, of Warren. The former removed to Akron in 1835, and took an active part in the affairs of the county. He projected the Cleveland, Zanesville and Cincinnati Railroad; was a partner of John Brown, the Abolitionist, in the wool business. He married a sister of Gov. Tod.

JACOB PERKINS, next to the youngest son of Gen. Perkins was a man of unusual ability and industry. He was active in the promotion of education; was president and principal factor in the construction of the Cleveland and Mahoning Railway, to which he devoted so much of his energies and strength that his health gave way, and he died at the early age of thirty-eight. A short time before his death he said to a friend, "If I die, you may inscribe on my tombstone, 'Died of the Mahoning Valley Railroad.'"

HENRY B. PERKINS, the youngest son of Gen. Simon Perkins, occupies the old "Perkins Homestead" at Warren. He is a very public-spirited man; has done much to promote the cause of education; is a man whose solid weight of character and moral influence has made a strong impression upon his fellow-men.

In 1878 he served on a commission to reestablish the boundary line between Ohio and Pennsylvania. In 1879, and again in 1881, he was elected to the Ohio Senate, and has occupied other important public offices; but in every instance the office has sought the citizen. A sketch of JOSEPH PERKINS, another son of Gen. Simon Perkins, is given in Cuyahoga County.

JACOB DOLSON COX was born in Montreal, Canada, October 27, 1828. His parents were natives of the United States, and had but a temporary residence in Canada. The following year his parents removed to New York. In 1846 he entered Oberlin College, graduating in 1851, and in 1852 removed to Warren as Superintendent of the High School, which position he held for three years; in the meanwhile he studied law; was admitted to the bar, and began practice in 1854.

In 1859 he was elected to the Legislature, where, not only on account of his record but also his marriage in 1849 to the daughter of President Finney, of Oberlin College, he was regarded as one of the "radical" leaders of the Senate. Col. Whittlesey, in his "War Memoranda," says: "Gen. Garfield represented the Portage county district in the upper house at the same time. They were very young men for those positions, but filled them so ably that they were acknowledged to be the leaders. Personally they were intimate friends; quite like college chums. Both were prominent as moralists and professors of religion, but of dif-

ferent sects. Both were close students and persuasive speakers. While they were firm in their convictions against negro slavery, they were not offensive nor disposed to treat their opponents with disrespect. Undoubtedly they agreed with Gov. Chase in regarding the rebellion as a fortunate opportunity for the legal extirpation of slavery."

Gen. Cox assisted in the organization of the State militia, and was commissioned by President Lincoln a brigadier-general of United States Volunteers. With the assistance of Gen. Rosecrans he laid out Camp Dennison, and was in command there until July 6, 1861, when he was assigned to the command of the "Brigade of the Kanawha" in Western Virginia. He drove out the Confederates under Gen. Wise, taking and repairing Gauley and other bridges which had been destroyed. He held his position; engaged in a succession of skirmishes until August, 1862, when he was assigned to the Army of Virginia under Gen. Pope. He served in the Ninth Corps at the battle of South Mountain, and when Gen. Reno fell, succeeded to the command, and in this and the subsequent battle of Antietam, the troops under his command so distinguished themselves that he was commissioned major-general. On April 16, 1863, Gen. Cox was placed in command of the district of Ohio, also a division of the Twenty-third Army Corps. He served in the Atlanta campaign, and under Gen. Thomas in the campaigns of Franklin and Nashville. March 14, 1865, he fought the battle of Kingston, N. C., and then united his force with Gen. Sherman's army.

He resigned from the army, after the close of the war, to accept the office of Governor of Ohio, and was inaugurated January 15, 1866.

In the controversy between President Johnson and Congress, he espoused the cause of the President.

From March, 1869, till December, 1870, he was Secretary of the Interior under President Grant, but resigned on account of disagreement with certain measures of the administration.

Returning to Cincinnati, he resumed his legal practice.

In 1873 he was elected President of the Toledo, Wabash and Western Railroad; removed temporarily to Toledo, where, in 1876, he was elected to Congress. Subsequently he resumed his law practice at Cincinnati, where he now resides. He has been honored by the degree of LL.D. from the University of North Carolina and Dennison University, Ohio. In person he is tall, graceful and well-proportioned; his manners are unassuming, pleasing and courteous.

Col. Whittlesey says: "The prolonged service of Gen. Cox in one grade is too well known to require repetition. His promotion was once determined on and reported to the Senate, but withdrawn. His rank among the brigadiers, however, gave him the command of a division, and finally a corps, by seniority, until a commission as major-general of volunteers arrived. Patience is certainly a military virtue, but there is no occasion where it is so difficult to practice as while an officer is being systematically overslaughed. . . . . Two of Scribner's volumes of war history are of his composition. In the domain of science Gen. Cox has kept pace with the progress of the age in a way that is not demonstrative, but, like his other qualities, more profound than brilliant. Having occupied so many prominent situations, quite diverse from each other, he is still a comparatively young man. On the subject of assimilation of the white and colored races in the South, he differed from his Republican friends in the days of reconstruction. The state of society in the slave States since that period has proven the sagacity of his conclusions."

KENYON COX, a son of ex-Governor Cox, eminent as a painter and a writer upon art topics, was born at Warren, Oct. 27, 1857. He pursued art studies in Paris under instruction from Carolus-Duran and Gerome.

MILTON SUTLIFF was born in Vernon, Trumbull county, Oct. 16, 1806, and died in Warren, April 24, 1878. When seventeen years of age he went South and taught school there some years. Returning to Ohio, he graduated from the Western Reserve College in 1833. Soon after leaving college he re-

ceived an agency from the Western Reserve Anti-Slavery Society, and for nine months travelled, at his own expense, promulgating anti-slavery doctrines, forming societies, giving public discussions and private interviews. He was classed with Garrison and Phillips as one of the able leaders of the anti-slavery movement.

In 1834 he was admitted to the bar at Warren. In 1850 he was elected to the Ohio Senate by the Free Soil party, and it was to him that Benj. F. Wade was chiefly indebted for his election to the U. S. Senate at this session. In 1857 Judge Sutliff was elected to the Supreme Bench of Ohio, which position he held for five years—the last year as chief justice. In the celebrated Bushnell-Langston slave rescue cases, he held, with Judge Brinkerhoff, that the prisoners ought to be discharged. In 1872 he supported Horace Greeley, and was the Democratic candidate for Congress in opposition to Gen. Garfield.

EZRA B. TAYLOR was born in Nelson, Portage county, Ohio, July 19, 1823. He studied law with Judge R. F. Paine, and was admitted to the bar in 1845. He practiced law at Ravenna until 1862, when he removed to Warren. In 1864 he enlisted as a private in the 171st Ohio National Guard, which served three months. On its return he was elected colonel of the regiment.

In 1877 he was appointed Judge of Common Pleas, to fill a vacancy caused by the death of Judge Lewis; every lawyer in the district, Republican and Democrat, signed a petition for his appointment. In 1880 he was elected to Congress as Gen. Garfield's successor; has been re-elected to each succeeding Congress, and has served on some of the most important committees.

Niles in 1846.—Niles, on the Mahoning river and on the canal, five miles southerly from Warren, contains 3 churches, 3 stores, 1 blast furnace, rolling mill and nail factory, 1 forge and grist mill, and about 300 inhabitants. There is some water power here. In the vicinity are large quantities of excellent iron ore and coal. In Braceville township is a Fourierite association, said to be in a prosperous condition.—*Old Edition.*

NILES is five miles southeast of Warren on the north bank of the Mahoning river and on the N. Y. P. & O., A. & P., P. & W., P. P. & F., N. & N. L., and A. N. & A. Railroads. Its iron manufactures are among the most extensive in the State.

City Officers, 1888: William Davis, Mayor; M. J. Flaherty, Clerk; E. H. Hall, Treasurer; C. H. Strock, Solicitor; James W. McBride, Marshall. Newspaper: *Trumbull County Independent*, Independent, E. M. McCormick, editor. Churches: 1 Disciple, 1 Methodist Episcopal, Welsh do., 1 Primitive do., 1 Presbyterian Episcopal, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Catholic, 1 Cumberland Presbyterian.

Manufactures and Employees.—Thomas Furnace, pig iron, 70; Reeves Bros., steam boilers, etc., 38; Sykes Iron Roofing Co., 6; Falcon Iron and Nail Co., 715; Coleman, Shields & Co., skelp and tube iron, 165; Niles Fire Brick Co., 19.—*State Report, 1887.*

Population, 1880, 3,879. School census, 1888, 1,370; W. N. Wight, school superintendent. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, $380,000. Value of annual product, $1,551,400.—*Ohio Labor Statistics*, 1888. Census, 1890, 4,308.

NILES is in the heart of the great mining industry of Ohio. The population in the main consists of the workmen in the iron establishments and their families, largely foreign—Irish, Welsh, and German, the Irish being the strongest element. The houses are mainly two-story buildings of wood, dingy from the smoke that hangs over the place. It has a public square not exceeding two acres, around which are Catholic, Methodist, and Disciple churches, the town hall (a plain wooden structure), an engine-house and alarm tower. Upon it is a soldiers' monument of granite about sixteen feet high, upon which is inscribed, "Erected in memory of our fallen heroes in the war of 1861 to 1865 by the McPherson Post, No. 16, Dept. of Ohio G. A. R., and the citizens of Weathersfield township." The city is a hive of industry of solid work and solid people.

In Niles was born, February 25, 1844, Major William McKinley, Jr. He enlisted in May, 1861, as a private soldier in the 23rd Ohio, at the time com-

manded by W. S. Rosecrans, and later by Rutherford B. Hayes. He served therein until the close of the war. (See Stark County.)

Newton Falls in 1846.—Newton Falls is nine miles westerly from Warren, on the Ohio and Pennsylvania canal, in the forks of the east and west branches of the Mahoning, which unite just below the village. This flourishing town has sprung into existence within the last twelve years; it was laid out by Thomas D. Webb, Esq., and Dr. H. A. Dubois. The water power is good; it is an important point of shipment on the canal, and its inhabitants are enterprising. It contains 1 Congregational, 1 Methodist, 1 Baptist and 1 Disciples church, 5 mercantile stores, 3 forwarding houses, 1 woollen factory, 1 paper mill, and about 900 inhabitants.—*Old Edition.*

NEWTON FALLS is nine miles southwest of Warren, on the Mahoning river and on the C. Y. & P. and P. & W. Railroads. Newspaper: *Echo*, Independent, Ralph R. Montgomery, editor and publisher.

Population, 1880, 575. School census, 1888, 221; L. P. Hodgeman, school superintendent.

GIRARD is ten miles southeast of Warren, on the Mahoning river, and on the P. & W., A. & P., P. & Y., and N. Y. P. & O. Railroads. Churches: 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Baptist, 1 Lutheran, and 1 Disciples. Bank: Girard Savings, R. L. Walker, president; O. Sheadle, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—Morris, Prindle & Co., flour, etc., 3; Trumbull Iron Co., 280; Girard Iron Co., 200; Girard Stove Works, 16; Krehl, Hauser & Co., tannery, 51.—*State Report for 1887.*

School census, 1888, 608; A. W. Kennedy, school superintendent. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, $565,000. Value of annual product, $1,695,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

HUBBARD is thirteen miles southeast of Warren, on the Mahoning division of the N. Y. P. & O. R. R.

City officers, 1888: J. D. Cramer, Mayor; Robert J. Roberts, Clerk; C. W. Hammand, Treasurer; William Ray, Street Commissioner. Newspaper: *Enterprise*, W. R. Wadsworth, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Baptist, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Welsh Congregational, 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Catholic. Banks: Hubbard Banking Co., Robert H. Jewell, president; S. Q. March, cashier.

School census, 1888, 678; L. L. Campbell, school superintendent.

KINSMAN is fifteen miles northeast of Warren, on the Youngstown branch of L. S. & M. S. R. R. Newspaper: *Citizen*, James M. Dow & Co., editors and publishers. Bank: Kinsman National, Allen Jones, president; G. W. Birrell, cashier. School census, 1888, 113.

MINERAL RIDGE is eight miles south of Warren, on the N. & N. L. R. R. It has churches: 1 Baptist, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Welsh Independent, 1 Catholic. Population, 1880, 1,150. School census, 1888, 376; A. A. Prentiss, school superintendent.

BLOOMFIELD P. O., North Bloomfield, is sixteen miles north of Warren. School census, 1888, 109.

CORTLAND is eight miles northeast of Warren, on the N. Y. P. & O. R. R., and a central point for dairy industries. Newspaper: *Herald*, Republican, F. A. Gilbert, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Congregational, 1 Disciples. Population, 1880, 616. School census, 1888, 197.

TUSCARAWAS.

TUSCARAWAS COUNTY was formed from Muskingum, Feb. 15, 1808. The name is that of an Indian tribe, and in one of their dialects signifies "*open mouth.*" This is a fertile, well-cultivated county, partly level and partly rolling and hilly. Iron ore, fire clay and coal abound. It was first permanently settled about the year 1803, by emigrants from Western Virginia and Pennsylvania, many of whom were of German origin.

Area about 520 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 131,347; in pasture, 114,832; woodland, 58,165; lying waste, 5,638; produced in wheat, 480,585 bushels; rye, 2,585; buckwheat, 663; oats, 552,788; barley, 1,995; corn, 652,929; broom-corn, 1,000 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 43,758 tons; clover hay, 7,627; flaxseed, 15 bushels; potatoes, 109,672; butter, 635,400 lbs.; cheese, 812,114; sorghum, 1,946 gallons; maple syrup, 1,683; honey, 5,645 lbs.; eggs, 550,117 dozen; grapes, 8,730 lbs.; wine, 370 gallons; sweet potatoes, 191 bushels; apples, 24,787; peaches, 15,998; pears, 1,307; wool, 381,026 lbs.; milch cows owned, 10,781. Ohio Mining Statistics, 1888: Coal, 546,117 tons, employing 870 miners and 134 outside employees; iron ore, 33,287 tons; fire clay, 21,950 tons. School census, 1888, 15,370; teachers, 304. Miles of railroad track, 163.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Auburn,		1,400	Perry,	1,381	1,208
Bucks,	1,547	1,129	Rush,	1,293	1,037
Clay,	864	1,293	Salem,	1,121	2,457
Dover,	2,247	4,107	Sandy,	1,415	1,864
Fairfield,	866	814	Sugar Creek,	1,450	1,462
Franklin,		1,166	Union,	945	714
Goshen,	1,885	5,226	Warren,	1,173	869
Jefferson,	992	1,258	Warwick,	864	1,525
Lawrence,	1,523	1,723	Washington,	978	1,089
Mill,	1,225	5,514	Wayne,	2,142	1,295
Oxford,	826	1,968	York,	865	1,080

Population of Tuscarawas in 1820 was 8,328; 1830, 14,298; 1840, 25,632; 1860, 32,463; 1880, 40,198; of whom 32,753 were born in Ohio; 1,716 Pennsylvania; 262 Virginia; 198 New York; 136 Indiana; 32 Kentucky; 2,073 German Empire; 442 England and Wales; 356 Ireland; 153 Scotland; 49 British America; 41 France, and 5 Sweden and Norway.

Census, 1890, 46,618.

PALÆOLITHIC MAN IN OHIO.

In the beginning of our first volume is an article by Prof. G. Frederick Wright, entitled "Glacial Man in Ohio," and in Hamilton County more upon the same general subject. In October, 1889, a discovery, by Mr. W. C. Mills, was made in Tuscarawas county, which helps to confirm the conclusions of Mr. Wright as to the existence of man in Ohio in the glacial era, say 8 to 10,000 years ago. Mr. Wright, in *The Nation*, for April 24, 1890, gave the following paper upon this discovery, dated at Oberlin ten days previously:

Two or three weeks ago Mr. W. C. Mills, Secretary of the Archæological Society of New Comerstown, Tuscarawas county, Ohio, sent to me a flint implement which, according to his description, seemed to have been found in the undisturbed gravel of the glacial terrace which everywhere lines the valley of the Tuscarawas

river. In order the more fully to judge of the significance of the discovery, I visited the locality last week, together with a small party of Cleveland gentlemen. The result of the investigation cannot fail to be of considerable public interest.

The flint implement referred to is a perfect representative of the palæolithic type found in Northern France and Southern England. It is four inches long, two inches wide, and an inch and a half through at its larger end, tapering gradually to a point and carefully chipped to an edge all round. Fig. 472 in Evans's "Ancient Stone Implements of Great Britain" would pass for a very good representation of it. The material is black flint, or chert, such as occurs in the "Lower Mercer" limestone strata not many miles away, and has upon all the surface that peculiar glazed appearance which indicates considerable age.

New Comerstown is situated upon the right bank of the Tuscarawas river, about one hundred miles directly south of Cleveland and forty miles south of the glacial boundary in Ohio. The latter part of the journey from the north to reach the place is such a complete demonstration of the now accepted theory concerning the origin of the terraces along this river, and others similarly situated, that a brief description of it will be profitable.

The headwaters both of the Tuscarawas itself and of the several branches which unite with it before reaching Canal Dover are all within the glaciated area, thus affording access to an unlimited quantity of débris brought by the continental ice-sheet from the Laurentian region in Canada. Immediately below the glacial boundary, all these streams are bordered with extensive terraces, the material of which consists of assorted matter from the glacial drift such as would naturally have been carried down during the closing floods of the glacial period.

From Canal Dover to New Comerstown the Tuscarawas river makes a long bend to the east, but the railroad cuts across the elbow, and for twenty miles or more finds its way through two small valleys tributary to the main line of drainage. The course of the railroad first strikes up the valley of Stone creek, following it for several miles. But no sooner does it enter this tributary valley than it leaves behind the terraces and other gravel deposits which mark the main valley and every tributary farther north. At length the road, after passing through a tunnel, strikes into the headwaters of Buckhorn creek, which runs southward to join the Tuscarawas at New Comerstown. Here, too, for several miles, there is a total absence of terraces or of any deposits of gravel. On approaching the mouth of the creek, however, a vast gravel deposit derived from the northern drift is encountered, in which the railroad company is making extensive excavations to get material for ballasting their track. Thus, in this short journey, there was demonstrated before our eyes the limitation of these peculiar gravel deposits to the main valley of the river, and so, by consequence, their glacial age and origin.

It was in this last-named gravel-bank, on the 27th of October, 1889, that Mr. Mills found the palæolith above described. The surface of the terrace is at this point thirty-five feet above the flood-plain of the Tuscarawas. The valley of the river is about a mile wide. This gravel had been deposited in a recess at the mouth of Buckhorn creek, where it was protected from subsequent erosion, and extended up the creek about a quarter of a mile, but, according to the law of such deposits, with gradually diminishing height as one recedes from the main line of deposition. The implement was found by Mr. Mills himself, in undisturbed strata, fifteen feet below the surface of the terrace; thus connecting it, beyond question, with the period when the terrace itself was in process of deposition, and adding another witness to the fact, that man was in the valley of the Mississippi while the ice of the glacial period still lingered over a large part of its northern area.

The importance of this discovery is enhanced by the fact that this is only the fifth locality in which similar discoveries have been made in this country, the other places being Trenton, N. J., Madisonville, Ohio, Medora, Ind., and Little Falls, Minn. But in many respects this is the most interesting of them all, especially as connected with previous predictions of my own in the matter, though it is proper to say that Mr. Mills was not, at the time he made the discovery, aware of what had been written on the subject.

When, in 1882, after having surveyed the glacial boundary across Pennsylvania, I continued a similar work in Ohio, I was at once struck with the similarity of the conditions in the various streams in Ohio flowing out of

the glaciated region (and especially in the Tuscarawas river), to those in the Delaware river, where Dr. C. C. Abbott had reported the discovery of palæolithic implements at Trenton, N. J. Attention was called to this similarity in various periodicals at the time, as well as in my Report upon the Glacial Boundary made to the Western Reserve Historical Society in 1883 (pp. 26, 27), where it was said that the Ohio abounds in streams situated similarly to the Delaware with reference to glacial terraces, and that "the probability is that if he [man] was in New Jersey at that time [during the deposition of the glacial terraces], he was upon the banks of the Ohio, and the extensive terrace and gravel deposits in the southern part of the State should be closely scanned by archæologists. When observers become familiar with the rude form of these palæolithic implements, they will doubtless find them in abundance." Whereupon a dozen streams, among them the Tuscarawas, were mentioned in which the conditions were favorable for such investigations. The present discovery, therefore, coming as it does in addition to those of Dr. Metz in the Little Miami valley and of Mr. Cresson in the valley of White river, Ind., has great cumulative weight, and forces, even on the most unwilling, the conviction that glacial man on this continent is not a myth, but a reality.

A glance at the physical features of the region in Ohio and Indiana where these palæoliths have been found, shows their eminent adaptation to the primitive conditions of life indicated by the implements themselves. The Tuscarawas valley has been formed by erosion through the parallel strata of sandstone and limestone here composing the coal formation. The summits of the hills on either side rise to heights of from 300 to 500 feet, and their perpendicular faces abound even now with commodious shelters for primitive man. But in pre-glacial times the trough of the Tuscarawas was 175 feet deeper than at present, that amount of glacial gravel having been deposited along the bottom, thus raising it to its present level. Hence in pre-glacial times the opportunities for shelter must have been much superior even to those which are now in existence. The present forests of the region consist of beech, oak, tulip, maple and other deciduous trees. Evergreens are now totally absent, but the advancing ice of the glacial period found here vast forests of evergreen trees. Not many miles distant, terraces of the same age with this at New Comerstown have, within recent years, yielded great quantities of red-cedar logs, still so fresh as to be manufactured into utensils for household use.

The relation of glacial man to the mound-builders is so often made a subject of inquiry that a brief answer will here be in place. The above relic of man's occupancy of Ohio was found *in* the glacial terrace, and belongs to a race living in that distant period when the ice-front was not far north of them, and when the terraces were in *process of deposition*. Thus this race is unquestionably linked with the great ice age. The mound-builders came into the region at a much later date, and reared their imposing structures *upon the surface* of these terraces, when the settled conditions of the present time had been attained, and there is nothing to show that their occupancy began more than one or two thousand years since, while their implements and other works of art are of an entirely different type from the rude relics of the palæolithic age. If, therefore, interest in a work of art is in proportion to its antiquity, this single implement from New Comerstown, together with the few others found in similar conditions, must be ranked among the most interesting in the world, and will do much to render North America a field of archæological research second to no other in importance.

Several years previous to the settlement of Ohio, the Moravians had a missionary establishment in the present limits of this county, which was for a time broken up by the cruel massacre of ninety-six of the Indians at Gnadenhutten, March 8, 1782.

The Moravian Indians were not in ignorance of a probable expedition against their villages, and were warned to flee to a place of safety, but knowing themselves to be free from any offence against the whites, they did not believe they would be molested. Heckewelder says: "Four Sandusky warriors, who, on their return from the Ohio settlements, had encamped on a run some distance from Gnadenhutten, gave them notice where they had been, and added, that having taken a woman and child prisoner, whom they had killed and impaled on this side of the Ohio river, and supposing that the white people, in consequence of what *they* had done, might make up a party and pursue them, they advised them to be on their guard and make off with themselves as soon as possible."

THE MORAVIAN MISSION.

The following history of the Moravian Mission was written for our original edition by Hon. James Patrick, of New Philadelphia. His account we precede

with a personal notice, on the general principle of perpetuating the memories of those, so far as we are able, who assisted us in that olden time.

JAMES PATRICK was born in Belfast, Ireland, August 6, 1792, of Scotch-Irish parents. At the age of twenty-four he emigrated to America, and, having learned the printer's trade, engaged in journalism with the *Aurora*, in Philadelphia. In 1819 he established the Tuscarawas *Chronicle*, the first newspaper in the county. His paper had a wide influence and large circulation. He held many public offices: was County Recorder, County Auditor, U. S. Land Agent, and served seven years as Judge of Common Pleas. In 1846 he retired to private life. He died January 23, 1883. Three sons and three daughters survived him.

Hatred of Indians.—The first white inhabitants of Tuscarawas county were the Moravian missionaries and their families. The Rev. Frederick Post and Rev. John Heckewelder had penetrated thus far into the wilderness previous to the commencement of the revolutionary war. Their first visits west of the Ohio date as early as the years 1761 and 1762. Other missionary auxiliaries were sent out by that society for the purpose of propagating the Christian religion among the Indians. Among these was the Rev. David Zeisberger, a man whose devotion to the cause was attested by the hardships he endured and the dangers he encountered.

Had the same pacific policy which governed the Society of Friends in their first settlement of eastern Pennsylvania been adopted by the white settlers of the West, the efforts of the Moravian missionaries in Ohio would have been more successful. But our western pioneers were not, either by profession or practice, friends of peace. They had an instinctive hatred to the aborigines, and were only deterred, by their inability, from exterminating the race. Perhaps the acts of cruelty practised by certain Indian tribes on prisoners taken in previous contests with the whites might have aided to produce this feeling on the part of the latter. Be that as it may, the effects of this deep-rooted prejudice greatly retarded the efforts of the missionaries.

The Moravian Villages.—They had three stations on the river Tuscarawas, or rather three Indian villages, viz.: Shoenbrun, Gnadenhutten, and Salem. The site of the first is about two miles south of New Philadelphia; seven miles farther south was Gnadenhutten, in the immediate vicinity of the present village of that name; and about five miles below that was Salem, a short distance from the village of Port Washington. The first and last mentioned were on the west side of the Tuscarawas, now near the margin of the Ohio canal. Gnadenhutten is on the east side of the river. It was here that a massacre took place on the 8th of March, 1782, which, for cool barbarity, is perhaps unequalled in the history of the Indian wars.

The Moravian villages on the Tuscarawas were situated about midway between the white settlements near the Ohio, and some warlike tribes of Wyandots and Delawares on the Sandusky. These latter were chiefly in the service of England, or at least opposed to the colonists, with whom she was then at war. There was a British station at Detroit, and an American one at Fort Pitt (Pittsburg), which were regarded as the nucleus of western operations by each of the contending parties. The Moravian villages of friendly Indians on the Tuscarawas were situated, as the saying is, between two fires. As Christian converts and friends of peace, both policy and inclination led them to adopt neutral grounds.

Forced Removal.—With much difficulty they sustained this position, partially unmolested, until the autumn of 1781. In the month of August, in that year, an English officer named Elliott, from Detroit, attended by two Delaware chiefs, Pimoacan and Pipe, with three hundred warriors, visited Gnadenhutten. They urged the necessity of the speedy removal of the Christian Indians farther west, as a measure of safety. Seeing the latter were not inclined to take their advice, they resorted to threats and in some instances to violence. They at last succeeded in their object. The Christian Indians were forced to leave their crops of corn, potatoes and garden vegetables, and remove, with their unwelcome visitors, to the country bordering on the Sandusky. The missionaries were taken prisoners to Detroit. After suffering severely from hunger and cold during the winter, a portion of the Indians were permitted to return to their settlements on the Tuscarawas, for the purpose of gathering in the corn left on the stalk the preceding fall.

Return to Harvest Crops.—About one hundred and fifty Moravian Indians, including women and children, arrived on the Tuscarawas in the latter part of February, and divided into three parties, so as to work at the three towns in the corn-fields. Satisfied that they had escaped from the thraldom of their less civilized brethren west, they little expected that a storm was gathering among the white settlers east, which was to burst over their peaceful habitations with such direful consequences.

WILLIAMSON'S EXPEDITION.

Several depredations had been committed by hostile Indians about this time on the frontier inhabitants of western Pennsylvania

Shepler & Son, Photo., Coshocton.

MONUMENT AT GNADENHUTTEN,

On the site of the Moravian Massacre.

and Virginia, who determined to retaliate. A company of one hundred men was raised and placed under the command of Col. Williamson, as a corps of volunteer militia. They set out for the Moravian towns on the Tuscarawas, and arrived within a mile of Gnadenhutten on the night of the 5th of March. On the morning of the 6th, finding the Indians were employed in their corn-field, on the west side of the river, sixteen of Williamson's men crossed, two at a time, over in a large sap-trough, or vessel used for retaining sugar-water, taking their rifles with them. The remainder went into the village, where they found a man and a woman, both of whom they killed. The sixteen on the west side, on approaching the Indians in the field, found them more numerous than they expected. They had their arms with them, which was usual on such occasions both for purposes of protection and for killing game. The whites accosted them kindly, told them they had come to take them to a place where they would be in future protected, and advised them to quit work and return with them to the neighborhood of Fort Pitt. Some of the Indians had been taken to that place in the preceding year, had been well treated by the American governor of the fort, and been dismissed with tokens of warm friendship. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that the unsuspecting Moravian Indians readily surrendered their arms, and at once consented to be controlled by the advice of Col. Williamson and his men. An Indian messenger was despatched to Salem, to apprise the brethren there of the new arrangement, and both companies then returned to Gnadenhutten. On reaching the village a number of mounted militia started for the Salem settlement, but ere they reached it found that the Moravian Indians at that place had already left their corn-fields, by the advice of the messenger, and were on the road to join their brethren at Gnadenhutten. Measures had been adopted by the militia to secure the Indians whom they had at first decoyed into their power. They were bound, confined in two houses, and well guarded. On the arrival of the Indians from Salem (their arms having been previously secured without suspicion of any hostile intention), they were also fettered and divided between the two prison-houses, the males in one, the females in the other. The number thus confined in both, including men, women and children, have been estimated from ninety to ninety-six.

Premeditated Murder.—A council was then held to determine how the Moravian Indians should be disposed of. This self-constituted military court embraced both officers and privates. The late Dr. Doddridge, in his published notes on Indian wars, etc., says: "Col. Williamson put the question, whether the Moravian Indians should be taken prisoners to Fort Pitt, or *put to death?*" requesting those who were in favor of saving their lives to step out and form a second rank. Only eighteen out of the whole number stepped forth as advocates of mercy. In these the feelings of humanity were not extinct. In the majority, which was large, no sympathy was manifested. They resolved to *murder* (for no other word can express the act) the whole of the Christian Indians in their custody. Among these were several who had contributed to aid the missionaries in the work of conversion and civilization—two of whom emigrated from New Jersey after the death of their spiritual pastor, the Rev. David Brainard. One woman, who could speak good English, knelt before the commander and begged his protection. Her supplication was unavailing. They were ordered to prepare for death. But the warning had been anticipated. Their firm belief in their new creed was shown forth in the sad hour of their tribulation, by religious exercises of preparation. The orisons of these devoted people were already ascending the throne of the Most High!—the sound of the Christian's hymn and the Christian's prayer found an echo in the surrounding wood, but no responsive feeling in the bosoms of their executioners.

Preparing for Death.—George Henry Loskiel, who, from 1802, was for nine years a presiding Bishop of the American Moravian Church, and wrote the "History of the Moravian Mission among the North American Indians," says: "It may easily be conceived how great their terror was at hearing a sentence so unexpected. However, they soon recollected themselves, and patiently suffered the murderers to lead them into two houses, in one of which the brethren, and in the other the sisters and children, were confined like sheep ready for slaughter. They declared to the murderers that though they could call God to witness that they were perfectly innocent, yet they were prepared and willing to suffer death; but as they had, at their conversion and baptism, made a solemn promise to the Lord Jesus Christ that they would live unto Him, and endeavor to please Him alone in this world, they knew that they had been deficient in many respects, and therefore wished to have some time granted to pour out their hearts before Him in prayer and to crave his mercy and pardon.

"*Christian Resignation.*—This request being complied with they spent their last night here below in prayer and in exhorting each other to remain faithful unto the end. One brother, named Abraham, who for some time past had been in a lukewarm state of heart, seeing his end approaching, made the following public confession before his brethren: 'Dear brethren, it seems as if we should all soon depart unto our Saviour, for our sentence is fixed. You know that I have been an untoward child, and have grieved the Lord and our brethren by my disobedience, not walking as I ought to have done; but still I will cleave to my Saviour, with my last breath, and hold Him fast, though I am so great a sinner. I know assuredly that He will forgive me all my sins, and not cast me out.'

"The brethren assured him of their love and forgiveness, and both they and the sisters

spent the latter part of the night in singing praises to God their Saviour, in the joyful hope that they would soon be able to praise Him without sin."

Hellish Self-Praise.—The Tuscarawas county history gives the following account of Abraham's death: "Abraham, whose long, flowing hair had the day before attracted notice and elicited the remark that it would 'make a fine scalp,' was the first victim. One of the party, seizing a cooper's mallet, exclaimed, 'How exactly this will answer for the business!' Beginning with Abraham, he felled fourteen to the ground, then handed the instrument to another, saying, 'My arm fails me; go on in the same way. I think I have done pretty well.'"

The Slaughter.—With gun, and spear, and tomahawk, and scalping-knife, the work of death progressed in these slaughter-houses, till not a sigh or a moan was heard to proclaim the existence of human life within—all, save two—two Indian boys escaped, as if by a miracle, to be witnesses in after times of the savage cruelty of the white man towards their unfortunate race.

Thus were upwards of ninety human beings hurried to an untimely grave by those who should have been their legitimate protectors. After committing the barbarous act, Williamson and his men set fire to the houses containing the dead, and then marched off for Shoenbrun, the upper Indian town. But here the news of their atrocious deeds had preceded them. The inhabitants had all fled, and with them fled for a time the hopes of the missionaries to establish a settlement of Christian Indians on the Tuscarawas. The fruits of ten years' labor in the cause of civilization were apparently lost.

Sympathy of Congress.—The hospitable and friendly character of the Moravian Indians had extended beyond their white brethren on the Ohio. The American people looked upon the act of Williamson and his men as an outrage on humanity. The American Congress felt the influence of public sympathy for their fate, and on the 3d of September, 1788, passed an ordinance for the encouragement of the Moravian missionaries in the work of civilizing the Indians. A remnant of the scattered flock was brought back, and two friendly chiefs and their followers became the recipients of public favor. The names of these chiefs were Killbuck and White Eyes. Two sons of the former, after having assumed the name of Henry, out of respect to the celebrated Patrick Henry, of Virginia, were taken to Princeton College to be educated. White Eyes was shot by a lad, some years afterwards, on the waters of Yellow creek, Columbiana county.

Three tracts of land, containing four thousand acres each, were appropriated by Congress to the Moravian Society, or rather to the Society for Propagating the Gospel among the Heathen, which is nearly synonymous. These tracts embrace the three Indian towns already described, and by the provisions of the patent, which was issued 1798, the society was constituted trustees for the Christian Indians thereon settled. Extraordinary efforts were now made by the society in the good work of civilization. Considerable sums of money were expended in making roads, erecting temporary mills, and constructing houses. The Indians were collected near the site of the upper town, Shoenbrun, which had been burned at the time of the Williamson expedition, and a new village, called Goshen, erected for their habitations. It was here, while engaged in the laudable work of educating the Indian in the arts of civilized life, and inculcating the principles of Christian morality, that two of the missionaries, Edwards and Zeisberger, terminated their earthly pilgrimage. Their graves are yet to be seen, with plain tombstones, in the Goshen burying ground, three miles south of New Philadelphia.

Association with Whites.—The habits and character of the Indians changed for the worse, in proportion as the whites settled in their neighborhood. If the extension of the white settlements west tended to improve the country, it had a disastrous effect upon the poor Indian. In addition to the contempt in which they were held by the whites, the war of 1812 revived former prejudices. An occasional intercourse with the Sandusky Indians had been kept up by some of those at Goshen. A portion of the former were supposed to be hostile to the Americans, and the murder of some whites on the Mohican, near Richland, by unknown Indians, tended to confirm the suspicion.

The Indian settlement remained under the care of Rev. Abram Luckenback, until the year 1823. It was found impossible to preserve their morals free from contamination. Their intercourse with the white population in the neighborhood was gradually sinking them into deeper degradation. Though the legislature of Ohio passed an act prohibiting the sale of spirituous liquors to Indians, under a heavy penalty, yet the law was either evaded or disregarded. Drunken Indians were occasionally seen at the county-seat, or at their village at Goshen. Though a large portion of the lands appropriated for their benefit had been leased out, the society derived very little profit from the tenants. The entire expenses of the Moravian mission, and not unfrequently the support of sick, infirm or destitute Indians devolved on their spiritual guardians. Upon representation of these facts, Congress was induced to adopt such measures as would tend to the removal of the Indians, and enable the society to divest itself of the trusteeship in the land.

The Last of Moravian Indians in Ohio.—On the 4th of August, 1823, an agreement or treaty was entered into at Gnadenhutten, between Lewis Cass, then governor of Michigan, on the part of the United States, and Lewis de Schweinitz, on the part of the society, as a preliminary step towards the retrocession of the land to the government. By this agreement, the members of the society relinquished their right as trustees, condi-

tioned that the United States would pay $6,654, being but a moiety of the money they had expended. The agreement could not be legal without the written consent of the Indians, for whose benefit the land had been donated. These embraced the remainder of the Christian Indians formerly settled on the land, "including Killbuck and his descendants, and the nephews and descendants of the late Captain White Eyes, Delaware chiefs." The Goshen Indians, as they were now called, repaired to Detroit, for the purpose of completing the contract. On the 8th of November they signed a treaty with Gov. Cass, in which they relinquished their right to the twelve thousand acres of land in Tuscarawas county, for twenty-four thousand acres in one of the Territories, to be designated by the United States, together with an annuity of $400. The latter stipulation was clogged with a proviso which rendered its fulfilment uncertain. The Indians never returned. The principal part of them took up their residence at a Moravian missionary station on the river Thames, in Canada. By an act of Congress, passed May 26, 1824, their former inheritance, comprising the Shoenbrun, Gnadenhutten and Salem tracts, were surveyed into farm lots and sold. The writer of this article (James Patrick) was appointed agent of the United States for that purpose.

Changes Wrought by Civilization.—In the following year the Ohio canal was located, and now passes close to the site of the three ancient Indian villages. The population of the county rapidly increased, and their character and its aspect have consequently changed. A few years more, and the scenes and actors here described will be forgotten, unless preserved by that art which is preservative of the histories of nations and of men. Goshen, the last abiding-place of the Christian Indians, on the Tuscarawas, is now occupied and cultivated by a German farmer. A high hill which overlooked their village, and which is yet covered with trees, under whose shade its semi-civilized inhabitants perhaps once "stretched their listless length," is now being worked in the centre as a coal mine. The twang of the bow-string, or the whoop of the young Indian, is succeeded by the dull, crashing sound of the coal-car, as it drops its burden into the canal boat. Yet there is one spot here still sacred to the memory of its former occupants. As you descend the south side of the hill, on the Zanesville road, a small brook runs at its base, bordered on the opposite side by a high bank. On ascending the bank, a few rods to the right, is a small enclosed graveyard, overgrown with low trees or brushwood. Here lie the remains of several Indians, with two of their spiritual pastors (Edwards and Zeisberger). The grave of the latter is partly covered with a small marble slab, on which is the following inscription:

DAVID ZEISBERGER,

Who was born 11th April, 1721, in Moravia,

and departed this life 7th November, 1808,

aged 87 years, 7 months and 6 days.

This faithful servant of the Lord labored among the Moravian Indians, as a missionary, during the last sixty years of his life.

Some friendly hand, perhaps a relative, placed the stone on the grave, many years after the decease of him who rests beneath it.

Site of the Massacre.—Gnadenhutten is still a small village, containing 120 souls, chiefly Moravians, who have a neat church and parsonage-house. About a hundred yards east of the town is the site of the ancient Indian village, with the stone foundations of their huts, and marks of the conflagration that consumed the bodies of the slain in 1782. The notice which has been taken of this tragical affair in different publications has given a mournful celebrity to the spot where it transpired. The intelligent traveller often stops on his journey to pay a visit to the graves of the Indian martyrs, who fell victims to that love of peace which is the genuine attribute of Christianity. From the appearance of the foundations, the village must have been formed of one street. Here and there may be excavated burnt corn and other relics of the fire. Apple-trees, planted by the missionaries, are yet standing, surrounded by rough underbrush. A row of Lombardy poplars were planted for ornament, one of which yet towers aloft undecayed by time, a natural monument to the memory of those who are interred beneath its shade. But another monument, more suitable to the place and the event to be commemorated, will, it is hoped, be erected at no distant day.

A Monument Proposed.—Some eight or ten individuals of the town and neighborhood, mostly farmers and mechanics, met on the 7th of October, 1843, and organized a

society for the purpose of enclosing the area around the place where the bodies of the Christian Indians are buried, and erecting a suitable monument to their memory. The two prominent officers selected were Rev. Sylvester Walle, resident Moravian minister, president, and Lewis Peter, treasurer. The first and second articles of the constitution declare the intention of the "*Gnadenhutten Monument Society*" to be—"to make judicious and suitable improvements upon the plat of the old Indian village, and to erect on that spot an appropriate monument, commemorating the death of ninety-six Christian Indians, who were murdered there on the 8th day of March, A.D. 1782." It is further provided, that any person paying annually the sum of one dollar shall be considered a member; if he pay the sum of ten dollars, or add to his one dollar payment a sum to make it equal to that amount, he is considered a member for life. Owing to the circumscribed means of the members, and the comparative obscurity of the village, the fund has yet only reached seventy dollars, whereas five hundred would be required to erect anything like a suitable monument. Whether it will be ultimately completed must depend on the liberality of the public. Sixty-five years have elapsed since the Moravian Indians paid the forfeit of their lives for adhering to the peaceable injunctions of their religion. Shall the disciples of Zeisberger, the philanthropist, the scholar and the Christian—he who labored more than half a century to reclaim the wild man of the forest from barbarism, and shed on his path the light of civilization—shall no monument perpetuate the beneyolent deeds of the missionary—no inscription proclaim the pious fidelity of his converts? If the reader feels a sympathy for the cause in which each became a sacrifice, he has now the power to contribute his mite in transmitting the memory of their virtues to posterity.

Gnadenhutten Monument.

In 1871 the Gnadenhutten Monument Fund having reached the sum of $1,300, the society contracted for the erection of a monument, to cost $2,000, of which $700 was to be raised by subscription. The dedication took place at Gnadenhutten, Wednesday, June 5, 1872.

The stone is Indiana marble; the main shaft rising twenty-five feet above the base is one solid stone, weighing fourteen tons. The entire height of the monument is thirty-seven feet.

On the south side is the inscription, "Here Triumphed in Death Ninety Christian Indians. March 8, 1782." On the north side is the date of dedication. The monument is located in the centre of the street of the original town.

Dedicatory Ceremonies.—Several thousand people witnessed the dedicatory ceremonies. The oration was delivered by Rev. Edmund de Schweinitz, D.D., of Bethlehem, Pa., Bishop of the Moravian Church. At its close a funeral dirge was chanted, and an Indian, at each of the four corners, with cord in hand, as the last notes of the requiem died away, detached the drapery, which fell to the ground, and the monument stood revealed to the gaze of the assembled multitudes. The four Indians were from the Moravian mission in Canada. One of them, John Jacobs, was the great-grandson of Jacob Schebosh, the first victim of the massacre ninety years before.

Centennial Memorial Exercises.—Memorial exercises were held at Gnadenhutten, May 24, 1882, the centennial year of the massacre. The day was pleasant; excursion trains brought an audience of nearly 10,000 people. Henry B. Lugwenbaugh, a grandson of Rev. John Heckewelder, was present with his wife. In the village cemetery temporary indices were erected, pointing to the location of historical buildings. West of the monument, some thirty feet away, was a small mound labelled, "Site of Mission House." Fifteen feet east of the monument, "Site of Church." Seventy feet farther east, "Site of the Cooper Shop, one of the slaughter houses." Near the cemetery fence, some 200 feet south of the monument, was a mound, eighteen feet in width and five feet high, bearing the sign, "In a cellar under this mound, Rev. J. Heckewelder and D. Peter, in 1779, deposited the bones."

At eleven o'clock in the morning the assembly was called to order by Judge J. H. Barnhill. Bishop H. J. Van Vleck delivered an address of welcome. Hon. D. A. Hollingsworth, of Cadiz, was the orator of the day. In the afternoon Gov. Chas. Foster and other distinguished guests addressed the assembled people.

First White Child Born in Ohio.

Miss Mary Heckewelder, who was living at Bethlehem, in Pennsylvania, as late as 1843, is generally said to have been the first white child born in Ohio. She was the daughter of the noted Moravian missionary of that name, and was born in Salem, one of the Moravian Indian towns on the Tuscarawas, in this county, April 16, 1781.

Mr. Dinsmore, a planter of Boone county, Ky., orally informed us that in the year 1835, when residing in the parish of Terre Bonne, La., he became acquainted with a planter named Millehomme, who informed him that he was born in the forest, on the headwaters of the Miami, on or near the Loramie Portage, about the year 1774. His parents were Canadian French, then on their route to Louisiana.

The claim for Maria Heckewelder of having been the first white child born in Ohio has been so generally and widely accepted that she will always be spoken of as the "First White Child Born in Ohio."

Our original edition of 1846 perhaps cast the first doubt upon Miss Heckewelder's claim by the above paragraph. Bishop Edmund de Schweinitz's "Life of David Zeisberger," published in 1870, says: "A few weeks before the arrival of Schmick, there had been born in the midst of this mission family, on the 4th of July, 1773, at Gnadenhutten, the first white child in the present State of Ohio. Mrs. Maria Agnes Roth was his mother, and he received in baptism, administered by Zeisberger on the 5th of July, the name of John Lewis Roth." The author further remarks: "This interesting fact is established by the official diary of Gnadenhutten (in the archives of the Moravian Church), preserved at Bethlehem, Pa., which says: 'July 4, 1773.—To-day God gave Brother and Sister Roth a young son. He was baptized into the death of Jesus, and named John Lewis, on the 5th inst., by Brother David Zeisberger, who, together with Brother Jungman and his wife, came here this morning.'"

John Lewis Roth was taken to Pennsylvania when not quite one year of age. He educated himself at Nazareth Hall, Bethlehem, Pa.; later he removed to Bath, Pa., and died there in 1841. His tombstone bears the following inscription:

"Zum Anderken an Ludwig Roth, geboren 4th Juli, 1773. Gestorben 25th September, 1841, alter 68 Jahre, 2 M., 21 Tage."

A very interesting and careful investigation of this subject is embodied in an article by the late A. T. Goodman, entitled, "First White Child Born in Ohio," and published in the *Magazine of Western History*. Mr. Goodman calls attention to a passage in "The Narrative of Bouquet's Expedition" (see page 498): "Among the captives a woman was brought into the camp at Muskingum with a babe about three months old at her breast. One of the Virginia volunteers soon knew her to be his wife, who had been taken by the Indians six months before." Mr. Goodman says: "But it may be said, 'The Moravians had settled at Bolivar in 1761, and children may have been born unto them.' This inquiry is easily answered. Prior to 1764 there were but two white Moravians in Ohio, Heckewelder and Post. Heckewelder did not marry until 1780, and Post was married to an Indian squaw. Add to this the fact that there were no white women in the Moravian settlement prior to the year 1764, and we think the answer is complete. If any white children, whether French, English or American, were born within the limits of Ohio before the year 1764, we have been unable to find evidences of the fact. We think, therefore, we are safe in stating that the child of the Virginia captive born in 1764 was the first *known* white child born in Ohio."

The first white child born within Ohio after the Marietta settlement had been made, in 1788, was Leicester G. Converse. He was born at Marietta, February 7, 1789, resided there until 1835, when he removed to Morgan county. He

resided on a farm near McConnellsville at the time of his death, which occurred February 14, 1859.

The Moravian Missionaries.

Christian Frederick Post, the first of the Moravian missionaries in Ohio, was born in Conitz, Prussia, in 1710. He came to Pennsylvania in 1742, was a missionary to the Moravian Indians in New York and Connecticut from 1743 to 1749. He returned to Europe, but came again to Pennsylvania, and in 1758 engaged in Indian mission service. Post married an Indian woman named Rachel, who died in 1747, and two years later he married another Indian woman named Agnes; after her death, in 1751, he married a white woman. On account of his Indian marriages he did not secure the full co-operation of the Moravian authorities.

In 1761 he visited the Delawares at Tuscarawas (now Bolivar) for the purpose of instructing the Indians in Christian doctrine. He built a cabin in what is now Bethlehem township, Stark county, just over the Tuscarawas county line. He then journeyed to Bethlehem, Pa., and returned in the spring of 1762, with John Heckewelder, then about nineteen years of age, as an assistant in his work. Owing to the enmity of hostile Indians and the jealousy of the French, this attempt to establish a mission was a failure, and the following winter Heckewelder returned to Pennsylvania, Post having gone there some months before to attend an Indian conference at Lancaster.

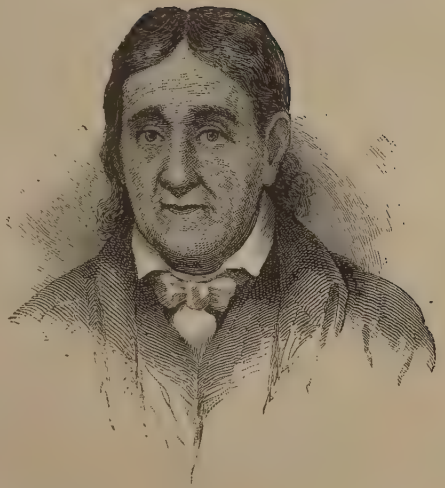
Post then proceeded to establish a mission among the Mosquito Indians at the Bay of Honduras. He afterwards united with the Protestant Episcopal Church, and died at Germantown, Pa., April 29, 1785.

John Gottlieb Ernestus Heckewelder was born in Bedford, Eng., March 12, 1743. When eleven years of age his parents removed to Bethlehem, Pa.

He attended school two years, and was serving an apprenticeship to a cooper, when he was called to assist Post. On his return from Ohio he was for nine years employed as a teacher at Missions. In 1771 he was appointed an assistant to Rev. David Zeisberger, at Freidenshuetten, Pa., and in 1772 assisted in establishing the Moravian mission of the Tuscarawas valley, where he labored for fifteen years.

In 1792, at the request of the Secretary of War, he accompanied Gen. Rufus Putnam to Post Vincennes to treat with the Indians. In 1793 he was commissioned to assist at a treaty with the Indians of the lakes. He held various civil offices in Ohio, and in 1808, at the organization of Tuscarawas county, was elected an associate judge, which position he resigned in 1810, when he returned to Bethlehem, Pa., and engaged in literary pursuits until his death, January 21, 1823. Among his published works are "History, Manners and Customs of the Indian Nations, who once Inhabited Pennsylvania and the neighboring States," "Narrative of the Mission of the United Brethren among the Delaware and Mohegan Indians." Many of his manuscripts are in the collections of the Pennsylvania Historical Society. Hon. Isaac Smucker, who has given much study to the subject of the Moravian missions in Ohio, the results of which have been published in the Secretary of State's report for 1878, says of Heckewelder:

"His life was one of great activity, industry and usefulness. It was a life of vicissitudes, of perils, and of wild romantic adventure. How it abounded in hardships, privations and self-sacrificing devotion to the interest of the barbarians of the Western wilderness! It would, indeed, be difficult to over-estimate the importance or value of the labors of Rev. Heckewelder in the various characters of philanthropist, philosopher, pioneer, teacher, ambassador, author and Christian missionary. He was a gentleman of courteous and easy manners, of frankness, affability, veracity; without affectation or dissimulation; meek, cheerful, unassuming; humble, unpretentious, unobtrusive; retiring, rather taciturn, albeit,



John Heckewelder.

Johanna Maria Heckewelder.

when drawn out, communicative and a good conversationalist. He was in extensive correspondence with many men of letters, by whom he was held in great esteem."

MARIA HECKEWELDER, daughter of Rev. John Heckewelder, was born at Salem, April 16, 1781. Her mother, Miss Sarah Ohneberg, had been sent as a mission teacher to Ohio, and was married to Rev. John Heckewelder in July, 1780. This was the first wedding of a white couple held in Ohio. The belief for many years that Miss Heckewelder was the first white child born in Ohio made her the object of unusual attentions. Visitors came from great distances to see and converse with her. Requests for her photograph and autograph were numerous. In 1785 her parents sent her to Bethlehem, where she was educated. She became a teacher in a Ladies' Boarding School at Litiz, Pa., but at the end of five years was obliged to give up her position on account of the loss of her hearing. After the death of her parents she resided at the Sisters' House in Bethlehem. "Aunt Polly Heckewelder," as she was called, was respected and beloved by all who knew her. She died September 19, 1868, at the age of eighty-seven years.

DAVID ZEISBERGER was born in Zauchtenthal, Moravia, April 11, 1721. In 1736 his parents emigrated with the second band of Moravians to Georgia, leaving their son in Europe to complete his education. Two years later he joined them, and in 1743 he became a student in the Indian school at Bethlehem, Pa., preparatory to engaging in the mission service. He became conversant with many of the Indian languages, including Delaware, Onondaga, Mohican and Chippewa. For sixty-two years he was zealously engaged in Indian mission work in various localities.

In the spring of 1771 he visited *Gekelemukpechunk*, the capital of the Delawares in the Tuscarawas valley. He was received with great favor; was the guest of Netawotwes, the chief of the nation, who granted him land whereon to establish a mission. In May, 1772, with five Indian families from Pennsylvania, he laid out the town of Schonbrunn, or "Beautiful Spring." A chapel was dedicated Sept. 19, 1772, and before the end of the year the village contained more than sixty houses. (Later Schonbrunn was destroyed, and in December, 1779, New Schonbrunn built about a mile farther up the Tuscarawas river.)

In October, 1772, Gnadenhutten (Tents of Grace) was laid out. In 1780 Salem was laid out and its chapel dedicated May 22 of the same year.

In 1781, when the Moravian Indians were forcibly removed to Canada by the orders of the British government, Zeisberger and other missionaries were taken with them, and were finally settled on the Thames river.

In 1798 Zeisberger with thirty-three Indians returned to Ohio and founded Goshen, seven miles northeast of the site of Gnadenhutten. Here Zeisberger died Nov. 17, 1808.

He was the chief minister of the Tuscarawas missions.

At the age of sixty he married Miss Susan Lecron, but they had no children. Heckewelder says of him: "He was blessed with a cool, active and intrepid spirit, not appalled by any dangers or difficulties, and a sound judgment to discern the best means of meeting and overcoming them. Having once devoted himself to the service of God among the Indians, he steadily, from the most voluntary choice and with the purest motives, pursued his object. He would never consent to receive a salary or become a 'hireling,' as he termed it, and sometimes suffered from the need of food rather than ask the church for the means to obtain it."

Other Tuscarawas missionaries were:

JOHN ROTH, born in Sarmund, Prussia, February 3, 1726, was educated a Catholic; joined the Moravian Church in 1748; emigrated to America in 1756, and entered the service of the Indian missions three years later; married Maria Agnes Pfingstag, August 16, 1770. In 1773 was stationed at the Indian mis-

sions in the Tuscarawas valley and remained one year. He died at York, Pa., July 22, 1791.

JOHN JACOB SCHMICK, born at Konigsburg, Prussia, October 9, 1714; graduated at University of Konigsburg; was pastor of Lutheran church at Livonia; in 1748 united with the Moravians. In 1751 came to America and entered the mission service. In August, 1773, with his wife, he entered the Tuscarawas valley field, where he remained until 1777. He was pastor of the mission at Gnadenhutten. He died at Litiz, Pa., January 23, 1778.

JOHN G. JUNGMAN, born in Hockenheim, Palatinate, April 19, 1720; emigrated to America in 1731, settling near Oley, Pa.; in 1745 married the widow of Gottlob Büttner. Went to Schonbrunn in 1772; remained there as assistant pastor until 1777, when he returned to Pennsylvania; again went to the Tuscarawas valley in 1780, and labored at New Schonbrunn. He was taken with the Christian Indians to Sandusky in 1782; retired from missionary work in 1784, and died at Bethlehem, Pa., July 17, 1808.

WILLIAM EDWARDS was born in Wiltshire, England, April 24, 1724. In 1749 he joined the Moravians and emigrated to America. He took charge of the Gnadenhutten mission in 1777; was taken to Sandusky in 1782; in 1798 returned with Heckewelder to the Tuscarawas valley and died at Goshen, October 8, 1801.

GOTTLOB SENSEMAN was the son of Joachim and Catharine Senseman; the latter was a victim of the massacre. His father afterward became a missionary among the slaves of Jamaica.

In 1780 Gottlob was assigned to duty at New Schonbrunn; was carried into captivity with the Christian Indians, and died at Fairfield, Canada, January 4, 1800.

MICHAEL JUNG was born in Engoldsheim, Alsace, Germany, January 5, 1743. His parents emigrated to America in 1751. Ten years later he joined the Moravians, and in 1780 was sent to the Indian mission at Salem. He remained a missionary among the Indians until 1813, when he retired to Litiz, Pa., and died there December 13, 1826.

BENJAMIN MORTIMER, an Englishman, came as an assistant to Zeisberger, when he returned with the Indians in 1798, and remained at Goshen until 1809, when he became pastor of a Moravian church in New York city, where he died November 10, 1834. JOHN JOACHIM HAGAN became one of the missionaries at Goshen in 1804.

Heckewelder's "Narrative of the Manners and Customs of the Indians" has preserved much of value and some things quite amusing. Of the latter may be classed the speech of an aged Indian, in his article on Marriage and Treatment of their Wives.

An aged Indian, who for many years had spent much time among the white people, observed that the Indians had not only much easier way of getting a wife than the whites, but were also much more certain of getting a *good* one. "For," said he, in his broken English, "white man court—court—may be one whole year—may be two year, before he marry. Well may be, then *he* get a very good wife—may be not, may be very cross. Well, now suppose cross; scold as soon as get awake in the morning! Scold all day! Scold until sleep—all one, he must keep *him!* (The pronoun in the Indian language has no feminine gender.)

"White people have law against throwing away wife, be *he* ever so cross—must keep *him* always.

"Well, how does Indian do? Indian, when he sees good squaw, which he likes, he goes to *him*, puts his forefingers close aside each other—make *two* look like *one*—look squaw in the face—see *him* smile—which is all one, *he* say yes. So he take *him* home—no danger *he* be cross! No! no! Squaw know very well what Indian do if *he* cross. Throw *him* away and take another. Squaw love to eat meat. No husband, no meat. Squaw do everything to please husband. He do the same to please squaw. Live happy! Go to Heaven!"

Half a mile below Bolivar, near the north line of the county, are the remains

of Fort Laurens, erected in the war of the revolution, and named from the president of the revolutionary Congress. It was the scene of border warfare and bloodshed. The canal passes through its earthen walls. The parapet walls are now (1846) a few feet in height, and were once crowned with pickets made of the split trunks of trees. The walls enclose about an acre of land, and stand on the west bank of the Tuscarawas. Dr. S. P. Hildreth gives the annexed history of this work in "Silliman's Journal:"

Erection of Fort Laurens.—Fort Laurens was erected in the fall of the year 1778 by a detachment of 1,000 men from Fort Pitt, under the command of Gen. McIntosh. After its completion a garrison of 150 men was placed in it, and left in charge of Col. John Gibson, while the rest of the army returned to Fort Pitt. It was established at this early day in the country of the Indians, seventy miles west of Fort McIntosh, with an expectation that it would act as a salutary check on their incursions into the white settlements south of the Ohio river. The usual approach to it from Fort McIntosh, the nearest military station, was from the mouth of Yellow creek, and down the Sandy, which latter stream heads with the former, and puts off into the Tuscarawas just above the fort. So unexpected and rapid were the movements of Gen. McIntosh, that the Indians were not aware of his presence in their country until the fort was completed. Early in January, 1779, the Indians mustered their warriors with such secrecy that the fort was invested before the garrison had notice of their approach. From the manuscript notes of Henry Jolly, Esq., who was an actor in this, as well as in many other scenes on the frontier, I have copied the following historical facts:

"*An Indian Ambuscade.*—When the main army left the fort to return to Fort Pitt, Capt. Clark remained behind with a small detachment of United States troops, for the purpose of marching in the invalids and artificers who had tarried to finish the fort, or were too unwell to march with the main army. He endeavored to take the advantage of very cold weather, and had marched three or four miles (for I travelled over the ground three or four times soon after), when he was fired upon by a small party of Indians very close at hand, I think twenty or thirty paces. The discharge wounded two of his men slightly. Knowing as he did that his men were unfit to fight the Indians in their own fashion, he ordered them to reserve their fire and to charge bayonet, which being promptly executed put the Indians to flight, and after pursuing a short distance he called off his men and retreated to the fort, bringing in the wounded." In other accounts I have read of this affair it is stated that ten of Capt. Clark's men were killed. "During the cold weather, while the Indians were lying about the fort, although none had been seen for a few days, a party of seventeen men went out for the purpose of carrying in firewood, which the army had cut before they left the place, about forty or fifty rods from the fort. Near the bank of the river was an ancient mound, behind which lay a quantity of wood. A party had been out for several preceding mornings and brought in wood, supposing the Indians would not be watching the fort in such very cold weather. But on that fatal morning, the Indians had concealed themselves behind the mound, and as the soldiers passed round on one side of the mound, a part of the Indians came round on the other, and enclosed the wood party so that not one escaped. I was personally acquainted with some of the men who were killed."

The Fort Besieged.—The published statements of this affair say that the Indians enticed the men out in search of horses, by taking off their bells and tinkling them; but it is certain that no horses were left at the fort, as they must either starve or be stolen by the Indians; so that Mr. Jolly's version of the incident must be correct. During the siege, which continued until the last of February, the garrison were very short of provisions. The Indians suspected this to be the fact, but were also nearly starving themselves. In this predicament they proposed to the garrison that if they would give them a barrel of flour and some meat they would raise the siege, concluding if they had not this quantity they must surrender at discretion soon, and if they had they would not part with it. In this, however, they missed their object. The brave Col. Gibson turned out the flour and meat promptly, and told them he could spare it very well, as he had plenty more. The Indians soon after raised the siege. A runner was sent to Fort McIntosh with a statement of their distress, and requesting reinforcements and provisions immediately. The inhabitants south of the Ohio volunteered their aid, and Gen. McIntosh headed the escort of provisions, which reached the fort in safety, but was near being all lost from the dispersion of the pack-horses in the woods near the fort, from a fright occasioned by a *feu de joie* fired by the garrison, at the relief. The fort was finally evacuated in August, 1779, it being found untenable at such a distance from the frontiers; and Henry Jolly was one of the last men who left it, holding at that time in the continental service the commission of ensign.

Recent investigations by Consul Willshire Butterfield, embodied in his "History of Ohio" from information derived from the Haldiman collection of

manuscripts in the British Museum, give a somewhat different version from the foregoing accounts of both the attack on Capt. Clark's detachment and the siege of Fort Laurens.

The attack on Capt. Clark's men was made by seventeen Indians, mostly Mingoes, led by Simon Girty. Butterfield says:

"The particulars were these:—On the twenty-first of the month Capt. John Clark, of the 8th Pennsylvania regiment, commanding an escort having supplies for Gibson, reached Fort Laurens. On his return, the captain, with a sergeant and fourteen men, when only about three miles distant from the fort, was attacked by the force just mentioned. The Americans suffered a loss of two killed, four wounded and one taken prisoner. The remainder, including Capt. Clark, fought their way back to the fort. Letters written by the commander of the post and others, containing valuable information, were captured by Girty." (These letters now form a part of the Haldimand Collection.)

"From the vicinity of Fort Laurens, after his successful ambuscading the detachment of Capt. Clark, the renegade Girty hastened with his prisoner and captured correspondence to Detroit, which place he reached early in February. He reported to Capt. Lernoult that the Wyandots upon the Sandusky (and other Indians) were ready and willing to attack the fort commanded by Col. Gibson, and that he had come for ammunition. He earnestly insisted on an English captain being sent with the savages 'to see how they would behave.'

"By the middle of February provisions began to grow scarce with Gibson. He sent word to McIntosh, informing him of the state of affairs, concluding with these brave words: 'You may depend on my defending the fort to the last extremity.' On the 23d he sent out a wagoner from the fort for the horses belonging to the post, to draw wood. With the wagoner went a guard of eighteen men. The party was fired upon by lurking savages and all killed and scalped in sight of the fort, except two, who were made prisoners. The post was immediately invested after this ambuscade by nearly two hundred Indians, mostly Wyandots and Mingoes.

"This movement against Fort Laurens, although purely a scheme of the Indians in its inception, was urged on, as we have seen, by Simon Girty; and Capt. Henry Bird was sent forward from Detroit to Upper Sandusky with a few volunteers to promote the undertaking. Capt. Lernoult, in order to encourage the enterprise, furnished the savages with 'a large supply of ammunition and clothing, also presents to the chief warriors.'

"The plan of the Indians was to strike the fort and drive off or destroy the cattle, and if any of the main army under McIntosh attempted to go to the assistance of the garrison, to attack them in the night and distress them as much as possible.

"By stratagem the Indians made their force so appear that 847 savages were counted from one of the bastions of the fort. The siege was continued until the garrison was reduced to the verge of starvation, a quarter of a pound of sour flour and an equal weight of spoiled meat constituting a daily ration. The assailants, however, were finally compelled to return home, as their supplies had also become exhausted. Before the enemy left, a soldier managed to steal through the lines, reaching Gen. McIntosh on the 3d of March, with a message from Gibson informing him of his critical situation."

New Philadelphia in 1846.—New Philadelphia, the county-seat, is 100 miles northeasterly from Columbus. It is on the east bank of the Tuscarawas, on a large, level, and beautiful plain. It was laid out in 1804 by John Knisely, and additions subsequently made. The town has improved much within the last few years, and is now flourishing. It contains 1 Presbyterian, 1 Methodist and 1 Disciples church, 5 mercantile stores, 2 printing offices, 1 oil and 1 grist mill, 1 woollen factory, and a population estimated at over 1,000.—*Old Edition.*

In the late war, some Indians, under confinement in jail in this town, were saved from being murdered by the intrepidity of two or three individuals. The circumstances are derived from two communications, one of which is from a gentleman then present.

A Daring Leader.—About the time of Hull's surrender, several persons were murdered on the Mohiccan, near Mansfield, which created great alarm and excitement.

Shortly after this event, three Indians, said to be unfriendly, had arrived at Goshen. The knowledge of this circumstance created much alarm, and an independent company of cavalry, of whom Alexander M'Connel was captain, was solicited by the citizens to pursue and take them. Some half a dozen, with their captain, turned out for that purpose. Where daring courage was required to achieve any hostile movement, no man was more suitable than Alexander M'Connel. The Indians were traced to a small island near Goshen.

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

CENTRAL VIEW IN NEW PHILADELPHIA.

Philip Strickmaker, Photo., 1887.

CENTRAL VIEW IN NEW PHILADELPHIA.

M'Connel plunged his horse into the river and crossed, at the same time ordering his men to follow, but none chose to obey him. He dismounted, hitched his horse, and with a pistol in each hand commenced searching for them. He had gone but a few steps into the interior of the island when he discovered one of them, with his rifle, lying at full length behind a log. He presented his pistol—the Indian jumped to his feet, but M'Connel disarmed him. He also took the others, seized their arms, and drove them before him. On reaching his company, one of his men hinted that they should be put to death. "Not until they have had a trial according to law," said the captain; then ordering his company to wheel, they conducted the prisoners to the county jail.

A Brave Judge.—The murder which had been perpetrated on the Mohiccan had aroused the feelings of the white settlers in that neighborhood almost to frenzy. No sooner did the report reach them that some strange Indians had been arrested and confined in the New Philadelphia jail, than a company of about forty men was organized at or near Wooster, armed with rifles, under the command of a Captain Mullen, and marched for New Philadelphia to despatch these Indians. When within about a mile of the town, coming in from the west, John C. Wright, then a practising lawyer at Steubenville (later Judge), rode into the place from the east on business. He was hailed by Henry Laffer, Esq., at that time sheriff of the county, told that the Indian prisoners were in his custody; the advancing company of men was pointed out to him, their object stated, and the inquiry made, "What is to be done?" "The prisoners must be saved, sir," replied Wright; "why don't you beat an alarm and call out the citizens?" To this he replied, "Our people are much exasperated, and the fear is, that if they are called out they will side with the company, whose object is to take their lives." "Is there no one who will stand by you to prevent so dastardly a murder?" rejoined Wright. "None but M'Connel, who captured them." "Have you any arms?" "None but an old broadsword and a pistol." "Well," replied W., "go call M'Connel, get your weapons, and come up to the tavern; I'll put away my horse and make a third man to defend the prisoners; we must not have so disgraceful a murder committed here."

Three Against Forty.—Wright put up his horse, and was joined by Laffer and M'Connel. About this time the military company came up to the tavern door, and there halted for some refreshments. Mr. Wright knew the captain and many of the men, and went along the line, followed by the sheriff, inquiring their object and remonstrating, pointing out the disgrace of so cowardly an act as was contemplated, and assuring them, in case they carried out their brutal design, they would be prosecuted and punished for murder. Several left the line, declaring they would have nothing more to do with the matter. The captain became angry, ordered the ground to be cleared, formed his men and moved towards the jail. M'Connel was at the jail door, and the sheriff and Wright took a cross cut and joined him before the troops arrived. The prisoners had been laid on the floor against the front wall as a place of safety. The three arranged themselves before the jail door—M'Connel with the sword, Sheriff Laffer had the pistol, and Wright was without weapon. The troops formed in front, a parley was had, and Wright again went along the line remonstrating, and detached two or three more men. He was ordered off, and took his position at the jail door with his companions. The men were formed, and commands, preparatory to a discharge of their arms, issued.

Noble Courage.—In this position the three were ordered off, but refused to obey, declaring that the prisoners should not be touched except they first despatch *them*. Their firmness had its effect: the order to fire was given, and the men refused to obey. Wright again went along the line remonstrating, etc., while M'Connel and Laffer maintained their position at the door. One or two more were persuaded to leave the line. The captain became very angry and ordered him off. He again took his place with his two companions. The company was marched off some distance and treated with whiskey; and after some altercation, returned to the jail door, were arranged and prepared for a discharge of their rifles, and the three ordered off on pain of being shot. They maintained their ground without faltering, and the company gave way and abandoned their project. Some of them were afterwards permitted, one at a time, to go in and see the prisoners, care being taken that no harm was done. These three gentlemen received no aid from the citizens; the few that were about looked on merely. Their courage and firmness were truly admirable.

The Indians were retained in jail until Governor Meigs, who had been some time expected, arrived in New Philadelphia. He instructed Gen. A. Shane, then a lieutenant, recruiting for the United States service, to take the Indians with his men to the rendezvous at Zanesville. From thence they were ordered to be sent with his recruits to the headquarters of Gen. Harrison, at Seneca, at which place they were discharged.

Attempt at Poisoning Indians.—Another incident occurred in Lieutenant Shane's journey to headquarters, which illustrates the deep-rooted prejudices entertained by many at that time against the Indians. The lieutenant with his company stopped a night at Newark. The three Indians were guarded as prisoners, and that duty devolved by turns on the recruits. A physician, who lived in Newark, and kept a small drug shop, informed the officer that two of his men had applied to him for poison. On his questioning them closely what use they were to make of it, they partly confessed that it was intended for the Indians. It was at night when they applied for it, and they were

dressed in fatigue frocks. In the morning the lieutenant had his men paraded, and called the doctor to point out those who had meditated such a base act; but the doctor, either unwilling to expose himself to the enmity of the men, or unable to discern them, the whole company being then dressed in their regimentals, the affair was passed over with some severe remarks by the commanding officer on the unsoldier-like conduct of those who could be guilty of such a dastardly crime of poisoning.

The foregoing account was, in the main, written for us by Judge JOHN C. WRIGHT, at the time editor of the *Cincinnati Gazette*. The judge was an old-fashioned gentleman, one of the first-class men of Ohio in his day. He had very little dignity of manners but excellent sense, united to a keen sense of humor, and a power of sarcasm that, when in Congress, made him about the only member that ventured to reply to the stinging words of John Randolph, which he was wont to do in an effective strain of amiable, ludicrous raillery.

The judge was of a strong social nature, and on an occasion some one said to him, "I think, judge, you are rather free in loaning your horses and carriage to so many people who have no claims upon you." "Oh, no," replied he; "when I am not using my turn-out, and my neighbor, who is not able to own one, wants to take his family out for an airing, I have no right to refuse him."

He was born in 1783, in Wethersfield, Conn., a town on the river Connecticut, early famous for its huge crops of onions which grew on the alluvial soil of the valley, and was better than a gold mine. In the onion-growing season, it was said, the women of the town were all down on their knees, from morning to night, busy weeding onions. Wright learned the printer's trade with his uncle, Thomas Collier, at Litchfield, edited the *Troy* (N. Y.) *Gazette*, studied law, came out to Ohio just after the State was organized, settled in Steubenville, and began the practice of the law in 1810. For many years he was Judge of the Supreme Court, and served in Congress as an Adams Democrat from 1823 till 1829, and then, as a Henry Clay Democrat, was defeated for re-election. Judge Wright's "Reports of the Supreme Court of Ohio" (1831–1834) was a work of fine repute; but he could not well disregard his fondness for humor in his reports of cases that would allow of its introduction. He lived until February, 1861, at the time being in Washington a delegate to the Peace Congress.

Judge Carter, in his "Reminiscences of the Court and Bar of Cincinnati," has given these anecdotes of the judge:

"In the days of the Tippecanoe and Tyler too" campaign, Judge Wright used to be called by the adversary press one of General Harrison's conscience keepers. This arose from the fact that he belonged to a committee of three, consisting of himself, Judge Burnet, and another, whom I just now forget, who were appointed by political friends to answer all political letters addressed to the general, who, at the time, a weak, infirm old man was not thought fully able to attend to all the duties of the laborious campaign. As I know well, it did not at all disturb Judge Wright to be dubbed a conscience keeper of the general. "Better be a keeper of the good conscience of the general than the hunter-up of the conscience of Martin Van Buren," he would sometimes facetiously say.

I must not forget to narrate a story, though somewhat at the expense of my old friend and law preceptor, Judge Wright. I know if he were alive he would not take it amiss, because he frequently told the story upon himself. Judge Wright was formerly a member of Congress from Ohio, from the Steubenville district, and while there he had for a fellow-representative from the State of Tennessee the long ago famous Davy Crockett. Judge Wright was not at all attractive in personal appearance. He was a diminutive man in stature, with a very large head, and a prominent face of not very handsome features, so that his looks, by no means prepossessing, were perhaps quite plain and homely, and not at all strikingly beautiful or picturesque. His mouth, chin and nose were extended somewhat, and this fact did not add to his beauty. Indeed, he had a reputation for being a very able and ill-looking congressman.

On one occasion Davy Crockett was visiting a menagerie of animals—not the House of Representatives—in Washington City, and he had a friend with him. They were looking around at the animals, and at last they came to the place where the monkeys were. Among these was one large, grinning, full-faced monkey, and as Crockett looked at him he observed to his friend, "Why, that monkey looks just like our friend, Judge Wright, from Ohio." At that moment he turned around, and who should be just behind him, admiring the same monkey, but Congressman

Judge Wright himself. "I beg pardon, Judge Wright," said Crockett, "I beg pardon; an apology is certainly due somewhere, but for the life of me, *I cannot tell whether it is to you or the monkey.*"

Judge Wright and Judge Benjamin Tappan were brothers-in-law. Many anecdotes were related of Tappan in that day illustrating his sharp, pungent wit, which had peculiar force from his personal peculiarities, he being cross-eyed, with a pair of sharp black eyes, and talking through his nose in a whining, sing-song sort of style. The following legal anecdote appeared in our first edition, and, according to our memory, Wright contributed it, for he never would withhold a good story for relation sake. The scene of its occurrence was said to have been in New Philadelphia at an early day.

The court was held on this occasion in a log-tavern, and an adjoining log-stable was used as a jail, the stalls answering as cells for the prisoners. Judge T. was on the bench, and in the exercise of his judicial functions severely reprimanded two young lawyers who had got into a personal dispute. A huge, herculean backwoodsman, attired in a red flannel shirt, stood among the auditors in the apartment which served the double purpose of court and bar-room. He was much pleased at the judge's lecture—having himself been practising at *another bar*—and hallooed out to his worship—who happened to be cross-eyed—in the midst of his harangue, "Give it to 'em, old gimlet eyes!" "Who is that?" demanded the judge. He of the flannel shirt, proud of being thus noticed, stepped out from among the rest, and drawing himself up to his full height, vociferated, "*It's this 'ere old hoss!*" The judge, who to this day never failed of a pungent repartee when occasion required, called out in a peculiarly dry nasal tone, "Sheriff! take that *old hoss*, put him in *the stable*, and see that he is *not stolen* before morning."

Col. Charles Whittlesey knew Benjamin Tappan well, and used to relate this of him: There came with Tappan from Massachusetts into Portage county an odd character whom, for the nonce, we may call John Dolby. He was not over bright, very garrulous, and was wont, when others were talking, to obtrude his opinions, often making of himself a sort of social nuisance. On an occasion of suffering of this kind, Tappan flew at him and whined out, "John Dolby, you shut up! you don't know anything about it! You was a fool forty years ago, when I first knew you, and you have been *failing every day since!*"

New Philadelphia, county-seat of Tuscarawas, 100 miles northeast of Columbus, 100 miles south of Cleveland, is surrounded by a district rich in agricultural and mineral products. Cheese-making is a large industry. Its railroads are the C. L. & W. and C. & P.; also on the Ohio Canal.

County Officers, 1888: Auditor, John W. Kinsey; Clerk, John C. Donahey; Commissioners, William E. Lash, Robert T. Benner, Wesley Emerson; Coroner, B. D. Downey; Infirmary Directors, Ozias DeLong, J. Milton Porter, Louis Geckler; Probate Judge, John W. Yeagley; Prosecuting Attorney, James G. Patrick; Recorder, John G. Newman; Sheriff, George W. Bowers; Surveyor, Oliver H. Hoover; Treasurer, John Myers. City Officers, 1888: Daniel Korns, Mayor; Israel A. Correll, Clerk; H. V. Schweitzer, Treasurer; H. E. Shull, Marshal; Philip Getzman, Street Commissioner. Newspapers: *Times*, Democratic, Samuel Moore, editor and publisher; *Der Deutsche Beobachter*, German, S. R. Minnig, editor and publisher; *Ohio Democrat*, Democratic, F. C. Ervine, editor and publisher; *Tuscarawas Advocate*, Republican, J. L. McIlvaine, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Reformed, 2 Lutheran, 1 Disciples, 1 United Brethren, 1 Methodist, 1 Presbyterian, 1 German Reformed. Banks: Citizens' National, S. O. Donnell, president, Charles C. Welty, cashier; City, W. C. Browne, president; Exchange (A. Bates), John Hance, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—Criswell & Nagley, doors, sash, etc., 12 hands; New Philadelphia Iron and Steel Co., sheet iron and steel, 250; Charles Houpt, carriages, etc., 6; Warner, Lappin & Erwin, doors, sash, etc., 8; W. M. Hemmeger & Son, carriages, etc., 7; Sharp & Son, machine shop, 4; Sharp & Son & Kislig, foundry, 3; New Philadelphia Brewing Co., beer, 8; Welty & Knisely, straw paper, 22; A. Bates, harness leather, 3; New Philadelphia Pipe Works

Co., water and gas pipe, 125; River Mills, flour, etc., 10; J. P. Bartles & Son, carriages, etc., 7.—*State Report, 1887.*

Population, 1880, 3,070. School census, 1888, 1,384; W. H. Ray, school superintendent. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, $345,000. Value of annual product, $375,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

Census, 1890, 4,476.

The country around New Philadelphia fills one with a sense of magnificence. The Tuscarawas here is about four hundred feet wide, the valley itself from two to three miles wide. The river hills low and with graceful rounding slopes, alternating with forests and cultivated fields. The town site is level as a floor, with broad streets and large home lots.

In the vicinity are three salt furnaces, the wells about 900 feet deep. The brines are "40 Salometer test," which is characteristic of the Ohio and Pennsylvania brines. The united production of these wells is about 75,000 barrels. *Bromine* is manufactured at the salt wells, and is more an article of profit than the salt. Large quantities were used in the hospitals in the war time. The fire-clay industry, in certain parts of the county, is growing in importance, and the materials are abundant—coal, clay and water. At Urichsville Sewer Pipe Works the clay is fourteen feet thick, under a four-feet seam of coal, in the drift mines there.

Dover in 1846.—Dover, three miles northwest of New Philadelphia, was laid out in the fall of 1807, by Slingluff and Deardorff, and was an inconsiderable village until the Ohio Canal went into operation. It is now, through the enterprise of its citizens and the facilities furnished by the canal, one of the most thriving villages upon it, by which it is distant from Cleveland ninety-three miles. Its situation is fine, being upon a slight elevation on the west bank of the Tus-

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

DOVER.

carawas, in the midst of a beautiful and fertile country. The view was taken on the line of the canal: Deardorff's mill and the bridge over the canal are seen on the right; in the centre of the view appears the spire of the Baptist church, and on the extreme left, Welty and Hayden's flouring mill. The town is sometimes incorrectly called Canal Dover, that being the name of the post-office. It contains 1 Presbyterian, 1 Lutheran, 1 Moravian, 1 Baptist and 1 Methodist church; 6 mercantile stores, 1 woollen factory, 2 furnaces, 1 saw and 2 flouring mills, 3 tanneries, 2 forwarding houses, and had, in 1840, 598 inhabitants, since which it is estimated to have doubled its population.—*Old Edition.*

Canal Dover is three miles northwest of New Philadelphia, on the west bank of the Tuscarawas river, the Ohio Canal, the C. & M., C. & P. and C. L. & W. Railroads.

City Officers, 1888: J. H. Mitchell, Mayor; Emanuel Amick, Clerk; Wm. H. Vorharr, Treasurer; John W. Goodman, Marshal; John W. Criswell, Street Commissioner. Newspapers: *Iron Valley Reporter*, Independent, W. W. Scott, editor and publisher; *Tuscarawas County Democrat*, Democratic, W. C. Gould, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 German Methodist, 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Lutheran, 1 Catholic, 1 Moravian, 1 German Evangelical. Banks: Exchange (P. Baker's Sons & Co.), Jesse D. Baker, cashier; Iron Valley (A. Vinton, Stoutt & Vinton).

Manufactures and Employees.—Cascade Mills, 5 hands; City Mills, 17; Dover Brewing Co., 4; S. Tooney & Co., carriages, etc., 35; Christian Feil, carriages, etc., 4; Wible, Wenz & Co., doors, sash, etc., 7; The Penn Iron and Coal Co., 75; G. H. Hopkins, iron castings, 12; Sugar Creek Salt Works, 13; Deis, Bissmann, Kurtz & Co., furniture, 95; Dover Fire Brick Co., 30; Reeves Iron Co., 175.—*State Report, 1887.*

Population, 1880, 2,228. School census, 1888, 1,065. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, $412,000. Value of annual product, $730,200.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

Census, 1890, 3,373.

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

View in Zoar.

[On the right is shown the hotel; on the left, the store—beyond, up the street, is a building of considerable elegance, the residence of Mr. Bimeler. Among the carefully cultivated shrubbery in the gardens adjoining are cedar trees of some twenty feet in height, trimmed to almost perfect cylinders.]

The German Communist Settlement at Zoar.

Eleven miles north of the county-seat and eight from Dover is the settlement of a German community, a sketch of which we annex from one of our own communications to a public print.

Strangers in a Strange Land.—In the spring of 1817 about two hundred Germans from Wirtemberg embarked upon the ocean. Of lowly origin, of the sect called Separatists, they were about to seek a home in the New World, to enjoy the religious freedom denied in their fatherland. In August they arrived in Philadelphia, poor in purse, ignorant of the world, but rich in a more exalted treasure. On their voyage across the Atlantic, one young man gained their veneration and affections by his superior intelli-

gence, simple manners and kindness to the sick. Originally a weaver, then a teacher in Germany, and now intrusting his fortunes with those of like faith, Joseph M. Bimeler found himself, on reaching our shores, the acknowledged one whose sympathies were to soften and whose judgment was to guide them through the trials and vicissitudes yet to come. Acting by general consent as agent, he purchased for them on credit 5,500 acres in the county of Tuscarawas, to which the colonists removed the December and January following. They fell to work in separate families, erecting bark huts and log shanties, and providing for their immediate wants.

Strangers in a strange land, girt around by a wilderness enshrouded in winter's stern and dreary forms, ere spring had burst upon them with its gladdening smile, the cup of privation and suffering was held to their lips, and they were made to drink to the dregs. But although poor and humble, they were not entirely friendless. A distant stranger, by chance hearing of the distress of these poor German emigrants, sent provisions for their relief—an incident related by some of them at the present day with tears of gratitude.

Power of Associated Effort.—For about eighteen months they toiled in separate families, but unable thus to sustain themselves in this then new country, the idea was suggested to combine and conquer by the mighty enginery of associated effort. A constitution was adopted, formed on purely republican and democratic principles, under which they have lived to the present time. By it they hold all their property in common. Their principal officers are an agent and three trustees, upon whom devolve the management of the temporal affairs of the community. Their offices are elective, females voting as well as males. The trustees serve three years, one vacating his post annually and a new election held.

For years the colony struggled against the current, but their economy, industry and integrity enabled them to overcome every obstacle and eventually to obtain wealth. Their numbers have slightly diminished since their arrival, in consequence of a loss of fifty persons in the summer of 1832, by cholera and kindred diseases, and poverty in the early years of their settlement, which prevented the contracting of new matrimonial alliances.

Their property is now valued at near half a million. It consists of nine thousand acres of land in one body, one oil, one saw and two flouring mills, two furnaces, one woollen factory, the stock of their domain and money invested in stocks. Their village, named Zoar, situated about half a mile east of the Tuscarawas, has not a very prepossessing appearance.

Everything is for use—little for show. The dwellings, twenty-five in number, are substantial and of comfortable proportions; many of them log, and nearly all unpainted. The barns are of huge dimensions, and with the rest are grouped without order, rearing their brown sides and red-tiled roofs above the foliage of the fruit trees, partially enveloping them. Turning from the village, the eye is refreshed by the verdure of the meadows that stretch away on either hand, where not even a stick or a chip is to be seen to mar the neatness and beauty of the green sward.

Plodding Industry.—The sound of the horn at daybreak calls them to their labors. They mostly work in groups, in a plodding but systematic manner that accomplishes much. Their tools are usually coarse, among which is the German scythe, short and unwieldy as a bush-hook, sickles without teeth, and hoes clumsy and heavy as the mattock of the Southern slave. The females join in the labors of the field, hoe, reap, pitch hay, and even clean and wheel out in barrows the offal of the stables. Their costume and language are that of Germany. They are seen about the village going to the field with implements of labor across their shoulders, their faces shaded by immense circular rimmed hats of straw—or with their hair combed straight back from their foreheads and tied under a coarse blue cap of cotton, toting upon their heads baskets of apples or tubs of milk.

Systematic division of labor is a prominent feature in their domestic economy, although here far from reaching its attainable perfection. Their clothing is washed together, and one bakery supplies them with bread. A general nursery shelters all the children over three years of age. There these little pocket editions of humanity are well cared for by kind dames in the sere and yellow leaf.

An Economical Boniface.—The selfishness so prominent in the competitive avocations of society is here kept from its *odious* development by the interest each strikingly manifests in the general welfare, as only thus can their own be promoted. The closest economy is shown in all their operations—for as the good old man Kreutzner, the Boniface of the community, once observed in broken English, when starting on a bee line for a decaying apple cast by a heedless stranger into the street—"*saving make rich!*" Besides acting as host in the neat village inn, this man Kreutzner is the veterinary Æsculapius of this society, carrying out the universal economy still further by practising on the homœopathic principles! Astonishing are the results of his skill on his quarto-limbed patients, who, from rolling and snorting under acute pains of the abdominal viscera, are, by the melting on the lips of their tongues of a few pills of an infinitesimal size, lifted into a comfortable state of physical exaltation.

With all the peculiarities of their religious faith and practice we are unacquainted; but, like most sects denominated Christian, there is sufficient in their creed, if followed, to make their lives here upright, and to justify the hope of a glorious future. *Separatists* is a term applied to them, because they separated from the Lutheran and other denominations. They have no prayers, baptisms nor sacraments, and, like Jews, eschew pork. Their log church is often filled winter even-

ings, and twice on the Sabbath. The morning service consists of music, instrumental and vocal, in which a piano is used, together with the reading and explanation of the Scriptures by one of their number. The afternoon exercises differ from it in the substitution of catechizing from a German work for biblical instruction.

A Beloved Leader.—They owe much of their prosperity to Bimeler, now an old man, and justly regarded as the patriarch of the community. He is their adviser in all temporal things, their physician to heal their bodily infirmities, and their spiritual guide to point to a purer world. Although but as one of them, his superior education and excellent moral qualities have given him a commanding influence, and gained their love and reverence. He returns the affection of the people, with whom he has toiled until near a generation has passed away, with his whole soul. He has few thoughts for his fatherland, and no desire to return thither to visit the home of his youth. The green hills of this beautiful valley enclose the dearest objects of his earthly affections and earthly hopes.

The community are strict utilitarians, and there is but little mental development among them. Instruction is given in winter to the children in German and English. They are a very simple-minded, artless people, unacquainted with the outer world, and the great questions, moral and political, which agitate it. Of scarcely equalled morality, never has a member been convicted of going counter to the judicial regulations of the land. Thus they pass through their pilgrimage with but apparently few of the ills that fall to the common lot, presenting a reality delightful to behold, with contentment resting upon their countenances and hearts in which is enthroned peace.

The condition of the Zoar community has not changed materially since the foregoing was written. Some of the former customs have been abandoned; they have become more prosperous; their log-houses have been largely replaced by spacious brick structures, and the larger part of the farm labor is done by hired help. German is still used in family and business discourse. Converts to their belief and mode of life are accepted into the society after a probationary period; and while accessions are continually being received desertions are not uncommon. The two iron furnaces operated by them have been abandoned for some years, they having proved financial failures. Joseph M. Bimeler, to whom they were so much indebted, died August 27, 1853. They now number about seventy-five families, and their record as law-abiding citizens still stands without a blemish. They are a very hospitable people and entertain many visitors.

DENNISON is ten miles southeast of New Philadelphia, on the P. C. & St. L. R. R., and was laid out for their use about the year 1864. City Officers, 1888: T. R. Woodborne, Mayor; D. A. Demuth, Clerk; W. M. Miser, Marshal; John W. Hill, Treasurer; J. T. Watters, Street Commissioner; T. H. Loller, Solicitor; S. S. Demuth, Weighmaster. Newspaper: *Paragraph*, Independent, W. A. Pittenger, editor. Churches: 1 Episcopal, 1 Catholic and 1 Presbyterian. Here are the repair shops of the P. C. & St. L. R. R., with 686 hands.

Population, 1880, 1,518. School census, 1888, 754. Chas. Haupert, superintendent of schools. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, $12,000. Value of annual product, $40,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

UHRICHSVILLE is ten miles southeast of New Philadelphia, at the junction of the P. C. & St. L. and C. L. & W. Railroads, and joins on to Dennison. City Officers, 1888: T. D. Healea, Mayor; W. D. Collier, Clerk; Wm. McCollam, Treasurer; J. Marshall, Marshal; James Parrish, Street Commissioner. Newspaper: *Tuscarawas Chronicle*, Republican, J. E. Graham, editor and publisher. Churches: 2 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Christian Union, 1 Disciples, 1 Moravian, 1 Presbyterian. Banks: Farmers' and Merchants', Wm. B. Thompson, president, T. J. Evans, cashier; Union (Geo. Johnston), I. E. Demuth, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—Everett & Thompson, doors, sash, etc., 8 hands; Diamond Fire Clay Co., sewer pipe, etc., 40.—*State Report, 1887.*

Population, 1880, 2,790. School census, 1888, 1,345. R. B. Smith, superintendent of schools. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, $48,000. Value of annual product, $83,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

PORT WASHINGTON is twelve miles southwest of New Philadelphia, on the

Tuscarawas river, the Ohio Canal and the P. C. & St. L. R. R. School census, 1888, 239.

NEW COMERSTOWN is seventeen miles southwest of New Philadelphia, on the Tuscarawas river, the Ohio Canal and P. C. & St. L. and C. & M. Railroads. City Officers, 1888: S. F. Timmons, Mayor; J. D. Longshore, Clerk; R. F. Dent, Treasurer; Lewis Gardner, Marshal; Thomas Knowls, Street Commissioner. Newspaper: *Index*, Independent, R. M. Taylor, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Methodist Protestant, 1 Baptist, 1 Lutheran. Bank: Oxford, George W. Mulvane, president; Theodore F. Crater, cashier. Population, 1880, 925. School census, 1888, 498. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, $9,000. Value of annual product, $10,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics*, 1888.

MINERAL CITY, P. O. Mineral Point, is ten miles northeast of New Philadelphia, at the crossing of the Valley and C. & P. Railroads. Newspaper: *Mineral Pointer*, Independent, W. Hosick, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 United Brethren, 1 Lutheran, 1 Catholic, 1 German Reformed. School census, 1888, 420; S. R. Booner, superintendent of schools. It is a lively mining town, with extensive coal and fire-clay mines and extensive fire-brick works. Population about 1,000.

BOLIVAR is twelve miles north of New Philadelphia, on the Tuscarawas river, the Ohio Canal and W. & L. E. R. R. Newspaper: *News-Journal*, Independent, M. H. Willard, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Lutheran, 1 Methodist, 1 German Lutheran and 1 Catholic. Population about 800.

WEST CHESTER, P. O. Cadwallader, is twenty miles southeast of New Philadelphia. Population, 1880, 216.

ZOAR is on the Tuscarawas river and W. & L. E. R. R., eleven miles north of the county-seat; has about 300 inhabitants.

SHANESVILLE is on the C. & C. Railroad, about eleven miles west of county-seat. It has churches, 1 Methodist, 1 Reformed and 1 Lutheran; 1 newspaper, *News*, Independent, John Doerschuk, editor; a bank and 500 inhabitants. School census, 1888, 139.

BLAKE'S MILLS is one-half mile south of New Philadelphia, on the Ohio Canal. It has 1 Methodist Episcopal church. School census, 1888, 179.

GNADENHUTTEN is eleven miles south of New Philadelphia, on the Tuscarawas river and on the P. C. & St. L. R. R. School census, 1888, 119. S. K. Mardis, superintendent of schools.

This name is pronounced *Noddenhiten*. There is here a Moravian church, and it is the site of the Moravian massacre. Near the monument yet stands an apple-tree, planted in 1774 by the Indians, and it has borne apples from that day to this. The apple is about two inches in diameter. Its skin is variegated in crimson and white, and the fruit pleasant in taste.

UNION.

UNION COUNTY was formed April 1, 1820, from Delaware, Franklin, Madison and Logan, together with a part of old Indian territory. The surface is generally level, and most of the soil clayey. The southwestern part is prairie land, and the north and eastern woodland of great fertility when cleared. In the eastern part are valuable limestone quarries.

Area about 420 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 124,261; in pasture, 53,807; woodland, 37,046; lying waste, 1,364; produced in wheat, 276,985 bushels; rye, 785; buckwheat, 362; oats, 180,250; barley, 79; corn, 1,111,352; broom corn, 800 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 28,045 tons; clover hay, 4,639; flax, 8,000 lbs. fibre; potatoes, 21,075 bushels; butter, 383,982 lbs.; cheese, 11,500; sorghum, 1,934 gallons; maple sugar, 26,092 lbs.; honey, 2,814; eggs, 551,631 dozen; grapes, 6,340 lbs.; wine, 35 gallons; sweet potatoes, 142 bushels; apples, 5,288; peaches, 200; pears, 770; wool, 354,274 lbs.; milch cows owned, 4,880. School census, 1888, 7,301; teachers, 247. Miles of railroad track, 63.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Allen,	714	1,333	Liberty,	922	1,398
Claiborne,	497	2,758	Mill Creek,	524	867
Darby,	736	1,171	Paris,	1,151	3,718
Dover,	457	1,006	Taylor,		1,367
Jackson,	352	1,454	Union,	894	1,535
Jerome,	868	1,503	Washington,	154	1,164
Leesburg,	720	1,552	York,	439	1,549

Population of Union in 1830, 3,192; 1840, 8,443; 1860, 16,507; 1880, 22,375; of whom 19,218 were born in Ohio; 618, Pennsylvania; 591, Virginia; 232, New York; 104, Indiana; 42, Kentucky; 379, German Empire; 222, Ireland; 131, England and Wales; 39, British America; 12, Scotland; 8, France, and 2, Norway and Sweden. Census, 1890, 22,860.

The first white men who ever made a settlement within the county were James Ewing and his brother Joshua. They purchased land and settled on Darby creek, in what is now Jerome township, in the year 1798. The next year came Samuel Mitchell, David Mitchell, Samuel Mitchell, Jr., Samuel Kirkpatrick, and Samuel McCullough; and in 1800, George Reed, Samuel Reed, Robert Snodgrass and Paul Houston.

James Ewing's farm was the site of an ancient and noted Mingo town, which was deserted at the time the Mingo towns, in what is now Logan county, were destroyed by Gen. Logan, of Kentucky, in 1786. When Mr. Ewing took possession of it, the houses were still remaining, and, among others, the remains of a blacksmith's shop, with coal, cinders, iron-dross, etc. Jonathan Alder, formerly a prisoner among the Indians, says the shop was carried on by a renegade white man named Butler, who lived among the Mingoes. Extensive fields had formerly been cultivated in the immediate vicinity of the town.

The county was erected through the exertions of COL. JAMES CURRY, who was then a member of the State legislature. He resided within the present boundaries of the county from the year 1811 until his death, which took place in the year 1834. He served as an officer in the Virginia continental line during the chief part of the revolutionary war. He was taken prisoner when the American army surrendered at Charleston, S. C. In early youth he was with the Virginia forces at Point Pleasant, at the mouth of the Kenawha, and took part in the battle with the Indians at that place. His account of that battle

differed, in one respect, from some of the accounts of it which we have read. His recollection was perfectly distinct that, when the alarm was given in the camp, upon the approach of the Indians in the morning, a limited number of men from each company were called for, and sent out with the expectation that they would have a fine frolic in the pursuit of what they supposed to be a mere scouting party of Indians. After the party thus detached had been gone a few minutes, a few scattering reports of rifles began to be heard. Momently, however, the firing became more rapid, until it became apparent that the Indians were in force. The whole available force of the whites then left the camp. During the forenoon Mr. C. received a wound from a rifle-ball which passed directly through the elbow of his right arm, which disabled him for the remainder of the day.

During his residence in Ohio he was extensively known, and had many warm friends among the leading men of the State. He was one of the electors by whom he vote of the State was given to James Monroe for President of the United States. The last of many public trusts which he held was that of associate judge for this county.—*Old Edition.*

Marysville in 1846.—Marysville, the county-seat, so named from a daughter of the original proprietor, is thirty miles northwest of Columbus, on Mill creek, a tributary of the Scioto. It contains 1 Presbyterian and 1 Methodist church, an academy, 1 newspaper printing office, 3 mercantile stores, and had, in 1843, 360 inhabitants; it is now estimated to contain about 600.

MARYSVILLE, county-seat of Union, twenty-five miles northwest of Columbus, is surrounded by a rich farming district, and is on the C. C. C. & I. R. R.

County Officers, 1888: Auditor, George M. McPeck; Clerk, Robert McCrory; Commissioners, Thomas M. Brannen, David H. Henderson, Berry Hannawalt; Coroner, Robert H. Graham; Infirmary Directors, John E. Harriman, William M. Winget, David R. White; Probate Judge, Leonidas Piper; Prosecuting Attorney, Edward W. Porter; Recorder, Jefferson G. Turner; Sheriff, Thomas Martin; Surveyor, Robert L. Plotner; Treasurer, Robert Smith. City Officers, 1888: W. M. Winget, Mayor; John C. Guthrie, Clerk; John H. Wood, Treasurer; Moses Cooledge, Marshal; Antone Vanderau, Street Commissioner. Newspapers: *Tribune*, Republican, J. H. Shearer, editor; *Union Co. Journal*, Democratic, A. J. Hare, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Methodist, 1 Catholic, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Congregational, 1 Lutheran, 1 African Methodist Episcopal. Banks: Farmers', J. M. Southard, president, Chas. W. Southard, cashier; Bank of Marysville (Fullington & Phellis), R. M. Henderson, cashier; People's, A. J. Whitney, president, C. S. Chapman, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—Robinson, Curry & Co., doors, sash, etc., 15; Isaac Half, furniture, 42; C. F. Lentz, butter tubs, etc., 28; S. A. Cherry, lumber, 5; Fleck & Chapman, doors, sash, etc., 10; A. S. Turner, carriages and buggies, 7; Sprague & Perfect, flour, etc., 5; J. Z. Rodgers, machine repair shop. —*State Reports, 1888.*

Population, 1880, 2,061. School census, 1888, 928; W. H. Cole, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, $78,700. Value of annual product, $159,600.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887.* Census, 1890, 2,832.

Marysville is sometimes called "the Shaded City," because its streets are so well shaded by maples. The county is remarkable for its excellent macadamized roads, extending in the aggregate 550 miles and made at a cost of a million and two hundred thousand dollars. The county court-house is a handsome substantial structure of Berea sandstone and pressed brick, and built in 1883 at a cost of $150,000. It is the fourth county court-house. Its predecessor is shown in the old view of Marysville.

The Magnetic Springs recently opened at Marysville are said to be very similar to those of Saratoga in medicinal properties. They have a daily flow of 238,000

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

CENTRAL VIEW IN MARYSVILLE.

W. O. Sheiver, Photo., 1890.

CENTRAL VIEW IN MARYSVILLE.

Each picture was taken from the same standpoint.

gallons. A fine large bath-house has been erected and other preparations made for visitors.

HISTORIC AND BIOGRAPHIC MISCELLANIES.

The memorable "LOG-CABIN CAMPAIGN," during which the word "Buckeye" became the fixed sobriquet of Ohio, was intimately connected with the history of Union county, for here the first log-cabin was built.

The building of the log-cabin and its introduction into the campaign was brought about by a scurrilous newspaper article, describing Gen. Harrison's home life, and representing him as living in a log-cabin, drinking hard cider, and without ambition or ability to fill the highest office in the land. The people of Ohio were at this time just emerging from the log-cabin era; all the early associations and sentiment of their lives were identified with the log-cabin, where they had lived while they and their parents had fought the daily battle of privation and hardship in the wresting of the wilderness from barbarianism. The contemptuous reflection on this life they resented with great indignation, and enthusiastically supported Gen. Harrison.

At the Whig State Convention held in Columbus, February 22, 1840, every county determined to be well represented. They taxed their ingenuity to devise curious insignia of their party. Songs were written without number and sung to such an extent that the campaign also became known as "The Song Campaign." Two of these songs became famous throughout the length and breadth of the land for their exceeding aptness, sentiment and tuneful rhymes: these were "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too," by A. C. Ross, of Zanesville, and the "Log-Cabin Song," by Otway Curry, of Marysville.

The idea of constructing a log-cabin to be taken to the State Convention first occurred to the Union county delegates. Under the supervision of Levi Phelps, William W. Steele, A. C. Jennings, James W. Evans, Stephen McLain and Mains Wason the cabin was constructed.

Jackson G. Sprague (living in Bloomfield, Ill., in 1889) built the cabin of buckeye logs, cut for the purpose from the forest in the vicinity of Marysville. It was built on the wagon which was intended to carry it in the procession to Columbus. (The Convention being a mass convention, each county was represented by hundreds of delegates.) Before the completion of the cabin, Mr. Curry was waited upon by a delegation of citizens and requested to compose a suitable song for the dedication ceremonies. Mr. Curry complied with the request and composed the "Log-Cabin Song" and played an accompaniment on the flute the first time it was sung.

On the morning of February 21st the log-cabin on a wagon drawn by four horses and accompanied by a large procession started for Columbus. The next morning on nearing Columbus the procession was augmented in numbers by a large delegation from Clarke county. A band of singers had been placed in the cabin, and on it printed copies of the song had been distributed, so that when the procession entered Columbus and moved through the city every person had learned the song, and the tuneful air rang out loud above the cheers that greeted the delegation on every side.

In a very short time every delegation had procured copies of the song, which was printed by the Columbus papers, and when these delegations returned to their homes the refrain was taken up and spread throughout the country with marvellous rapidity until the whole country was resounding with the air. Its effect in rousing the spirit of the people throughout the nation cannot be estimated.

LOG-CABIN SONG.

TUNE—*Highland Laddie.*

Oh, where, tell me where, was your Buckeye Cabin made?
Oh, where, tell me where, was your Buckeye Cabin made?
'Twas built among the merry boys who wield the plow and spade,
Where the Log-Cabins stand in the bonnie Buckeye shade.
Cho.: 'Twas built, etc.

Oh, what, tell me what, is to be your cabin's fate?
Oh, what, tell me what, is to be your cabin's fate?
We'll wheel it to the Capitol, and place it there elate,
As a token and a sign of the bonnie Buckeye State.
Cho.: We'll wheel it, etc.

Oh, why, tell me why, does your Buckeye Cabin go?
Oh, why, tell me why, does your Buckeye Cabin go?
It goes against the spoilsman—for well the builders know
It was Harrison that fought for the cabins long ago.
Cho.: It goes against, etc.

Oh, who fell before him in battle—tell me who?
Oh, who fell before him in battle—tell me who?
He drove the savage legions, and British army, too,
At the Rapids and the Thames and old Tippecanoe.
Cho. : He drove, etc.

By whom, tell me whom, will the battle next be won?
By whom, tell me whom, will the battle next be won?
The spoilsmen and leg-treasurers will soon begin to run!
And the Log-Cabin candidate will march to Washington!
Cho. : The spoilsmen, etc.

Oh, what, tell me what, then will little Martin do?
Oh, what, tell me what, then will little Martin do?
He'll follow in the footsteps of Price and Swartout too,
While the log-cabins ring again with old Tippecanoe!
Cho. : He'll follow, etc.

The "Log-Cabin Song" incited the production of many similar songs, but none of these shared its popularity except "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too." This was written by A. C. Ross, of Zanesville, on his return from the State Convention. Ross was a member of the Zanesville Tippecanoe Glee Club, and was asked to write an original song for them. A friend suggested "Little Pigs" as an air that would furnish a chorus well adapted for public meetings. "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too" was composed and first sung at a meeting of the Glee Club. It was received with great enthusiasm, but did not spread much beyond the Buckeye State until September. In that month at a political meeting held in Lafayette Hall, New York city, Mr. Ross was present, having gone east to purchase goods. The speakers, Prentiss of Mississippi, Talmadge of New York, and Otis of Massachusetts, were late in reaching the hall. Several songs were sung to hold the crowd, but the stock was soon exhausted and chairman Delevan requested any one present who could sing to come forward and entertain the people.

Ross said, "If I could get on the stand I would sing a song," and hardly had the words out before he found himself passing over the heads of the crowd to be landed on the platform. Questions of "Who are you?" "What's your name?" came from every hand. "I am a Buckeye from the Buckeye State," was the answer. "Three cheers for the Buckeye State!" cried out the president and they were given with a will. Ross requested the meeting to keep quiet till he had sung three or four verses, and it did. But the enthusiasm swelled up to an uncontrollable pitch, and at last the whole meeting joined in the chorus with a vim and a vigor indescribable. The song was encored and sung again and again, but the same verses were not repeated, as he had many in mind and could make them to suit the occasion. While he was singing in response to the third encore, the speakers, Otis and Talmadge, arrived and Ross improvised—

"We'll now stop singing, for Talmadge is here, here, here,
And Otis, too,
We'll have a speech from each of them
For Tippecanoe and Tyler, too."

He took his seat amid thundering applause and three times three for the Buckeye State. After the meeting was over the crowds in the streets, in the saloons, everywhere, were singing "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too."

Oh, what has caused this great commotion, motion, motion,
All the country through?
It is the ball a rolling on
For Tippecanoe and Tyler, too.
And with 'em we'll beat little Van!
Van, Van is a used up man;
And with 'em we'll beat little Van!

Like the working of mighty waters, waters, waters,
On it will go,
And in its course we'll clear the way
For Tippecanoe and Tyler, too, etc.

See the Loco's standard tottering, tottering, tottering,
Down it must go,
And in its place we'll rear the flag
Of Tippecanoe and Tyler, too, etc.

The Bay State boys turned out in thousands, thousands, thousands,
Not long ago,
And at Bunker Hill they set their seals
For Tippecanoe and Tyler, too, etc.

Now you hear the Vanjocks talking, talking, talking,
Things look quite blue,
For all the world seemed turning around
For Tippecanoe and Tyler, too, etc.

Let them talk about hard cider, cider, cider,
And log-cabins, too.
It will only help to speed the ball
For Tippecanoe and Tyler, too, etc.

His latch-string hangs outside the door, door, door,
And is never pulled in,

For it is always the custom of
Old Tippecanoe and Tyler, too, etc.

He always had his table set, set, set,
For all honest and true,
To ask you in to take a bite
With Tippecanoe and Tyler, too, etc.

See the spoilsmen and leg-treasurers, treasurers, treasurers,
All in a stew,
For well they know they stand no chance
With Tippecanoe and Tyler, too, etc.

Little Matty's days are numbered, numbered, numbered,
And out he must go,
For in his place we'll put the good
Old Tippecanoe and Tyler, too, etc.

The authorship of "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too" has been erroneously attributed to John Greiner, of Columbus, who wrote a large number of popular campaign songs.

Soon after the nomination of David Tod for governor by the Democrats in January, 1844, Samuel Medary, through the columns of his paper (*Ohio Statesman*), called "for a song from Greiner." The following unique lines were the result of that call:

GOVERNOR TOD.

Air: *Rosin the Bow.*

Soon after the great nomination
Was held at Columbus, so odd,
There was quite a jollification
At the homestead of *Governor* Tod.

His mother, good pious old lady,
Her spectacles threw on the sod—
"Good gracious! who'd thought that our Davy
Would ever be *Governor* Tod."

His sisters, each other remarking,
Said proudly, "Those fellows may plod,
Who used to come up here a-sparking
The sisters of *Governor* Tod."

The little Tods, building play houses,
As they in their petticoats trod,
Said, "Oh, mother, now shan't we wear trousers,
Since papa is *Governor* Tod?

"Indeed, we will cut no more capers,
Because it would look very odd,
If we were to play with the neighbors,
And we all *young Governors* Tod."

"Be quiet, each little young sappy,
I'll tickle your backs with the rods;
It's only myself and your papa
Are *Governors*,—saucy young Tods.

So, now, if the people are hardened,
And shouldn't elect him, how odd;
They surely will never get *pardoned*
By Davy, the *Governor* Tod.

A Night of Suffering and Peril of Two Soldiers of the War of 1812.—The following account of the terrible suffering of two of the early residents of Union county is abridged from the "County History." It illustrates one of the many perils common to all pioneer settlements.

In the latter part of December, 1813, David Mitchell and James Mather, soldiers of the war of 1812, who had been honorably discharged at Fort Meigs, were on their way to their homes at the "Mitchell Settlement" on Big Darby creek, when they were overtaken by a heavy snow storm, accompanied by severe cold. Their path lay through an uninhabited region, with not even a blazed tree to guide them. To cross Mill creek, they had felled a tree for a foot bridge. The exertion had produced profuse perspiration. The tree did not quite reach the opposite bank, so that in crossing they were wet to the knees. When the opposite bank was reached Mitchell, who was in feeble health, was seized with a fit of sickness and vomiting, as a result of the chill caused by the wetting. Some six miles from "Mitchell's Settlement" he became too weak to proceed, and sank to the ground exhausted; believing that he could not survive, he besought Mather to leave him to his fate and seek his own safety. This Mather refused to do, but went courageously to work to do what he could for his companion. Gathering some dry leaves, he made a bed of them at the roots of a large tree, and, with brush, limbs and bark, constructed a rude shelter, to which he carried Mitchell. By rubbing his feet and legs he endeavored to get up a reaction through the circulation of the blood; then taking a pair of stockings from his own knapsack he put them on Mitchell's feet. In the meanwhile, night closed in, and, although the snow ceased falling, the cold increased in severity. Throughout the long, dreary night, Mather kept up his efforts to restore his comrade, but apparently without avail. When at last dawn began to break, although still alive, Mitchell was rapidly sinking, and again by words and signs besought Mather to seek safety and leave him to die alone. Mather again refused to do this, but as soon as sufficiently light started on a swift run to the settlement, and when nearing Judge Mitchell's house he met three brothers of Mitchell, to whom he communicated the condition of affairs. They immediately procured blankets and restoratives and hastened on horseback to the rescue, though scarcely expecting to find their brother alive.

Mitchell was still alive when found, was hastily conveyed to his father's house; medical aid was summoned, and by careful nursing he was restored to health, although he never recovered from the effects of his terrible experience. His feet and legs having been frozen, he was crippled to some extent. Mather suffered no permanent injury from the exposure.

Protection to a Slave.—In a biographical sketch of Captain Horatio Cox Hamilton,

given in the "Union County History," is related an account of his refusal to turn over to a jailer a slave that had sought protection from the Union army. It involves a question which was at the time a national one, and a subject for consideration in the cabinet of President Lincoln.

Capt. Hamilton was born in Irville, Muskingum county, O., September 24, 1830. When a boy of eight years he removed with his father's family to Richwood, Union county. He worked on his father's farm, spent two years in college at Delaware, taught school; married, June 3, 1856, Edmonia Dawson, daughter of Dr. Nelson Dawson, of Putnam, O.; commenced farming in Black Hawk county, Ia., in 1857; returned to his father's farm in 1861; July 22, 1862, was appointed by Gov. Tod to raise Union county's quota of volunteers; Aug. 7, 1862, was elected captain in the 96th O. V. I. The regiment was assigned to the command of Brig.-Gen. S. C. Burbridge, and the brigade was attached to Maj.-Gen. A. J. Smith's division of the Thirteenth Army Corps.

Capt. Hamilton resigned from the army Aug. 9, 1863, on account of disease contracted in the service. His wife died Jan. 29, 1877, and in 1879 he married Miss Molly Kendall, and they now live together in the village of Richwood. Capt. Hamilton has partially regained his health.

The account of Capt. Hamilton's refusal to return the fugitive slave is here quoted from the "County History:

"The 96th O. V. I. reached Kentucky on the 1st day of September, 1862. It will be remembered that at this time there was a sentiment among the new recruits that slaves and slave property were being wrongfully protected by the army, and that it was no part of a soldier's duty to protect rebel property, and catch and return slaves to their masters. It began to be noticed that negroes were turned out of our lines with an ever-increasing degree of reluctance; also that Capt. Hamilton was the friend of the oppressed, and that he did not always obey an order to do so inhuman a thing as to turn a fellowman over to his rebel master, even in obedience to a positive command of a senior officer. Finally a boy, some fourteen years of age, came into the camp of the 96th Ohio, at Nicholasville, Ky., calling himself William Clay, and reporting that his master was a rebel, and that he had thrown an axe at him (Billy), and that he wanted protection. He found a friend in Capt. Hamilton, and remained with him, as a servant, for some time, until the army was ordered to move to Louisville. On the way, and as it passed through Versailles, a person dressed in the uniform of a Union soldier came, representing himself as being on Maj.-Gen. A. J. Smith's staff, and that as such he ordered Capt. Hamilton to deliver the boy Billy to him to be turned over to the jailer as an escaped slave. This he refused to do unless the order came in writing from Gen. Smith in the ordinary way, being countersigned by Gen. Burbridge and Col. I. W. Vance, of the 96th O. V. I. This the fellow refused to get, but notified him that he would be back in fifteen minutes with a detachment of soldiers, and that he would take the boy by force. Upon this the captain turned to his company, and told them that if it was going to be a question of force, that they might load their guns and prepare for the affray.

That order the company made haste to execute, and as they did so one company after another did the same, until, as far as one could see, the road seemed to glisten with the light of the sun as it was reflected by the several thousand ramrods which were being used to send home the ball that was intended to perforate the hide of any man who would attempt to take Billy by force. The effect of this preparation was that the staff officer gave up his notion of taking the boy by force at that time, but notified the captain that the affair would be deferred until evening, at which time the boy would be taken by force, and the captain put under arrest for disobedience of orders. This kept the matter brewing in the minds of the soldiers. As soon as the army was encamped for the night, the soldiers held an impromptu meeting, at which speeches were made and resolutions passed approving the course of Capt. Hamilton, and resolving that they would stand by him to the death. A committee was appointed to inform him of their purpose, and he was soon waited on by a soldier who made known their action to him, and requested that, if any move should be made to take the boy by force, immediate notice should be given to the officers and soldiers whose names were found on a card which was handed to the captain. This uprising of the soldiers, occasioned by the refusal of Capt. Hamilton to give up the boy Billy, had the effect to stop all effort in the Army of Kentucky to arrest or return slaves to their masters.

On reaching Louisville, the army was ordered to go to Memphis and Vicksburg. The boy could not be taken, and the only thing that could be done was either to let him loose in Kentucky, to be seized upon and returned to slavery, or to send him home to Ohio. The latter the captain chose to do, but had to force his way across the river for fear of arrest; but he finally reached New Albany, Ind., and bought a railroad ticket to Marysville for the boy, paying for it all the money he had and going $1.25 in debt. When the boy reached Richwood, it set everything in commotion. Some approved of the course pursued by the captain, others condemned. The party in opposition called a meeting, and resolved that the "nigger" should not be permitted to stay, and that they would return him to his master, etc. They also resolved that Capt. Hamilton should not be permitted to return to Richwood. The matter got into all the papers of the State, and of other States as well. Letters came to the captain from every quarter, some approving and some disapproving his course. One man, who was given to understanding the force of what he said, wrote him that it was supposed that an effort would be made to

take the boy by force and send him back to Kentucky, but he said that the captain need not be alarmed, for that many thousands of men were armed and ready for any move that might be made to return the boy.

Billy Clay and H. C. Hamilton both live in Richwood at this time, and this story would not have been told if it had not been for the fact of its having had so important a part in the war in overthrowing the slave power, and in developing liberal and Christian sentiment at home."

The name of OTWAY CURRY stood high among the people in the olden time as that of a man of singular purity and dignity of character, and a poet whose verses illustrated the thoughts and emotions of a devout and reverent spirit.

He was born on what is now the site of Greenfield, Highland county, March 26, 1804, and when a lad of seven years came with his father, Col. James Curry, into what is now Union county. His father the next year, 1812, was summoned to Chillicothe as a member of the legislature; an older brother went into the army to do battle for his country, and the rest of the family remained on the farm with their prudent and patriotic mother. Alone in the wilderness, surrounded by savages, they were never molested, though often alarmed. On one occasion their horses showed every indication of fear; their dogs barked furiously, now rushing into the cornfield and then retreating with bristling hair as if driven. The family, thinking that the Indians were near, decided to fight as well as pray.

The mother, in marshalling her forces, stationed young Otway and his brother Stephenson on guard, Otway at the house corner and Stephenson at the bars with loaded guns at rest and ordered them to take aim and fire as soon as they saw an Indian. Fortunately none appeared.

Otway learned the carpenter's trade at Lebanon, and followed that occupation for several years, part of the time in the lower Mississippi country. At this period he began writing verses anonymously for the newspapers, as "My Mother," and "Kingdom Come;" these gained popular favor and won the life-long friendship of William D. Gallagher. He married Miss Mary Noteman, and, eventually settled on a farm in Union county, where he courted the muses in the intervals of agricultural labor. In 1836 he was elected to the legislature; again in 1837 and 1842. For a while he edited the Xenia *Torch Light*, and was associated with Gallagher in Columbus in the publication of the *Hesperian*, a monthly magazine of a high order, and therefore naturally of a short life.

In these years he studied the law, and though entering the profession late evinced marked capacity. In 1850 he was elected a member of the second Ohio Constitutional Convention. In 1853 he purchased the *Scioto Gazette* and removed to Chillicothe, where he edited it for a year, and health failing, returned to Marysville and resumed the practice of the law. In 1854 he was president of the Ohio Editorial Convention, and died February 15, 1855. He was one of the choice spirits of the Methodist church. The late Bishop Thomson wrote of him "as a man without a spot in his character, of strong domestic nature, whose home to him was a paradise:—a man of fervent piety, and his poetry as the song of a religious soul: a faith that brings heaven near to earth and man into fellowship with angels."

Mr. Curry was tall and well proportioned, with a broad, lofty brow, and an open countenance. He was strikingly neat in his personal appearance, and careful and cautious in his speech and writings as though the eye of the Master was ever upon him in all his words and acts. Annexed is one of his poems, which has been a comfort to many devout souls:

THE GREAT HEREAFTER.

'Tis sweet to think when struggling
The goal of life to win,
That just beyond the shores of time
The better days begin.

When through the nameless ages
I cast my longing eyes,
Before me, like a boundless sea,
The Great Hereafter lies.

Along its brimming bosom
Perpetual summer smiles,
And gathers like a golden robe
Around the emerald isles.

There in the long blue distance,
By lulling breezes fanned,
I seem to see the flowering groves
Of old Beulah's land.

And far beyond the islands
That gem the wave serene,
The image of the cloudless shore
Of holy Heaven is seen.

Unto the Great Hereafter—
Aforetime dim and dark—
I freely now, and gladly, give
Of life the wandering bark.

And in the far-off haven,
When shadowy seas are passed,
By angel hands its quivering sails
Shall all be furled at last.

The manager of "the Associated Press," Mr. WM. HENRY SMITH, journalist, is from Union county. He was brought here in 1836 by his parents when a child, three years of age, from Columbia county, New York, where he was born

December 1, 1833. Francis F. Browne, author and editor of the *Dial*, thus outlines his career in "Appleton's Cyclopædia of American Biography:"

Mr. Smith had the best educational advantages that the State then afforded. He was tutor in a western college, and then assistant editor of a weekly paper in Cincinnati, of which, at the age of twenty-two, he became editor, doing also literary work on the *Literary Review*. At the opening of the civil war he was on the editorial staff of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, and during the war he took an active part in raising troops and forwarding sanitary supplies, and in political work for strengthening the government.

He was largely instrumental in bringing Gov. John Brough to the front as the candidate of the United Republicans and War Democrats; and at Brough's election, in 1863, he became the latter's private secretary. The next year he was elected secretary of the State of Ohio, and was re-elected in 1866. He retired from public office to establish the *Evening Chronicle* at Cincinnati, but, his health giving way, he was forced to withdraw from all active work. In 1870 he took charge of the affairs of the Western Associated Press, with headquarters at Chicago. In 1877 he was appointed by President Hayes collector of the port at that city, and was instrumental in bringing about important reforms in customs methods in harmony with the civil service policy of the administration. In January, 1883, he effected the union of the New York Associated Press with the Western Associated Press, and became general manager of the consolidated association.

Mr. Smith is a student of historical subjects. He is author of "The St. Clair Papers" (2 vols., Cincinnati, 1882), a biography of Charles Hammond, and many contributions to American periodicals. He has partly completed (1888) a "Political History of the United States." By his investigations in the British Museum he has brought to light many unpublished letters of Washington to Col. Henry Bouquet, and has shown that those that were published by Jared Sparks were not correctly given.

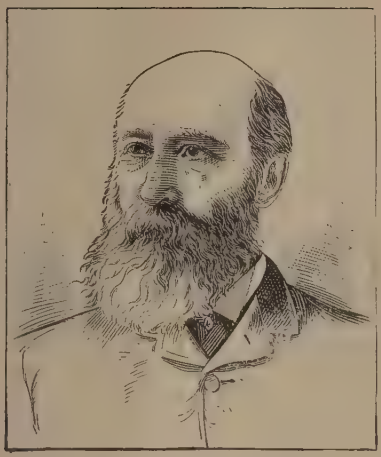
Mr. Smith is of Scotch-Dutch descent, through both the male and female line. His father, William DeForest Smith, was a native of Litchfield county, Connecticut, where his family had settled about 1639. Mr. Smith's mother was Almira Gott, daughter of Deacon Story Gott, a lieutenant in the Revolutionary army, who was a descendant of Daniel Gott, who emigrated from Scotland and settled in the Connecticut Valley before the year 1690. After the close of the Revolutionary war Lieutenant Gott removed to Columbia county, N. Y.

At the northwest corner of Broadway and Dey streets, New York, stands the first of the tall buildings erected in that great metropolis. Here are the headquarters of the Western Union Telegraph Company and of the Associated Press. From this building radiate the business nerves of the whole world. Mr. Smith's office is on the fifth floor, but the editorial and operating rooms are on the eighth floor, and it was here that I found that gentleman surrounded by the men whose business it is to disseminate intelligence. Perhaps nowhere else in the world is such a striking contrast presented between the past and the present as in this place: for here are to be seen in practical operation the wonderful products of electrical science which bring into close relations all nations. I invited the executive head to put aside the contemplation of war rumors from St. Petersburg, Berlin and Paris; and of the acts of "a strictly business administration" at Washington, for a chat about himself and his recollections of Union county, and here follows the substance of the interview:

RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY DAYS IN UNION COUNTY.

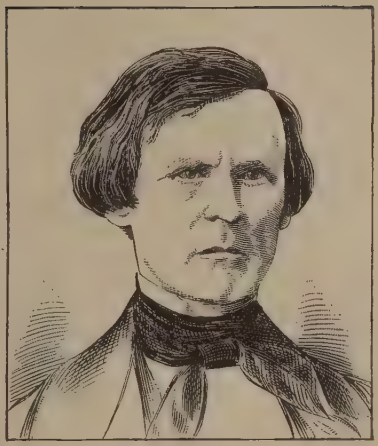
"Both branches of my family are of the oldest of the Connecticut settlers, and mingle freely, Dutch, Scotch and English blood. There are intermarriages with Johnsons, Stoddards, DeForests, Gotts, Wilcoxes, etc. The DeForests are descended from Isaac De le Forest, who came to New Amsterdam about 1635. The 'History of Ancient Woodbury' records many good old-fashioned names, but none more so than of my father's family. Thus, William DeForest, son of Lyman and Elizabeth DeForest Smith, born 1805; Lyman, son of Bethel and Deliverance Smith, born December 17, 1780; Bethel, son of Thomas and Patience Smith, baptized March 2, 1755, etc., until the founder is reached.

"My earliest recollections? I plucked a bunch of fox grapes in the garden of James C. Miller, in Union township, in 1836. It was in that hospitable family



WM. HENRY SMITH,

Journalist and Manager of the Associated Press.



OTWAY CURRY,

Journalist and Poet.

THE UNION COUNTY COURT-HOUSE, MARYSVILLE.

that we, the new emigrants from the East, were made welcome until a house could be provided for us. Compared with others, our people could hardly be called pioneers. My uncle, Dr. Benjamin Davenport, had induced my father to leave the Housatonic Valley for the fertile plains of the West, and he naturally sought a neighborhood where friends had previously located. The Colvers, Millers and Davenports were of kin, and by courtesy we were recognized as 'cousins' of these pioneer families. Our people had travelled in a Conestoga wagon, procured at Wilkesbarre, Pa., over the mountains to Pittsburg, thence by boat to Marietta, thence up the Muskingum to Zanesville, and thence across country in the wagon to the Darby Plains in the southern part of Marion county. We became citizens of the village of Homer, which was then an active and intelligent centre, much frequented by the citizens of the contiguous parts of Madison and Champaign counties. Then Homer had a saw mill, one large general store, a woollen and carding mill, with a spinning jenny, an extensive furniture manufactory and various other industrial shops. To these my father added a wagon and carriage manufactory, the first in the county, or, indeed, in that section of the State, for the manufacture of fine buggies and carriages. Later a second store and a large cheese factory were added. Cincinnati was the principal market for the cheese, which was transported in wagons and exchanged for merchandise. But time and a new civilization have obliterated all this activity, as there is not a trace left, and town lots have been merged into the adjoining farms.

"Pennsylvania and Virginia had the honor of supplying the first of the pioneers for the southern part of Union county. The Darby Plains—originally a prairie country—was a favorite Indian hunting-ground. Along the banks of the Little Darby were found great quantities of arrow heads, stone hatchets and other Indian relics; while along the Big Darby were burial grounds, some of which I explored when a boy. The first settlers in 1808 found the plains dotted with small patches of timber, chiefly bun-oak, jack-oak and hickory, plum thickets, etc., surrounded by a rank growth of tall grass. This was not changed much in 1836, as the amount of cultivated land was small. The number of inhabitants then in Union township did not probably exceed five hundred, and half of these resided in Milford Centre, which I believe was the first village to be laid out in the county. Here was located the post-office, to which the denizens of Homer repaired for their mail, and the mill which supplied the flour for bread. Not unfrequently in the spring of the year, when the black prairie roads were bottomless, the citizens of the southern part of the county found both mental and physical food run unpleasantly low. In the same section now are to be found free gravelled turnpikes equal to the best in any country. I have a personal satisfaction in this, inasmuch as the free turnpike law under which these roads were made received legislative sanction, after vigorous opposition, at my earnest solicitation when I was Secretary of State. But to return to our subject: Mitchell, Ewing, Curry, Reed, Snodgrass, Gabriel, Woods, Irwin, Stokes, Porter, Robinson, Witter, Winget, and McDowell were names connected with the beginning of civilization in that part of the county. Later New England and New York sent a larger number whose influence was controlling in social life—Sabine, Bigelow, Keyes, Fairbanks, Colver, Miller, Coolidge, Howard, Burnham, Hathway, Reynolds were representative names of this second immigration; and thenceforth the increase was from the East.

"The citizens of Union county were amongst the most intelligent in the State. The land they cultivated was very rich and productive, and although they were deprived of many luxuries, they lived comfortably and enjoyed life. I am speaking of the 30s and 40s. Farm wages were low, 37½ to 50 cents a day being the ruling rates; and yet there was prosperity. Of course there was exchange or barter, which rendered a liberal supply of currency less necessary. Cattle-raising was carried on extensively, and vast droves were annually taken across the mountains for the Eastern markets by Fullington, Stokes and others. This business secured for our section a better supply of money than was possible in other sec-

tions that depended upon grain-raising. There was less suffering on account of the mad tampering with banks during the 30s than in many other sections. We had schools, public and select, that ranked deservedly high, and in the promotion of these John F. Sabine, James C. Miller, my father, and a few other public-spirited gentlemen were active and enterprising. And, in order to keep up intellectual activity, we had also a society at whose weekly meetings were discussed questions of public interest. I recall the names of three or four who displayed a good deal of ability in these forensic contests: Samuel and Hiram Colver, sons of the early pioneer Samuel, young lawyers; Dr. Davenport, William Gabriel, Dr. Hathaway, Dr. Mann and Bushrod Washington Converse. The latter was a Vermonter, a Harvard graduate, with many rare natural gifts, including a most fascinating style of oratory. He was the head of our 'select school' at Homer; but so wide was his fame he was invited to meet divines and politicians in other counties, in church and on the stump, in defence of religion and Whig politics. These public meetings were a striking feature of the civilization of that day, and an important influence in the education of the people. They would frequently last for days, and the arguments advanced by the speakers would be rehearsed and criticised in the family circle for weeks afterward. The intellectual activity in that country in those days was quite as great and of as high an order as that prevailing in the cities, where the advantages were greater. But the leaders in the Darby Plains country, living neighbors in Union, Champaign and Madison counties, were no ordinary men. They came of the best American blood. Let me recall a few names as types: John F. Sabine came of one of the most widely-known New England families, and must have been born about the beginning of the century. He was a most charming gentleman, popular and influential. At his home were refinement, intelligent conversation, and the manifestation of a deep interest in everything that concerned the welfare of society. He was a model citizen, who was frequently called on to fill positions of trust. His two sons, Hylas and Andrew, have followed in his footsteps. The former has been a member of the Legislature and State Commissioner of Railroads and Telegraphs; and the latter had a distinguished career as surgeon and medical director during the war of the rebellion. William B. Irwine, another popular and useful citizen, was a native of Virginia, and was born while Washington was still President. He was an ingenious man, and as surveyor ran the lines in a large part of the Virginia military district. The families of Col. James Curry, Judge Mitchell and John W. Robinson were conspicuous in Jerome and Darby townships. Otway Curry, son of Col. James Curry, was associated with W. D. Gallagher in the publication of *The Hesperian*, and was a fellow-poet whose verse is still repeated. Col. W. L. Curry, a grandson of the Col. Curry of Revolutionary days, was a gallant soldier during the rebellion, and is a leading citizen of the county to-day. So, too, is James W. Robinson, a descendant of John W., whose career at the bar, as member of the Legislature and of Congress, has been an honorable one. There has been a pretty wide scattering of the descendants of these early families. They have helped to build up new States or to develop others. The Colvers, Cooledges and Davenports went to Oregon and Washington. My brother, Chas. Warren Smith, resides in Chicago, and is one of the railroad magnates of our new civilization. For thirty-four years he has been conspicuous in that field of enterprise, and has had under his control at one time as many as eight thousand miles of railroad. His administrative ability is of a high order. L. M. Fairbanks, son of Luther Fairbanks the pioneer, and most of his sons, are in Illinois. His son, Charles W. Fairbanks, a graduate of Wesleyan University of Delaware, married a daughter of Judge P. B. Cole, of Marysville, and resides at Indianapolis. He is an able member of the bar, and has accumulated a large fortune.

"You observe that my personal references have been chiefly to the settlers of the southern part of Union county. The northern part developed much more slowly, and the intercourse between the two parts was slight. As Marysville, the

county-seat, increased in population and the machinery of county government was more extensively employed, there was a greater degree of homogeneity. The most conspicuous family in the northern part was that of the Rev. William Hamilton, a Virginian, who settled in Claibourne township, and was a father in the Methodist Church. There were a good many sons born to this worthy man, some of whom have reached distinction. Dr. John W. Hamilton, the head of Columbus Medical College, and an eminent surgeon, I believe, is the oldest son. I. N. Hamilton and another son adopted the profession of medicine. But the 'flower of the flock' was Cornelius S. Hamilton, who possessed great intellectual and moral endowments. His energy, self-reliance and moral courage would have made him a leader in any community, albeit his lack of tact insured him a vigorous opposition. I remember him with warm feelings of friendship, as, while he was editing the Marysville *Tribune*, he encouraged me to write, and thus influenced my choice of a career. That was when I was fourteen years of age, and the friendship then formed continued during his life. His tragic death in 1867 cut short what promised to be a brilliant and useful public career. He was the first citizen of Union county to represent that district in Congress. Another able man who has reflected honor on Union county is Judge Philander B. Cole, who has often been called to high stations, and who commands the respect of all who know him.

"Our county was not free from eccentric people, but their eccentricity took on the character of religious fanaticism. These were the Farnhamites (also called 'The Creepers'), followers of Douglas Farnham; and later there were Millerites, who were always expecting the second coming. I could tell you many anecdotes of the Farnhamites, if we had the leisure and it were profitable. One will do as illustrating this phase of the times. The leaders taught the birth to sin, and salvation only through public confession and walking humbly and contritely before the world. The fanaticism consisted in the absurd acts which were inspired and performed. Sackcloth and ashes and creeping in the dirt were not the most objectionable. An estimable young lady was converted, and told that it was necessary to display the corrupt nature of her heart. She conceived this novel plan. One night she rode several miles to the farm of a well-known citizen, visited his corn-crib, filled a bag with corn, which she carried home. The next day, in the light of the sun, this bag of corn was placed upon the back of a horse, and upon that the young lady rode to the farmer's, to whom she confessed the theft in contrite words and with many tears. This fanaticism soon disappeared and left no evil effects, as it touched only a handful in the community.

"The controlling politics was National Republican and then Whig. But opposition to slavery found early supporters amongst us, and a branch of Levi Coffin's 'Underground Railroad' passed through the southern part of Union county, the adjoining part of Champaign county, and thence to Canada. The residences of Dr. Davenport and Anson Howard, in Rush township, Champaign county, were places of concealment for the poor fugitives, and from them was conducted an active missionary campaign which made sad inroads in the ranks of the Whigs. There were hot debates at our house. My father was a conservative Whig, a devoted follower of Henry Clay and Thomas Corwin; and when the Abolitionists defeated the former for President, in 1844, he was heart-broken. But the Piatt slave case, in which William Lawrence, a brilliant lawyer of Marysville, volunteered to defend the slave, who had been captured after an exciting chase in the vicinity of Milford Centre, did more to create an anti-slavery sentiment in that part of the country than all other influences."

TRAVELLING NOTES.

On visiting Marysville the second time I was warmly welcomed by an old friend in the person of John H. Shearer, editor of the *Tribune*. When I saw him in the olden time he was conducting a newspaper in Somerset, and Phil. Sheridan was a keen, nimble boy in a store hard by. Across the street was the Perry County Court-House, where over the door stood, and I believe yet stands, a proclamation carved in stone, from which the reader is led to infer that the dispensation of justice in Perry county was conditioned upon the heavens falling. (See Perry County.)

After I had left, Mr. Shearer supplied me by mail with a list of the first settlers of the county, "as far as recollected," ending with "John Lashley," and quite a number of dittos. Whether the Dittos were but a continuation of the Lashleys, I was undecided; but on reflecting that a wrong omission was safer than a wrong commission, I then cut off those people of repeating names, but now restore them in this edition. (See Perry County.)

Mr. Shearer, at the date of my writing out these notes, Dec. 20, 1890, is ten days beyond his seventy-fourth year of life. He was born in the then wilderness of Perry county, Dec. 10, 1816, and is of that solid stock that early crossed the Pennsylvania border, and by their numbers and strength of character largely formed the backbone of Ohio.

In the spring of 1836 Mr. Shearer was apprenticed to the printing business, and is now probably the oldest in service of any Ohio-born editor. He is the oldest representative in the Ohio Legislature, and may well be called the "Father of the House." In the winding up of his interesting autobiography in the "County History," he gives some melancholy words. "It may be," he says, "well enough to make an open acknowledgment as life is at best but a struggle to those who start out without assistance or even friendly advice. It matters little, however, in the end what the struggle may have been so it has been made honestly. The question after all that concerns us most is the one that has been asked tens of thousands of times along the earthly journey—'If a man die, shall he live again?'"

The question of Job, which Father Shearer quotes, comes with pressing force upon those of advanced years, for "the young may die and the old must." Reason alone may thus answer.

It is too appalling for belief that such a being as man, with so much of the spiritual in his nature, so well adapted for immortality, should but endure for this brief flash-like life, then be annihilated in eternal nothingness—to become as though he never had been.

If so, the yearnings of the pure, the good and the true; the prayers and tears of the forsaken and the helpless; the nobility and intellectuality of man; and the loveliness and devotion of woman; the innocence and trustfulness of childhood; the sweet strains of music; the glory of the day and the sublimity of the night; indeed, all moral and all material beauty have been and are as a fleeting phantasmagoria of deceit, so monstrous that one shudders in view of its atrocity. And bad as man may be, if he had the power he would not create but to destroy; would not present such hopes; unfold such beauty; elevate by such strains; lift such a delicious cup to the lips, then dash it in fragments forever!

JUSTICE is eternal!
Justice can but demand immortality.
Therefore MAN is immortal, and LOVE is over all.

It is pleasant to know that the greatest of intellects of antiquity, as Plato, Socrates, Cicero, etc., had the assurance of immortality from their inner consciousness alone. Cicero, who was born a hundred years before Christ, said: "When I consider the faculties with which the human mind is endowed, I have a conscious conviction that the active, comprehensive principle cannot be of a mortal nature. . . . . I am so well convinced that my dear, departed friends are so far from having ceased to live, that the state they now enjoy can alone with propriety be called life. . . . I am far from regretting that this life was bestowed upon me, and I have the satisfaction of thinking I have employed it in such a manner as not to have lived in vain. . . . In short, I consider this world as a place which nature never intended for my permanent abode; and I look upon my departure from it, not as being driven from my habitation, but as simply leaving an inn."

He spake, when light from darkness flashed;
Mountains from oceans skyward sprang;
While star sang unto star,
As each in glory on its course began.

And that power man can trust, and as his last day nears its setting sun, feel that "while the earth grows chill the shadows point to the morning."

Magnetic Springs is a small village eleven miles northeast of Marysville, on Bokes' creek. In 1879, in sinking an artesian well, the waters which gushed forth unexpectedly proved highly medicinal. As a result, the place has become quite a favorite resort for invalids. It has a large bath-house and several hotels for their accommodation. The water possesses high magnetic properties, and it is said that a knife blade, held in it for a few moments, becomes so highly charged that a nail may be lifted by it. Several other medicinal springs have been discovered having distinct mineral ingredients, one a sulphur spring, about a mile distant from the village.

Richwood is fifteen miles northeast of Marysville, on the N. Y. P. & O. R. R. It is situated in the centre of a rich agricultural region, made up of thrifty small landowners as in New England. Newspapers: *Gazette*, Independent, W. H. Stoutt, editor and publisher; *Leader*, Democratic, Young & Woodruff, editors and publishers; *Octographic Review*, Disciples, W. B. F. Treat and L. F. Bittle, editors; *Educational Sun*, educational, H. V. Spicer, editor. Churches: 1 Methodist Episcopal; 1 Presbyterian; 1 Methodist Protestant; 1 Baptist; 2 Disciples; 1 Adventist, and 1 African Baptist. Bank of Richwood: James Cutler, president; B. L. Talmage, cashier. Richwood Deposit: W. H. Conkright, president; H. E. Conkright, cashier. Population in 1880, 1,317. School census, 1888, 469; S. L. Boyers, Jr., superintendent.

Milford Centre is five miles southwest of Marysville, at the crossing of the C. C. C. & I. and C. St. L. & P. Railroads. It has 4 churches. Newspapers: *Ohioan*, Republican, W. L. McCampbell, editor and publisher. Bank (Fullington & Phellis), F. G. Reynolds, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—C. Michaels, drain tile, 5 hands; A. J. Rigdom, lumber, 4; Elliott & Moore, flour, etc., 3; C. Erb. & Bro., carriages and buggies, 6.—*State Report, 1888.*

Population in 1880, 490. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, $18,000. Value of annual product, $49,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

Broadway is nine miles northwest of Marysville, on the N. Y. P. & O. R. R. Newspapers: *Enterprise*, Independent, C. F. Monroe, editor and publisher. Population, 300.

Unionville is eight miles southeast of Marysville, on the C. St. L. & P. R. R. Population in 1880, 200.

York is on Bokes creek, in the northwest part of the county. By the census of 1890 it had 1498 inhabitants; Richwood, 1415; Marysville, 2832; Milford Centre, 718.

VAN WERT.

VAN WERT COUNTY was formed April 1, 1820, from old Indian territory. The surface is level, and the top soil loam, and the sub-soil blue marl and very deep, and, what is remarkable, of such tenacity that water will not sink through it. Hence, in wet seasons, the crops are poor from the water standing on the soil. When the country is cleared and drained, this difficulty will be obviated. The soil is very rich, and the surface covered with a great variety of timber. The principal product is Indian corn.

Area about 400 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 113,011; in pasture, 15,839; woodland, 63,566; lying waste, 1,202; produced in wheat, 222,667 bushels; rye, 13,763; buckwheat, 692; oats, 396,763; barley, 502; corn, 1,201,750; broom corn, 1,000 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 17,055 tons; clover hay, 4,928; flax, 8,000 lbs. fibre; potatoes, 54,454 bushels; butter, 446,769 lbs.; cheese, 150; sorghum, 5,222 gallons; maple syrup, 326; honey, 8,551 lbs.; eggs, 571,773 dozen; grapes, 3,878 lbs.; wine, 36 gallons; sweet potatoes, 354 bushels; apples, 16,506; peaches, 29; pears, 177; wool, 49,388 lbs.; milch cows owned, 6,141. School census, 1888, 9,545; teachers, 254. Miles of railroad track, 102.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Harrison,	168	1,481	Ridge,	211	1,587
Hoagland,	40	1,180	Tully,	99	1,610
Jackson,		800	Union,		1,026
Jennings,	88	1,236	Washington,	47	3,815
Liberty,	117	1,553	Willshire,	434	1,963
Pleasant,	192	5,413	York,	181	1,364

Population of Van Wert in 1830, 39; 1840, 1,577; 1860, 10,238; 1880, 23,028: of whom 19,072 were born in Ohio; 888, Pennsylvania; 606, Indiana; 241, New York; 215, Virginia; 73, Kentucky; 768, German Empire; 329, England and Wales; 109, Ireland; 57, France; 45, British America; 9, Scotland; and 3, Norway and Sweden. Census, 1890, 29,671.

Three of the northwestern counties of the State, Williams, Paulding and Van Wert, were named from the three captors of Major Andre. The details of the capture will be found under the head of Paulding county. ISAAC VAN WERT, who gave name to this county, was a farmer in West Chester county, N. Y., and was born in Greenburg in 1760, and died May 23, 1828, aged 68. For many years he was an active member of the Greenburg church, and served as chorister until his death. The three captors for their service received the thanks of Congress and an annual pension of $200 and a silver medal bearing on one side the word "Fidelity," and on the other the legend "Vincit Amor Patria." He spelt his name Van *Wart*. A monument was erected to his memory by the people of Greenburg.

Below is the entire description of the county as it appeared in our original edition. It was written for it by Mr. James Watson Riley, who laid out Van Wert, and of whom a notice is given under the head of Celina, Mercer county.

SKETCH OF VAN WERT COUNTY IN 1846.

[From the Old Edition.]

Van Wert received its present boundaries and name in the spring of 1820, two years after the lands of the northwestern part of Ohio were purchased from the Indians, by the treaty of St. Mary's. With most of the fourteen counties

formed by the same act it was almost an entire wilderness, the surveyors' marks upon the township lines being, with a few exceptions, the only traces of civilization in the whole region.

The ridge upon which stand the towns of Van Wert and Section Ten is a subject of curiosity to strangers. It is of great utility to the people of this county, and the others (Putnam, Hancock, Wyandot to Seneca) through which it passes, being at all seasons the best natural road in this part of Ohio. It is composed entirely of sand and gravel, and has an average width of about half a mile. Its highest point is generally near the south side, from which it gradually slopes to the north. The timber is such as is usually found upon the river bottoms, and although upon it are as large trees as elsewhere, yet in their character they form a striking contrast with the forest on either side.

At a depth of about sixteen feet, through sand and gravel, pure cold water is found, while through the clayey soil in the country adjacent it is often necessary to dig from twenty to forty feet. The ridge passes out at the northwest corner of the county and is temporarily lost in the high sandy plain near Fort Wayne. Crossing the Maumee, it can be distinctly traced, running in a northeasterly direction; when, although frequently eccentric and devious in its course, it runs nearly parallel with the river, being distant from it from one to ten miles; it is again lost in the sandy plains nearly north of Napoleon. Has not this ridge been the boundary of a *great bay of Lake Erie!* when its waters were, perhaps, 180 feet higher than now? The sand, gravel, round smooth stones and shells, all bear evidence of having been deposited by water, and the summit of the ridge is everywhere at the same level, or relative altitude.

Van Wert in 1846.—Van Wert, the county-seat, is 136 miles northwest of Columbus, and was founded in 1837, by James Watson Riley, Esq. It is handsomely situated on a natural ridge, elevated about twenty feet above the general surface of the country, on a fork of the Little Auglaize. It contains 2 stores, 1 grist and 2 saw mills, and about 200 inhabitants.

The site of the town of Van Wert has evidently been an Indian town, or a place for winter quarters; the timber standing when first visited by the writer, and probably by white men, in 1825, was all small and evidently of a growth of less than fifty years, and several wooden houses, covered with bark, were in pretty good repair when the town was laid out in 1837; numerous graves, on a commanding bluff upon the bank of the creek, as well as the deep-worn trails upon the ridge up and down the creek, and in various other directions, bear witness that this deeply sequestered yet pleasant spot, unknown to the whites in all the wars, from St. Clair's defeat to the close of the late war, and, in fact, until after the treaty of St. Mary's, was cherished by the Indians as a peaceful and quiet home, where they could in security leave their women and children when they sallied out upon the warpath, or hunting excursions.

At the time of laying out the town plat an old Indian of the Pottawatomie tribe was encamped near, and told the writer that he had with his family spent forty winters there and had expected there to leave his bones; but, added he, the game will soon disappear after your chain has passed over the ground; in a few days I shall take my leave, and, added he, while tears almost choked his utterance, I shall never return again to this place, and the haunts of the deer, the bear, and the raccoon, will soon be broken up, and brick houses take the place of my wigwam!! This Indian had been a brave, said "he owned a farm on the river Raisin, in Michigan, which he bought from the government." He had a red-haired French woman, of near his own age, a prisoner taken from Montreal, in infancy, for his wife; but every winter he returned to his native haunts.

Soon after the first settlement of Van Wert a spring of clear pure well-water was found, which had been carefully hidden years before by the Indians with a piece of bark about six feet square. This bark had been peeled from a black walnut, flattened out, the earth scraped away from around the spring for about sixteen

inches in depth, the bark laid flat over all, and then the whole carefully covered with earth so that no trace of the spring could be seen. After removing the bark the spring again overflowed and resumed its old channel to the creek.

CAPT. JAMES RILEY was the first white man who settled in Van Wert county; he moved his family into the forest, on the St. Mary's river, in January, 1821, and began clearing up a farm and the erection of mills. In 1822 he laid out a town on the west bank of the river, opposite his mills, and named it Willshire in honor of his benefactor, who redeemed him from African slavery. His sufferings during his shipwreck on the coast of Africa, and subsequent captivity among the Arabs, have been detailed in a volume by himself, with which the public are already familiar. In 1823 he was elected as a single representative to the State legislature, from the territory which now comprises the counties of Preble, Miami, Darke, Shelby, Mercer, Allen, Van Wert, Putnam, Paulding, Defiance, Williams, Henry, Wood and Lucas, fourteen counties, which now, with a largely increased ratio of votes, send eight representatives and four senators. During that session, which is justly pointed to as pre-eminent in usefulness to that of any one previous or subsequent, he bore a conspicuous part, and assisted in maturing the four great measures of the session, viz.:

The act for improving the State by navigable canals.

The revenue act, in which the first attempt to establish an *ad valorem* system of taxation was made.

The act providing a sinking fund, and an act for the encouragement of common schools.

The last named and so much of the first as relates to the Miami canal, were originated by him, and called his measures.

Capt. Riley lived at Willshire seven years, but his health and constitution had been destroyed by his sufferings in Africa, and in the spring of 1828 he was carried to Fort Wayne for medical aid; after lingering on the verge of death for several months he was taken on a bed to New York, and in 1830 had so far recovered as to resume his nautical life. In 1831 he made a voyage to Mogadore, to visit his benefactor, Mr. Willshire, established a trade there, and subsequently made nine voyages to that country, during one of which he sent his vessel home in charge of another and travelled through Spain, to Montpelier, in France, for the benefit of surgical aid. The winter of 1839–40 he spent at Mogadore and the city of Morocco, which latter town he visited in company with Mr. Willshire, and in consequence of this visit the emperor granted him a license to trade with the people of his seaports, during life, upon highly favorable conditions, never before granted to any Christian merchant. On the 10th of March, 1840, he left New York in his brig, the Wm. Tell, for St. Thomas, in the West Indies, died when three days out, and was consigned to the ocean. The vessel returned to Mogadore for the cargo provided by him, and was wrecked and lost while at anchor in the harbor; all on board, save one, perishing.

Willshire, founded in 1822, by Capt. James Riley, is in the southwest corner of the county, on the St. Mary's river, and contains 1 church, 2 stores, 2 grist and 1 saw mill, and about 100 inhabitants. Section Ten is on the Miami Extension canal, and has a good canal water-power, as well as being the best accessible point on the canal from the county towns of Van Wert, Putnam and Allen. It was laid out in 1845 by O. H. Bliss and B. F. Hollister, and has about 300 inhabitants.—*Old Edition.*

VAN WERT, county-seat of Van Wert, about 130 miles northwest of Columbus, at the crossing of the P. Ft. W. & C. and C. J. & M. Railroads.

County officers, 1888: Auditor, Lewis A. Harvey; Clerk, Charles F. Manship; Commissioners, Albert J. Roller, William Freck, John C. Robinson; Coroner, Alexander S. Kirkpatrick; Infirmary Directors, Abraham Alspaugh, Andrew J. Stewart, Andrew Lybold; Probate Judge, Barritt J. Brotherton; Prosecuting Attorney, Jacob Y. Todd; Recorder, Jesse W. Baird; Sheriff, Isaac

Jas. J. Ream, Photo., 1888.

CENTRAL VIEW IN VAN WERT.

R. Tudor; Surveyor, Marion P. McCoy; Treasurer, John F. Sidle. City officers, 1888: J. O. Browder, Mayor; Henry Robinson, Clerk; Jacob Fox, Treasurer; Geo. W. Clippinger, Marshal; A. N. Grandstaff, Street Commissioner; Geo. E. Wells, Solicitor. Newspapers: *Bulletin*, Republican, Summersett & Arnold, editors and publishers; *Republican*, Republican, E. L. & T. C. Wilkinson, editors and publishers; *Gazette*, Prohibition, C. E. Detter, editor and publisher; *Times*, Democratic, Geo. W. Kohn & W. H. Troup, editors. Churches: 1 Methodist, 1 Baptist, 1 Catholic, 1 Presbyterian, 2 Lutheran, 1 Evangelistic, 1 German Reformed, 1 Friends.

Manufactures and Employees.—Eagle Stave Co., staves and heading, 78; H. Butler & Co., staves and heading, 28; Oil Well Supply Co., sucker rods, etc., 20; J. A. Gleason & Brother, wagon wood-work, etc., 8; A. & F. Gleason, building material, 14; People's Milling Association, flour, etc., 6; D. Spangler, building material, 5; Rupright Brothers, drain tile, 6; Van Wert Foundry and Machine Works, foundry work, etc., 16; L. F. Ross, drain tile, 5; Union Mills Flouring Co., flour, etc., 5; W. A. Clark, flour, etc., 4.—*State Report, 1888.*

Population in 1850, 268; in 1860, 1,015; in 1870, 2,625; in 1890, 5,548. School census, 1888, 1,614; D. E. Cowgill, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, $215,000. Value of annual product, $735,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887.*

The town and county at this time are highly prosperous. The industries of the city are largely of wood.

HISTORICAL MISCELLANY.

The reminiscences of W. Willshire Riley (whose father made the first settlement in Van Wert county) are very interesting and instructive in the graphic pictures they give of the journey into the Ohio wilderness, and the manners and customs of the first settlers. They have been published in the "County History," from which we make the following extracts:

Outrages on Travellers.

My father removed his family from Upper Middletown, Middlesex county, Conn., in May, 1820, to the town of Chillicothe, O., in two-horse covered wagons via. New York city; thence through New Jersey and Pennsylvania to Cumberland, Md., and thence followed the line of the Cumberland or National Road (which was being built in different sections, and large gangs of Irish laborers with some negroes were at work). These men often committed outrages on travellers by felling trees across the road, and demanding pay for their removal. They tried the game on father, but as he was a large and powerful man, well armed and resolute, he soon taught them better manners, and we were suffered to pass, where others had been forced to pay these highwaymen. There were very few houses (cabins) along the road, and our journey was very slow. We usually encamped at night, sleeping in our wagons, building camp fires and setting a watch to guard against horse thieves, then numerous in the mountains. Near the top of Laurel Hill we passed a new grave, surrounded with new pickets made out of oak, said to be the grave of a traveller murdered for his horse and money but a few days before. . . .

A Family Disgrace.

We crossed the Scioto river, and went, via Springfield and Troy, to Piqua, on the Great Miami river. Here were a few log-cabins strung along the west bank. A hewed two-story log-house was TOMPKIN'S TAVERN, where we took lodging, one stone house, the old Council House, occupied by Dr. Shappie as a residence, John Johnston, Esq. (Indian agent), Samuel Young, Stephen Widney, an Irish gentlemen, and some few others. While we were at supper, in rushed Mrs. Widney, wringing her hands, crying out: "Oh, gentlemen, my poor son John is lost in the woods; och hone! och hone! What shall I do? The opossums will kill him, and the deer will eat him; och hone! och hone! It will be such a disgrace to the family!" All turned out, fired guns, made a bonfire, and in about half an hour John Widney made his appearance, a strapping fellow of sixteen years of age.

"Devil's Race Ground."

Proceeding on their journey, Capt. Riley's party arrived, in January, 1821, at the temporary cabin which had been prepared for them, "about one-fourth of a mile south of the present bridge in the town of Willshire." . . . . The wolves prowled around us all night, keeping the children pretty well scared. This was the first night of the first settlers in Van Wert county at the "Devil's Race Ground." The winter proved rather a mild

one, and by spring a large two-story cabin had been built on the east bank of the river, at the foot of the rapids, near the site of the mill. This cabin was, I think, sixty feet in length, built in three sections of twenty feet each. The floors were split and hewed puncheons, with clapboard doors, with windows with sash and glass, the first glass windows seen north of Piqua.

A Guardian Spirit.

The woods swarmed with Indians, who came to grind their knives and tomahawks on the grindstone, the only one north of Piqua. They would camp around for weeks, but we never allowed them to have any whiskey, although it was always on hand by the barrel, and each hand had to have his rations. They always treated us with the utmost kindness. My mother often doctored their papooses, and they appreciated it. My father's portrait, a very fine likeness, looking straight at the beholder, hung in our big room. The Indians had all seen him while surveying, and all crowded in to see him, or his spirit, as they believed was there to report to him in the woods that they were depredating upon his fields or insulting his family. Finding that to be the case, he did not deny it, and in the whole eight years that we were surrounded by thousands of them, we were never injured to the value of a dollar, but treated politely and kindly by all tribes.

A Grand Raising.

During the winter, men were engaged hewing and hauling timber for a large frame grist mill. Father and his surveyors were in the forests on the Auglaize until the time for raising the frame of the mill arrived, when all hands came in, and invitations were sent to Fort Wayne, St. Mary's, and Fort Recovery, and great preparations were made for their entertainment by the hunters and Indians bringing in venison, wild turkeys, ducks, geese, and plenty of wild honey, maple-sugar and molasses, not forgetting eggs and whiskey with which to make egg-nog, without which no crowd could be gotten together; all used it, and tobacco, when they could get it, except my father, brother, and the Quakers in his employ, Messrs. Louis and Powell, who used neither. On the appointed day, people came from Fort Wayne, Fort Recovery, St. Mary's and Piqua, to the number of about fifty, which, with the surveyor, settlers and millwright, swelled the number to over one hundred. But very few had assisted in raising a frame of such large timbers; they were very awkward.

The frame of the mill had been partly raised when some of the timbers fell, fortunately without injuring anyone, although Capt. Riley narrowly escaped being crushed to death. All agreed to adjourn in gratitude for their narrow escape and complete the raising the next day. Accordingly brush and bark camps were made along the bank of the river to sleep in over night. Long tables were set out, made by putting legs or pins through slabs, and standing them in rows, with similar ones not so high for seats. With abundance of provisions, well cooked, and good coffee, all served in tin cups, and on tin plates, all partook of a hearty meal before dark.

A Moonlight Dance.

Then they determined to have a dance on the green by torch and moonlight; bright fires were burning, so that the smoke might drive away mosquitoes and give light, and many hickory bark torches, held by lookers-on, which they would swing furiously through the air to rekindle once in a while, afforded a fine light, and to all a novel, grand and beautiful sight. A man named Freshour, from towards Fort Recovery, furnished music on a violin, and, as there were no women to dance, men personated them by wearing their chip hats or fur caps. The dances were Scotch reels, Irish jigs, and Old Virginia hoe-downs, and, as there was ample room, many were dancing at one time. Their joints were limbered by occasional tin cups of egg-nog. One man, Fielding Corbin, who had all day been lying down groaning with rheumatism, became so much excited with the dance, or the stimulating effects of the *nog*, that he forgot his lameness when an Irish jig was played, and jumped up and danced it to perfection, touching every note, keeping perfect time, and excelling all, so that ever after the settlers called him Limber Jimmy. Many of the company danced until daylight, and in the morning, in a few hours, the frame was raised in sections, a hearty dinner partaken, and all started for their homes, delighted with the idea that they would soon have corn meal without pounding, and that they had been to the raising of the first frame building ever erected north of Dayton, Ohio. The irons and millstones were hauled from Dayton, taking four yoke of cattle to haul them through mud and swamps, which they had to bridge with corduroy (poles laid crossways).

Multitudes of Fish.

Finally the mill was set running, and people came from all quarters with bags of corn and some buckwheat (no wheat had been raised as yet) from great distances to get their corn ground, camping out when more than a day's travel. The race was one-quarter of a mile in length, and no sooner was it closed at the mill than the fish began to accumulate below the dam, which was eight feet high, and they could not be sent over. That being the only obstruction from Lake Erie, the river seemed to be perfectly filled with pike, pickerel, lake salmon, white fish, large muskallonge, black bass and suckers. Father saw that by opening his waste gates at the mill and letting the water in at the dam, he could soon have the race full, when, by shutting the upper gate and opening the lower a little, they would be on dry land, and could be picked up with the

hand. He immediately set men to make barrels, and dispatched a two-horse wagon to Piqua for salt. Opening his gates, the fish fairly swarmed, until they became so thick that, with a dip-net, they could be thrown out as fast as a man could handle his net. Owing to the time taken by the team, the fish were so thick that they began to die in great quantities. Father caught and salted all that he could with the salt on hand, raised the gate into the pond, and let them go; thus losing an opportunity to have made a fine fortune for that time. The salt did not arrive for several weeks, as he had to go to Dayton, ninety miles and back. The mill proved of inestimable value to the surrounding country, supplying the settlers with corn meal and sawing lumber, which was rafted down to Fort Wayne and Defiance. Capt. Riley, however, did not reap much benefit from the enterprise.

A Second Benjamin Franklin.

Settlers began to arrive, and about 1824 a Mr. Hoover settled on the road to Shane's Crossing, about a mile south of Willshire. He came from Pennsylvania, and brought with him a tin-plate stove, the first one ever seen in the country—a great curiosity. Next came Ansel Blossom, from Maine. He had a wife named Mercy, and a large family. He had taught school in Maine, and imagined himself a second Benjamin Franklin, and imitated him even to the sticking his thumbs in his waistcoat armholes, and on no account would go faster than a walk, even to escape a thunder shower, as it was undignified to run. And to make sure that his children would bear great names—I will give such of them as I remember, in the order of their ages, I believe, viz.: Horatio Gates, Edward Preble, Ira Allen, Benjamin Franklin, Smith Mathias, James Monroe, and John Quincy Adams; Catharine Bethiah, and Mary—don't remember the other. Benjamin worked for father, and the rest, clearing their land and farming. The first wedding was that of Philip Troutner and Miss Bolenbaugh. About a week before, Mr. Blossom, by his own vote, became justice of the peace, and was entitled to perform the marriage ceremony. Philip had postponed his nuptials rather than go to St. Mary's or Fort Wayne, but one morning the squire, on going to his milk house, saw a "Weathersfield kitten," *i. e.*, polecat, quietly drinking milk from a milk pan, when he very deliberately walked into the house and asked Mercy to hand him the fire shovel. To her inquiry, "What do you want it for?" he replied, "You'll be addressed presently." He found the animal with his head over the pan, and brought the shovel down upon his neck, cramming his head into the milk, intending to drown him; but the animal gave him such a sprinkling as to render him blind for a time, and to perfume his clothes, including his only white cotton shirt, with a high collar, which he wore on great occasions starched, so as to give his bald head the appearance of being held up by the ears. He instantly called for Mercy to help him into the house, and changed his clothes as soon as possible, to deodorize them by burying. This caused Poor Phil, as he was called, to put off his wedding, the whole settlement having heard of the squire's battle with the odoriferous little animal.

"Most Great Men were Bald."

Ansel Blossom was peculiar even in his having the ague, chills or shakes all together, and instead of wrapping up in blankets he would take off his coat, and shake until the perspiration would stand in beads upon his bald head and smooth-shaven face, so that children often went to enjoy the sight when told the squire had pulled off his coat to *shake*. One night, just after he had been elected justice, he spent the evening with my father. The subject of great men was his theme. He remarked, "Capt. Riley, have you ever noticed that most all great men were bald? I remember many were. Julius Cæsar of old, our John Quincy Adams, and also Benjamin Franklin, two of our decidedly great men, are bald." Raising his hat, which he always wore even in the house, "Did you ever notice that I am bald?" Father humored his conceit, and told him that in many respects he reminded him of Franklin, etc. He left for home through the woods. He heard some one call to him "Who, who, who, who, who are you, ah?" "I am Esquire Ansel Blossom." "Who, who, who, ah," was repeated from a limb, and he heard the cracking of the mandibles of a huge white owl, the emblem of wisdom.

Hell Located.

The first religious services were held at our house by missionaries, who visited Fort Wayne whenever the Indians were to receive their annuity, when there were a great many Indians and traders assembled from all parts of the country. The missionaries were generally Methodists, but every denomination was invited by my mother to hold meetings (she being a Congregationalist); one, Mr. Antrem, a Methodist preacher, most frequently. He was a large, powerful man, and was considered a revivalist. The Holy Spirit, as he called it, manifested its saving power by giving ladies what they called the jerks, which would commence with a loud groaning, and then the head would jerk back and forth, causing their long hair, which they braided, to crack like a whip-lash, they jumping up and down and shouting, while the preacher called on the congregation to alternately sing and pray. He would exhort them, telling that hell was raging just beneath them with fire and brimstone. "Yes," said Freshour; "I know it's just under Shane's prairie, 'cause I dug a well last week, and the water was so full of brimstone and sulphur that they could not use it, and it turned every-

thing black, and caved in. I don't believe but hell's right under there." To this awful discovery Antrem quoted several passages from the Bible; read from Dante, John Bunyan and Milton. Several young women from the prairie jerked until they fell exhausted, frothing at the mouth, with every nerve twitching. They were pronounced by Antrem to be most powerfully converted; and that appeared to be the uniform working of the Spirit at all his meetings in Ohio, Indiana or Kentucky.

A Queer Coffin.

In the winter of 1841 there died of pneumonia a poor fellow of the name of Jacob D—. His wife was too poor to purchase a shroud or coffin. Some of the neighdors were consulted as to what should be done; they advised that a clean shirt and white drawers be substituted for a shroud. For a coffin, in absence of planks, it was recommended that a white oak tree be felled, six to seven feet cut off, split in the middle, each half dug out trough fashion, and the body placed within. These recommendations were adopted, and the next day a funeral procession, consisting of four men, two women, a yoke of oxen and a sled, upon which was placed the strangely-coffined corpse, proceeded to the grave at the headwaters of Blue creek. Here poor Jake was reverently slid feet foremost into his last resting-place, and the grave duly filled.

In the summer of 1854 that terrible scourge, the Asiatic Cholera, became epidemic throughout the country; in some localities the mortality was very great; in Chicago over 900 died, in Brooklyn 650. The epidemic spread throughout Ohio, with more or less fatal results in different parts of the State; the greatest fatalities were in the Black Swamp region, and an account of its ravages in one locality is typical of all others. A description of the conditions preceding its advent, and its results in Willshire, is given by Dr. J. W. Pearce, in the "Van Wert County History," from which the following abridged account is taken:

Weather Extremes.

The winter preceding the epidemic had been unusually cold. Rivers, creeks and fountains of water were all frozen, and when the spring freshets came the St. Mary's river rose to overflowing, and being gorged with ice and driftwood, the waters spread out and thousands of acres of land became inundated.

This was followed by a season of drought. From the latter part of May until July 28 no rain fell; everything was dried up by the scorching rays of the cloudless sun.

Gloomy Apprehensions.

The condition of our village, like all others unprovided with town ordinances, was in a most unhealthy condition. Our streets, alleys and byways were filled with animal and vegetable remains, and the laws of hygiene were entirely overlooked. Thus it was when hot weather and drought set in. The atmosphere in time became surcharged with malaria, or the germ of disease, which commenced pouring out its unmeasured fury on the fatal 19th. At this date, Dame Nature, with all her surrounding concomitants, appeared unmistakably to shadow forth something unusual. Men's countenances were overshadowed with fearful suspense, and there was a fearful looking for something out of the common order of things. The red glare and almost scathing heat of the sun's rays were poured down, and reflected back, as if in mockery, from the already parched earth. The cattle went lowing to and fro, as if in search of food and water. The birds flew screaming through the air, as though pursued by some demon of hunger. The very dogs, as if in mockery of the fearful doom that awaited us, sent up from their kennels their doleful howls. Willshire up to this time had remained in *statu quo*, whilst her people retained their accustomed measure of the milk of human kindness and their liberal share of hospitality and generous feeling, for which she had always been proverbial; yet we must confess that, in point of morals and religion, Willshire had never been so low.

Unaccountable Phenomenon.

The first case was that of a hard-working, also hard-drinking man, who was attacked on the evening of July 19, and expired within a few hours. Dr. Pearce says: "We will call attention to one of the most remarkable, as also the most unaccountable phenomenon connected with the history of cholera, viz., the migration or disappearance of the entire feathered tribe, together with the house-flies. By the 25th of the month not a bird or house-fly could be seen or heard anywhere, and they remained in blissful seclusion until about August 7, when our ears were again solaced by the merry song and musical chirp of the birds. But, alas for Willshire, out of a population of about seventy-five souls, forty had migrated to that 'bourne from whence no traveller returns.'" On the 21st, at the suggestion of L. D. Pearce, a committee, consisting of Ira Blossom, R. McMannis and Willis Major, was negotiated with to oversee the burying of the dead, and to assist those in distress, as occasion might require. And never in the history of any age did three great spirits merit a greater share of gratitude than did this brave

trio, as they went forth in the discharge of their perilous undertaking. No money consideration alone could have induced them to enter the cabin of Starker, and remove therefrom five dead bodies, already in an advanced stage of decomposition, and that, too, after they had received orders to fire the building.

They believed, however, that humanity and order demanded of them a different course. Two of them have long since gone to their reward. All lived, however, to receive the plaudit and homage they so richly deserved from a generous community. At this time, Dr. Melcheimer and myself were the only practising physicians in town, and, as might be expected, our sleep we got in the saddle. Dr. Pearce thus relates the sickness and death of his wife:

Rapid Course of the Disease.

A short time after we had left the house, a lady friend called for medicine. Mrs. Pearce at this time was in apparent good health, and left her parlor for the office, where she prepared the lady's medicine. On turning to hand her the same, she was noticed to reel and stagger, when, on beholding her countenance, the lady was horrified to see the change from the florid red to a dark leaden hue. Mrs. P. was now in the last stages of cholera, and was led to her bed in a dying condition. Messengers were immediately dispatched for us, where we were found seven miles in the country. By the fleetness of our horse, we were able to be by her bedside in a few minutes, when and where she expired within a three hours' illness.

A strange coincidence connected with her death: one hour after Mrs. Pearce had ceased to breathe, as she lay with her hands crossed upon her bosom, so powerful had been the contraction of the muscular system during the last throes of the fell destroyer, that the innate action of the nervo-vital fluid, brought to bear upon the extensor muscle of the arm, was sufficient to raise the right arm from her bosom, and lay it at the full length upon my breast as we sat by her bedside. Nevertheless life had been extinct for one hour.

A Disagreeable Surprise.

We had a poor drunken fellow in our town called "Bill." To get drunk and whip his wife was the order of his time. He was a terror to his family, and a pest of the town. Bill took the cholera, and we were called to see him. This was the first time he had ever been sick, and to him it was a disagreeable surprise. This was our time, as we verily believed, to assist him in passing in his checks; hence we rolled up eight or ten pills of assafœtida and red pepper, and ordered them to be given two hours apart, and tried as best we could to prepare the mind of the prospective widow for the great change that awaited the little family circle, and departed.

On calling around in due time to see if Bill was still alive, to our great surprise and no little chagrin we found him about well, and in due time he was restored to his whiskey and shillalah; and it has ever been a question with us whether Bill got well from pure contrariness, or whether assafœtida and red pepper was the proper treatment for cholera.

Mother Ruby lay dead three days, one mile from town, before burial then, wrapped in a sheet. She was buried in her own garden.

Profitable Philanthropy.

On the 22d of the month, the old Widow Dutcher, a stranger to fear, who kept a saloon, agreed to open her doors for the reception of all in distress, upon condition that she be allowed to go anywhere in town to take what she needed for their benefit. This appeared reasonable, and the arrangement was entered into. The old lady's house was soon filled with cholera patients, six of whom died. But mark the sequel. When the disease subsided, and the people began to return with their families to their deserted homes, they had nothing to eat. The old woman had appropriated the entire stock of provisions to her own use, and had laid in a stock of groceries and provisions sufficient to stand a five-year siege. Nevertheless, she received our united thanks.

Outrageous Inhumanity.

George Miller found he was taking the cholera, and left for his sister's in the country, where he was refused admission. He forced his way in, and threw himself on the trundle bed. The inmates left, and, on their return next morning, George was found dead on the floor beside his bed. He was buried in the garden, without coffin or box. Inhumanity at that time could not be overlooked. The author of this outrage was driven from the country, and not allowed to return.

Desolate Homes.

Thus it was with our town and vicinity until the twenty-eighth day, when, to our unutterable joy, the heavens became aglare with lightning, the thunder rolled its deafening roar, the long-coveted rain began to descend upon the parched earth, and the atmosphere became cold and healthy. The malaria germ was either burned up or beaten down to be trodden under foot, for the disease now disappeared as if by magic. Men with their families began to return to their once happy, but now desolate, homes. There were to be found but two remaining families. Desolation and destitution were everywhere to be seen; doors were thrown wide open; deathbeds were standing in the streets; sidewalks were white with lime used as disinfectant; no merry song or cheerful voice to be heard; sorrow and gloom reigned supreme. Stout hearts quailed before the desolation and gloom that everywhere met their gaze.

"Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted because they were not," for about forty kind friends from the town and vicinity had left, never more to return.

An Old-Time Fourth of July Celebration,

Held in the Woods at Willshire, O., Independence Day, 1825.

Mr. Riley, in his "Reminiscences," gives an account of the first celebration of Independence held in Van Wert county. His father, Capt. James Riley, filled with patriotic ardor, proposed the celebration and was appointed orator. An arbor was erected under some oak trees on the river bank, just north of the mill, and a very long table of boards formed. The meats were bear, venison, roast pig, turkey, with chicken pies baked in tin milk basins in old New England style, fish—black bass and pickerel and salmon—with all kinds of vegetables obtainable at that season, wild gooseberries, honey, coffee made in a large sugar kettle, maple sugar and syrup, pumpkin and cranberry pies. The speakers' stand faced the east and was between two large oak trees. A salute was fired by charging the hole in a blacksmith anvil, which made a very loud report.

THE ORATION.

The oration is of historical value. It shows the feelings of pride and self-congratulation of those old-time American people, when they came together to celebrate their achievement of breaking away from the yoke of Great Britain and establishing a nation of their own. It illustrates the then intense hate against the English government and the "myrmidons of Britain." It is, too, a literary curiosity, being in the style of the proud-swelling oratory so popular at that day, and universal with Fourth of July orators. It was exactly what was wanted to fill the demands of the market. "Thunder! how we did lick the British!" was on that day the cry of every small boy in the land, as he looked up to the fluttering of the flag on the "liberty pole," and after the boom of every cannon run a race to secure the burning wads.

The early part of the oration is occupied with a rapid sketch of the history of America, from the discovery of Columbus down to the war of the Revolution, which is also described, and he then says:

These battles, through which our fathers waded in blood, cemented the Union of American Confederacy, now the happy and prosperous United States. The pride of Britain being humbled, although she called to her aid all the savages of our vast Northwest frontier, who broke in upon us with the tomahawk and scalping-knife, making indiscriminate slaughter of helpless men, women and children, she was forced in 1783, after the most sanguinary conflict, to acknowledge that the United States were free, sovereign and independent.

The Declaration of Independence was signed and promulgated through the Union on the 4th of July, 1776, after which the war continued six years, waged in the most cruel and unfeeling manner by the British. Those amongst our citizens who adhered to the British king were styled Tories. These men, destitute alike of every feeling and principle, attacked, in a sudden manner, the citizens of their own towns, wreaking their bloodthirsty vengeance alike on their parents, brothers and sisters; burning towns, villages and the dwellings of their nearest relatives with relentless fury, and plunging the dagger to the hearts of their countrymen. Oh, shame, where is thy blush!

But let us turn from these disgusting pictures. Peace was proclaimed, the soldier of the Revolution returned to his home after his severe trials penniless; his ardent patriotism did not forsake him; he mingled again with his fellow-citizens, and though neglected by the government, which was poor and without means, he uttered not a murmur, but strove to gain a subsistence by his daily labor.

He saw everywhere around him the fruits of his toils and sacrifices. Towns, villages and cities reared their majestic temples where the forests had covered the country, and the beasts of the field, as well as the original inhabitants, fled before civilization and the arts; every

house was opened and every hand greeted the war-worn veteran. After a lapse of years he is made to partake of the bounty of a grateful government.

Another war, rendered memorable by many battles and by sacrifices of a brave and generous people, has tested the strength and stability of our political institutions.

It was waged by our old enemy. Our navy, though compared to hers was but a pigmy to a giant, yet it rode triumphant on the ocean. Our militia and raw troops again beat the proudest veterans the world could produce, with less than equal numbers, and the boasting conquerors of ensanguined Europe were themselves conquered.

The genius of the free government of our country is daily developing its powers; its flag waves over every sea. Its commerce extends over the whole globe, and equals that of the proudest nations of the earth; while the inventive faculties of the American mind in our immortal Fulton furnished to the astonished world the novel spectacle of ships propelled by fire, traversing every sea, and approximating the extremities of the longest river to a span. Our free and happy population has increased beyond any former example. In less than a half a century two millions of people have become twelve millions.

Sciences and the arts have even outstripped our most sanguine expectations, and we now behold our beloved country, blessed by the fostering hand of an overruling Providence, one of the most prosperous, flourishing and powerful nations of the earth.

Examples interest our country in many directions, for the spark that kindled the flame of our Revolution has spread its benign influence over the entire world. In Europe it has been smothered and kept down by bigotry, ignorance, superstition and tyranny, through the most destructive wars occasioned by the French Revolution.

The entire host of tyrants and religious fanatics in the Old World have marshalled themselves against our principles—they are arrested in Europe—they sleep but to rise again with redoubled vigor, when, bursting asunder their chains, they are destined to overwhelm their tyrants and oppressors throughout the universe.

In their steady march the principles contained in our Declaration of Independence in the New World have fully triumphed, and under the genial influence of our example the republics of Buenos Ayres, Chili, Columbia, Mexico and Peru have recently sprung into existence.

The land of the children of the sun is free; the holy horrors inflicted by bigoted and mercenary Spain under her Christian Cortez and Pizarro, upon the Mexicans and Peruvians, have returned upon her devoted head; led by the virtuous and patriotic Bolivar, St. Martin, Hieras, Lare, O. Higgins and a host of other worthies the legions of liberty have established their independence.

Kingly tyrants and religious fanatics have received a mortal stab in that portion of the world. The blood of Montezuma, the Incas and hosts of innocents has cried for vengeance, and the Almighty arm has avenged their injuries.

Already the cry of liberty of conscience has been proclaimed, and may we indulge the pleasing hope that this monstrous struggle will satisfy the civilized nations of the beauties and benefits of self-government, destined to extend throughout the globe.

We are assembled to commemorate the day and the patriots who proclaimed and established the most perfect system of equal rights and privileges; civilization keeps pace with the moral and religious freedom and toleration, and is the most conclusive proof that these States have outstripped the other quarters of the world.

Look at the American female character! The fairest work of creation here have all the advantages of polite and useful education, and of moral and religious liberty; as wives, mothers and daughters they hold the rank of equals with their nearest relations, and by their virtues and goodness are esteemed as the greatest blessing a bountiful Providence could bestow on man.

The Dinner, Dance, and Song.

The oration being ended, the people, to the number of about seventy-five, took their places at the table, which had been loaded with all the luxuries the country afforded, and well cooked. Mr. Golden Green, of Shane's Crossing, asked a blessing, and those who were skilled commenced to do the carving. A small roasted pig happening to be in front of one old gentleman, the skin beautifully

browned (it was roasted before the fire), he deliberately took off the skin and placed it on his plate, remarking, "Some folks like meat best, and some folks like skin best; for my part I like skin best," and carved the pig for the rest, no one objecting to his gratifying his taste, and all went off delightfully.

After dinner toasts were drank, using what we called metheglin, made from honey, very delicious, but not intoxicating. I only remember my father's toast, which was, "The State of Ohio, the first-born of the ordinance of 1787. May she lead the van in the cause of freedom and equality until our glorious Declaration shall be fulfilled, and we can with truth 'proclaim liberty throughout all the land to all the inhabitants thereof.'" All cheered the sentiment; then followed many more of like patriotic sentiments. My father, brother James, Uncle Roswell Riley, J. W. Milligan, Dr. Edmiston, Tom Sweeny, and James Hagar, with mother, and sisters Amelia and Phebe, Mrs. Milligan, Mrs. Roswell Riley, and Mrs. Edmiston were all good singers. Uncle Roswell sang comic songs as well as I ever heard since on the stage. He sang several, and then "Perry's Victory" and "Hull's Surrender." Mrs. Edmiston sang "The Meeting of the Waters" (Vale of Avoca). She was a highly accomplished musician, and all wound up with Burns' "Auld Lang Syne," shaking hands across the table. Those that did not know the words joined in the chorus. A plank floor had been laid upon scantling on the ground, and a dance by torchlight wound up the first celebration of the Fourth of July in Van Wert county, Ohio.

There must have been present nearly every person then in the county, including the infantry in arms. As stated above, "about seventy-five took their places at the table." As by the census of 1830, five years later, the entire population of Van Wert county was but forty-nine, it is surmised the surplus were "distinguished guests from abroad."

The large and flourishing town of DELPHOS lies on the line of this and Allen county, about equally divided between the two. The post-office is in this county. Delphos is described in Allen county, vol. i., page 249.

WILLSHIRE is fourteen miles southwest of Van Wert, on the T. St. L. & K. C. R. R. It has 1 Methodist and 1 Baptist church. Population, 1880, 508. School census, 1888, 224.

CONVOY is eight miles northwest of Van Wert, on the P. Ft. W. & C. R. R. It has churches: 1 Lutheran, 1 Methodist, 1 Baptist and 1 Catholic. Population, 1880, 386. School census, 1888, 189.

MIDDLEPOINT is eight miles east of Van Wert, on the Little Auglaize river and on the P. Ft. W. & C. R. R. Population, 1880, 386. School census, 1888, 152.

SCOTT is eight miles north of Van Wert, on the C. V. W. & J. R. R. School census, 1888, 136.

VINTON.

VINTON COUNTY was formed March 23, 1850, from Gallia, Athens, Hocking, Ross, and Jackson counties, comprising eleven townships, with a combined population of 9,353. It is watered by branches of the Scioto and Hocking rivers. Its surface is mostly hilly, with some broad, fine, fertile, level land on the streams. The land is well adapted to grazing, and it is a good county for sheep, horses, cattle and hogs. While the hills are generally sloping, in many places they are cultivated to their summits, and have been successfully devoted to grape culture and other fruit. Its great wealth is in its coal, fire-clay and iron. There are four furnaces in the county: Eagle, Hope, Vinton, and Hamden, but not now in operation.

Area, 402 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 41,645; in pasture, 69,217; woodland, 48,376; lying waste, 6,794; produced in wheat, 80,134 bushels; rye, 252; buckwheat, 412; oats, 45,907; corn, 202,241; broom-corn, 50,050 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 11,155 tons; clover hay, 38; potatoes, 15,658 bushels; tobacco, 850 lbs.; butter, 194,689; sorghum, 4,525 gallons; maple sugar, 2,248 lbs.; honey, 2,104; eggs, 189,694 dozen; grapes, 550 lbs.; sweet potatoes, 386 bushels; apples, 11,232; peaches, 1,451; pears, 78; wool, 163,853 lbs.; milch cows owned, 2,541. Ohio Mining Statistics, 1888: Coal, 108,695 tons, employing 225 miners and 57 outside employees; iron ore, 11,761 tons. School census, 1888, 5,931; teachers, 158. Miles of railroad track, 68.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1850.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1850.	1880.
Brown,	648	1,241	Knox,		947
Clinton,	886	1,608	Madison,		2,217
Eagle,	476	1,044	Richland,	493	1,668
Elk,	1,221	2,000	Swan,	1,154	1,095
Harrison,	580	1,172	Vinton,	460	1,131
Jackson,	835	1,288	Wilkesville,	1,037	1,812

Population of Vinton in 1860, 13,631; 1880, 17,223: of whom 14,839 were born in Ohio; 594, Pennsylvania; 500, Virginia; 115, Kentucky; 81, New York; 32, Indiana; 327, Ireland; 160, German Empire; 94, England and Wales; 13, British America; 12, Scotland; and 11, France. Census, 1890, 16,045.

This county is named in honor of SAMUEL FINLEY VINTON, one of Ohio's eminent statesmen of a past generation. Mr. Vinton is a direct descendant of John Vinton, of Lynn, Mass., whose name occurs in the county records of 1648. The tradition is that the founder of the family in this country was of French origin, by the name of De Vintonne, and he was exiled from France on account of his being a Huguenot. Mr. Vinton was born in the State of Massachusetts, September 25, 1792, graduated at Williams College in 1814, and soon after 1816 established himself in the law at Gallipolis. In 1822 he was, unexpectedly to himself, nominated and then elected to Congress, an office to which he continued to be elected by constantly increasing majorities for fourteen years, when he voluntarily withdrew for six years, to be again sent to Congress for six years longer, when he declined any further Congressional service, thus serving in all twenty years.

Mr. Vinton originated and carried through the House many measures of very great importance to the country. During the period of the war with Mexico, he was Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, and at this particular juncture his financial talent was of very great service to the nation. During his entire course of public life he had ably opposed various schemes for the sale of

the public lands that he felt, if carried out, would be squandering the nation's patrimony. He originated and carried through the House, against much opposition, the law which created the Department of the Interior. Hon. Thomas Ewing wrote of him: "Though for ten or fifteen years he had more influence in the House of Representatives, much more than any man in it, yet the nation never has fully accorded to him his merits. He was a wise, persevering, sagacious statesman; almost unerring in his perceptions of the right, bold in pursuing and skilful in sustaining it. He always held a large control over the minds of men with whom he acted."

In 1851 Mr. Vinton was the unsuccessful Whig candidate for Governor of Ohio. In 1853 he was for a short time President of the Cleveland and Toledo Railroad, and then, after 1854, continuously resided in Washington City until his death, May 11, 1862. There he occasionally argued cases before the Supreme Court, and with remarkable success, from his habits of patient investigation and clear analysis. He exhausted every subject he discussed and presented his thoughts without rhetorical flourish, but with wonderful lucidity. His use of the English language was masterful, and he delighted in wielding words of Saxon strength.

In accordance with his dying request he was buried in the cemetery at Gallipolis, beside the remains of his wife, Romaine Madeleine Bureau, the daughter of one of the most respected French immigrants. His only surviving child is Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren, noticed on page 681 of this work. "Mr. Vinton was of slight frame, but of great dignity of presence. His mild and clear blue eye was very penetrating, and his thin, compressed lips evinced determination of character. His manner was composed and calm, but very suave and gentle, scarcely indicating the great firmness that distinguished him."

Ohio Southern Boundary Line.

The question as to what constitutes Ohio's Southern boundary line is one that has never been satisfactorily settled, and the argument made by the Hon. Samuel F. Vinton on this question is one of great importance to the people of Ohio, as well as to those of West Virginia, Kentucky, Indiana and Illinois.

In 1820, when the case of Handly's Lessee *vs.* Anthony *et al.* was tried in the U. S. Supreme Court, Chief-Justice Marshall decided that "When a great river is the boundary line between two nations or States, if the original property is in neither, and there be no convention respecting it, each holds to the middle of the stream. But when, as in this case, one State is the original proprietor, and grants the territory on one side only, it retains the river within its own domains, and the newly created State extends to the river only. The river, however, is its boundary."

As between high and low water mark as the boundary line Justice Marshall in this case set it at the low water mark.

In 1783 the Legislature of Virginia empowered its delegates in Congress "to convey, transfer, assign, and make over unto the United States in Congress assembled, for the benefit of said States (proposed new States northwest of the Ohio), all right, title and claim, as well of soil as of jurisdiction, which this Commonwealth hath to the territory or tract of country within the limits of the Virginia Charter, situate, lying and being to the northwest of the river Ohio."

In 1845 Richard M. Garner and others, who were captured by Virginia officers at the north bank of the Ohio river, near Marietta, in the act of assisting runaway slaves to escape, were tried in the Virginia courts. The case was decided against them in the lower courts, and on an appeal to the Virginia Supreme Court was argued at the December term, 1845, by Hon. S. F. Vinton, for the defendants, being assigned to that duty by the Governor of Ohio.

Vinton's argument was based on the ground that Virginia never had a valid claim to the lands northwest of the Ohio river. He held that Chief-Justice Marshall's decision was based on an erroneous historical assumption. Vinton says: "All the parties to that case (Handly's Lessee *vs.* Anthony), both the court and the bar assumed, without any historical investigation in the court below, that Virginia was the original proprietor of the country beyond the Ohio river, and that the question of boundary was to be decided by the laws of Virginia, and by her deed of cession to the United States." He further states that the "Virginia Charter," upon which Virginia's claims were based, was granted in 1609 to "The Treasurer and Company of Adventurers and Planters of the City of London." In 1724 this grant was dis-

solved by the Court of the King's Bench; henceforth, until the Revolution, Virginia was a crown colony with no claim to the territory northwest of the Ohio, and that after the Declaration of Independence the territory came under the jurisdiction of the United States by right of conquest.

In May, 1890, the Supreme Court of the United States reaffirmed the decision of Justice Marshall in a controversy between Kentucky and Indiana as to jurisdiction over Green River island, in the Ohio river, some six miles above Evansville. The court held that Kentucky's boundary extended to the low water mark on the north bank at the time Kentucky became a State, and Commissioners were appointed to ascertain and run the boundary line as designated, and to report to the court.

Shortly after this decision had been rendered, ex-Governor Cox wrote a letter to Governor Campbell, drawing his attention to the interests involved, and suggesting that he request Attorney-General Watson to intervene in the suit (it not being actually closed until the Commissioners' report had been accepted), and that Illinois and West Virginia be made parties. Measures were at once taken by Governor Campbell and Attorney-General Watson to interplead in Ohio's behalf before the United States Supreme Court.

Ex-Governor Cox denied the validity of Virginia's claim, and in his letter stated some of the complications likely to ensue if the decision of the Supreme Court was permitted to stand without question.

"The reasons for making the median line of a stream the boundary between private properties are infinitely stronger when it comes to nations and States. Cincinnati has six or eight miles of river front, on which she has built levees and public landings, and our merchants and manufacturers have made docks, coal chutes, etc. If the ancient meandered line of he low water mark be rigidly renewed, the whole commercial front of this great city may possibly be held to be cut off from Ohio by some narrow strip sufficient to fence us in.

"If Kentucky prudently does not urge such a claim, we may still hold our territory, rather by sufferance than by title of a better kind. Railways have been built up and down the river on the Ohio shore. It can hardly be possible, in the nature of constructions of such a sort, that they have not trenched upon the water line. Shall a *quo warranto* in Kentucky forfeit their Ohio charters and rights of way? Kentucky companies plant bridge piers so close to Ohio that the value of adjacent property is destroyed. Must the Kentucky jury on the opposite shore have sole jurisdiction to assess damages?

"Suppose the war of secession had resulted in the independence of the South, and the Ohio had been the boundary, as the South claimed. The idea of a boundary on the north shore would have made peace forever impossible. The river is too important a highway of commerce to permit any separation of jurisdiction except in the middle of the stream. It has always been admitted that such also is the general rule of law. But an exceptional interpretation is claimed exactly where the reasons for the rule are most overwhelming. There could have been no GOOD reason for Virginia and Kentucky controlling the whole river, and it cannot be supposed that the cession of Virginia saved such jurisdiction for BAD reasons. I believe the publicists of the world would be shocked to see the claim of Virginia recognized as a rule of law."

EARLY HISTORY.

Nearly half a century elapsed after its first settlement before Vinton county was formed. The first settlers centred most strongly around McArthur and Vinton townships. A Mr. Musselman was one of the earliest. Of him but little is known, except that he was the discoverer of the burr stone. He worked a few years quarrying these stones, as did most of the early settlers.

It was in 1805 that Musselman came. He settled in Elk, the pioneer township of the county. He was a miller; being something of a geologist he discovered the fine burr stone, and in the spring of 1806 began his quarrying operations.

The first permanent settler in Elk was Levi Kelsey, who came about 1802, and was probably the very first settler in the county. Isaac and John Phillips came in 1806 and 1807. Levi Johnson came in 1811, put up the first distillery, and, being justice of the peace, performed the first marriage ceremony. Then came, and a little later, Jacob and Paul Shry, Geo. Fry, James and William Mysick, Edward Satts, Thaddeus Fuller, David Richmond, Rev. Joshua Green, Lemuel and Allen Lane, Joseph Gill, and Isaac West.

We copy here the personal recollections of early times in Vinton county by one of her pioneer women, Mrs. Charlotte E. Bothwell, given in 1874 at McArthur, when she was 86 years of age. She, with her husband, his brother, and their two children, emigrated here in the summer of 1814 from Silveysport, Md. She was then twenty-six years of age, and her husband twenty-nine.

They came down the Monongahela and Ohio rivers by pirogue, which he bought, hired a pilot, landed at Gallipolis, and came thence by wagon, having been just thirty-two days on the way.

It was on a Tuesday morning when they left Gallipolis with Mr. Pierson, her sister's husband, who had come with his wagon to help them on their way. The next morning they took breakfast at what is now Jackson. It was then nothing but "a salt works, a number of rough, scattering cabins, and long rows of kettles of boiling water."

The roads all the way were but mere paths, and the three men compelled to cut out roads with axes, and drive along hillsides, when it was all the men could do to keep the wagons from upsetting. After leaving Jackson, it was nine miles to Mr. Paine's, the first house. The remainder of her narrative we give in her own words.

About the middle of the day it began raining very hard, and rained all day; everything was soaking with water. My youngest child lay in my arms wet and cold, and looked more like it was dead than alive. Several times we stopped the wagon to examine to see if it was dead. But we had to go on. There was no house to stop at till we got to Mr. Paine's. It was more than an hour after dark when we got there, wet, cold, and still raining. We found Mrs. Paine one of the best and kindest of women. An own mother could not have been more kind. After breakfast next morning, we started and got to my brother-in-law's the evening of the 5th of August, when four days afterward our child died.

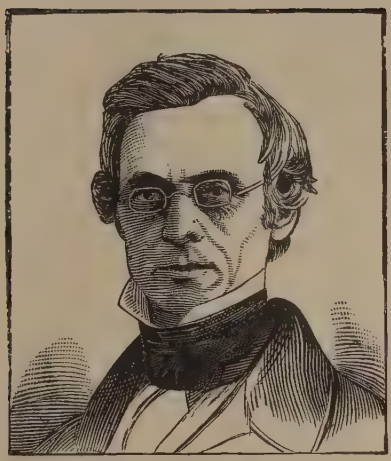
My husband had been here the spring previous, entered 160 acres of land, being now (1874) the farm once owned by David Ray, and reared the walls of a cabin upon it. When we got here, it had neither door, floor, window, chimney, nor roof. My husband hired two men to make clapboards to cover it, and puncheons for a floor, we remaining with my brother-in-law until this was done. We then moved into our new house, to finish it at our leisure. Isaac Pierson then "scutched" down the logs, my husband chinked it, and I daubed the cracks with clay.

There was no plank to be had, the nearest saw-mill being Dixon's, on Salt creek, twenty miles away. So I hung up a table-cloth to close the hole left for the window, and a bed-quilt for a door. The back wall of a fire-place occupied nearly one whole side of the house; but the chimney was not built on it, and sometimes the smoke in the house would almost drive me out. We lived in this way five months. I was not used to backwoods life, and the howling of the wolves, with nothing but a suspended bed-quilt for a door, coupled with other discomforts of border life, made me wish many a time I was back at my good old home.

On the 14th of January, 1815, the chimney was built. My husband had some plank and sash, and made the door and window. The hinges and latches were of wood. Our cabin was the only one in the whole country around that had a glass window. On the same day, while the men were working at the house, I finished a suit of wedding clothes for David Johnson, father of George and Benjamin Johnson, who still live here. I had the suit all done but a black satin vest when he came here. I didn't know it was a wedding suit, and tried to put him off; but he would not be put off. The next day my third child, Catherine, who is the widow of Joseph Foster, and lives near Sharonville, was born.

My husband was a cabinetmaker and painter, but bedsteads and chairs and painting were not in use here in that day, and his business was confined to making spinning-wheels and reels. He did not get his shop till the first of May, and as he had not worked for a year our little accumulated earnings were all spent. However, we were now comfortably fixed. I had some pipe-clay and whitewashed the inside of the cabin, and some of our neighbors regarded us as very rich and very aristocratic—thought for this country we put on too much style!

I had learned the tailoring business and found plenty of work at it. There



SAMUEL F. VINTON.

Drawn by Henry Howe, 1886.

VINTON COUNTY COURT HOUSE, McARTHUR.

was not much money in the settlement, and I was more often paid in work than in cash; but we wanted our farm cleared up and therefore needed work. It cost us about $10 per acre to clear the land, beside the fencing. Lands all belonged to the government and could be entered in quarter sections or 160 acres, at $2 per acre, to be paid in four annual payments of $80 each.

When we first came here there were perhaps fifty families in and around this settlement, most of them quarrying and making millstones. There was no person making a business of farming. All had their little patches of garden, but making millstones was the principal business. Isaac Pierson, father of Sarah Pierson, of Chillicothe, had the principal quarry. Afterward Aaron Lantz and Richard McDougal had large quarries. A man named Musselman first discovered the stone in 1805 and in 1806 employed Isaac Pierson to work for him. This was on section seven. There were no white people here at that time and the two camped out. Musselman quit, but the next year Pierson, finding the business to be very profitable, moved out, built the first cabin and made the first permanent settlement.

He employed hands to help him, and soon the settlement began to grow. The business was very profitable, and all engaged in it would have become independently rich but for one thing—*whiskey!* Most of them drank; and nearly every pair of millstones that was sold must bring back a barrel of whiskey, whether it brought flour or not. If the flour was out they could grind corn on their handmills, but they made it a point never to get out of whiskey.

Trading was done principally at Chillicothe. There was no store closer than Chillicothe or Athens. Everything we bought that was not produced in the country was very dear. The commonest calico, such as now sells at 6 to 10 cents, was 50 cents a yard; coffee, 40 cents; tea, $1.25; we made our own sugar. We made it a point, however, to spend as little as possible. Our salt we got at Jackson; gave $2 for fifty pounds of such mean, wet, dirty salt as could not find a market now at any price.

All kinds of stock ran loose in the woods. Each person had his stock marked. My husband's mark was to point one ear and cut a V-shaped piece out of the other. I marked my geese by splitting the left web of the left foot. These marks were generally respected. There was good wild pasturage for the cattle, and hogs grew fat upon the mast. When one was wanted for use it was shot with the rifle.

A wilder country than this in the early days it would be hard to imagine, with its great systems of rocks and intermingled forests. Indians, wolves, wild game and snakes were more numerous than interesting. I remember distinctly one time, my son Thompson was a baby, I put him to sleep one afternoon in his cradle and went out to help my husband in the field. He had an Irishman working in the shop. In a little while after he went into the house to get some tobacco. He came soon running out to us, hallooing in the field, "Oh, mon! come quick; the devil he is in the house!" We hastened to the door, and found a large rattlesnake which had been lying by the cradle. Our presence disturbed it, and it ran under the bed, and my husband got a club and dragged it out and killed it.

McArthur, county-seat of Vinton, about sixty miles southeast of Columbus, about 105 miles east of Cincinnati, is on the Ohio River Division of the C. H. V. & T., and three miles north of the C. W. & B. R. R. It is in the midst of a rich iron and coal region. The surrounding country is largely devoted to raising fine wool sheep, cattle and swine.

County Officers, 1888: Auditor, John McNamara; Clerk, David H. Moore; Commissioners, William J. Cox, Lyman Wells, Henry C. Robbins; Coroner, Jacob D. Christ; Infirmary Directors, Nathan B. Westcook, John Bray, E. McCormack; Probate Judge, John N. McLaughlin; Prosecuting Attorney, William S. Hudson; Recorder, Cyrus C. Moore; Sheriff, Enos T. Winters; Surveyor, Simon R. Walker; Treasurer, Eli Reynolds. City Officers, 1888: H.

W. Horton, Mayor; John S. Morrison, Clerk; V. R. Sprague, Treasurer; John Lowry, Marshal. Newspapers: *Democrat-Enquirer*, Democratic, Alexander Pearce, editor; *Plaindealer*, Democratic, J. W. Bowen, editor; *Vinton Record*, Republican, A. Barleon, editor. Churches: 1 Christian, 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Presbyterian and 1 Episcopal. Banks: Vinton Co. National, Daniel Will, president, J. W. Delay, cashier. Population, 1880, 900. School census, 1888, 343; Joseph Rea, school superintendent. Census, 1890, 888.

McArthur was named from Gov. Duncan McArthur, a sketch of whom will be found under the head of Ross County. It is sometimes called the "Mineral City," and is on a pleasant elevation of table land, between two branches of Elk fork of Raccoon creek. It is environed by low hills, with coal banks from every direction facing the town. Previous to the year 1815, this spot was mostly a forest, where two brothers, William and Jerry Pierson, built cabins, and possibly some others. Burrstone quarries were then being worked in the north part of the county by the first settlers, and two of the roads coming together here made it of some importance as a stopping-place.

McArthur was laid out in 1815 under the name of McArthurstown, after Gov. McArthur. The name was changed, Feb. 7, 1851, by act of the legislature, and the place incorporated. By the census of 1850 it had 424 inhabitants.

Robert Sage, Esq., gave us some interesting items, which we noted as he talked to us on our visit to McArthur, Tuesday, 5 P.M., March 30, 1886. He said: "McArthur was laid out in 1815 by Moses Dawson, Levi Johnson, Isaac Pearson, George Will, J. Beach, and Samuel Lutz the surveyor, who is now living at Circleville. His age is 98, is in good health, and within a year has surveyed land. [He died in 1889, aged over 101 years.] The acknowledgment of the laying out was taken before Joseph Wallace, on Saturday, the day before the battle of Waterloo, which was fought Sunday, June 18, 1815. My father, Joel Sage, built the first house that was built after the laying out, and in the ensuing fall began to keep therein what is believed to have been the first tavern opened in the limits of the county. I have been a justice of the peace twenty-one years, and was the first boy who had a home here.

"Phillips & Winzer, about the year 1817, opened a store on the lot now owned by Dr. A. Wolf. At that period James Stancliff, the first justice of the peace, started the first school. The population of the county is, I think, more largely than usual of the old American stock, and we claim for them extraordinary health and vigor. Living is very cheap. Retail prices for sirloin steak 10 cents a pound; best pork steak at 8 to 10 cents; chickens, 15 to 25 cents each; turkeys, 6 cents per pound; eggs, 8 to 10 cents per dozen, and coal delivered at 5 cents per bushel."

From the "History of the Hocking Valley" we learn that the 18th Ohio, which was formed from this and the adjoining counties, had a somewhat unusual experience while stationed, May 1, 1862, just outside of Athens, Georgia. Being attacked by a superior force, they were ordered to retire towards Huntsville. Their route took them through Athens, whereupon the citizens, seeing them fall back, insulted them, the men throwing up their hats and the women waving their handkerchiefs and all jeering and hooting at them, while some shots were fired from the houses. The men were so abused that the officers could with difficulty restrain them. Gen. Turchin came to their support with the 19th Illinois and some artillery, when they faced about and drove the enemy out of town and vicinity. This was the occasion when Turchin's brigade "went through Athens."

Some of the Illinois companies were composed of Chicago roughs; with such men for leaders, the soldiers, feeling outraged by their treatment from the citizens, who had been well treated by them, retaliated. This was in accord with Col. Turchin's European ideas of war customs, so in the result there was scarcely a store or warehouse that they did not pillage.

Col. Turchin laid in the Court-house yard while the devastation was going on. An aid-de-camp approached, when the colonel remarked,

"Vell, lieudtenant, I think it is dime dis dam billaging vas shtop."

"Oh, no, colonel," replied he, "the boys are not half done *jerking*."

"Ish dat so? Den I schleep for half an hour longer," said the colonel, as he rolled his fat, dumpty body over on the grass again.

The boys of the 19th Illinois used the word "jerk" in the sense of steal or pillage. This gave the 18th Ohio and 19th Illinois the appellation of "Turchin's Thieves." For this act Turchin was court-martialled and dismissed from the service by orders of Buell; but Lincoln, recognizing his soldierly qualities, restored him with the rank of brigadier-general. This retaliation secured better treatment from the citizens.

A gentleman of many years and experience, who has long known Vinton county, Mr. S. W. Ely, agricultural editor of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, who made it a visit in the summer of 1886, has put in print these valuable facts:

"Since our last issue we have enjoyed the opportunity of visiting the county of Vinton, Ohio, which is situate on the C. B. & W. Railway, within 150 miles east of this city, and contrasting conditions and appearances at present with those existing thirty years ago. At that time the county had recently been formed from Ross, Athens, Hocking and Jackson, and a scattering country village, almost unapproachable from the outer world, located as its 'court-house,' with a patronymic derived from one of Ohio's early governors.

"McArthur was situate on the long and difficult hilly and muddy road which extended sixty miles from Chillicothe to Athens, nearly equidistant between those pioneer boroughs. A few of its early settlers were known to the Scioto valley stock feeders as reliable breeders of 'sassafras' bovines and mountain sheep, and occasionally a caravan of 'Salt Creekers,' with their few hundred feet of 'plank,' their feathers, eggs, 'parilla, and maple molasses came into the 'Ancient Metropolis' for marketing purposes.

"It was understood before that time, however, that Vinton county territory abounded in both sylvan and mineral riches. The first geological survey of the State under Prof. Mather, assisted by the veterans, Briggs, Whittlesey, etc., had been finished and particular mention made of the millstone, coals, iron ores, and other mineral riches of the new county and its neighboring shires. But not until the Marietta and Cincinnati Railroad was completed to the Ohio river did the newly opened territory begin earnestly to improve.

"Trade in the 'black diamonds' with the communities towards the west opened and rapidly increased. The finest timber and best tanbark—the prey most greedily coveted on our new railway lines—were soon wheeled off and utilized. An English colony introduced its 'best methods' at Zaleski, and 'astonished the natives' by erecting a gas-house and indulging in expensive gradation of streets before their hamlet was fairly started, following up with a large blast furnace, in which they vainly strove to make good pigs with a raw sulphurous coal—a task they had to abandon, so that their stack soon crumbled down to the foundation, and a slowly-growing village, kept alive by a portion of the railway machine shops, ensued their bright expectations.

"Within a few years the Columbus and Hocking Valley Railroad has been thrust southwardly, across Vinton county, from Logan, through McArthur to Pomeroy, reinforcing the old Portsmouth branch of the C. B. & W. in connecting this interesting region with steamboat navigation. And this brings us to the point of our paragraph. In no respect has this county more positively improved since our earliest acquaintance with it than in that of its agriculture. On every hand, within sight of the railroad, the lands have been largely cleared, and the fields are clothed with rich coats of cultivated grasses, including blue grass, orchard grass, red-top, timothy, etc., while great attention is paid to the clover crop.

"A gentleman who kindly drove us over a considerable scope of country remarked: 'Our farmers formerly paid more attention to the cereals, but after three or four crops of corn on the same ground they found that their warranty deeds were not strong enough to *hold their lands*, so they have resorted to grass, hay, pasturage, and cattle and sheep breeding and fattening, so that the old gullies washed in our hillsides are filled up, smoothed over, and 'all dressed in living green.' Meantime agricultural methods have greatly improved in most other

respects. The fields we cultivate are well plowed, harrowed, and the clods broken, before the seed is sown or planted. Our crops are larger and more sure than before; the values of lands have increased correspondingly, and our farmers pay their taxes, and become rich and independent.'

"We observe that great attention is paid to orchard and fruit raising. Our friend, on sixty-six acres, has 1,100 apple trees, a moiety of which are the Hughes Virginia Crab, from each of which he will make this year a barrel of cider, worth ten dollars in market. This, he thinks, will pay better than grain or grapes. His place adjoins the town of McArthur, and is remarkably fertile, underlaid also by good, workable coal. It is in a lovely region. It is probable, we think, that no part of our great State can boast of a greater degree of agricultural improvement, effected in the same period, than Vinton county. The construction of railroads through her territory has led in this desirable direction. In picturesque beauty she can now challenge the most favored regions, while in all other respects we have reason to believe her people have advanced. Good agriculture is at once the basis and proof of civic improvement. The population of this part of the State is very rapidly increasing, and the inducements for the exercise of industry and energy are excellent."

ZALESKI is on the C. W. & B. R. R., forty-two miles east of Chillicothe and about six northeast from McArthur. It is named from Peter Zaleski, a banker in Paris, a native of Poland, and financial agent for Polish exiles of wealth in France. He was a leading member of the Zaleski Mining Company, which bought large quantities of mineral land hereabout and laid out the town on their land in 1856. For many years it was simply a mining town, the company building houses for rent to their employees. The ores proving unremunerative, the houses have fallen into the ownership of individuals, and it has lost its identity as a mining town. The greatest industry here is the repairing shops of the railroad, which employs many workmen. It has 1 Episcopal Methodist, 1 Catholic and 1 Mission Baptist Church.

City Officers, 1888: Sylvester Shry, Mayor; Peter Hoffman, Clerk; Jacob Dorst, Treasurer; John McCoy, Marshal and Street Commissioner.

Population, 1880, 1,175. School census, 1888, 374; J. W. Delay, school superintendent.

HAMDEN P. O., Hamden Junction, is seven miles southwest of McArthur, on the C. W. & B. R. R. It has 1 Presbyterian and 1 Disciples church. City Officers, 1888: S. F. Cramer, Mayor; H. D. Wortman, Clerk; R. R. Brown, Treasurer; J. B. Watts, Marshal; William Ogier, Commissioner. Newspaper: *Hamden Enterprise*, Independent; K. J. Cameron, editor and publisher. Population, 1880, 520. School census, 1888, 250; D. B. Dye, school superintendent.

WILKESVILLE is fifteen miles southeast of McArthur. It has 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Presbyterian, 1 United Brethren, and 1 Catholic church. Population, 1880, 309; school census, 1888, 104. The hills there are rich in iron and coal.

WARREN.

WARREN COUNTY was formed from Hamilton, May 1, 1803, and named in honor of Gen. Joseph Warren, who fell at the battle of Bunker Hill.

The surface is generally undulating, but Harlan township embraces a part of an extensive region formerly known as "The Swamps," now drained and cultivated. The greater portion of the county is drained by the Little Miami river. The soil is nearly all productive, much of it being famed for its wonderful strength and fertility.

Area, about 400 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 136,739; in pasture, 32,696; woodland, 30,282; lying waste, 5,724; produced in wheat, 394,588 bushels; rye, 715; buckwheat, 193; oats, 304,601; barley, 1,306; corn, 1,453,744; broom corn, 7,550 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 16,042 tons; clover hay, 2,871; flaxseed, 64 bushels; potatoes, 25,599; tobacco, 246,863 lbs.; butter, 524,454; sorghum, 925 gallons; maple syrup, 5,689; honey, 1,946 lbs.; eggs, 373,189 dozen; grapes, 9,400 lbs.; wine, 50 gallons; sweet potatoes, 3,886 bushels; apples, 3,940; peaches, 70; pears, 1,682; wool, 83,761 lbs.; milch cows owned, 5,587. School census, 1888, 7,611; teachers, 168. Miles of railroad track, 100.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Clear Creek,	2,821	2,782	Salem,	2,955	2,052
Deerfield,	1,875	2,011	Turtle Creek,	4,951	5,799
Franklin,	2,455	4,148	Union,	1,617	1,110
Hamilton,	1,718	2,523	Washington,	1,306	1,390
Harlan,		2,242	Wayne,	3,392	2,904
Massie,		1,431			

Population of Warren in 1820 was 17,838; 1830, 21,474; 1840, 23,073; 1860, 26,902; 1880, 28,392; of whom 23,256 were born in Ohio; 643 Virginia; 573 Pennsylvania; 539 Kentucky; 364 Indiana; 188 New York; 574 German Empire; 520 Ireland; 180 England and Wales; 32 Scotland; 24 France; 24 British America, and 4 Norway and Sweden.

Census, 1890, 25,468.

On September 21, 1795, William Bedle, from New Jersey, set out from one of the settlements near Cincinnati with a wagon, tools and provisions, to make a new settlement in the Third or Military Range. This was about one month after the fact had become known that Wayne had made a treaty of peace with the Indians. He travelled with a surveying party under Capt. John Dunlap, following Harmar's trace to his lands, where he left the party and built a block-house as a protection against the Indians, who might not respect the treaty of peace.

Bedle's Station was a well-known place in the early history of the county, and was five miles west of Lebanon and nearly two miles south of Union village. Here several families lived in much simplicity, the clothing of the children being made chiefly out of dressed deerskin, some of the larger girls being clad in buckskin petticoats and short gowns. Bedle's Station has generally been regarded as the first settlement in the county. About the time of its settlement, however, or not long after, William Mounts and five others established Mounts' Station, on a broad and fertile bottom on the south side of the Little Miami, about three miles below the mouth of Todd's Fork, building their cabins in a circle around a spring as a protection against the Indians.

Deerfield, now South Lebanon, is probably the oldest town in the county. Its proprietors gave a number of lots to those who would erect houses on them and

become residents of the place. On January 25, 1796, the proprietors advertised in the *Centinel of the Northwest Territory* that all the lots they proposed to donate had been taken, and that twenty-five houses and cabins had been erected. Benjamin Stites, Sr., Benjamin Stites, Jr., and John Stites Gano were the proprietors. The senior Stites owned nearly ten thousand acres between Lebanon and Deerfield. Andrew Lytle, Nathan Kelly and Gen. David Sutton were among the early settlers at Deerfield. The pioneer and soldier, Capt. Ephraim Kibbey, died here in 1809, aged 55 years.

In the spring of 1796 settlements were made in various parts of the county. The settlements at Deerfield, Franklin and the vicinities of Lebanon and Waynesville, all date from the spring of 1796. It is probable that a few cabins were erected at Deerfield and Franklin in the autumn of 1795, but it is not probable that any families were settled at either place until the next spring.

Among the earliest white men who made their homes in the county were those who settled on the *forfeitures* in Deerfield township. They were poor men, wholly destitute of means to purchase land, and were willing to brave dangers from savage foes, and to endure the privations of a lonely life in the wilderness to receive gratuitously the tract of 106⅔ acres forfeited by each purchaser of a section of land who did not commence improvements within two years after the date of his purchase. In a large number of the sections below the third range there was a forfeited one-sixth part, and a number of hardy adventurers had established themselves on the northeast corner of the section. Some of these adventurers were single men, living solitary and alone in little huts, and supporting themselves chiefly with their rifles. Others had their families with them at an early period.

The Perilous Adventure of Capt. Benham.

Capt. Robert Benham, the subject of one of the most romantic stories in the history of the Ohio valley, died on a farm about a mile southwest of Lebanon, in 1809, aged 59 years. He is said to have built, in 1789, the first hewed log-house in Cincinnati, and established a ferry at Cincinnati over the Ohio, February 18, 1792. He was a member of the first Territorial Legislature, and of the first board of county commissioners of Warren county. He was a native of Pennsylvania and a man of great muscular strength and activity. He was one of a party of seventy men who were attacked by Indians near the Ohio, opposite Cincinnati, in the war of the Revolution, the circumstances of which here follow from a published source.

In the autumn of 1779, a number of keel boats were ascending the Ohio under the command of Maj. Rodgers, and had advanced as far as the mouth of Licking without accident. Here, however, they observed a few Indians standing upon the southern extremity of a sandbar, while a canoe, rowed by three others, was in the act of putting off from the Kentucky shore, as if for the purpose of taking them aboard. Rodgers immediately ordered the boats to be made fast on the Kentucky shore, while the crew, to the number of seventy men, well armed, cautiously advanced in such a manner as to encircle the spot where the enemy had been seen to land. Only five or six Indians had been seen, and no one dreamed of encountering more than fifteen or twenty enemies. When Rodgers, however, had, as he supposed, completely surrounded the enemy, and was preparing to rush upon them from several quarters at once, he was thunderstruck at beholding several hundred savages suddenly spring up in front, rear, and upon both flanks. They instantly poured in a close discharge of rifles, and then throwing down their guns, fell upon the survivors with the tomahawk. The panic was complete, and the slaughter prodigious. Maj. Rodgers, together with forty-five others of his men, were quickly destroyed. The survivors made an effort to regain their boats, but the five men who had been left in charge of them had immediately put off from shore in the hindmost boat, and the enemy had already gained possession of the others. Disappointed in the attempt, they turned furiously upon the enemy, and, aided by the approach of darkness, forced their way through their lines, and with the loss of several severely wounded, at length effected their escape to Harrodsburgh.

Among the wounded was Capt. Robert Benham. Shortly after breaking through the enemy's line he was shot through both hips, and the bones being shattered, he fell to the ground. Fortunately, a large tree had

lately fallen near the spot where he lay, and with great pain he dragged himself into the top, and lay concealed among the branches. The Indians, eager in pursuit of the others, passed him without notice, and by midnight all was quiet. On the following day the Indians returned to the battle-ground, in order to strip the dead and take care of the boats. Benham, although in danger of famishing, permitted them to pass without making known his condition, very correctly supposing that his crippled legs would only induce them to tomahawk him upon the spot in order to avoid the trouble of carrying him to their town. He lay close, therefore, until the evening of the second day, when perceiving a raccoon descending a tree near him, he shot it, hoping to devise some means of reaching it, when he could kindle a fire and make a meal. Scarcely had his gun cracked, however, when he heard a human cry, apparently not more than fifty yards off. Supposing it to be an Indian, he hastily reloaded his gun and remained silent, expecting the approach of an enemy.

Presently the same voice was heard again, but much nearer. Still Benham made no reply, but cocked his gun and sat ready to fire as soon as an object appeared. A third halloo was quickly heard, followed by an exclamation of impatience and distress, which convinced Benham that the unknown must be a Kentuckian. As soon, therefore, as he heard the expression, "Whoever you are, for God's sake answer me!" he replied with readiness, and the parties were soon together. Benham, as we have already observed, was shot through both legs. The man who now appeared had escaped from the same battle *with both arms broken!* Thus each was enabled to supply what the other wanted. Benham, having the perfect use of his arms, could load his gun and kill game with great readiness, while his friend having the use of his legs, could kick the game to the spot where Benham sat, who was thus enabled to cook it. When no wood was near them, his companion would rake up brush with his feet, and gradually roll it within reach of Benham's hands, who constantly fed his companion and dressed *his* wounds as well as his own, tearing up both of their shirts for that purpose. They found some difficulty in procuring water at first, but Benham at length took his own hat, and placing the rim between the teeth of his companion, directed him to wade into the Licking, up to his neck, and dip the hat into the water by sinking his own head. The man who could walk was thus enabled to bring water, by means of his teeth, which Benham could afterwards dispose of as was necessary.

In a few days they had killed all the squirrels and birds within reach, and the man with the broken arms was sent out to drive game within gunshot of the spot to which Benham was confined. Fortunately, wild turkeys were abundant in those woods, and his companion would walk around and drive them towards Benham, who seldom failed to kill two or three of each flock. In this manner they supported themselves for several weeks, until their wounds had healed so as to enable them to travel. They then shifted their quarters, and put up a small shed at the mouth of Licking, where they encamped until late in November, anxiously expecting the arrival of some boat, which should convey them to the falls of Ohio.

On the 27th of November they observed a flat boat moving leisurely down the river. Benham hoisted his hat upon a stick and hallooed loudly for help. The crew, however, supposing them to be Indians—at least suspecting them of an intention to decoy them ashore—paid no attention to their signals of distress, but instantly put over to the opposite side of the river, and manning every oar, endeavored to pass them as rapidly as possible. Benham beheld them pass him with a sensation bordering on despair, for the place was much frequented by Indians, and the approach of winter threatened them with destruction, unless speedily relieved. At length, after the boat had passed him nearly half a mile, he saw a canoe put off from its stern, and cautiously approached the Kentucky shore, evidently reconnoitring them with great suspicion. He called loudly upon them for assistance, mentioned his name, and made known his condition. After a long parley, and many evidences of reluctance on the part of the crew, the canoe at length touched the shore, and Benham and his friend were taken on board. Their appearance excited much suspicion. They were almost entirely naked, and their faces were garnished with six weeks' growth of beard. The one was barely able to hobble upon crutches, and the other could manage to feed himself with one of his hands. They were taken to Louisville, where their clothes (which had been carried off in the boat which deserted them) were restored to them, and after a few weeks' confinement, both were perfectly restored.

Benham afterwards served in the Northwest throughout the whole of the Indian war—accompanied the expeditions of Harmar and Wilkinson—shared in the disaster of St. Clair and afterwards in the triumph of Wayne.

Lebanon, the county-seat, is pleasantly located in the beautiful Turtle creek valley. The first one hundred lots of the town were surveyed in September, 1802, by Ichabod B. Halsey, on the lands of Ichabod Corwin, Ephraim Hathaway, Silas Hurin and Samuel Manning. On the organization of the county, six months later, it was made the seat of justice.

The town was laid out in a forest of lofty trees and a thick undergrowth of spice-bushes. At the time of the survey of the streets, it is believed that there

were but two houses on the town-plat. The one first erected was a hewed log-house, built by Ichabod Corwin in the spring of 1800. It stood near the centre of the town-plat, on the east of Broadway, between Mulberry and Silver streets, and, having been purchased by Ephraim Hathaway, with about ten acres surrounding it, became the first tavern in the place. The courts were held in it during the years 1803 and 1804. This log-house was a substantial one, and stood until about 1826. The town did not grow rapidly the first year. Isaiah Morris, afterward of Wilmington, came to the town in June, 1803, three months after it had been made the temporary seat of justice. He says: "The population then consisted of Ephraim Hathaway, the tavern-keeper; Collin Campbell, Joshua Collett and myself." This statement, of course, must be understood as referring to the inhabitants of the town-plat only. There were several families residing in the near vicinity, and the Turtle creek valley throughout was perhaps at this time more thickly settled than any other region in the county. The log-house of Ephraim Hathaway was not only the first tavern, under the sign of a *black horse*, and the first place of holding courts, but Isaiah Morris claims that in it he, as clerk for his uncle, John Huston, sold the first goods which were sold in Lebanon. Ephraim Hathaway's tavern had, for a time at least, the sign of a Black Horse. At an early day the proprietor erected the large brick building still standing at the northeast corner of Mulberry and Broadway, where he continued the business. This building was afterward known as the Hardy House.

Samuel Manning, about 1795, purchased from Benjamin Stites the west half of the section on which the court-house now stands, at one dollar per acre. Henry Taylor built the first mill near Lebanon, on Turtle creek, in 1799.

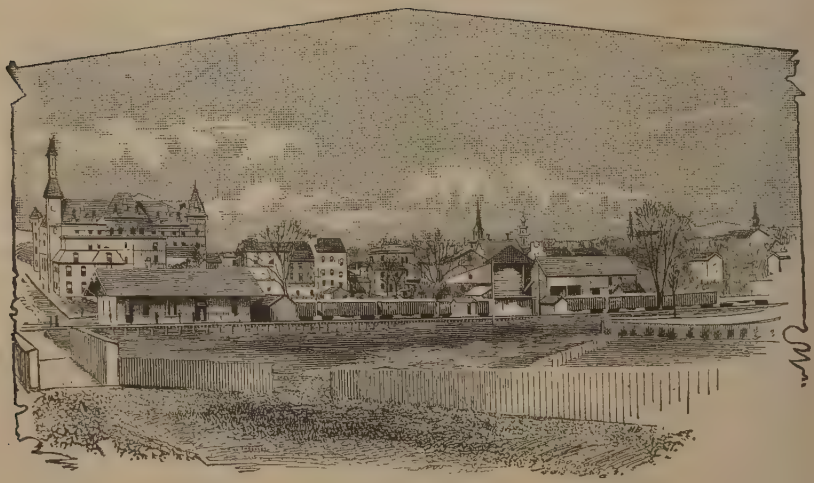
The first school-house was a low, rough log-cabin, put up by the neighbors in a few hours, with no tool but the axe. It stood on the north bank of Turtle creek, not far from where the west boundary of Lebanon now crosses Main street. The first teacher was Francis Dunlevy, and he opened the first school in the spring of 1798. Some of the boys who attended his school walked a distance of four or five miles. Among the pupils of Francis Dunlevy were Gov. Thomas Corwin, Judge George Kesling, Hon. Moses B. Corwin, A. H. Dunlevy, William Taylor (afterward of Hamilton, Ohio), Matthias Corwin (afterward clerk of court), Daniel Voorhis, John Sellers and Jacob Sellers.

The first lawyer was Joshua Collett, afterward Judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio, who came to Lebanon in June, 1803. The first newspaper was started in 1806 by John McLean, afterward Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court. The first court-house was a two-story brick building on Broadway, thirty-six feet square, erected in 1805, at a cost of $1,450. The lower story was the court-room, and was paved with brick twelve inches square and four inches thick. The proceeds of each alternate lot in the original town-plat were donated to aid in the erection of this court-house. In this quaint old building Corwin and McLean made their earliest efforts at the bar, and Francis Dunlevy, Joshua Collett and Geo. J. Smith sat as president judges under the first Constitution of Ohio. (It was destroyed by fire September 1, 1874.) The Lebanon Academy was built in 1844.

Lebanon in 1846.—Lebanon, the county-seat, is twenty-eight miles northeast of Cincinnati, eighty southwest of Columbus, and twenty-two south of Dayton, in a beautiful and fertile country. Turnpikes connect it with Cincinnati, Dayton and Columbus. It is also connected with Middletown, nineteen miles distant, by the Warren County Canal, which, commencing here, unites there with the Miami Canal. The Little Miami Railroad runs four miles east of Lebanon, to which it is contemplated to construct a branch. The Warren County Canal is supplied by a reservoir of thirty or forty acres north of the town. Lebanon is regularly laid out in squares and compactly built. It contains 1 Presbyterian, 1 Cumberland Presbyterian, 2 Baptist, 1 Episcopal Methodist and 1 Protestant Methodist church, 2 printing-offices, 9 dry goods and 6 grocery stores, 1 grist and 2 saw

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

CENTRAL VIEW, LEBANON.



Clauder, Photo., 1886.

CENTRAL VIEW, LEBANON.

mills, 1 woollen manufactory, a classical academy for both sexes, and had, in 1840, 1,327 inhabitants.—*Old Edition.*

LEBANON, county-seat of Warren, about seventy miles southeast of Columbus, twenty-nine miles northeast from Cincinnati, on the P. C. & St. L. R. R. It is the seat of the National Normal University.

County Officers, 1888: Auditor, Alfred H. Graham; Clerk, Geo. L. Schenck; Commissioners, Nehemiah McKinsey, Wm. J. Collett, James M. Keever; Coroner, George W. Carey; Infirmary Directors, Henry J. Greathouse, Peter D. Hatfield, Henry K. Cain; Probate Judge, Frank M. Cunningham; Prosecuting Attorney, Albert Anderson; Recorder, Charles H. Eulass; Sheriff, Al. Brant; Surveyor, Frank A. Bone; Treasurer, Charles F. Coleman. City Officers, 1888: I. N. Walker, Mayor; S. A. Chamberlin, Clerk; John Bowers, Marshal; J. M. Oglesby, Treasurer. Newspapers: *Gazette*, Republican, R. W. Smith, editor and publisher; *Patriot*, Democratic, T. M. Proctor, editor and publisher; *Western Star*, Republican, William C. McClintock, editor and publisher. Churches: 3 Baptist, 2 Presbyterian, 1 Catholic, 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 African Methodist Episcopal, 1 German Lutheran. Bank: Lebanon National, John M. Haynor, president, Jos. M. Oglesby, cashier. Has no manufactures. Population, 1880, 2,703. School census, 1888, 853; J. F. Lukens, school superintendent.

Census, 1890, 3,174.

The National Normal University, of Lebanon, Ohio, Alfred Holbrook, president, is an educational institution that has met with a large measure of success. It is conducted as an independent institution, without aid from church or State. It is well equipped with suitable buildings, a fine large library, and an efficient corps of teachers, thirty-five in number. In 1889 the University had 1,940 male and 1,069 female students, and since its founding in 1855 has educated at a very small cost thousands who are now engaged as teachers in professions and in business in all parts of the country.

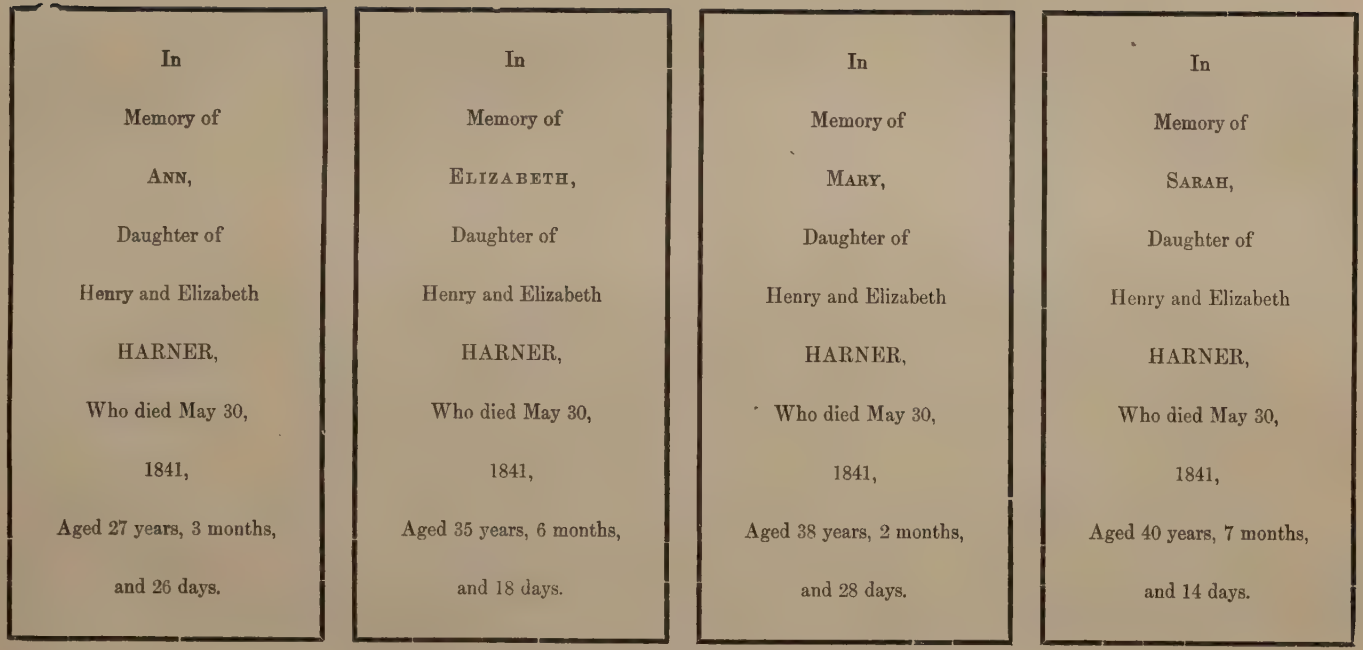
During the trial at Lebanon, in 1871, of McGehan, who was accused of the murder of a man from Hamilton named Myers, the Hon. Clement L. Vallandigham, who had been retained by the defence, accidentally shot himself. The accident occurred on the evening of June 16, in one of the rooms of the Lebanon House. Mr. Vallandigham, with pistol in hand, was showing Gov. McBurney how Myers might have shot himself, when the pistol was discharged, the ball entering the right side of the abdomen, between the ribs. Mr. Vallandigham lived through the night and expired the next morning at ten o'clock.

In an old graveyard west of Lebanon were buried many early pioneers. Here are the graves of Judge Francis Dunlevy, Elder Daniel Clark, Judge Joshua Collett, Judge Matthias Corwin (the father of Gov. Corwin), and Keziah Corwin (grandmother of the governor). In this yard was buried a daughter of Henry Clay, the inscription upon whose tombstone is as follows: "In memory of Eliza H. Clay, daughter of Henry and Lucretia Clay, who died on the 11th day of August, 1825, aged twelve years, during a journey from their residence at Lexington, in Kentucky, to Washington City. Cut off in the bloom of a promising life, her parents have erected this monument, consoling themselves with the belief that she now abides in heaven."

Here lie the remains of four maiden sisters, instantly killed by lightning, as stated on an adjoining page.

Mary Ann Klingling, who bequeathed $35,000 to establish the Orphans' Home, one mile west of town, was buried here, and at her request no tombstone marks her grave. In the Lebanon Cemetery, northwest of the town, are the graves of Gov. Corwin and Gen. Durbin Ward.

Lebanon is proud as having been the home of Thomas Corwin. The mansion in which he lived is on its western edge, on the banks of a small stream, *Turtle* creek, some two rods wide, now the residence of Judge Sage, of the U. S. District Court, his son-in-law.

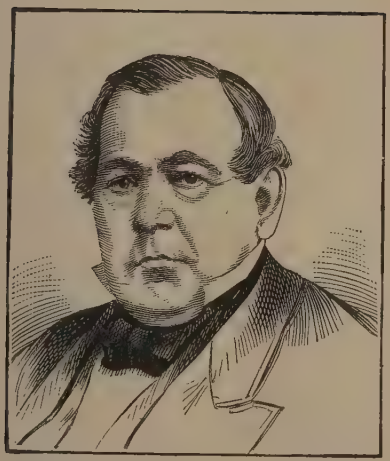


MONUMENTS IN MEMORY OF FOUR MAIDEN SISTERS KILLED BY LIGHTNING.

They stand side by side in the old burial-ground west of Lebanon. They lived in a log-house of four rooms, half a mile west of the town, and each was in a separate room at the time of the destructive bolt, and all instantly killed.

Clauder, Photo., 1886.

THE CORWIN MANSION.



THOMAS CORWIN.

Clauder, Photo.

THE DOOR-KNOCKER.

As I approached the spot not a soul was in sight. I came to the broad door of the mansion, and there faced me a huge brass knocker, on which was engraved THOMAS CORWIN. A quarter of a century has passed, and of all those who have come since and grasped that knocker not one has inquired for Thomas Corwin. The heart of every one has answered as he read—"*dead!*" The sight affects as a funeral crape; nay more. It is not only an emotion of melancholy that comes with the sight of that name, but one of sublimity in the comprehension of the character that appears to the vision.

Corwin was the one single, great brave soul who, on the floor of Congress, dared to warn his countrymen, in words of solemn eloquence, from pursuing "a flagrant, desolating war of conquest" against a half-civilized, feeble race. He implored them "to stay the march of misery." No glory was to be attained by such a war. "Each chapter," said he, "we write in Mexican blood may close the volume of our history as a free people."

To the plea that the war must be continued because we wanted more room, more territory for our increasing population, he replied: "The Senator from Michigan (Mr. Cass) says we will be two hundred millions in a few years, and we want room. If I were a Mexican, I would tell you, *'Have you not room in your own country to bury your dead men? If you come into mine, we will greet you with bloody hands, and welcome you to hospitable graves.'*"

Then he warned them of the inevitable consequences of the war; the acquisition of new Territories; a fratricidal war between the forces of Slavery and the forces of Freedom for the right to enter and possess the land. His closing words were as follows:

Should we prosecute this war another moment, or expend one dollar more for the purchase or conquest of a single acre of Mexican land, the North and the South are brought into collision on a point where neither will yield. Who can foresee or foretell the result? Who so bold or reckless as to look such a conflict in the face unmoved? I do not envy the heart of him who can realize the possibility of such a conflict without emotions too painful to be endured. Why then shall we, the representatives of the sovereign States of this Union—the chosen guardians of this confederated Republic—why should we precipitate this fearful struggle, by continuing a war the results of which must be to force us at once upon it?

Sir, rightly considered, THIS is treason; treason to the Union; treason to the dearest interests, the loftiest aspirations, the most cherished hopes of our constituents. It is a crime to risk the possibility of such a contest. It is a crime of such infernal hue that every other in the catalogue of iniquity, when compared with it, whitens into virtue.

Oh, Mr. President, it does seem to me, if hell itself could yawn and vomit up the fiends that inhabit its penal abodes, commissioned to disturb the harmony of the world, and dash the fairest prospect of happiness that ever allured the hopes of men, the first step in the consummation of this diabolical purpose would be, to light up the fires of internal war, and plunge the sister States of this Union into the bottomless gulf of civil strife!

We stand this day on the crumbling brink of that gulf—we see its bloody eddies wheeling and boiling before us. Shall we not pause before it be too late? How plain again is here the path, I may add, the only way of duty, of prudence, of true patriotism. Let us abandon all idea of acquiring further territory, and by consequence cease at once to prosecute this war.

Let us call home our armies, and bring them at once within our acknowledged limits. Show Mexico that you are sincere when you say that you desire nothing by conquest. She has learned that she cannot encounter you in war, and if she had not, she is too weak to disturb you here. Tender her peace, and, my life on it, she will then accept it. But whether she shall or not, you will have peace without her consent. It is your invasion that has made war; your retreat will restore peace.

Let us then close forever the approaches of internal feud, and so return to the ancient concord, and the old way of national prosperity and permanent glory. Let us here, in this temple consecrated to the Union, perform a solemn lustration; let us wash Mexican blood from our hands, and on these altars, in the presence of that image of the Father of his country that looks down upon us, swear to preserve honorable peace with all the world, and eternal brotherhood with each other.

This great solemn appeal of Corwin fell upon dulled sensibilities. The greed of conquest had possession; the popular cry was, "Our country, right or wrong."

It brought down upon him a torrent of execration from every low gathering of the unthinking, careless multitude. "To show their hate," to use his own words, uttered years later, he was "burned in effigy often, but not burned up." He lived on too high a plane of statesmanship for their moral comprehension. All he predicted came to pass. It was as a prophecy of great woe. The woe ensued. Half a million of young men, the flower of the land, perished; and the Mexican war only ended with the surrender at Appomattox. Thenceforward could the old bell on Independence Hall, for the first time, truly ring forth, "Liberty throughout all the land." No thanks to those who brought the woe; glory to those who fought for the bright end.

Mr. Corwin was a great man every way; heavy, strong in person, with a large, benevolent, kindly spirit, and an intellect that illustrated genius. He was his own complete master; never lost himself in the crevices of his own ideas, but could at will summon every quality of his creative brain, and bring each to bear as the occasion seemed to demand. Like Lincoln, a great humorist, he was at heart a sad man; and his jokes and witticisms were but used as a by-play, to relieve a mind filled with the sublimities and awe-inspiring questions that ever face humanity.

As his old age approached he thought his life had been a failure. Financially, existence had become a struggle; his aspirations for a theatre for the exercise of a benevolent statesmanship had been denied, and he wrongfully ascribed his failure to his love of humor. That did not in the case of Lincoln injure him nor Corwin, and it never does where a great brain and a great soul are at the helm. Then truth often enters through a witticism when it is denied to an argument.

On an occasion after observing in a then young speaker, Donn Piatt, a disposition to joke with a crowd, he said: "Don't do it, my boy. You should remember the crowd always looks up to the ringmaster and down on the clown. It resents that which amuses. The clown is the more clever fellow of the two, but he is despised. If you would succeed in life you must be solemn, solemn as an ass. All the great monuments of earth have been built over solemn asses."

Corwin did not practice as he preached, was better than his sermon, and when a witticism demanded utterance put on a lugubrious face and out it came. And then it was a joke and its echo, a double dose bringing laughter with each, the last laugh by the comical by-play of his countenance that invariably succeeded.

Witticisms are immortal. They never die; are translated. Mark Twain's Jumping frog, Daniel Webster, however slow its motion, may by a century hence have digested his shot and hopped so far as to appear in Chinese literature; be a delight to the Pig Tails.

Indeed, a crying demand exists for humor. Chauncey Depew presents one of his comic creations at a public dinner in New York, and the next morning numberless households have it in print at their breakfast tables, to help dispel the gloomy vapors of the night and start the new-born day in cheerfulness. Therefore, if anybody has anything extra good to say, it is their solemn duty to say it, irrespective of their fears of dire disaster to themselves for the saying.

It was once my good fortune to hear Corwin speak in an open field to an assemblage of his neighbors and friends, largely Warren county farmers; and a jolly, happy set of listeners they were. All knew him, and, it was evident, idolized him. Many had taken part in the old Whig campaign of '40, had helped to make him Governor, had sung:

> "Tom Corwin, our true hearts love you;
> Ohio has no nobler son,
> In worth there's none above you."

And now had come the troubles connected with the introduction of slavery into Kansas, and it was these he was discussing.

In one place he made a comical appeal for the exercise of charity in our feelings toward our Southern brethren, that we should not cherish bitterness toward them because of slavery. "They were born into it; never knew anything else. Think of that? Grown up with the black people, many had taken in their earliest nourishment from dusky fountains, kicking their little legs while about it, and it seemed to have quite agreed with them. Then as children they had played together and had their child quarrels; sometimes it was young massa on top and at others pickaninny on top. Then they must remember the climate down there was dreadfully hot and enervating. Nobody loves to work there. Even some of you fellows up here in old Warren, I am sorry to say, seem to shirk work at every chance, and then you hang around the street corners and groan 'hard times.' This is what makes it so handy to have some other fellows around to do it for them—people of about my color." Corwin was of a dark, swarthy complexion, and it was common for him to allude to himself as a black man, and then to pause, stroke his face, and look around upon the crowd with a comical expression that brought forth roars of laughter.

"Yes, people around of about my complexion; when you want anything done, all you have to do is to yell, 'Ho! Sambo,' and 'Sambo' answers, 'Comin' Massa,' and he comes grinning and does what you order. It may be you've dropped down on a lounge for an after-dinner nap, on a hot summer afternoon, your face all oozing a sticky sweat from the close, horrid heat, and the flies are bothering you, and one particularly persistent old fly has lit on your nose, has travelled from its starting-place at the top and finding the bridge a free bridge crossed it without paying any toll and is in the opening of the act of tickling your nostrils, gives a sudden jab—when it stings; gracious me! Oh! how it stings! It is under that infliction after using, I fear, some swear words, that you have yelled, 'Ho! Sambo, ho!' And then Sambo comes and he stands and waves over you, gently waves, a long-handled brush of peacock feathers. It acts like a benign spirit of the air with its fanning wings. The flies vanish, the sweat dries, the locomotive starts slow—whew! whew! whew!—then quick and away you go. . You enter an elysium. Oh, it is very comfortable.

"No wonder our brethren down there love that sort of thing. Their ministers quote Scripture and say it is all right. Paul comes along and seems to help them out. Then the owning gives the owner consequence; it is a sort of title of nobility. If to own a fine horse puffs up one of you folks up here, think how big you would feel to own a man, a cash article always at hand when one's hard up—a pickaninny $250, an old aunty $500, and a Sambo $1,000, that is if the preliminary examination of Sambo's teeth and gums shows he has not aged too much. And now the question arises about allowing these Southern brethren of ours to take along to the new lands which their arms have helped to obtain, their Sambos, old black nurses, and pickaninnies, so as to keep up the old style of family arrangements. It is a very troublesome question to discuss, but we must do it in all charity."

These were not his words nor illustrations, but about their spirit, as in my memory—the by-play of an earnest, judicial talk upon the great trouble that was setting the people North and South at loggerheads "befo' de wah."

. . . . . .

An old-style door-knocker hanging from the door of an old family mansion! What a sense of dignity it confers upon the spot, and what a history it could give if it could talk and tell of those who have come, the young and old, the rich and poor, and of their varied errands of sociality or business; if socially, what sort of a time they had; if business, were they duns?

The very act of knocking is a prayer, a petition to enter; and with it are two mysteries: "Who is that knocking at my door?" that is the inner mystery. "Who will answer my knock?" that is the outer mystery. The echo of your own knock has come to you, so you know somebody must have heard it. The family may be away, and the only answer you get is, perhaps, from a little creature in the hallway who has flown up just behind the door, scratches it and gives a "bow-wow." Noah had no door-knocker to his mansion; nor did our Buckeye pioneers. Their latch-strings were always out, it was but a pull and then came open hospitality. "Hospitality," said Talleyrand, "is a savage virtue," and the pioneers had it, too.

The door-knocker was a direct evolution from the earliest origin—*knuckles*—and now comes the button for a shove and its answering ting-a-ling.

. . . . . .

When I lifted the old brass knocker, "Thomas Corwin," I felt it an honor;

it did its duty nobly. Its echo had scarce come to me when the door opened and there stood a judge in the land, and he bade me welcome. Judge Sage is genial.

The mansion was built, I think, about 1818, is venerable in its appearance and appointments. The judge took me into the "historic room," which is about twenty feet square and elegant for its day. The mantelpiece is of wood, painted white and elaborately carved by hand. Family portraits from the long ago hang from the walls, and among them, side by side, those of Mr. and Mrs. Corwin. "There," said the judge, "in front of their portraits is the spot where they stood when married." A few moments later he added, "In the room over this George Hunt Pendleton (Gentleman George) passed several days when an infant."

Of the many eminent characters in the palmy days of Mr. Corwin, as William Henry Harrison, Henry Clay, Thomas Ewing, Judge Burnet, Bellamy Storer, Senator Crittenden, etc., who have enlivened this room by their presence no one now can tell, but socially with such a host it must have been a bright enjoyable spot in the town of Lebanon. The old-time people are gone. The place is silent. But as of yore the creek, Turtle creek, runs under the window, and in the seasons of the spring freshets, "the voice of the Turtle is still heard in the land," while the waters run to the sea.

Union Village, four miles west of Lebanon, is a settlement of Shakers, or, as they call themselves, "the United Society of Believers." They came here about

SHAKERS DANCING.

[This picture has a history. It was drawn and engraved by John W. Barber from seeing the Shakers at Lebanon, Conn., dancing, and published, in 1838, in his "Historical Collections of Connecticut. Used a second time to illustrate the Shakers at New Lebanon, New York, and published in Barber & Howe's work on that State; and used a third time in this work. If it had artistic beauty it would lose truth and interest.]

the year 1805, and now (1846) number near 400 souls. The village extends about a mile on one street. The houses and shops are very large, many of them brick, and all in a high degree neat and substantial. They are noted for the cleanliness and strict propriety of conduct characteristic of the sect elsewhere, and take no part in politics or military affairs, keeping themselves completely aloof from the world, only so far as is necessary to dispose of their garden seeds and other products of agriculture and articles of mechanical skill. They own here about 3,000 acres of land, and hold all their property in common.

The community is divided into five families, each family having an eating-room and kitchen. A traveller thus describes their ceremonies at the table:

"Two long tables were covered on each side of the room, behind the tables

were benches, and in the midst of the room was a cupboard. At a signal given with a horn the brothers entered the door to the right and the sisters the one to the left, marching two and two to the table. The sisters in waiting, to the number of six, came at the same time from the kitchen, and ranged themselves in one file opposite the table of the sisters; after which, they all fell on their knees, making a silent prayer, then arose, took hold of the benches behind them, sat down and took their meal in the greatest silence. I was told this manner was observed at all their daily meals. They ate bread, butter and cakes, and drank tea. Each member found his cup filled before him—the serving sisters filling them when required. One of the sisters was standing at the cupboard to pour out the tea—the meal was very short, the whole society rose at once, the benches were put back, they fell again on their knees, rose again, and wheeling to the right, left the room with a quick step. I remarked among the females some very pretty faces, but they were all, without exception, of a pale and sickly hue. They were disfigured by their ugly costume, which consists of a white starched bonnet. The men likewise had bad complexions."

The Shaker settlement described above has gradually declined in population. In 1829 the society numbered five hundred members, but has since steadily declined, until now there are between seventy and eighty, and the day is probably not far distant when the community will have ceased to exist.

The history of the origin of this society in Ohio is very interesting, and is here abridged from a fuller account by Mr. Josiah Morrow, to whom we are indebted for much concerning the history of Warren county.

In the spring of 1802 there came to the Turtle Creek Presbyterian Church a new pastor, the Rev. Richard McNemar. This man was a leading spirit in the great revival. He came from Kentucky, where he had seen and assisted in some of its most remarkable scenes. He was tall and gaunt, but commanding in appearance, with piercing, restless eyes, and an expressive countenance. He was a classical scholar, and read Latin, Greek and Hebrew with ease.

The strange physical phenomena which, from the first, attended the revival in Kentucky, followed McNemar's preaching in Warren county. The singular bodily exercises and convulsions which accompanied this revival on both sides of the Ohio, wherever there was undue excitement, have often been described. The Turtle Creek pastor approvingly represents his flock as "praying, shouting, jerking, barking, or rolling, dreaming, prophesying and looking as through a glass at the infinite glories of Zion." The whole congregation also sometimes prayed together, with such power and volume of sound, that, if the pastor does not exaggerate, "the doubtful footsteps of those in search of the meeting might be directed sometimes to the distance of miles around." Some time in the year 1804 they began to encourage one another to praise God in the dance.

On the 22d of March, 1805, there arrived at Turtle Creek three strangers with broad-brimmed hats and a fashion of dress like that of the followers of George Fox, in England, a generation before. They were John Meacham, Benjamin S. Youngs and Issachar Bates, the first of the sect of Ann Lee ever seen west of the Alleghany mountains. They had set out from New Lebanon, N. Y., on Jan. 1, and had made a journey of 1,000 miles on foot. They had already visited Kentucky, but had not fully proclaimed their principles or objects. Nowhere did they find the conditions so favorable for carrying out the purposes of their mission as at Turtle Creek.

The first convert was Malcham Worley, a man of liberal education, independent fortune and unblemished character, but his excitable temperament had led him into such wild exercises during the revival that many doubted his sanity. The pastor soon followed, and in a month a dozen families had embraced Shakerism. Husbands and wives abandoned the family relation and gave all their property to the church. Many who became members owned considerable tracts of land, which they consecrated to the use of the church, and the Shaker Society at Union Village

is in possession of 4,000 acres of excellent land surrounding the spot where stood the Turtle Creek log-church.

The missionaries were successful elsewhere. They established several communities both in Ohio and Kentucky. Four of the ministers who had been foremost in the revival work became their converts, and died in the Shaker faith, having passed in four years from the creed of Calvin and Knox to that of Ann Lee. The Shaker Society at Union Village was regularly organized May 25, 1805. In the month following there were a number of converts at Eagle Creek, in Adams county, including Rev. John Dunlavy; in August the work broke out in Kentucky, and, in the spring of 1806, at Beaver Creek, in Montgomery county, Ohio. The society at Union Village is the oldest and has always been the largest of the Shaker communities west of the Alleghanies.

Nearly all the members of the Turtle Creek church, who resided in the immediate vicinity of Bedle's Station, became Shakers. Their meetings were held for some time at the house of McNemar—the space between the two apartments of his double cabin being used for their dancing exercises. Afterward a floor was built near by, much like an early threshing-floor, on which their meetings were held until their first church was erected.

Richard McNemar, who, by his gifts as a speaker and his scholarship, exercised so great an influence as a preacher on both sides of the Ohio river, continued in the faith of the Shakers, and a leader among them, until his death in 1839.

Of late years the society has not increased in numbers. They look with hope on the progress of modern Spiritualism. They say there is nothing new in its manifestations, for long before the era of table-turnings and spirit-rappings they had, as they continue to have, a living intercommunication with the world of spirits.

The Shaking Quakers are a sect founded in England in 1747, at which time an English woman, Ann Lee, joined them. She claimed to be in person the second coming of Christ, had divine revelations, and called herself "Ann, the word." She declared the wrath of the Almighty against marriage. For this she was imprisoned and put in a mad-house. In 1770 she emigrated to this country and founded here the sect. She died in 1784, after converting many.

About six miles east of Lebanon, on the Little Miami river, is a very extensive ancient fortification called *Fort Ancient*. The extreme length of these works, in a direct line, is nearly a mile, although, following their angles—retreating and salient—they reach probably a distance of six miles. The drawing and description annexed are from the article of Caleb Atwater, Esq., in the "Archæologia Americana."

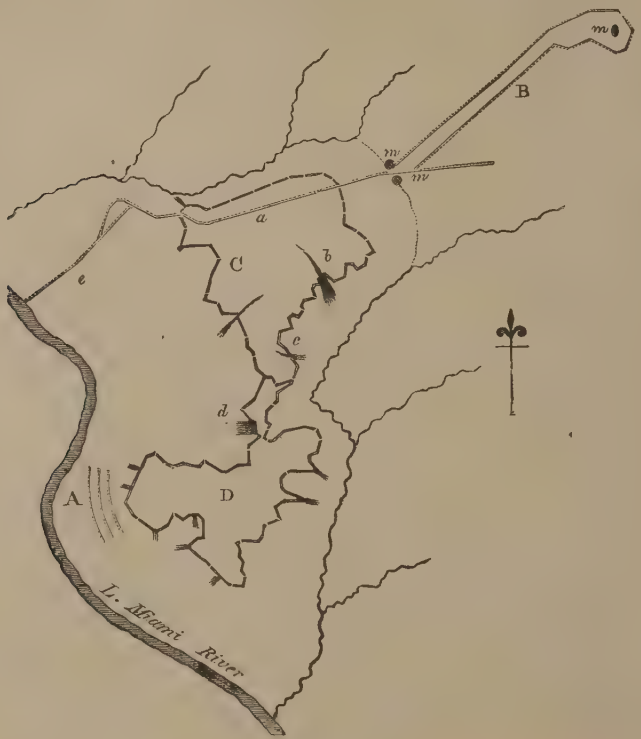
The fortification stands on a plain, nearly horizontal, about 236 feet above the level of the river, between two branches with very steep and deep banks. The openings in the walls are the gateways. The plain extends eastward along the State road, nearly level, about half a mile. The fortification on all sides, except on the east and west where the road runs, is surrounded with precipices nearly in the shape of the wall. The wall on the inside varies in its height, according to the shape of the ground on the outside, being generally from eight to ten feet; but on the plain it is about nineteen and a half feet high inside and out, on a base of four and a half poles. In a few places it appears to be washed away in gutters, made by water collecting on the inside.

At about twenty poles east from the gate, through which the State road runs, are two mounds, about ten feet eight inches high, the road running between them nearly equidistant from each. From these mounds are gutters running nearly north and south that appear to be artificial, and made to communicate with the branches on each side. Northeast from the mounds, on the plain, are two roads, *B*, each about one pole wide, elevated about three feet, and which run nearly parallel, about one-fourth of a mile, and then form an irregular semicircle round a small mound. Near the southwest end of the fortification are three circular roads, *A*, between thirty and forty poles in length, cut out of the precipice between the wall and the river. The wall is made of earth.

Many conjectures have been made as to the design of the authors in erecting a work with no less than fifty-eight gateways. Several of these openings have evidently been occasioned by the water, which had been collected on the inside until it overflowed the walls

and wore itself a passage. In several other places the walls might never have been completed.

The three parallel roads, *A*, dug, at a great expense of labor, into the rocks and rocky soil adjacent, and parallel to the Little Miami river, appear to have been designed for persons to stand on, who wished to annoy those



FORT ANCIENT.

who were passing up and down the river. The Indians, as I have been informed, made this use of these roads in their wars with each other and with the whites. Whether these works *all* belong to the same era and the same people I cannot say, though the general opinion is that they do. On the whole, I have ventured to class them among "Ancient Fortifications," to which they appear to have higher claims than almost any other, for reasons too apparent to require a recital.

The two parallel lines, *B*, are two roads very similar to modern turnpikes, and are made to suit the nature of the soil and make of the ground. If the roads were for foot-races, the mounds were the goals from whence the pedestrians started, or around which they ran. The area which these parallel walls enclose, smoothed by art, might have been the place where games were celebrated. We cannot say that these works were designed for such purposes; but we can say that similar works were thus used among the early inhabitants of Greece and Rome.

Franklin in 1846.—Franklin is twelve miles northwest of Lebanon, on the Dayton and Cincinnati turnpike, with the Miami Canal running east of it and the Miami river bounding it on the west. It was laid out in 1795, a few months after the treaty of Greenville, within Symmes' purchase, by its proprietors, two young men from New Jersey, Daniel C. Cooper and William C. Schenck. The first cabin was built by them, on or near lot 21 Front street. In the spring of '96 six or eight cabins stood on the town-plot. A church, common for all denominations, on the site of the Baptist church, was the first erected; it was built about the year 1808.

The town is on a level plot and regularly laid out. The view shows on the right the Methodist church, next to it Merchants' block, beyond the Baptist church, and on the extreme left the spire of the Presbyterian church. Franklin

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

VIEW IN FRANKLIN.

contains 3 churches, a high school, 4 dry goods and 2 grocery stores, 2 forwarding and commission houses, and had, in 1840, 770 inhabitants.—*Old Edition.*

FRANKLIN is twelve miles northwest of Lebanon, on the Great Miami river, the Miami Canal, the C. C. C. & I., N. Y. P. & O. and C. J. & M. Railroads. The Franklin Hydraulic was built in 1870.

City Officers, 1888: John M. Dachtler, Mayor; J. A. Rees, Clerk; W. S. Van Horne, Treasurer; Lew Hurst, Marshal. Newspaper: *Chronicle*, Independent, Calderwood & Harding, editors and publishers. Churches: 1 Catholic, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Christian, 1 Methodist Episcopal and 1 Baptist. Banks: First National, L. G. Anderson, president, W. A. Boynton, cashier; D. Adams & Son.

Manufactures and Employees.—Buehner & Duffy, job machinery, 6 hands; The Eagle Paper Co., wood pulp, 10; The Harding Paper Co., rag sorting, etc., 80; The Harding Paper Co., writing papers, 98; J. S. Van Horn, builders' woodwork, 10; Rantzahn and Brother, flour, 4; The Friend and Forgy Paper Co., paper, 61; The Franklin Paper Co., wood pulp, 10; The Franklin Paper Co., paper, 70; The Perrine Paper Co., paper, 19; The Eagle Paper Co., paper, 87.—*State Report, 1888.*

Population, 1880, 2,385. School census, 1888, 850; Hampton Bennett, superintendent of schools. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, $100,000. Value of annual product, $125,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

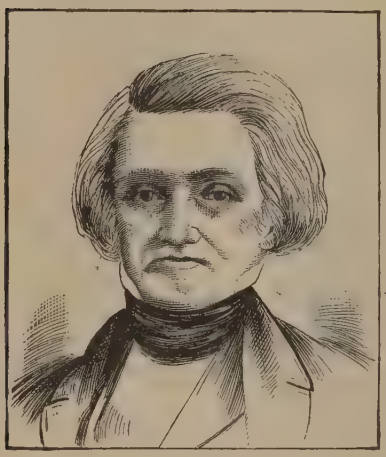
Gen. Wm. C. Schenck, the founder of Franklin, was at that time a young surveyor, only twenty-three years of age. He was the father of Gen. Robert C. Schenck and Admiral James F. Schenck, each of whom were born here. Mrs. Mary Small Campbell, mother of Hon. Lewis Campbell and grandmother of Gov. James E. Campbell, one of the pioneer women of Franklin, died April 20, 1886, aged one hundred years and one month. She saw the growth of the town from a collection of straggling huts to a centre of wealth and comfort.

BIOGRAPHY.

JEREMIAH MORROW was born in Gettysburg, Pa., October 6, 1771. He was of Scotch-Irish descent, the family name being originally Murray. In 1795 he

removed to the Northwest Territory and settled at the mouth of the Little Miami river, but soon moved up to what is now Warren county.

In 1801 he was elected to the Territorial Legislature; was a delegate to the first constitutional convention in 1802; was elected to the State Senate in 1803, and in the same year to Congress, serving for ten years as the sole representative of Ohio in the Lower House.



JEREMIAH MORROW.

In 1814 he was commissioner to treat with all of the Indians west of the Miami river. From 1813 to 1819 he was a member of the United States Senate, and served as Chairman of the Committee on Public Lands. In 1822 he was elected governor and re-elected at the end of his term. He served as canal commissioner in 1820–22. He was also the first president of the Little Miami Railroad Company.

In 1841 he was again elected to Congress. He died March 22, 1852.

While in Congress, Mr. Morrow drafted most of the laws providing for the survey and disposal of public lands. He introduced measures which led to the construction of the Cumberland road; and in February, 1816, presented the first report recommending a general system of internal improvements.

As governor of Ohio, he industriously furthered the interests of the public works, which were commenced during his administration.

Hon. William Henry Smith delivered an address at Marietta, April 7, 1888 (Ohio Centennial Celebration), in which he gave an interesting and instructive sketch of the life and services of Gov. Morrow, and from which we make a few extracts. Speaking of the first meeting of Gov. Morrow and the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, in 1825, Mr. Smith gives an account, as related by the duke some years later to a party of Ohioans, who made his acquaintance while travelling abroad.

"And thereupon he related how, taking a carriage at Cincinnati, he travelled to Columbus to pay his respects to the governor, but, on the advice of a Cincinnati friend, he called *en route* at the farm of Gov. Morrow. When he reached the farm he saw a small party of men in a new field, rolling logs. This scene of a deadening, or clearing, is familiar to those of us fortunate enough to have been brought up in Ohio, but to a European, raised in courts, it must have been an amazing sight. Accosting one of the workmen, a homely little man in a red flannel shirt, and with a smutch of charcoal across his cheek, he asked, 'Where is your master, sir?' 'Master!' exclaimed the other, 'I own no master—no master but Him above.' The duke then said, rather testily, 'It is the governor of the State, Gov. Morrow, I am inquiring for.' 'Well, I am Jeremiah Morrow,' replied the son of toil, with unaffected and unconscious simplicity. The Grand Duke stood amazed. This little man, in a red flannel shirt and home-made tow-linen trousers, leaning on a dogwood hand-spike, with a coal-smutched face and the jeweled sweat-drops of real labor now on his brow, and a marked Scotch-Irish brogue when he spoke! He the governor of Ohio? Was it possible? He could scarcely credit his senses."

In our edition of 1847 we gave the following extract from the "Travels of the Duke:"

The dwelling of the governor consists of a plain frame-house, situated on a little elevation not far from the shore of the Little Miami, and is entirely surrounded by fields. The business of the State calls him once a month to Columbus, the seat of government, and the remainder of his time he passes at his country-seat, occupied with farming—a

faithful copy of an ancient Cincinnatus; he was engaged at our arrival in cutting a wagon-pole, but he immediately stopped his work to give us a hearty welcome. He appeared to be about fifty years of age; is not tall, but thin and strong, and has an expressive physiognomy, with dark and animated eyes. He is a native of Pennsylvania, and was one of the first settlers in the State of Ohio. He offered us a night's lodging at his house, which invitation we accepted very thankfully. When seated round the chimney-fire in the evening, he related to us a great many of the dangers and difficulties the first settlers had to contend with. . . . We spent our evening with the governor and his lady. Their children are settled, and they have with them only a couple of grandchildren. When we took our seats at supper, the governor made a prayer. There was a Bible and several religious books lying on the table. After breakfasting with our hospitable host, we took our leave.

We again quote from Mr. Smith's address as follows:

These homely ways occasionally led ambitious and officious politicians to the conclusion that he would be as potters' clay in their hands. His pastor, the Rev. Dr. MacDill, of the Associate Reformed, or United Presbyterian Church, of which Mr. Morrow was a life-long and consistent member, relates that "when his first gubernatorial term was nearly expired, some gentlemen about Columbus, who seemed to regard themselves as a board specially appointed to superintend the distribution of offices in the State of Ohio, had a meeting, and appointed a committee to wait on him and advise him as to his duty. The committee called, and speedily made known their business. It was to prevail on him (for the public good, of course) not to stand as a candidate for a second term, but to give way in favor of another. They promised that if he would do this they would use their influence to return him to the United States Senate, where, they assured him, he would be more useful to the State. Having patiently heard them through, he calmly replied: 'I consider office as belonging to the people. A few of us have no right to make bargains on the subject, and I have no bargain to make. I have concluded to serve another term, if the people see fit to elect me, though without caring much about it.'"

Mr. Smith, in summing up Gov. Morrow's career, gave the following eloquent tribute to the value of character:

"This all too briefly related is the story of a useful life. There is not a trace of genius; nothing of evil to attribute to eccentricity. It is clear that Mr. Morrow was not 'a child of destiny,' but a plain man, who feared God and loved his fellow-men. And here, friends of Ohio, I wish to proclaim in this age of unbelief, of the false and meretricious, the ancient and divine doctrine of CHARACTER as being the highest type of manhood. Wit may edify, genius may captivate, but it is *truth* that blesses and endures and becomes immortal. It is not what a man seems to be, but what he is, that should determine his worth."

The following incident is related by A. H. Dunlevy:

"When Gov. Morrow was first elected governor of Ohio, in the fall of 1822, a number of the citizens of Lebanon determined to visit him immediately, announce to him the fact of his election, and give him a proper ovation on the occasion. To that end, some dozen of the most respected citizens speedily prepared to go together as a company of cavalry, on horseback, to the governor's residence, some ten miles from town. Among these was William M. Wiles, an eccentric man, but a man of ready talent at an off-hand speech. Wiles was anxious to make the address, and took the night previous to the visit to prepare it. Early next morning the cavalcade set off, and reaching Gov. Morrow's residence they found he was at his mill, a mile distant. Thither they went, determined that Wiles should not miss the chance of making his prepared speech. But when they reached the mill, they found the governor-elect in the forebay of his mill, up to his middle in water, engaged in getting a piece of timber out of the water-gate, which prevented the gate from shutting off the water from the wheel. This, however, was soon effected, and up came the governor, all wet, without coat or hat; and in that condition the cavalcade announced to him his election. Thanking them for their interest in his success, he urged them to go back to his residence and take dinner with him. But Wiles, disgusted at finding the governor in this condition, persuaded the party from going to dinner, and started home, declaring that he could not make his speech to a man who looked so much like a drowned rat. When he saw *that*, he said, all his eloquent speech vanished from his mind and left it a naked blank. This speech would have been a curiosity, but no one could ever induce Wiles to show it."

JUDGE FRANCIS DUNLEVY, who died at Lebanon, in 1839, was born in Virginia in 1761. When ten years of age his family removed to Western Pennsylvania. At the early age of fourteen years he served in a campaign against the Indians, and continued mostly in this service until the close of the revolution. He assisted in building Fort McIntosh, about the year 1777, and was afterwards in the disastrous defeat of Crawford, from whence, with two others, he made his way alone through the woods without provisions, to Pittsburg. In '87 he removed to Kentucky, in '91 to Columbia, and in '97 to this neighborhood. By great perseverance he acquired a good education, mainly without instructors, and part of the time taught school and surveyed land until the year 1800. He was returned a member of the convention from Hamilton county which formed the State constitution. He was also a member of the first legislature in 1803; at the first organization of the judiciary was appointed presiding judge of the first circuit. This place he held fourteen years, and though his circuit embraced ten counties, he never missed a court, frequently swimming his horse over the Miamies rather than fail being present. On leaving the bench he practised at the bar fifteen years and then retired to his books and study. He was a strong-minded philanthropic man, of great powers of memory, and a most useful member of society.

WHY PRESIDENT JEFFERSON REMOVED GOVERNOR ST. CLAIR.

The venerable Hon. A. H. Dunlevy (son of Judge Dunlevy), beginning with the issue of January 24, 1867, communicated to the *Western Star* (Lebanon) his reminiscences of the early history of Lebanon and vicinity. In this series he gave the reasons for the removal of Gov. St. Clair from the Governorship of the Northwest Territory and the appointment of Gen. Wm. Henry Harrison in his place. This change occurred as follows, as stated by him:

"In the winter of 1802–3, when the last territorial legislature was in session at Chillicothe, there had been some warm disputes about the proposed boundaries of the State of Ohio, soon to be organized, and a mob had assembled one night in the streets, as was first thought originating in this dispute, but afterwards found to have no connection with it.

"The next morning Gen. St. Clair came into the room occupied by Gov. Morrow, Judge Dunlevy, and the late Judge Foster, of Hamilton county, and attributing this mob to political disputes took occasion to abuse our democratic institutions in very indecorous terms and expressing the opinion that they could not last and that we must soon return to a stronger government, such as had made England the model of nations.

"No reply was made to Gov. St. Clair; but immediately Judge Dunlevy sat down and drew up in writing a faithful report of Gov. St. Clair's declarations. The paper was signed by himself, Gov. Morrow and Judge Foster, sworn to before a justice of the peace, and forwarded to Thomas Jefferson, then President; and Gov. St. Clair was immediately removed and Gen. Harrison appointed in his place.

"Though this removal was charged to the party intolerance and prescription of the Republicans of that day and much noise made on account of it by Gov. St. Clair's personal and political friends, the movers in it never thought it necessary to make any explanation, and it remained a secret until two of the three actors had passed away. Then the last, Gov. Morrow, communicated it to me, as no longer necessary to be kept unexplained."

Mr. Dunlevy then quotes from Judge Burnet's "Notes," wherein the judge charges St. Clair's removal as done to gratify the malice of St. Clair's enemies, by Mr. Jefferson, "who has been," wrote the judge, "his friend and adviser. That removal was one of the first evidences given by the new administration that politics were stronger than friendships and partisan services more availing than talents."

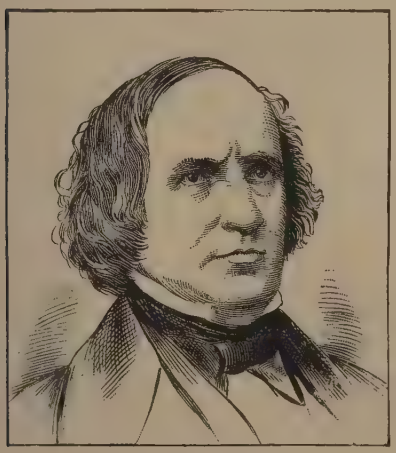
"But friendships and enmities had nothing to do with this removal. The men who had brought it about were real republicans and had faith in republican institutions, then for the first time in the history of the world on trial in their purity; and they could not hear this form of government rudely assailed as it had been by one, who, in his place, should be its protector and be silent. They spread the facts before Mr. Jefferson, and he agreeing with them, Gov. St. Clair was at once removed and Gen. Harrison put in his place."

WM. C. SCHENCK, father of Gen. R. C. Schenck and Admiral Jas. F. Schenck,

was born near Freehold, N. J., January 11, 1773. He studied both law and medicine, undetermined which to make his life-profession, and finally adopted that of surveyor. He came to Ohio as agent for his uncle, Gen. John N. Cumming, probably also of Messrs. Burnet, Dayton and Judge Symmes. He became one of the most competent surveyors in the West. In 1796 he surveyed and laid out the town of Franklin; in 1797 he set out to survey what was known as the "Military Tract;" in the winter of 1801–2 surveyed and laid out the town of Newark; in 1816 surveyed and laid out Port Lawrence, now known as Toledo. In 1799 Gen. Schenck was elected secretary of the first territorial legislature; was a member of the first senate of Ohio. In 1803 he removed from Cincinnati to Franklin, where he lived till his death, in 1821. During the war of 1812 he held a commission in the militia. Owing to the confused and imperfect condition of the records in the office of the adjutant-general of Ohio, it has thus far been impossible to determine just what services Gen. W. C. Schenck performed with the army or what rank he held. Some time previous to the war he had resigned a commission of brigadier-general of militia, which rank he held for a long time. At the outbreak of the war he was present with his troops in the field at an early date.

Gen. Schenck was one of the early and active promoters of the Ohio canal system. In 1820 he was appointed by Governor Brown one of the commissioners "to survey the route of a canal."

In further prosecution of the project, Gen. Schenck made a speech before the legislature, to which he had been elected from Warren county, warmly advocating the immediate construction of the canal. At the close of his speech he left the House, and went to his lodgings, was seized with a sudden attack of sickness and died in a few hours. He was highly esteemed throughout the State as a man of a high order of mental ability, unimpeachable integrity and an active, useful citizen.



JOHN McLEAN.

JOHN McLEAN was born in Morris county, N. J., March 11, 1775. In 1789 his father, a man of humble circumstances, with a large family, removed to the West, settling first at Morganstown, Va., then near Nicholasville, Ky., later at Mayslick, Ky., and finally, in 1799, in what is now Warren county, O. Here he occupied and cleared a farm. Young McLean worked on this farm until eighteen years of age, in the meanwhile obtaining such education as the meager opportunities afforded.

He received instruction in the classics during the last two years, paying tuition and supporting himself by his own labor.

When eighteen years of age he went to Cincinnati, and by writing in the county clerk's office supported himself while studying law. In 1807 he was admitted to the bar and began practising at Lebanon.

In October, 1812, he was elected to Congress from his district, which then included Cincinnati, by the Democratic party. In 1814 he was re-elected, receiving the vote on every ballot cast in the district.

He gave a warm support to the administration of Madison; originated the law to indemnify individuals for property lost in public service; introduced a resolu-

tion which led to granting of pensions to widows of fallen officers and soldiers. He sometimes voted against his political friends; yet so highly was his integrity and judgment esteemed that he lost no party support.

In 1815 he declined a nomination to the U. S. Senate; the year following he was unanimously elected, by the Ohio Legislature, a judge of the Supreme Court.

Judge McLean occupied the Supreme bench of Ohio until 1822, when President Monroe appointed him commissioner of the general land office, and in July of the following year Postmaster-General.

This department he brought, by untiring industry and energy, from great disorder into a greatly improved condition, introducing an economical, efficient, and systematic mail service, which met with such general approval that Congress raised his salary from $4000 to $6000 a year. He continued in this office until 1829, when President Jackson tendered him the departments, first of war and then of the navy; these he declined, not being in sympathy with Gen. Jackson in the disposition of offices, holding that the man best suited to the place should have it, irrespective of party affiliations. President Jackson appointed him an associate justice of the U. S. Supreme Court. He entered upon his duties in January, 1830. His charges to grand juries were distinguished for eloquence and ability. The most important of these were in regard to the aiding and abetting "unlawful military combinations against foreign governments," referring to the Canadian insurrection and its American abettors; his opinion dissenting from that of Chief-Justice Taney in the Dred Scott case, in which he held that slavery had its origin in power, was contrary to right and upheld only by local law.

He was long identified with the party opposed to slavery and his name was prominently before the Free Soil Convention, held at Buffalo in 1848, as a candidate for the Presidential nomination. He was also a candidate in the Republican National Conventions of 1856 and 1860.

In person Judge McLean was tall and commanding; his habits were simple, and his manners genial and courteous. During a part of his public life he resided on his farm in Warren county. He died at Cincinnati, April 4, 1861.

THOMAS CORWIN was born in Bourbon county, Ky., July 29, 1794, and died in Washington, D. C., December 18, 1865. When four years of age, his father, Matthias, removed to Lebanon, and represented his district in the Legislature for many years.

Shortly after his arrival at Lebanon young Corwin was sent to a school taught by Francis Dunlevy. Corwin acquired knowledge with great ease, and learned perfectly the whole alphabet the first day at school. He did not long continue at this school.

In 1806 he again attended school, and was taught by an English Baptist clergyman, the Rev. Jacob Grigg. This teacher encouraged recitations and dialogues by the scholars, and it was in these exercises that Corwin, then but twelve years of age, first distinguished himself by his oratorical powers.

Corwin's father was too poor to make a scholar of more than one son of his large family, and so the elder brother Matthias was kept at school and Thomas set at work on his father's farm. It was necessary at that time that during certain seasons of the year supplies and produce should be transported by wagon to and from Cincinnati. It was the custom for five or six teams of neighboring farmers to go together, and young Corwin drove his father's. It was thus that he first acquired the name of "Wagon Boy." During the war of 1812 he drove his wagon, filled with supplies for the army of Gen. Harrison, to the camp on the waters of St. Mary's of the Maumee. This was no small undertaking for a youth of eighteen, as the journey was attended with many difficulties and dangers.

Corwin continued on his father's farm until 1814, when he entered the county clerk's office, then in charge of his brother Matthias.

The next year he began the study of law in the office of Judge Joshua Collett, and was admitted to the bar in May, 1818.

It was a common custom in many of the early settlements to have debating societies, and Mr. Corwin was a member of one in Lebanon, where he soon gained a very high reputation for eloquence. He was an earnest student of English history and prose and poetic classics. His ability and eloquence as an advocate soon gained him an extensive practice. His public career began in 1822, when he was elected to the Ohio Legislature, serving seven years. In 1830 he was chosen to Congress as a Whig, and was subsequently re-elected until he had served ten years.

In 1840 he was nominated for governor by the Whigs, and canvassed the State with Gen. Harrison, addressing large gatherings in every county, and exerting great influence with his unsurpassed oratory.

He was elected governor by a majority of 16,000, but two years later was defeated for the governorship by Wilson Shannon, his former opponent.

In 1844 Mr. Corwin was elected to the United States Senate, where, in 1847, he made his celebrated speech against the Mexican war, in which he made use of the figure of speech, "Welcome you with bloody hands to hospitable graves."

He served in the Senate until 1850, when he was called to the head of the treasury department by President Fillmore, a position he held until 1852, when he retired to private life and his law practice at Lebanon.

In 1858 he was again elected to Congress and re-elected in 1860.

He was appointed minister to Mexico by President Lincoln, where he served during the whole of President Lincoln's first term. In 1865 he came to the United States on leave of absence, and did not return, remaining in Washington and practising law until his decease.

Anecdotes of Corwin.

During Corwin's first term in the Ohio Legislature some member introduced a bill to repeal the whipping law. Corwin gave the bill his earnest support. A member, who had formerly resided in Connecticut, opposed the bill, and said he had observed that when a man was whipped in his State he immediately left it. Whereupon Corwin rose and said, "I know a great many people have come to Ohio from Connecticut, but I have never before known the *reason* for their coming."

Mr. Addison P. Russell, of Wilmington, Ohio, whose charming literary works have gained for him the sobriquet of the "American Charles Lamb," has written a fine sketch, entitled "Thomas Corwin," from which we make the following extracts:

The Crary Speech.—His famous speech in 1840, in reply to Crary, of Michigan, who had been so unwise as to attack the military reputation of Gen. Harrison, then the Whig candidate for the Presidency, immediately gave him a national reputation. Sometime before, at home, he had defended, in a case before a country magistrate, a militiaman who had been charged with an assault and battery, alleged to have been committed upon his captain at a general muster. Although the defendant was unquestionably guilty, Corwin gained his discharge mainly by his overwhelming ridicule of the unfortunate captain, who was the prosecuting witness, and had provoked the assault by the airs which he took upon himself while exercising the functions of his office. With a vivid recollection of the affair, he fell upon Crary with the same weapons, in the same satirical vein, selecting his most successful images, and polishing his rhetoric, till the best part of the speech must stand as a model of that kind of eloquence. The next day after its delivery, John Quincy Adams referred to the vanquished militia general as "the late Mr. Crary, of Michigan." The speech caused a broad grin upon the face of the nation.

His irony, in the use of Scriptural illustrations, was sometimes terrible. The novel distinction he gave, in his great anti-war speech, to Cain, will be recollected. "Sir," said he, "the world's annals show very many ferocious sieges and battles and onslaughts before San Jacinto, Palo Alto or Monterey. Generals of bloody renown have frightened the nations before the revolt of Texas or our invasion of Mexico; and I suppose we Amer-

icans might properly claim some share in this martial reputation, since it was won by our own kindred, men clearly descended from Noah, the great 'Propositus' of our family, with whom we all claim a very endearing relation. But I confess I have been somewhat surprised of late that men, read in the history of man, who knew that war has been his trade for six thousand years (prompted, I imagine, by those noble 'instincts' spoken of by the Senator from Michigan), who knew that the first man born of woman was a hero of the first magnitude, that he met his shepherd brother in deadly conflict, and most heroically beat out his brains with a club; I say," etc.

Comic Illustration from the Example of Noah.—Once, when speaking of the corruption of the times to terrify wrong-doers, he took occasion to dwell long upon Noah—the one only man, amidst the general corruption of the race, who was found by the Almighty to be righteous. With great particularity and earnestness, he described the venerable patriarch as the only preacher of righteousness at the time of the Deluge; who incessantly preached and declared to men, not only by his discourses but by his unblamable life, and by the building of the ark, in which he was employed one hundred and twenty years, that the cloud of Divine vengeance was about to burst upon them; how his preaching produced no effect; that when the Deluge came it found mankind practising their usual enormities. During the wonderful narrative, you saw the loafing crowd of dissolute idlers that, every day and all the time, for the hundred and twenty years the ark was building, lounged over the timbers, and interrupted the workmen with their gibes and skeptical inquiries; and you saw, as distinctly, the hoary priest, in his solemn loneliness, when "the waters were dried up from off the earth," building the first "altar unto the Lord." There he stood, before the people in their very midst, in an Ohio forest, the one righteous man—the last preacher of righteousness before the destruction of mankind—the first to set up an altar afterward—the saved, the trusted and blessed. The silence was oppressive; the audience was transfixed; something must occur to relieve it. Just then the orator, observing an unbelieving auditor doubtingly blinking his eyes, turned upon him with a look of inimitable drollery and irony, arching his eyebrows grotesquely, working, at the same time, in a most ludicrous manner, the laughing machinery of his mouth, and said to him, in a familiar, inquiring tone, "But I think I hear you say, my *unbelieving Democrat*, that the *old commodore did once get tight!*"

That was sufficient. The tears that had gathered in hundreds of eyes during the delivery of passage after passage of unsurpassed sublimity fell at once over faces convulsed with laughter. Again and again the multitude laughed—stragglingly and in chorus.

His observation and experience, too, had taught him the uncertainty of public life, and he was loth to encourage young men to aspire to it; especially he discouraged them from seeking or holding positions which are subordinate and only clerical, as sure to weaken their manhood and unfit them for independent, honorable occupations. It was while he was Secretary of the Treasury that a young man presented himself to him for a clerkship. Thrice was he refused, and still he made a fourth effort. His perseverance and spirit of determination awakened a friendly interest in his welfare, and the secretary advised him, in the strongest possible terms, to abandon his purpose and go to the West, if he could do no better outside the departments.

Advice to a Young Office-Seeker.—"My young friend," said he, "go to the Northwest; buy 160 acres of government land, or, if you have not the money to purchase, squat on it; get you an axe and mattock; put up a log-cabin for a habitation, and raise a little corn and potatoes; keep your conscience clear, and live like a freeman—your own master, with no one to give you orders, and without dependence upon anybody. Do that, and you will be honored, respected, influential and rich. But accept a clerkship here, and you sink at once all independence; your energies become relaxed, and you are unfitted in a few years for any other and more independent position. I may give you a place to-day, and I can kick you out to-morrow; and there is another man over there at the White House who can kick me out, and the people, by-and-by, can kick him out; and so we go. But if you own an acre of land, it is your kingdom, and your cabin is your castle; you are sovereign, and you will feel it in every throbbing of your pulse, and every day of your life will assure me of your thanks for having thus advised you."

His great speech in opposition to the war with Mexico produced a profound sensation throughout the country. The war proved to be popular, as all wars will, in an aggressive popular government. They make tests for patriotism that are apprehensible to everybody, besides opening a way for violences of every sort. The moral tone of the speech was too high, too radical, for politics—even for the

party to which it was especially addressed. The virus of slavery had tainted the whole body politic. Twenty years must elapse before it could be attacked by constitutional remedies.

The speech and the author of it were violently assailed. Mr. Corwin was denounced as a traitor by the scurvy politicians and press of the country. The distinguished men of his party who promised to stand by him deserted him. Not so with the anti-slavery Whigs of the Miami valley; they applauded his sentiments, and asked him to speak to them at Lebanon on the subject of the war.

Wonderful Eloquence of Corwin.—We dare say, no orator ever had such an audience of friends. The meeting was not very large—not so great but that it could be held in the court-house—but it was composed in great part of the leading anti-slavery Whigs in that part of the country. The good Gov. Morrow, we believe, presided. Mr. Corwin's speech on that occasion was regarded by his friends, familiar with his oratorical achievements, as the greatest of his life. There was no reporter present, and no attempt was ever made to recover any part of the incomparable effort. There was not a humorous word in it; it was grave, sober, serious, tragic. The struggles of the orator, at times, to express himself were painful to witness. The great veins and muscles in his neck enlarged; his face was distorted; his arms wildly reached, and his hands desperately clutched, clutched, in paroxysms of unutterable emotion. Men left their seats and gathered close around him, standing through most of the speech; and many of them unconsciously repeated with their lips, almost audibly, every word that he uttered, the tears streaming over their faces. Every man in the audience was his personal friend. The speech was a long one, lasting two or three hours. He reviewed with much particularity and candor his sentiments and acts in relation to the war, and concluded by alluding with great feeling to old friendships—to his growing attachment to his old home and to old home-friends—how they had assisted him in every effort and fortified him in every trial—but, grateful as he felt to them, loving them as he did, if they were all to implore him, upon their bended knees, to change his sentiments, and were to remain in that posture till their bones bored the oaken floor, still he would not retract one syllable of truth he had uttered as he should answer to God!

The audience dissolved of itself, swarming over the streets and sidewalks, nearly every auditor going his own way alone. Schenck and Stevenson walked down the street together, but did not speak a word for a block or two. All at once Schenck ejaculated, "What a speech!" "Yes!" responded Stevenson, with Kentucky emphasis, "what a speech! I was born and bred in a land of orators; have been accustomed all my life to hear such giants as Clay and Menifee, Crittenden and Marshall; but, blessed be God! I never heard a speech like that!"

Extraordinary Scene at the Death of Thomas Corwin.

The following letter, descriptive of Mr. Corwin's death, appeared anonymously in the Ohio *State Journal:*

Washington, D. C., Dec. 19, 1865.

Dear Sir:—It has never been deemed an invasion of the sanctuary of private life to preserve for the world and history the last utterances and acts of the men of history. That license which admits the treasuring up of the "last things" of great and historic lives induces me to write down what I do here.

It was never my lot before to be thrilled, by seeing brought together in startling proximity life and death, mirth and mourning, fame and frailty, as I saw them brought together in the circumstances attending the last conscious moments of Thomas Corwin. How strange it seems to me now! At a collection of men of Ohio, in which were Chase and Wade and Sherman, and Schenck and Bingham and Swayne, and fifty others of the public men of the State, Gov. Corwin was present. Upon his entering the room, he, of course, became, what he for forty years had been everywhere, where his presence was, the centre of interest and of admiration. In ten minutes after he had entered the room I saw from some distance (for I did not soon go to him) men collected and compacted around him in eager, excited and, in some cases, ridiculous attitudes; chief justice and associate justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, members of the Cabinet, major-generals of the armies of the United States, senators in Congress, and members of the House of Representatives were in a circle. Some were seated by him; some stood erect about his chair; some leaned and pressed eagerly forward between the more inner circles of listeners, and pushed their

ears forward to hear the words and whispers which came from the centre figure of the circle. Some sat, some stood, some kneeled, and all leaned forward to listen.

I watched occasionally the effect upon this little company of men, of what was drawing them to that centre. The strange magician had taken up once more, and the last time, his wand, to try its spell upon a little company of its subjects. It was the same one with which so often before, in the mere wantonness and sport of his powers, he had toyed and played with the storms of human passions which it conjured up, controlled and allayed at will.

His youth, with its inimitable charms and graces, seemed for a moment to have come to him again. There were once more the flow of humor, the sparkle of merriment, the glow of enthusiasm, the flash of wit, and the charms of anecdote and illustration; and there the wondrous play of features which made him Corwin. Men came repeatedly out from his presence at that seat, that night, exclaiming, "There is but one Corwin!" For a moment men, who a thousand times before had bowed before the spell of his genius, or had been swept off by its irresistible force, and then, when the spell was gone, wondered at their frailties, here again became its victims.

When at last the press about him lessened, I sat down by his side. What he happened first to say to me furnishes one of those strange coincidences which help to invest our lives with a tinge of the mysterious and awful, and which make us superstitious. One of his first utterances to me was a startling description of what Tom Corwin was to be in twenty-five minutes after its utterance. It was this: He said, "You are more bald than when I saw you last, the day before I sailed from Mexico." I said, "Yes." He said, with the semi-solemn, semi-comical face which has become historical, "But then Julius Cæsar was bald." I said, "But Cæsar had fits." Then he assumed a more serious manner, and said, "Twenty years ago I saw a man fall in apparently unconscious paralysis, when in the midst of excited discourse. He was carried out by his friends in this condition, and his first act of consciousness was to utter the words you have just said, 'Cæsar had fits!'"

In twenty-five minutes after, I assisted in carrying Corwin out in the precise condition he had so strangely described.

He then went into a general conversation with those around him, asked after old friends in Ohio, etc. . . . Then he was invited to the refreshment-room. He arose and asked me to accompany him, which I did, Senator Wade joining us at the foot of the stairs. I urged him to be seated on a sofa at the table, which he expressed reluctance in taking, owing to the presence of ladies standing. On this sofa his last words were uttered in a few minutes after. The scene I have alluded to as occurring below was here speedily repeated. Eager men again pressed about him and leaned forward, and held their breath to catch his last utterance. Once or twice they shouted with laughter and clapped their hands in boisterous merriment, and every eye and ear in the brilliant assemblage was directed to the seat where Tom Corwin was playing with skilled fingers upon that mystic harp whose chords are human passion, sympathy and emotion with all the wizard skill and power which was his of old. In a moment afterward his voice suddenly sank to whispers, and then he raised suddenly from his seat, reached forward his hands, asked for fresh air, and fell into the arms of surrounding friends; and I helped carry him, speechless, from the chamber where his last auditory had just hung in love and admiration upon his lips, and stooped forward to get his last whispers. And we carried him into the death-chamber, whence a soul, more eloquent than Patrick Henry's, more beautiful than Sheridan's, more graceful than Cicero's, went back to God who made it.

When we laid him down he soon said to us, by a significant act, what he could not say by speech, "One side of me is dead!" This he did by raising up one arm, grasping tightly his hand and shaking his clenched fist. This he did twice, looking, at the same time, earnestly and rather wildly into the faces of the immediate bystanders. When he did this with his left hand, his right one was lying dead at his side. This act was instantly read by all as saying to us, "One side is powerless, but the other is not." This was the last communication to his fellow-men ever made by him, unless subsequent grasps of recognition may have indicated to a few that he knew them. And there at midnight I parted from that stricken man! He who had touched with the sceptre of his imperial and godlike intellect States, Nations, Peoples, Courts, and Senators, and made them all bow to the majesty of his power, was now touched—in his turn—touched by the sceptre of *his* Lord, and instantly bowed his head, and laid himself submissively down and died.

I, a sojourner here at the National Capital for a few days, and who happened to witness "The Last of Earth" to Corwin, wrote down this. Let it be preserved or thrown away as may be fit; but whether preserved or thrown away,

> "Our hearts, though stout and brave,
> Still, like muffled drums, are beating
> Funeral marches to the grave."

EDWARD DEERING MANSFIELD, author, journalist and statistician, was born in New Haven, Conn., 17th August, 1801; died in Morrow, O., 27th October, 1880. He graduated at West Point in 1818 and then entered a classical course at

Princeton, graduating in 1822, and later studied the law on Litchfield Hill, at Gould's famed law school.

He removed to Cincinnati and commenced the practice of law, after having been admitted to the bar in Connecticut in 1825. In 1835 he became professor of constitutional law and history in Cincinnati College. He was editor of the *Cincinnati Chronicle*, 1836–48; of the *Atlas*, 1849–52; and of the *Railroad Record*, 1854–72. For a long term of years was correspondent of the *Cincinnati Gazette*, not in the line of news, but in the form of disquisitions upon living topics.

While editing the *Chronicle* and *Atlas* he encouraged many young writers who have since attained celebrity by publishing their productions in the columns of his papers; among these was Harriet Beecher Stowe.

From 1859 to 1868 he was commissioner of statistics for Ohio, and an associate of the French "Société de Statistique Universelle." His writings covered a wide range of subjects, such as mathematics, politics, education and history. In 1854 Marietta College conferred upon him the degree of LL.D. Among his published works are "A Treatise on Constitutional Law," and "A Political Grammar of the United States" (Cincinnati, 1835); "The Legal Rights, Duties and Liabilities of Married Women" (Salem, 1845); "The Life of Gen. Winfield Scott" (New York, 1848); "The History of the Mexican War (1849); "The Memoirs of Daniel Drake" (Cincinnati, 1855); "Personal Memoirs, Social, Political and Literary, with Sketches of Many Noted People, 1803–1843" (Robert Clarke & Co., 1879). This was written for his family and friends. It is mainly autobiographical and most readable and instructive, mainly upon Ohio events and characters.

TRAVELLING NOTES.

Recollections of Yamoyden.

Yamoyden was the country-seat of the late E. D. Mansfield and where his family lived the last thirty years of his life, from about 1850 to 1880. Cincinnati was his business point, but his home was the place of his literary work.

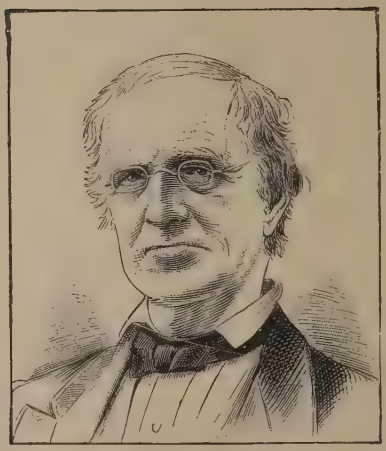
Yamoyden is an Indian name which he gave to it from its euphony and that romantic sentiment that he associated with the heroic qualities of the best types of the original red man. It was the same sentiment that led the parents of a late lamented chieftain of our own, just passed away, to name their infant son "Tecumseh," *i. e.*, Shooting Star. Out of this sentiment came Mr. Mansfield's affection for that fine poetic conception of Philip Freneau, the noted song-writer of the Revolution, the "Indian Death Song," sung while undergoing the pangs of torture. This he would often repeat while sitting under the porch at Yamoyden, and with an unction that showed his heart sympathized with the defying spirit and sublime faith of the dying chieftain:

The sun sets at night and the stars shun the day,
But glory remains when their lights fade away.
Begin, ye tormentors! your threats are in vain,
For the son of Alknomock can never complain.

Remember the woods where in ambush he lay,
And the scalps which he bore from your nation away.
Why do ye delay? till I shrink from my pain?
Know the son of Alknomock can never complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow;
Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low.
The flame rises high—you exult in my pain!
But the son of Alknomock will never complain.

I go to the land where my father has gone,
His ghost shall exult in the fame of his son.
Death comes like a friend; he relieves me from pain;
And thy son, oh Alknomock! has scorned to complain.



EDWARD DEERING MANSFIELD,

The Sage of Yamoyden.

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1886.

YAMOYDEN, NEAR MORROW.

Yamoyden is about a mile north of Morrow, on a spur of the river hills and some two hundred feet above the stream on the west. The view is down the valley extending for miles, and beautiful is the site for the home of a literary man, filled with a love of nature and a love of man. It was his habit early in the morning in pleasant summer weather to take a seat under the porch, and look down south and east over the beautiful valley for miles away and meditate; and anon, at times as he sat there meditating, there would come up from the valley below the sound of falling waters from an old dam once used for a long gone mill. And the monotonous melody fell as a sort of lullaby to soothe his senses as he gazed upon the outspreading scene of peace and loveliness.

Then after sitting there a while in thought he would withdraw to his study and write instructively upon some living topic to go out fresh from his pen to the people. It was there he wrote those weekly letters during the war period to the New York *Times* over the signature of "Veteran Observer," dating them from "The Beeches." These papers so bright and cheerful lifted the hearts of multitudes during the dark distressing periods. Addison Russell, at the time financial agent of Ohio in New York (see page 429, Vol. I.), tells of their influence upon the magnates of the great metropolis, those men of cash and elegance, with whom he was in daily association. "Who is the Veteran Observer?" inquired they, and "where are the Beeches?"

It is a cherished memory of the early period of the war my passing several days in June enjoying the hospitalities of Yamoyden with my young children, and the Mansfields with theirs. Mr. Mansfield and myself were of kin, and of early association. Under the head of Mansfield in Richland county is an allusion to that association, and a sketch of his father, Col. Jared Mansfield, the old Surveyor-General of the Northwest Territory. The Mansfields were charming people. Mrs. Mansfield was the daughter of Governor Worthington, and she was born in and passed her youth at Adena, the old family-seat on the hills near Chillicothe. See Vol. III., p. 173. She was of the best of old Virginia stock, and illustrated it. I had known her mother, and Mrs. Mansfield was an honoring daughter of honoring parents. In person Mrs. Mansfield was large and commanding, a blonde, with a sweet smile and ways and fine moral sensibilities, a Christian woman of the finest type. And Margaret, as he called her, was admirably adapted from her executive capacity to be the helpmeet of him whom the country around called the "Sage of Yamoyden," because so philosophical in his thoughts and utterances, and so filled with many knowledges. So great was his absorption in study that he was unfitted to give his mind to those business affairs so important to the man of family.

Mr. Mansfield was a blonde, rather tall and extremely near-sighted. Although he wore the deepest of double concave glasses, he could only read by placing the print close to his eyes. He was a man without guile, never felt the emotion of malice, and was simple as a child. In his fifty years of journalism not a drop of bitterness flowed from his pen. In his religious sentiments he walked in the faith of his fathers. "I trust," said he, "in the bridge that brings me safely over." He saw God everywhere. Existence under His government was a joy. Nature and faith had given him an exuberant flow of spirits and hopefulness. In the dark period of the rebellion his pen was as a torch of light.

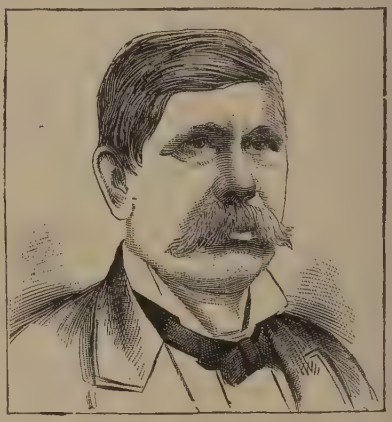
His faith in republican institutions never failed him, and beyond all spots he loved Ohio. One of his great things was his address delivered at Philadelphia, August 9, 1876, "Ohio in the Centennial."

In this he showed the history, resources and present status of Ohio; it was interspersed with statistics and information upon every point of value. He concluded with saying: "A State which began long after the Declaration of Independence in the then unknown wilderness of North America presents to-day a picture of what a republican government with Christian civilization can do!"

And then finished with the query: "Where is the civilization of the earth which can equal this?"

Mr. Mansfield inherited from his father a never-failing fountain of cheerfulness, and much the same mannerisms. He had the same love of humor, and the same hearty laugh. He believed in the gospel of work. "I want," he said, "engraved on my tombstone: 'Here lies a workingman.'" And he was right. Outside of work there is no satisfaction except in the earned rest and recreation that has come from work, and which prepares the spirit for more work, better work in the beyond.

DURBIN WARD was born at Augusta, Ky., Feb. 11, 1819. The family removed to Fayette county, Ind., and there young Ward was brought up on a farm, obtaining his education in country schools. At eighteen he had prepared himself for college, and entered Miami University, paying his way by teaching during vacations. He left college at the end of two years without graduating, removed to Lebanon, O., studied law with Thomas Corwin, whose partner he became on being admitted to the bar in 1842. The partnership was dissolved in 1845 on Ward's election as prosecuting attorney of Warren county, an office he held for six years, when he was elected to the Ohio Legislature.



DURBIN WARD.

He was an active and influential member of the House.

He was defeated as a Democratic candidate for Congress in 1856, also for the office of attorney-general of Ohio in 1858.

In 1860 he was a delegate to the Charleston and Baltimore conventions, warmly supporting Stephen A. Douglas.

At the outbreak of the war he enlisted in the Union army as a private, served in West Virginia and in the campaigns of Gen. Geo. H. Thomas. He was appointed major of the 17th O. V. I., August 17, 1861, and lieutenant-colonel, December 31, 1862.

He was shot through the body at Chickamauga, and his left arm disabled for life. Without his knowledge he was mustered out of the army, but had the order recalled, and in November, 1863, was made colonel of his regiment. He served till the close of the war, being brevetted brigadier-general October 18, 1865.

In 1866 he was defeated for Congress by Gen. Robert C. Schenck. In November of the same year he was appointed United States District Attorney for Southern Ohio, holding office for three years, when he was removed by President Grant. In 1870 he was elected to the Ohio Senate, declining a re-election at the expiration of his term.

He was a candidate for the nomination for governor in 1877, but was defeated by R. M. Bishop. General Ward was frequently mentioned as a candidate to office by his party, but his firm adherence to principle, regardless of personal popularity, often led to his defeat by less able men. He was a student and thinker on political questions, an eloquent orator and able lawyer. The plan of the present circuit court system of Ohio was drafted by him.

He died at Lebanon, May 22, 1886. He began a work on constitutional law, to be entitled "The Federal Institutes," but did not live to complete it. His

life and speeches were published by his widow (A. H. Smythe, Columbus, Ohio, 1888).

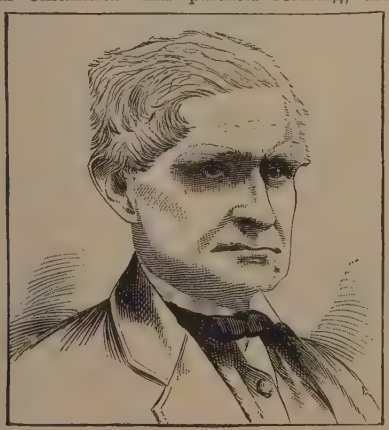
JAMES SCOTT was born April 15, 1815, in Washington county, Pa., of Scotch-Irish parentage. He died in Lebanon, December 16, 1888. He removed to Morrow, Warren county, O., in 1843, and in 1851 to Lebanon, practising medicine in both places. In 1857 he edited the *Western Star*. He served in many public offices, was for sixteen years a member of the Legislature, and one of the best informed men on State affairs, and one of the most useful the State ever had.

During the war he applied to Governor Tod for a captain's commission, but was told to stay where he was, that he was worth more in the Ohio House than he could be with any commission in the field. He was called "The watch-dog of the treasury," and did much to hold down public expenses, to simplify and arrange the system of State finance and business.

He is best known as the author of the Scott law, passed in 1882, taxing the liquor traffic. He is the author of many of the laws on the Ohio statute books of to-day.

ACHILLES PUGH was born in Chester county, Pa., March 10, 1805. Four years later his father settled in Cadiz, O., and at the age of seventeen Achilles entered the office of the *Cadiz Informant* to learn the printers' trade, and in 1827 went to Philadelphia to perfect himself in the business. In 1830 he found employment in Cincinnati, and soon became manager of the Evangelist periodical. In 1832 he married Miss Anna Maria Davis, daughter of John Davis, of Bedford county, Va. A few years later he formed a partnership in the job printing business with Morgan & Sanxay.

It was then that trouble overtook him. The Ohio Anti-slavery Society was organized in April, 1835. Its business was conducted by an executive committee, who started a newspaper, *The Philanthropist*, at New Richmond in Clermont county, and after printing a few numbers applied to him to take the press and type and print the paper in Cincinnati. His partners refusing, the



ACHILLES PUGH.

connection was dissolved, and he contracted to print it alone. Unable to hire a building for the purpose owing to the obloquy attached to the cause, he erected one in the rear of his residence on Walnut street, between Sixth and Seventh streets. He undertook the printing as a matter of business. "If," reasoned he, "slavery cannot stand discussion, then slavery is wrong; therefore, as a printer, it is in the line of my business to print this paper, charging only the ordinary rates for the work." Soon as the paper appeared it was evident from the attitude of the city press that a storm was brewing, and at midnight of the 12th of July, 1836, a band of men broke into his office, frightened into silence a boy sleeping there, destroyed the week's issue, and dismantled and carried away parts of the press.

Not to be balked so easily, Mr. Pugh had a new press purchased, and was at work at 11 o'clock the next day printing off his weekly issue. A few days after he removed his press to his job office, corner of Seventh and Main streets. At sundown on the night of the 29th a second mob assembled, broke into his office, pitched the type-cases and press into the middle of the street, and were about to set it on fire when his honor the Mayor, Samuel W. Davies, mounted the pile and addressed the mob. He complimented them for having done so well thus far, but advised against the conflagrating process, as it would endanger the adjacent property. Thereupon they hauled the press by a rope, and with much noise and shoutings cast it into the Ohio river. After the second attack he for a while printed the paper at Springboro, in Warren county, and brought down "the abominable sheet" by canal to the city. In the exciting era he was a marked man, and very much wanted as an object of adornment with tar and feathers; but by keeping in

after dark, and keeping out of certain parts of the city when it was light, and possessing moreover a powerful muscular physique, he was blessed to escape being made a subject of "high art." Scowls and cold shoulders were given him in abundance. These he bore with equanimity; and, as the cause of anti-slavery gradually advanced, many a dollar was privately slipped into his hand, which were applied to aid the flight of colored fugitives by the underground railroad. Some of the money was supplied even by those engaged in the Southern trade. No questions were asked, only for the money, the parties giving seeming strangely incurious as to its application, only as they gave they winked and smiled and looked queer.

Until 1875 Mr. Pugh was closely identified with the printing business in Cincinnati. In 1837 he formed a partnership with Mr. Dodd, and began the publication of the *Weekly Chronicle*. E. D. Mansfield and Benjamin Drake, editors. This paper was afterwards converted into a daily and continued until 1846 with Mr. Pugh as printer. Just as the paper commenced to make financial returns for the expense of its establishment, at the instigation of his church and his own desire to avoid the appearance of evil, every advertisement regarding the sale of spirituous liquors was taken out of the paper, and "with them nearly all the profits of the business." Thus he ever was ready to sacrifice worldly gain for the cause of righteousness.

In 1869, in company with John Butler, he was chosen by the Executive Committee of the Orthodox Friends' Commission, in connection with the duties assumed under the invitation of President Grant, to make a tour of examination through the Indian Agencies of the Central Superintendency. One day, when riding unarmed in a buggy through the Indian country, accompanied only by a guide and ambulance driver, they were overtaken by two wild Indians of the plains, Kiowas, who rode up, one on each side of them, with their bows strung and arrows in their hands, evidently designing mischief. Mr. Pugh resorted to a stratagem to get rid of them. Placing his hands to his mouth he drew therefrom a complete set of false teeth, and thrust them towards the nearest savage, at the same time dropping his heavy beetling brows in a ferocious scowl, while his mouth, being deprived of its support, the chin and nose came in close proximity. The Indians were horrified at the act, and, putting spurs to their ponies, in a twinkling were nowhere to be seen.

From very early life he was a member of the religious Society of Friends, and was actively and devotedly engaged in church and Sabbath-school interests, mission as well as his own; but his broad Christian character and loving heart made him particularly unsectarian. He was a life-member of the American Bible Society, and was constantly and unselfishly interested in the dissemination of Bible truth.

The poor and unfortunate found in him a most generous friend; and he was so genial and well informed that his company was a pleasure and instruction. Though suffering much before his death, he was not confined to bed, and joined his family in worship on that day, requesting that the 14th chapter of John be read. We trust he is with the Saviour of whom he loved to hear.

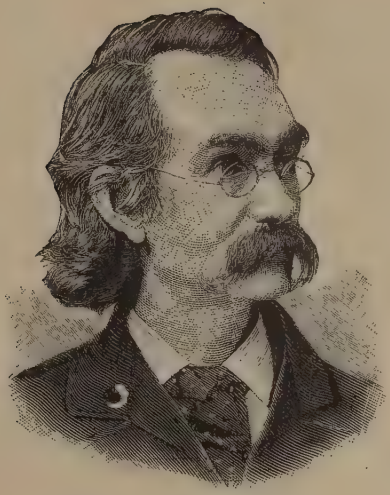
REMINISCENSES.—The above sketch of Achilles Pugh is from a lady friend. His family home was in Waynesville, his business point Cincinnati, where I knew him for many years and greatly valued him for his sound sense, integrity and social spirit. I believe he was married into Quakerdom, and not born into it. No Friends would naturally christen a son *"Achilles."*

He once said to me it was impossible to realize the trying position of the old-time anti-slavery people. To walk the streets and feel as you passed along that you were hated by many in the throngs you met, looked upon as a sort of moral firebrand sowing dissension between the North and South, was by no means a comfortable position for any man; and the natural effect upon the recipient was to engender in return a bitter, defiant spirit.

To live under the ban of public opinion, even for a righteous cause, requires a strength of moral heroism rarely possessed, so withering is it to the spirits. King David wrote, "In my haste I said all men are liars;" he might have said with equal pungency, and been in no especial hurry about the saying, "All men are moral cowards."

Mr. Pugh was a high-spirited, sensitive gentleman, and would not tamely submit to a wrong. On an occasion he was harshly attacked by a newspaper managed by an association of printers for the manner in which he conducted his own office. He brought suit for libel, and was adjudged $500 damages. On being asked why he did not call for the money, he replied, "I don't want their money. My object was to establish a principle."

This, by a sort of indirect association, reminded me of an anecdote of John Van Buren, son of Martin Van Buren. They called him "Prince John." He was a brilliant, waggish young lawyer, with no great



WILLIAM HENRY VENABLE.

THE OLD STYLE WARREN COUNTY SCHOOLHOUSE
In "the Forties."

weight of moral purpose, and when his father was nominated the Freesoil candidate for President in 1848 he took the stump in advocacy of the "old gentleman's" cause. The prince told the people he had now got hold of a *moral principle*—FREE SOIL; it was the first time in his life he had got hold of such a thing. It was to him a novel sensation, quite refreshing, and he was going to work that *moral principle* for all it was worth.

In the sketch of Mr. Pugh is told how he scared two wild Indians of the plains who were threatening his life by taking out his set of false teeth, moving them in both hands slowly toward them, at the same time scowling ferociously. In telling me of the incident he laughingly said, "Soon as I did that they spurred up their ponies, and were out of sight in a twinkling. I suppose they thought the next thing to happen was I would take off my head and throw it at them."

"How came you to think of it?" I inquired.

"I felt as though something must be done at once. We were in great peril, unarmed, totally defenceless, and from an incident of a few evenings previous it flashed upon me to try my false teeth. We three Friends commissioners were in a tepee in an Indian village preparing to retire for the night. The place was crowded with squaws and their children gazing in wonder when one of us took out his teeth to clean, whereupon the whole crowd grunted 'ugh! ugh!' and rushed out panic-stricken."

It is the unknown that especially frightens savages, which has a further illustration in an anecdote told of a party of English circus men in Asia Minor, who, discerning a body of wild Arabs riding down upon them with hostile intent, their long spears at charge, commenced turning summersaults from the backs of their horses, and then looking at them from under and between their legs, when the Arabs turned and fled.

About three miles southwest of Waynesville, near the Little Miami, stood, on April 29, 1836, a small log-house, and on that day joy was under its roof, for there a boy babe was born. The father was a Quaker, an Abolitionist; had begun as a surveyor, then a teacher, and finally a farmer. This new comer was to grow, and finally, when the Quaker father had passed away, to thus write of him as—

"His eye in pity's tears
Would often saintly swim;
He did to others as he would
That they should do to him.

"At rural toils, he strove;
In beauty, joy he sought.
His solace was in children's words.
And wise men's pondered thought."

Of the mother he also wrote, "She was of Scottish descent, a practical, energetic lady, and handsome." Of course she was. To every dutiful lad his mother's face *is* handsome. Such were the parents of WILLIAM HENRY VENABLE, LL.D., sometimes called the Teacher Poet. He was born early enough to have a part in the Harrison campaign of 1840. His father, an old-time Whig, who had named him, after Gen. Harrison, William Henry, took him to a mass-meeting in a grove near Lebanon, and introduced him to the general, who patted him on the head, and though but four years old he remembers that interview, for long after that memorable day he wore a Tippecanoe medal with a portrait of Harrison, and on the other side a log-cabin, and the other boys called him "Tip," much to his disgust.

When the Mexican war broke out he was ten years old, and the air was saturated with anecdotes of Tom Corwin, and even the small boys of Warren county could feel the force of that great orator's eloquence, and enjoy the ludicrous comicality of his grotesque faces. The universal talk caused by Corwin's great speech against the Mexican war infused even the children of that period, for it was, Venable writes, "very violent talk." He says: "I was going to school at Ridgeville, and I remember some of the boys stained their hands and faces blood-red with pokeberry juice, and then cried out, 'If I were a Mexican, as I am an American, I would welcome the American soldiers with *bloody hands* to hospitable graves.' Several of the big boys of the Ridgeville school, Lew Staley, Amos Kelsey and Joe Githens, enlisted and went to Mexico in 1846. One day some of us 'little shavers' fancied we heard ominous booming sounds of a cannon far away, and having vague ideas of distances we fancied that a battle was going on at Monterey, and wondered whether Joe Githens would be killed."

When a lad of but seven, although of very delicate constitution, he was active in body and alert in mind. It was his delight to ramble along "Newman's Run" and the "Big Woods," hunting squirrels, fishing, and gathering wild flowers and May berries; or in winter, tracking rabbits or sliding over the "Old Swimming Hole." Inheriting from his father a love for books, he soon learned to read. The first that attracted him were those of travel and adventure, as "Robbins' Journal," "Lewis & Clark's Journal" and "Bruce's Travels." Although the school duties were irksome he was a faithful scholar, and "decidedly enjoyed the company of the pretty girls, with one or another of whom he was forever in love." Thus early with him began, as some one has called it, "the most wisely ordained, inspiring humbug of life."

At the age of seventeen he became a schoolteacher to earn money to continue his education, and began, Nov., 1854, in a little, miserable old school-house at Sugar Grove, near Waynesville; compensation, sixty cents a day. Then for several years he was a teacher and student in Alfred Holbrook's noted Normal Academy at Lebanon. From 1862 to 1886, twenty-four years, he was a professor of natural science in Chickering's famous institute in Cincinnati, and on the death of the latter remained for five additional years its principal and proprietor.

Mr. Venable's educational and literary career began early, and he has achieved a fine reputation as a teacher, writer and lecturer. His quick eye for character, his delicious humor and swift imagination, and his dramatic instinct of scene and situation make him an interesting story-teller, whether in speaking or in writing, as witness his "Thomas Tadmore," a narrative lecture of the humor and pathos of boy life, with which he has delighted hundreds of audiences. A late writer says of him:

Possessing decided executive ability, he organized in Cincinnati the Society for Political Education, of which he was the first president. In the winter of 1882-3 he formed and led a model afternoon "School in Popular Science and History," in which fifteen eminent lecturers took part, and which was patronized by many ladies and gentlemen. In 1881 Mr. Venable was elected a member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. In June, 1886, the Ohio University bestowed upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws.

Prof. Venable is the author of a "History of the United States," pronounced by *The Nation* "the best of its class;" and of two volumes of poems, "June on the Miami," and "Melodies of the Heart." The poem by which he first became generally known, "The Teacher's Dream," has been praised by Longfellow, Holmes, Garfield and other noted men, and is popular with teachers everywhere. It is far surpassed in poetical merit by many of the author's later pieces. A New England critic writes of his recent volume: "It seems to me I have never yet read a book of verses which satisfied me more, and I am sure I have read from no minor poet on either side of the ocean so many satisfactory strains. Such equal strength in love, patriotism, religion and humor is rarely found."

Another says his "Melodies of the Heart" is as a little open chest, "filled with simplicity, beauty, melody, purity, pathos and humor, the whole perfumed with love."

Mr. Venable has just issued from the press of Robert Clarke & Co. "Beginning of Literary Culture in the Ohio Valley," a work of singular value and interest.

The "Teacher Poet" is happily married to a woman in every way worthy of him. The marriage was a love-match not without its romance. A very pleasant glimpse of the Venable home at Mount Tusculum is given by the Hon. Coates Kinney, the author of the far-famed lyric, "Rain on the Roof:"

"Mr. Venable has a poet's home and a poet's wife—a talented woman who appreciates him and inspires him with her loving admiration. Just east of Cincinnati, on the Little Miami Railroad, there is a picturesque suburb named (by some admirers of Cicero) Tusculum. Leaving the station, climbing the up-hill street of the town, turning into the wood, passing down through a glen, winding about, and again climbing by stone steps up gentle slopes, across rustic plank bridges, under overhanging trees, and you come to the poet's home—a commodious country house almost on top of the hill, looking down over all the landscape of slopes, and glens, and ravines, and woods that you have just come through.

"This is the poet's home; and a delightful home it is, full of love and poetry and children. Venable is, in the city, a man of business and bustle in the daytime, but a dreamer here on the hills at night. An evening with him there in his cozy library, overlooking the brown ravine, is a rest and refreshment not soon to be forgotten."

The Teacher's Dream.

The weary teacher sat alone
While twilight gathered on;
And not a sound was heard around;
The boys and girls were gone.

The weary teacher sat alone,
Unnerved and pale was he;
Bowed 'neath a yoke of care, he spoke
In sad soliloquy:

"Another round, another round
Of labor thrown away.
Another chain of toil and pain
Dragged through a tedious day.

"Of no avail is constant zeal,
Love's sacrifice is loss,
The hopes of morn, so golden, turn
Each evening into dross.

"I squander on a barren field
My strength, my life, my all;
The seeds I sow will never grow,
They perish where they fall."

He sighed, and low upon his hands
His aching brow he pressed;
And o'er his frame ere long there came
A soothing sense of rest.

And then he lifted up his face,
But started back aghast—
The room by strange and sudden change
Assumed proportions vast.

It seemed a senate hall, and one
Addressed a listening throng;
Each burning word all bosoms stirred,
Applause rose loud and long.

The 'wildered teacher thought he knew
The speaker's voice and look,
"And for his name," said he, "the same
Is in my record book."

The stately senate hall dissolved,
A church rose in its place,
Wherein there stood a man of God,
Dispensing words of grace.

And though he heard the solemn voice,
And saw the beard of gray,
The teacher's thought was strangely wrought,
"My yearning heart to-day

"Wept for this youth, whose wayward will
Against persuasion strove,
Compelling force, love's last resource,
To stablish laws of love."

The church, a phantasm, vanished soon:
What saw the teacher then?
In classic gloom of alcoved room
An author plied his pen.

"My idlest lad," the teacher said,
Filled with a new surprise—
"Shall I behold *his* name enrolled
Among the great and wise?"

The vision of a cottage home
The teacher now descried;
A mother's face illumed the place
Her influence sanctified.

"A miracle! a miracle!
This matron well I know
Was but a wild and careless child
Not half an hour ago.

"And when she to her children speaks
Of duty's golden rule,
Her lips repeat, in accents sweet,
My words to her at school."

The scene was changed again, and, lo!
The school-house rude and old;
Upon the wall did darkness fall;
The evening air was cold.

"A dream," the sleeper, waking, said,
Then paced along the floor,
And, whistling low and soft and slow,
He locked the school-house door.

And, walking home, his heart was full
Of peace and trust and love and praise,
And, singing slow and soft and low,
He murmured, "After many days."

Let's Shake.

You thought you would take me, you say, by surprise!
You rascal! I knew you the moment my eyes
Lighted on your old back, Bill, I couldn't mistake
Your voice nor your motions. How are you?
Let's shake!

You are a friend that sticks to his friend,
Living or dying, world without end;
Through flood and through fire I'd go for your sake.
Give us your hand here, old fellow,
Let's shake!

Don't it beat all? Now why did you wire
Me not to expect you, you measureless liar?
Come up to my den, and by jolly, we'll make
A night of it talking of old times—
Let's shake!

How have you been? Let me look in your face;
Have you won, have you lost, in life's dusty race?
Have you knocked the persimmons and taken the cake?
No? Here is my wallet—we'll share it—
Let's shake!

Here is my heart—it is truer than gold;
Hotter it grows as the world waxes cold;
Come, tell me your troubles, and let me partake
Your inmost perplexities, William—
Let's shake!

Tell me your sorrows, and talk of your joys;
Don't you remember the days we were boys?
What has become of Sam, Tom, Joe and Jake?
Shake to their memory, brother,
Let's shake!

Say, are you married, or are you in love?
Speak out, for you know we are like hand and glove;
I used to think you and Belle Esmond would wed.
Yes, yes, as I wrote you, the baby is dead;
I thought for a while that my wife's heart must break;
Your hand, dear old comrade—don't mind me,
Let's shake!

God bless you! I'm awfully glad you are here.

You must not make fun of this womanish tear;
'Twas only a baby, scarce two Aprils old,
But, Billy, I tell you, they *do* get a hold
Of the heart-strings, these babies, and since ours went,
Why, somehow or other, we're not quite content
With this planet; but when all the worry and strife
Are over, I hope we may strike a new life
Up yonder, where hearts never hunger nor ache,
You'll give me the grip there, old fellow,
We'll shake!

WAYNESVILLE is nine miles northeast of Lebanon, on the Little Miami river, and a measured half mile from Corwin Station on the P. C. & St. L. R. R. Newspapers: *Miami Gazette*, neutral, T. J. Brown, editor and publisher; *News*, Republican, Drew Sweet, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Methodist Episcopal; 1 Episcopal; 1 Christian; 2 Friends' meeting houses. Banks: (T. H. Harris) J. J. Mosher, cashier; Waynesville National, S. S. Haines, president; W. H. Allen, cashier. Population, 1880, 793. School census, 1888, 237. Wm. M. Harford, school superintendent.

Waynesville was laid out in February, 1796, by Samuel Highway, an emigrant from England, and Dr. Evan Banes. More than a year later Highway hired two wagons, a guide and three or four woodmen to cut a road from Columbia to the projected town, there to make the first settlement. The wagons were three or four days on the journey, arriving at the site of the new town March 8, 1797. Francis Baily, a young Englishman, was with the party, and gives an interesting account of the founding of Waynesville in his "Journal of a Tour in the Unsettled Parts of North America in 1796 and 1797." While the sound of the axe was heard felling the trees for the first residences, Baily and Dr. Banes went hunting and killed one bear and two or three deer, and saw a great number of wild turkeys. Francis Baily later became a celebrated astronomer, and President of the "Royal Astronomical Society."

Rev. James Smith visited Waynesville October 11, 1797, and found fourteen families settled there. He says: "We lodged with a Mr. Highway, an emigrant from England, who with a number of his country people suffered inconceivable hardships in getting to this country. It was curious to see their elegant furniture and silver plate glittering in a small, smoky cabin." A large number of the early settlers in this vicinity were Friends.

MORROW is ten miles southeast of Lebanon, on the Little Miami river, at the junction of the Little Miami and the C. & M. V. divisions of the P. C. & St. L. R. R.

Morrow was laid out by Wm. H. Clement and others when the Little Miami R. R. was completed to the mouth of Todd's Fork in 1844, and was named in honor of Gov. Morrow, then president of the railroad.

Churches: 1 Catholic; 1 Methodist; 1 Presbyterian. Bank: Morrow (A. N. & Theo. Couden), E. C. Dunham, cashier. Population, 1880, 946. School census, 1888, 385; O. W. Martin, superintendent schools.

HARVEYSBURG is twelve miles northeast of Lebanon. It was laid out by William Harvey in 1828. Near the town are "the fifty springs" of mineral waters.

Churches: 1 United Brethren; 1 Methodist Episcopal; 1 Colored Methodist Episcopal; 1 Baptist; 1 Orthodox Friends; 1 Hicksite Friends. Population, 1880, 539. School census, 1888, 196.

SPRINGBORO is eight miles north of Lebanon. Population, 1880, 553. School census, 1888, 188.

Springboro was laid out by Jonathan Wright in 1815, and took its name from one of the finest springs in the State, the water of which has been utilized in running a flouring-mill and woollen factory.

RIDGEVILLE was laid out in 1815 by Fergus McLean, father of Justice John McLean, and is situated on one of the most elevated ridges on the line of the L. & N. R. R., in the north part of the county.

BUTLERVILLE was laid out by Abram B. Butler in 1838.

MURDOCH was named from the distinguished actor and reader, who resided there about twenty-five years. It is on the line of the L. M. R. R., in the southeast corner of the county.

MASON is eight miles southwest of Lebanon, on the C. L. & N. R. R. Population, 1880, 431. School census, 1888, 178. It was laid out in 1815 by Major William Mason, and first called Palmyra.

MAINEVILLE is nine miles south of Lebanon. Population, 1880, 324. School census, 1888, 132. It was first called Yankeetown, being founded by emigrants from Maine, the first of whom, Dr. John Cottle, came in 1818.

FOSTER'S CROSSINGS is ten miles southeast of Lebanon, on the L. M. R. R., and long famous as a point for the raising of sweet potatoes of a superior quality; and

KINGS MILLS, near it, also on the railroad and river, where gunpowder is largely manufactured.

WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON COUNTY was formed July 26, 1788, by proclamation of Gov. St. Clair, being the FIRST COUNTY formed within the limits of Ohio.

The surface is generally hilly and broken, excepting the broad strips of alluvial land on the Ohio and Muskingum. In the middle and western part are extensive tracts of fertile land. The uplands near the large streams are commonly broken, but well adapted to pasturage. The principal products are corn, wheat, oats, potatoes, dairy produce, fruit and wool.

Its original boundaries were as follows: "*Beginning on the bank of the Ohio river, where the western boundary line of Pennsylvania crosses it, and running with that line to Lake Erie; thence along the southern shore of said lake to the mouth of Cuyahoga river; thence up the said river to the portage between it and the Tuscarawas branch of the Muskingum; thence down that branch to the forks, at the crossing place above Fort Laurens; thence with a line to be drawn westerly to the portage on that branch of the Big Miami on which the fort stood that was taken by the French in 1752, until it meets the road from the lower Shawnese town to Sandusky; thence south to the Scioto river, and thence with that river to the mouth, and thence up the Ohio river to the place of beginning.*" This area comprised more than the eastern half of the now State of Ohio.

Area about 650 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 106,805; in pasture, 137,758; woodland, 81,026; lying waste, 10,562; produced in wheat, 322,846 bushels; rye, 3,415; buckwheat, 643; oats, 216,603; corn, 564,769; broom-corn, 8,475 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 19,776 tons; clover hay, 3,599; potatoes, 120,664 bushels; tobacco, 314,475 lbs.; butter, 681,224; cheese, 4,815; sorghum, 14,032 gallons; maple sugar, 1,043 lbs.; honey, 6,837; eggs, 916,793 dozen; grapes, 22,040 lbs.; wine, 882 gallons; sweet potatoes, 26,439 bushels; apples, 9,726; peaches, 3,946; pears, 926; wool, 445,771 lbs.; milch cows owned, 7,825. Ohio Mining Statistics, 1888: Coal, 2,432 tons, employing 15 miners. School census, 1888, 14,140; teachers, 394. Miles of railroad track, 88.

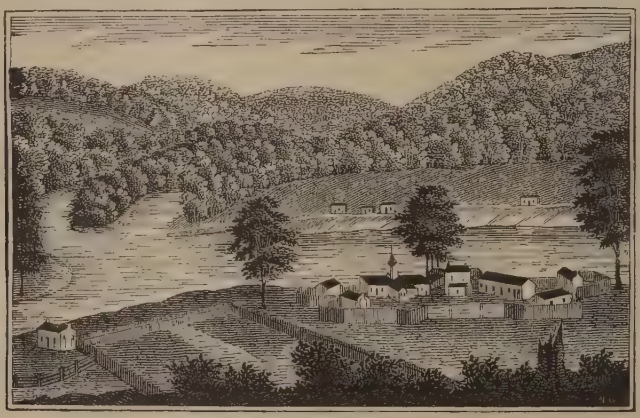
TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Adams,	791	1,856	Ludlow,	539	1,375
Aurelius,	886	999	Marietta,	2,689	8,830
Barlow,	880	1,200	Muskingum,		
Belpre,	1,296	2,636	Newport,	1,678	2,548
Decatur,	439	1,504	Palmer,		591
Dunham,		900	Roxbury,	1,225	
Fairfield,		731	Salem,	881	1,638
Fearing,	1,019	1,275	Union,	888	
Grand View,	514	2,663	Warren,	931	1,903
Independence,	335	1,792	Waterford,	1,166	2,128
Jolly,	582		Watertown,	1,128	1,894
Lawrence,	571	2,335	Wesley,	991	1,482
Liberty,	515	1,614			

Population of Washington in 1820 was 10,425; 1830, 11,731; 1840, 20,694; 1860, 36,268; 1880, 43,244: of whom 35,103 were born in Ohio; 1,549, Pennsylvania; 1,115, Virginia; 319, New York; 100, Indiana; 75, Kentucky; 2,002, German Empire; 515, Ireland; 216, England and Wales; 177, Scotland; 36 British America; 31, France; and 5, Norway and Sweden. Census, 1890, 42,380.

This county was the first settled in Ohio and under the auspices of the New England Ohio Company. Its earliest settlers were from New England, the descendants of whom constitute the largest part of its present population.

The Erection of Fort Harmar.

In the autumn of 1785 a detachment of United States troops, under the command of Maj. John Doughty, commenced the erection, and the next year completed Fort Harmar, on the right bank of the Muskingum, at its junction with the Ohio. It was named in honor of Col. Josiah Harmar, to whose regiment Maj. Doughty was attached. It was the first military post erected by Americans within the limits of Ohio, excepting Fort Laurens, built in 1778, near the



Fort Harmar.

present Bolivar, Tuscarawas county. The outlines of the fort formed a regular pentagon, embracing within the area about three-quarters of an acre. Its walls were formed of large horizontal timbers, and the bastions of large upright timbers, of about fourteen feet in height, fastened to each other by strips of timber tree-nailed into each picket. In its rear Maj. Doughty laid out fine gardens. It continued to be occupied by United States troops until September, 1790, when they were ordered to Cincinnati. A company under Captain Haskell continued to make the fort their head-quarters during the Indian war, sending out occasionally small detachments to assist the colonists at Marietta, Belpre and Waterford, in guarding their garrisons against the Indians. The barracks and houses not needed for the accommodation of the troops were occupied by the inhabitants living at Marietta, on the opposite side of the Muskingum.

In the autumn of 1787 the directors of the Ohio Company organized in New England, preparatory to a settlement. Upon the 23d of November they made arrangements for a party of 47 men to set forward under the superintendence of Gen. Rufus Putnam; and not long after, in the course of the winter, they started on their toilsome journey. Some of these, as well as most of those who followed them to the colony, had served in the war of the revolution, either as officers or soldiers, being men who had spent the prime of their lives in the struggle for liberty.

"During the winter of 1787–8 these men were pressing on over the Alleghanies by the old Indian path which had been opened into Braddock's road, and which has since been followed by the national turnpike from Cumberland westward. Through the dreary winter days they trudged on, and by April were all

gathered on the Yohiogany, where boats had been built, and started for the Muskingum. On the seventh of April they landed at the spot chosen, and became the founders of Ohio, unless we regard as such the Moravian missionaries.

"As St. Clair, who had been appointed governor the preceding October, had not yet arrived, it became necessary to erect a temporary government for their internal security; for which purpose a set of laws was passed, and published by being nailed to a tree in the village, and Return Jonathan Meigs was appointed to administer them. It is a strong evidence of the good habits of the people of the colony that during three months but one difference occurred, and that was compromised. Indeed, a better set of men altogether could scarce have been selected for the purpose than Putnam's little band. Washington might well say, 'no colony in America was ever settled under such favorable auspices as that which was first commenced at the Muskingum. Information, property and strength, will be its characteristics. I know many of the settlers personally, and there never were men better calculated to promote the welfare of such a community.'

"On the second of July a meeting of the directors and agents was held on the banks of the Muskingum, for the purpose of naming the new-born city and its public squares. As the settlement had been merely 'The Muskingum,' the name Marietta was now formally given to it, in honor of Marie Antoinette.

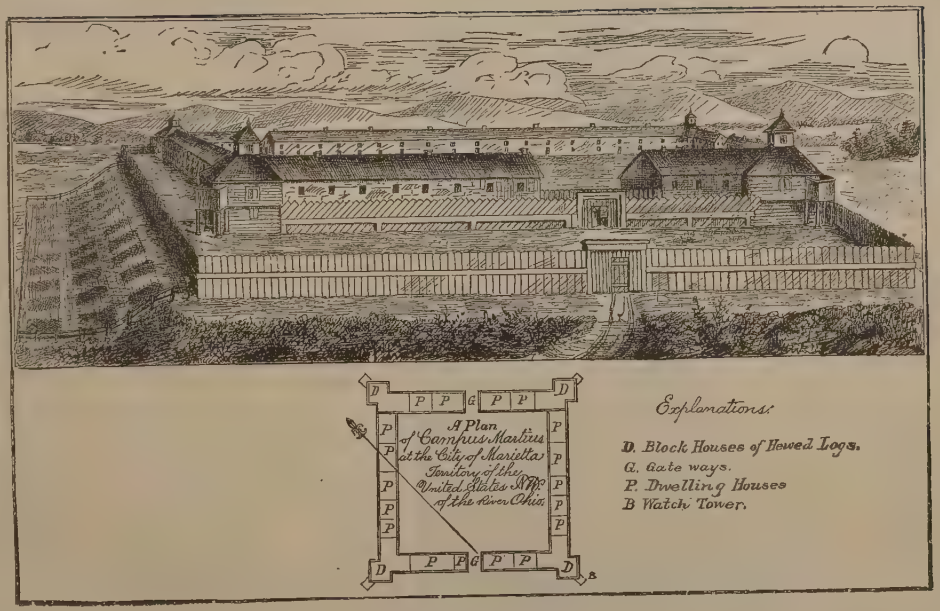
"On the fourth of July an oration was delivered by James M. Varnum, who, with S. H. Parsons and John Armstrong, had been appointed to the judicial bench of the territory, on the 16th of October, 1787. Five days later the governor arrived and the colony began to assume form. The ordinance of 1787 provided two district grades of government for the northwest territory, under the first of which the whole power was in the hands of the governor and three judges, and this form was at once organized upon the governor's arrival. The first law, which was 'for regulating and establishing the militia,' was published upon the 25th of July; and the next day appeared the governor's proclamation, erecting all the country that had been ceded by the Indians east of the Scioto river into the county of Washington.

"From that time forward, notwithstanding the doubt yet existing as to the Indians, all at Marietta went on prosperously and pleasantly. On the second of September, the first court was held, with becoming ceremonies," which was the first civil court ever convened in the territory northwest of the Ohio.

"The procession was formed at the Point (where most of the settlers resided), in the following order:—1st, The high sheriff, with his drawn sword; 2d, the citizens; 3d, the officers of the garrison at Fort Harmar; 4th, the members of the bar; 5th, the supreme judges; 6th, the governor and clergyman; 7th, the newly appointed judges of the court of common pleas, Generals Rufus Putnam and Benj. Tupper.

"They marched up a path that had been cut and cleared through the forest to Campus Martius Hall (stockade), where the whole counter-marched, and the judges (Putnam and Tupper) took their seats. The clergyman, Rev. Dr. Cutler, then invoked the divine blessing. The sheriff, Col. Ebenezer Sproat (one of nature's nobles), proclaimed with his solemn 'O yes,' that a court is opened for the administration of even-handed justice to the poor and the rich, to the guilty and the innocent, without respect of persons: none to be punished without a trial by their peers, and then in pursuance of the laws and evidence in the case. Although this scene was exhibited thus early in the settlement of the State, few ever equalled it in the dignity and exalted character of its principal participators. Many of them belong to the history of our country, in the darkest as well as most splendid periods of the revolutionary war. To witness this spectacle, a large body of Indians was collected, from the most powerful tribes then occupying the almost entire west. They had assembled for the purpose of making a treaty. Whether any of them entered the hall of justice, or what were their impressions, we are not told."

"The progress of the settlement [says a letter from the Muskingum] is sufficiently rapid for the first year. We are continually erecting houses, but arrivals are faster than we can possibly provide convenient covering. Our first ball was opened about the middle of December, at which were fifteen ladies, as well accomplished in the manners of polite circles as any I have ever seen in the old



PLAN OF CAMPUS MARTIUS.

States. I mention this to show the progress of society in this new world; where, I believe, we shall vie with, if not excel, the old States, in every accomplishment necessary to render life agreeable and happy."

CAMPUS MARTIUS.

Soon after the landing, preparations were made to build the stockaded fort, *Campus Martius*, to which allusion has already been made; and although it was begun in the course of that year, it was not entirely completed with palisades and outworks, or bastions, until the winter of 1791.

The walls formed a regular parallelogram, the sides of which were 180 feet each. At each corner was erected a strong block-house, surmounted by a tower and sentry box. These houses were 20 feet square below and 24 feet above, and projected 6 feet beyond the curtains, or main walls of the fort. The intermediate curtains were built up with dwelling-houses, made of wood, whip-sawed into timbers four inches thick, and of the requisite width and length. These were laid up similar to the structure of log-houses, with the ends nicely dove-tailed or fitted together so as to make a neat finish. The whole were two stories high, and covered with good shingle roofs. Convenient chimneys were erected of bricks, for cooking and warming the rooms. A number of the dwelling houses were built and owned by private individuals, who had families. In the west and south fronts were strong gateways; and over that, in the centre of the front looking to the Muskingum river, was a belfry. The chamber underneath was occupied by the Hon. Winthrop Sargent, as an office, he being secretary to the governor of the N. W. Territory, General St. Clair, and performing the duties of governor in his absence. This room projected over the gateway, like a block-house, and was intended for the protection of the gate beneath in time of an assault.

At the outer corner of each block-house was erected a bastion, standing on four stout timbers. The floor of the bastion was a little above the lower story of the block-house. They were square, and built up with thick planks to the height of a man's head, so that when he looked over he stepped on a narrow platform, or "banquet," running round the sides of the bulwark. Port-holes were made for musketry, as well as for artillery, a single piece of which was mounted in the southwest and northeast bastions. In these the sentries were regularly posted every night, as more convenient of access than the towers; a door leading into them from the upper story of the block-houses. The lower room of the southwest block-house was occupied for a guard-house. Running from corner to corner of the block-houses was a row of palisades, sloping outwards, and resting on stout rails. Twenty feet in advance of these was a row of very strong and large pickets, set upright in the earth.

Gateways through these admitted the inmates of the garrison. A few feet beyond the outer palisades was placed a row of abatis, made from the tops and branches of trees, sharpened and pointing outwards, so that it would have been very difficult for an enemy to have penetrated even within their outworks. The dwelling houses occupied a space from 15 to 30 feet each, and were sufficient for the accommodation of forty or fifty families, and did actually contain from 200 to 300 persons, men, women and children, during the Indian war.

Before the Indians commenced hostilities, the block-houses were occupied as follows:— the southwest one by the family of Gov. St. Clair; the northwest one for public worship and holding of courts. The southeast block-house was occupied by private families; and the northeast as an office for the accommodation of the directors of the company. The area within the walls was 144 feet square, and afforded a fine parade-ground. In the centre was a well, 80 feet in depth, for the supply of water to the inhabitants in case of a siege. A large sun-dial stood for many years in the square, placed on a handsome post, and gave note of the march of time. It is still preserved as a relic of the old garrison.

After the war commenced, a regular military corps was organized, and a guard constantly kept night and day. The whole establishment formed a very strong work, and reflected great credit on the head that planned it. It was in a manner impregnable to the attacks of Indians, and none but a regular army with cannon could have reduced it. It is true, that the heights across the Muskingum commanded and looked down upon the defences of the fort; but there was no enemy in a condition to take possession of this advantage.

The garrison stood on the verge of that beautiful plain on the east side of and overlooking the Muskingum, on which are seated those celebrated remains of antiquity; and erected probably for a similar purpose, the defence of the inhabitants. The ground descends into shallow ravines on the north and south sides; on the west is an abrupt descent to the river bottoms, or alluvions; and the east passed out on to the level plain. On this the ground was cleared of trees beyond the reach of rifle shots, so as to afford no shelter to a hidden foe. Extensive fields of corn were growing in the midst of the standing girdled trees beyond. The front wall of the garrison was about 150 yards from the

Muskingum river. The appearance of the fort from without was grand and imposing; at a little distance resembling one of the military palaces or castles of the feudal ages. Between the outer palisades and the river were laid out neat gardens for the use of Gov. St. Clair and his secretary, with the officers of the company.

Opposite the fort, on the shore of the river, was built a substantial timber wharf, at which was moored a fine cedar barge for twelve rowers, built by Capt. Jonathan Devoll, for Gen. Putnam; a number of pirogues, and the light canoes of the country; and last, not least, "the *May-Flower*," or "*Adventure Galley*," in which the first detachment of colonists were transported from the shores of the Yohiogany to the banks of the Muskingum. In these, especially the canoes, during the war, most of the communications were carried on between the settlements of the company and the more remote towns above on the Ohio river. Travelling by land was very hazardous to any but the rangers or spies. There were no roads nor bridges across the creeks, and for many years after the war had ceased the travelling was nearly all done by canoes on the rivers.

The names of the first forty-eight settlers at MARIETTA are, General Rufus Putnam, superintendent of the colony; Colonels Ebenezer Sproat, Return J. Meigs, and Major Anselm Tupper and John Mathews, surveyors; Major Haffield White, steward and quartermaster; Captains Jonathan Devol, Josiah Munro, Daniel Davis, Peregrine Foster, Jethro Putnam, William Gray and Ezekiel Cooper; Jabez Barlow, Daniel Bushnell, Phineas Coburn, Ebenezer Cory, Samuel Cushing, Jervis Cutler, Israel Danton, Jonas Davis, Allen Devol, Gilbert Devol, Jr., Isaac Dodge, Oliver Dodge, Samuel Felshaw, Hezekiah Flint, Hezekiah Flint, Jr., John Gardner, Benjamin Griswold, Elizur Kirtland, Theophilus Learned, Joseph Lincoln, Simeon Martin, William Mason, Henry Maxon, William Miller, Edmund Moulton, William Moulton, Amos Porter, Allen Putnam, Benjamin Shaw, Earl Sproat, David Wallis, Joseph Wells, Josiah White, Peletiah White, Josiah Whitridge.

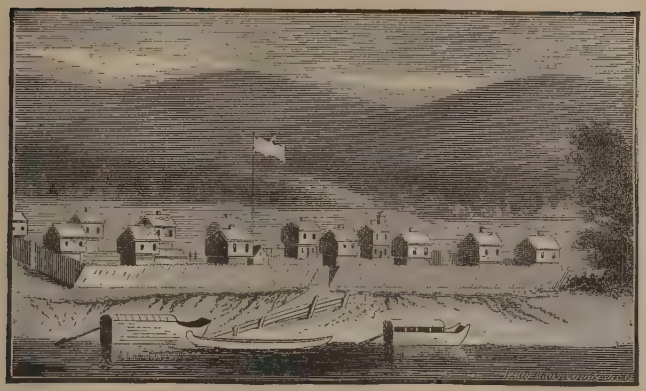
Other settlers who came the first season to Marietta, as far as recollected, were as follows:

Of the *agents*, were Winthrop Sargeant, secretary of the territory, Judges Parsons and Varnum of the settlers, Capt. Dana, Joseph Barker, Col. Battelle, Major Tyler, Dr. True, Capt. Lunt, the Bridges, Thomas Cory, Andrew M'Clure, Thomas Lord, Wm. Gridley, Moody, Russels, Deavens, Oakes, Wright, Clough, Green, Shipman, Dorrance, the Maxons, Wells, etc. The first boat of families arrived on the 19th of August, in the same season, consisting of Gen. Tupper's, Col. Ichabod Nye's, Col. Cushing's, Major Coburn's, and Major Goodale's.

In the spring of 1789 settlements were pushed out to Belpre, Waterford, and Duck creek, where they began to clear and plant the land, build houses and stockades. Among the first settlers at WATERFORD were Benjamin Convers, Gilbert Devol, sen., Phineas Coburn, Wm. Gray, Col. Robert Oliver, Major Haffield White, Andrew Story, Samuel Cushing, John Dodge, Allen and Gideon Devol, George, William, and David Wilson, Joshua Sprague, with his sons William and Jonathan, Capt. D. Davis, Phineas Coburn, Andrew Webster, Eben Ayres, Dr. Farley, David Brown, A. Kelly, James and Daniel Convers.

At Belpre (the French for "beautiful meadow") were three stockades, the upper, lower, and middle; the last of which was called "farmer's castle," which stood on the banks of the Ohio, nearly, if not quite, opposite the beautiful island, since known as "Blannerhasset's," the scene of "Burr's conspiracy." Among the persons at the upper were Capt. Dana, Capt. Stone, Col. Bent, Wm. Browning, Judge Foster, John Rowse, Mr. Keppel, Israel Stone. At farmer's castle were Col. Cushing, Major Haskel, Aaron Waldo Putnam, Col. Fisher, Mr. Sparhawk, and it is believed George and Israel Putnam, jr. At the lower were Major Goodale, Col. Rice, Esq. Pierce, Judge Israel Loring, Deacon Miles, Major Bradford, and Mr. Goodenow. In the summer of 1789 Col. Ichabod Nye and some others built a block-house at Newberry, below Belpre. Mr. Nye sold his lot there to Aaron N. Clough, who, with Stephen Guthrie, Jos. Leavins, Joel Oakes, Eleazer Curtis, Mr. Denham, J. Littleton, and a Mr. Brown, were located at that place during the subsequent Indian war.

Every exertion possible for men in these circumstances was made to secure food and prepare for future difficulties. Col. Oliver, Major Haffield White, and John Dodge, of the Waterford settlement, began mills on Wolf creek, about three miles from the fort, and got them running; and these, the first mills in Ohio, were never destroyed during the subsequent Indian war, though the proprietors removed their families to the fort at Marietta. Col. E. Sproat and Enoch Shephard began mills on *Duck creek*, three miles from Marietta, from the completion of which they were driven by the Indian war. Thomas Stanley began mills higher up, near the Duck Creek settlement; these were likewise unfinished. The Ohio Company built a large horse mill near Campus Martius, and soon after, a floating mill.



FARMER'S CASTLE (BELPRE), 1791.

Belpre, 12 miles below Marietta, was the next place settled after it. The garrison was under military discipline, and religious services and schools were at once established. Over two hundred men, women and children lived in Farmer's Castle and in Goodale and Stone's garrisons, two smaller defences on either side of the castle.

Nye's Reminiscences.—During the Indian war, which soon succeeded the first settlements, the inhabitants suffered much for the necessaries of life. Although some of the settlers were killed, and others carried into captivity, yet the massacre at Big Bottom (see Morgan County) was the most alarming event. The escape of the settlers from greater suffering from this source was owing to the strong fortifications erected, and the admirable judgment and foresight they displayed in taking precautions against danger. Among the incidents connected with the troubles with the Indians, to which we have barely space to allude, was the

FORT FRYE, WATERFORD, 1792.

taking prisoner at Waterford of Daniel Convers (then a lad of 16, now (1846) of Zanesville), who was carried to Detroit; the murder of Warth while at work near Fort Harmar; the taking prisoner of Major Goodale, of Belpre, who was, it is supposed, murdered; the death of Capt. Rogers, who was out with Mr. Henderson, as a spy, and was killed near the Muskingum, about a mile from Marietta; the death of a Mr. Waterman, near Waterford, and the narrow escape of Return

J. Meigs, into Fort Harmar, by his fleetness of foot while pursued by the enemy. On the other hand retaliation was in a measure inflicted upon the Indians, and among those most active in this duty was Hamilton Carr, a man eminently distinguished as an Indian hunter and spy.

During the war a stockade was erected near the mouth of Olive Green creek, above Waterford, which became the frontier garrison, and had in it about seven or eight men and boys able to bear arms, called Fort Frye. Just before Wayne's victory, Aug. 4, 1794, they lost one man, a Mr. Abel Sherman, who went into the woods incautiously, and was killed by the Indians. A tombstone with a scalped head rudely carved upon it marks the spot where he lies.

Among the inmates of this garrison was Geo. Ewing, Esq., father of the Hon. Thos. Ewing. His fortune and history were similar to that of many of the revolutionary officers who emigrated to the West at that early day. He inherited a handsome patrimony and sold it, investing the proceeds in bonds and mortgages, and entered the continental army as a subaltern officer in 1775, he being then but little over twenty-one years of age. He continued to serve, with a few short intermissions, during the war. When the bonds fell due, they were paid in continental money, which, proving worthless, reduced him to poverty. In 1785 he migrated to the West, and remained on the Virginia side of the Ohio until 1792, when he crossed over and settled at Olive Green.

From the communication of one of the early settlers at Olive Green we annex some facts respecting their privations and the discovery of a salt well.

The inhabitants had among them but few of what we consider the necessaries and conveniences of life. Brittle wares, such as earthen and glass, were wholly unknown, and but little of the manufactures of steel and iron, both of which were exceedingly dear. Iron and salt were procured in exchange for ginseng and peltry, and carried on pack horses from Ft. Cumberland or Chambersburg. It was no uncommon thing for the garrison to be wholly without salt for months, subsisting upon fresh meat, milk and vegetables, and bread made of corn pounded in a mortar—they did not yet indulge in the luxury of the hand-mill.

There had been an opinion, founded upon the information of the Indians, that there were salt springs in the neighborhood, but the spot was carefully concealed. Shortly after Wayne's victory, in 1794, and after the inhabitants had left the garrison and gone to their farms, a white man, who had been long a prisoner with the Indians, was released and returned to the settlements. He stopped at Olive Green, and there gave an account of the salt springs, and directions for finding them. A party was immediately formed (of whom George Ewing, Jr., then a lad of 17, was one), who, after an absence of seven or eight days, returned, to the great joy of the inhabitants, with about a gallon of salt, which they had made in their camp kettle. This was, as I think, in August, 1795. A supply, though a very small one, was made there that season for the use of the frontier settlement.

Whether this salt spring was earlier known to the whites I am unable to say. It may have been so to spies and explorers, and perhaps to the early missionaries; but this was the first discovery which was made available to the people.

Marietta in 1846.—Marietta, the county-seat, and the oldest town in Ohio, is on the left bank of the Muskingum, at its confluence with the Ohio, 104 miles southeast of Columbus. It is built principally upon a level plot of ground, in the midst of most beautiful scenery. Many of the dwellings are constructed with great neatness, and embellished with handsome door-yards and highly cultivated gardens. Its inhabitants are mostly of New England descent, and there are few places in our country that can compare with this in point of morality and intelligence—but few of its size with so many cultivated and literary men. Marietta contains 1 Presbyterian, 1 Episcopal, 1 Baptist, 1 Methodist, 1 German Methodist, 1 Universalist and 1 Catholic church; a male and female academy, in excellent repute; a college, 2 public libraries, 1 bank, 1 or 2 printing offices, a variety of mechanical and manufacturing establishments, about 20 mercantile stores, and in 1840 had a population of 1814. Ship-building, which was carried on very extensively at an early day, and then for a season abandoned, has again been commenced, and is now actively prosecuted. From the year 1800 to 1807 the

business was very thriving. Com. Abm. Whipple, a veteran of the revolution, conducted the one first built, the St. Clair, to the ocean.—*Old Edition.*

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

MARIETTA COLLEGE.

At that time Marietta was made "a port of clearance," from which vessels could receive regular papers for a foreign country. "This circumstance was the cause of a curious incident, which took place in the year 1806 or 1807. A ship, built at Marietta, cleared from that port with a cargo of pork, flour, etc., for New Orleans. From thence she sailed to England with a load of cotton, and being chartered to take a cargo to St. Petersburg, the Americans being at that time carriers for half the world, reached that port in safety. Her papers being examined by a naval officer, and dating from the port of Marietta, Ohio, she was seized upon the plea of their being a forgery, as no such port was known in the civilized world. With considerable difficulty the captain procured a map of the United States, and pointing with his finger to the mouth of the Mississippi, traced the course of that stream to the mouth of the Ohio; from thence he led the astonished and admiring naval officer along the devious track of the latter river to the port of Marietta, at the mouth of the Muskingum, from whence he had taken his departure. This explanation was entirely satisfactory, and the American was dismissed with every token of regard and respect."

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

MARIETTA, FROM THE WEST VIRGINIA SHORE.

Marietta College was chartered in 1835. It was mainly established with a view to meet demands in the West for competent teachers and ministers of the

gospel. The institution ranks high among others of the kind, and its officers of instruction are such as to merit the confidence of the enlightened patrons of thorough education. A new college edifice has lately been reared, and from the indications given, the prospects of the institution for a generous patronage are highly auspicious. The catalogue for 1846–7 gives the whole number of students at 177, of whom 60 were undergraduates, and 117 in the preparatory academy. The officers are Henry Smith, M. A., president; John Kendrick, M. A., J. Ward Andrews, M. A., and Hiram Bingham, M. A., professors; Samuel Maxwell, M. A., principal of the academy, and Geo. A. Rosseter, M. A., tutor.—*Old Edition.*

The first president was Rev. Dr. Joel H. Lindsey, from 1835 to 1846; then Rev. Dr. Henry Smith, until 1855. He was succeeded by Rev. Dr. J. W. Andrews, who held the office until 1885, when Hon. John Eaton succeeded him.

From its beginning the college has been doing a beneficent work. The following copy of a letter from the late Rev. Dr. Andrews, ex-president, to Henry Howe is in point:

MARIETTA COLLEGE, O., June 4, 1887.

Dear Sir: At the request of President Eaton, the following names of some of the more eminent of the graduates of Marietta College are sent to you. As your request had reference to what the college has accomplished, the list includes a few who are not now living.

JOSEPH PERKINS, Esq., late of Cleveland, an eminent citizen and philanthropist as well as a man of business. He was one whom all men delighted to honor. REV. JOSEPH F. TUTTLE, D. D., LL. D., President of Wabash College, and Trustee of Lane Theological Seminary.

Professor EBENEZER B. ANDREWS, LL. D., for many years Professor of Geology in the college, and afterwards one of the State Geological Corps.

Rev. GEORGE M. MAXWELL, D. D., since 1865 a Trustee of the College, and for many years President of the Trustees of Lane Seminary.

Professor GEORGE R. ROSSETER, LL. D., from 1868 till his death in 1882 Professor of Mathematics in the college. Gen. WILLARD WARNER, LL. D., a distinguished officer in the Union army, a former Senator of the United States from Alabama, and an eminent and successful manufacturer. Rev. ALOAN H. WASHBURN, D. D., a distinguished clergyman of Cleveland, who lost his life at the Ashtabula disaster. Hon. JOSEPH G. WILSON, LL. D., one of the Supreme Judges of Oregon, and member-elect of Congress at the time of his death in 1873. Hon. WILLIAM IRWIN, LL. D., late Governor of California. Professor GEORGE H. HOWISON, LL. D., Professor of Metaphysics in the University of California. Hon. MARTIN D. FOLLETT, one of the Supreme Judges of Ohio, and a Trustee of Marietta College since 1871.

Hon. ALFRED T. GOSHORN, LL. D., Director-General of the National Centennial Exposition of 1876, and Trustee of the College. Hon. JOHN F. FOLLETT, LL. D., a lawyer of Cincinnati, and late Member of Congress. Rev. JOHN H. SHEDD, D. D., missionary to Persia. Gen. BENJAMIN D. FEARING, a distinguished officer in the Union army. Professor DAVID E. BEACH, D. D., Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy at Marietta. Professor JOHN N. LYLE, Ph. D., Professor of Mathematics in Westminster College, Mo. Gen. RUFUS R. DAWES, an eminent officer in the army, late Member of Congress, and Trustee of the College since 1871. Professor WILLIAM G. BALLANTINE, D. D., Professor of Old Testament Language and Literature, Oberlin Theological Seminary. Doctor LEONARD WALDO, Astronomer at the Yale Observatory.

Professor OSCAR H. MITCHELL, Ph. D., Professor of Mathematics at Marietta.

Yours truly,

J. W. ANDREWS.

HENRY HOWE, Esq.

MARIETTA, county-seat of Washington, is on the Ohio river, at the mouth of the Muskingum river, about ninety miles southeast of Columbus, 206 miles east of Cincinnati, at the termini of the C. W. & B., C. & M. and M. C. & N. Railroads. It is the seat of Marietta College.

County Officers, 1888: Auditor, David H. Merill; Clerk, Wesley G. Barthalow; Commissioners, J. Warren Thornily, Thomas Fleming, Mason Gorby; Coroner, John J. Neuer; Infirmary Directors, William T. Harness, James F. Briggs; Robert T. Miller, Jr.; Probate Judge, William H. Leeper; Prosecuting Attorney, John W. McCormick; Recorder, John W. Steele; Sheriff, Arthur B. Little; Surveyor, William Eldridge; Treasurer, Thomas J. Connor. City

Officers, 1888: Sidney Ridgway, Mayor; George Weiser, Clerk; Charles Connor, Treasurer; Jacob H. Dye, Marshal; John M. Hook, Street Commissioner. Newspapers: *Register*, Republican, E. R. Alderman & Sons, editors and publishers; *Leader*, Republican, T. F. Davis, editor and publisher; *Times*, Democratic, Samuel McMillen, editor and publisher; *Yankee Trader*, A. L. Rider, editor and publisher; *Marietta College Olio*, Societies of Marietta College, publishers. Churches: 1 Protestant Episcopal, 1 Presbyterian, 2 Congregational, 2 Methodist Episcopal, 2 Evangelist, 1 Baptist, 1 Catholic, 1 United Brethren, and 1 Unitarian. Banks: Dime Savings Society, Jewett Palmer, president, C. H. Newton, treasurer; First National, Beman Gates, president, E. M. Booth, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—Marietta *Register*, printing, etc., 15; Jacob Brand & Co., oak harness leather, 6; A. T. Nye & Son, stoves, etc., 41; Phœnix Milling Co., flour and feed, 17; Marietta Chair Co., chairs, 465; Smith & Foreman, doors, sash, etc., 6; Marietta Chair Co., chair material, 36; Strauss, Elston & Co., flour, etc., 6.—*State Report, 1888.*

Population in 1880, 5,444. School census, 1888, 1,725; Charles K. Wells, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, $488,500. Value of annual product, $657,500.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887.* Census, 1890, 10,050. This census includes the population of Harmar, which was annexed to Marietta in June of 1890, and then had 1,777 people.

Marietta has to-day much the appearance of an old-time New England town. The residences are largely single dwellings on streets very broad and well shaded with elms and maples, while the grounds, public and private, are well kept. Gardens abound with fruits and flowers, and everything about the place illustrates thrift, comfort and intelligence. It is, we think, the best shaded town in the State. The view on an adjoining page well represents its position. It was taken from the high hill in Harmar on the west bank of the Muskingum, and is looking across the stream east and showing the Ohio in the distance. The Muskingum here is not far from two hundred yards wide. It falls into the Ohio by a dam of about eleven feet, and two bridges cross it, the lower a railroad bridge. The river joining this county is dotted with a line of nine small but beautiful and fertile islands, some of these of sufficient size for fine farms and gardens. One, and very beautiful it is, is just above the city, and twelve miles below is the historic Blennerhassett just below Parkersburg. The beauty of the river scenery with its embosoming islands, whose dense foliage often in the June freshets hangs over laving in the passing waters, was a pleasing sight to the early settlers, unlike anything within their previous experience.

The business part of Marietta is along the Muskingum, or below the upper bridge to its junction with the Ohio, which from an early day has been called "the Point," where the first houses were erected. Campus Martius was three quarters of a mile inland from the Point up the Muskingum. It was originally connected with the Point by a narrow winding path through the forest, with substantial bridges crossing the rivulet that still intersect the lower part of the city. The ancient works, of which a picture is shown, are on the second plateau from the Muskingum. They are above the back of the dwellings, which last are largely on the gently sloping ground between the two levels. The general business of the city is in supplying the wants of a rich agricultural region of diversified productions. A marked feature around the place are the noble orchards that greet the eye on the hillsides and rolling grounds.

THE ANCIENT WORKS.

The ancient works at Marietta, which, although not more remarkable than others in the State, and not as extensive as some, are more generally known from having been so frequently described and alluded to by travellers. The description which follows is from Harris's Tour, and the engraved plan from the Arch-

æologia Americana of Caleb Atwater. They have been largely obliterated, but still enough remains to interest the visitor:

"The situation of these works is on an elevated plain, above the present bank of the Muskingum, on the east side, and about half a mile from its junction with the Ohio. They consist of walls and mounds of earth, in direct lines, and in square and circular forms.

"The largest square fort, by some called the town, contains forty acres, encompassed by a wall of earth from six to ten feet high, and from twenty-five to thirty-six feet in breadth at the base. On each side are three openings, at equal distances, resembling twelve gateways. The entrances at the middle are the largest, particularly on the side next to the Muskingum. From this outlet is a covert way, formed of two parallel walls of earth, 231 feet distant from each other,

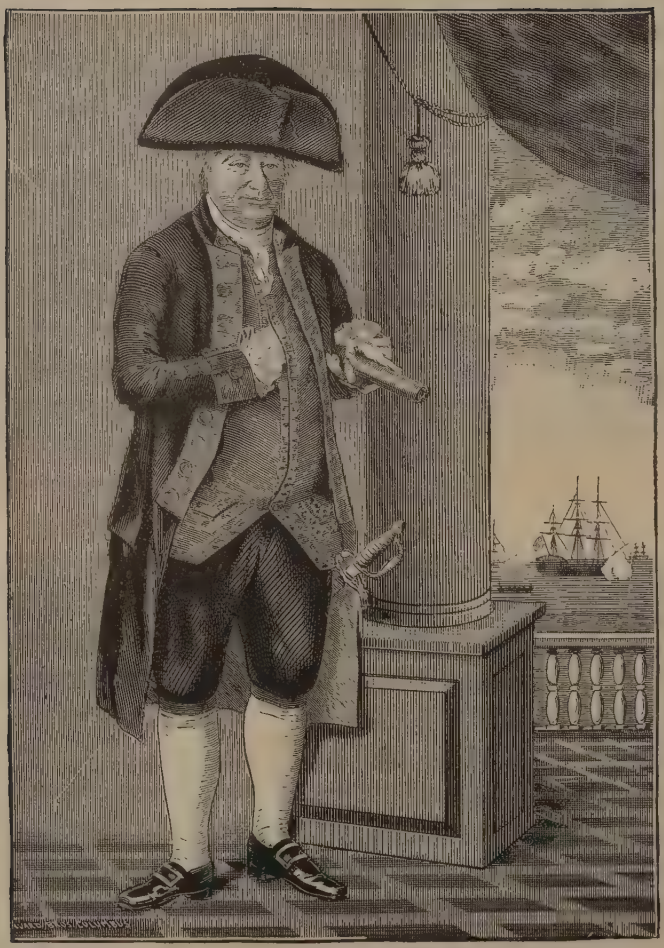
ANCIENT WORKS, MARIETTA.

measuring from centre to centre. The walls at the most elevated part, on the inside, are twenty-one feet in height, and forty-two in breadth at the base; but on the outside average only five feet in height. This forms a passage of about 360 feet in length, leading by a gradual descent to the low grounds, where, at the time of its construction, it probably reached the river. Its walls commence at sixty feet from the ramparts of the fort, and increase in elevation as the way descends towards the river; and the bottom is crowned in the centre, in the manner of a well-founded turnpike road.

"Within the walls of the fort, at the northwest corner, is an oblong elevated square, 188 feet long, 132 broad, and 9 feet high; level on the summit, and nearly perpendicular at the sides. At the centre of each of the sides the earth is projected, forming gradual ascents to the top, equally regular, and about six feet in width. Near the south wall is another elevated square, 150 feet by 120, and eight feet high, similar to the other, excepting that instead of an ascent to go up

SITE OF MARIETTA AND HARMAR, 1788.

SITE OF MARIETTA AND HARMAR, 1888.



COMMODORE ABRAHAM WHIPPLE.

on the side next the wall, there is a hollow way ten feet wide, leading twenty feet towards the centre, and then rising with a gradual slope to the top. At the southeast corner is a third elevated square, 108 by 54 feet, with ascents at the ends, but not so high nor perfect as the two others. A little to the southwest of the centre of the fort is a circular mound, about thirty feet in diameter and five feet high, near which are four small excavations at equal distances, and opposite each other. At the southwest corner of the fort is a semi-circular parapet, crowned with a mound, which guards the opening in the wall. Towards the southeast is a smaller fort, containing twenty acres, with a gateway in the centre of each side and at each corner. These gateways are defended by circular mounds.

"On the outside of the smaller fort is a mound [shown in the engraving] in form of a sugar-loaf, of a magnitude and height which strike the beholder with

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

THE MOUND AT MARIETTA.

astonishment. Its base is a regular circle, 115 feet in diameter; its perpendicular altitude is thirty feet. It is surrounded by a ditch four feet deep and fifteen feet wide, and defended by a parapet four feet high, through which is a gateway towards the fort twenty feet in width."

THE MOUND CEMETERY.

The early settlers at Marietta established a graveyard around their now famed mound; also another at Harmar. It is one of the most interesting spots of the kind in the country. Here lie the remains of many of the eminent characters who laid the foundations of the commonwealth. In 1846, when I first saw it, there were comparatively few memorials; now it is thickly studded with them.

On Thursday, May 12, 1886, I copied those here printed. The most imposing monument is that of Rufus Putnam. It is a noble structure of Quincy granite, of massive simplicity, and worthy of the character whose memory it commemorates:

GEN. RUFUS PUTNAM, a revolutionary officer, and the leader of the colony which made the first settlement in the Territory of the Northwest at Marietta, April 7, 1788. Born April 9, 1738. Died May 24, 1824.

Here lies the body of his Excellency RETURN JONATHAN MEIGS, who was born at Middletown, Connecticut, November, 1766, and died at Marietta, March 29, 1825.

For many years his time and talents were devoted to the service of his country. He successfully filled the distinguished places of Judge of the Territory northwest of the Ohio, Judge of the Supreme Court of the State of Ohio, Senator in the Congress of the United States, Governor of the State of Ohio, and Postmaster-General of the United States.

To the honored and revered memory of an

ardent patriot, a practical statesman, an enlightened scholar, a dutiful son, an indulgent father, an affectionate husband, this monument is erected by his mourning widow, Sophia Meigs.

In memory of Rev. DANIEL STORY, died at Marietta, Dec. 30, 1804, aged 49 years.

A native of Boston, Mass., graduated at Dartmouth College. He was the first minister of Christ who came to labor in the vast field known as the Northwest Territory, excepting the Moravian missionaries. Came to Marietta in 1789, as a religious teacher under an arrangement with the Ohio Company. Accepted a call from the Congregational church, and was ordained as their first pastor at Hamilton, Mass., Aug. 15, 1798. Erected by a relative of Dr. Story in Mass., 1878.

The following is on a large fine-grained sandstone slab mounted horizontally on six pillars:

In memory of Capt. NATHANIEL SALTONSTALL. Born in New London, Conn., A. D. 1727; died A. D. 1807.

Was first commandant Fort Trumbull. During the Revolution he commanded the Warren frigate and ship Putnam, but was not commodore of the fleet burned at Penobscot. Also, Lucretia Lattimore, wife of the above. Born 1737; died 1824. And two children, Polly and John.

This was a tall marble monument with the insignia, a broken sword, left in full relief. The inscription is upon its spiral and shaft:

"In honor of Col. JESSE HILDEBRAND, of the 77th Regt. O. V. I. Born at Cold Springs, Indian Reservation, on the Alleghany river, May 29, 1800. Died in the service at Alton, Ill., April 18, 1863. A kind husband and father, a patriot and soldier. His life was given that our nation might live. 'Lord, thy will be done,' his dying words."

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

COMMODORE ABRAHAM WHIPPLE

whose naval skill and courage will ever remain

THE PRIDE AND BOAST OF HIS COUNTRY

In the Revolution he was

THE FIRST ON THE SEAS

To hurl defiance at proud Britain. Gallantly leading the way to wrest from the mistress of the ocean her sceptre, and there to wave the star spangled banner. He also conducted to the sea the first square-rigged vessel* built on the Ohio, opening to commerce resources beyond calculation.

Born, Sept. 26, A. D. 1733.

Died, May 27, A. D. 1819.

Aged 85 years.

Erected by Nathan Ward, 1859.

This is the second stone erected to Commodore Whipple. The inscription is copied from that on the first stone. The author is unknown; but it is an illustration of the grandiloquent in grave-yard literature common seventy years ago.

Hildebrand was a man of local note, at one time county sheriff and also an extensive mail contractor. He was in person large and imposing and fond of military matters: before the war he was General of Ohio militia, but he had but little more following than his staff, with whom he was wont to turn out and gallop through the streets of Marietta, a gay cortege to touch the imagination of the young.

His brigade was surprised at Shiloh, receiving the first shock, but he gathered its fragments and fought heroically all day. "I never saw such coolness as he then evinced," says our informant, an officer under him. "At one time he was in our advance, sitting quietly on his horse, looking calmly around in full view of the enemy, with the bullets flying and the shells screeching around him. I was then sent with a message to him. I expected to get killed, but got back unharmed. He seemed to care nothing for his peril." General Sherman said he was "the bravest man he ever knew."

Two months after his decease, June 10, 1863, John Brough delivered his great speech at Marietta, opening the noted Vallandigham campaign. His very beginning paragraph was this beautiful tribute to the memory of Hildebrand:

* Dr. Farquhar's square-rigged vessel; greater wonder in that age, than the Great Eastern in ours.

"Alas," said he, "in all this vast crowd I miss the familiar face and the cordial grasp of the hand that would have delighted me much to meet. He was the loved companion of my boyhood; the political and personal friend of my manhood; one whose soul was full of honor and integrity; an original and life-long Democrat and supporter of Jackson, when it was thought almost a crime to be one—a Democrat without guile; and yet when the crisis of his country came he did not stop to consider party lines—he did not stop to falter as to his duty, but went forth at the head of his regiment to the field of battle, only to meet disease and death in the camp and be brought back beneath the pall and laid amid the graves of his fathers . . . One who knew him well and loved him dearly desires here alike to drop a tear and an evergreen upon his grave."

Dr. SAMUEL P. HILDRETH. Born in Methuen, Mass., Sept. 30, 1783; died July 24, 1863.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." "Friend after friend departs. Who hath not lost a friend?"

The above is the inscription for the venerable historian.

Sacred to the memory of DUDLEY WOODBRIDGE, who was born in Norwich, Connecticut, Nov. 10, 1778. Died in Marietta, Ohio, Sabbath morning, April 30, 1853. Aged 74 years.

"Man's chief end is to glorify God and enjoy him for ever."

Major ANSELM TUPPER. Early in life he entered the Revolutionary army as an officer. Emigrated to Marietta in 1788, and at one time was commander of the stockade fort at this place. Born at Easton, Mass., Oct. 11, 1763; died Dec. 25, 1808.

Gen. BENJAMIN TUPPER, born at Sharon, Mass., in 1738; died June 7, 1792. Aged 54 years.

In memory of LYDIA MCKAWEN, wife of Chas. McKawen, who died Nov. 24, 1823. Aged 66 years.

Reader repent, thy follies fly,
Prepare thyself and larn to die.
Slight not the warning of this stone
But make thy peace with Christ alone.

In memory of RUTH CLARK, who was born March 13, 1792. Departed this life, April 9, 1837. Aged 45 years.

Behold me now though soon forgot
I have passed the veale which you have not.
Remember reader you are born to die
And turn to dust as well as i.

In memory of DUDLEY TYLER, who died Aug. 8, 1826. Aged 39 years.

How strange O God that rules on high
That I should come so far to die.
To leave my friends where I was bred
And lay my bones with strangers dead.

Capt. STANTON PRENTISS. Born Nov. 17, 1750; died July 26, 1826, in the 76th year of his age. A patriot of the Revolution.

The following was on a flake from a sandstone slab, that lay on the ground beside the stone and all that could be read.

My soul through my Redeemer's love
Saved from the second death, I feel
My eyes from tears of dark despair,
My feet from falling into hell.

In memory of JOHN GREEN. Born in Lancaster, Mass., 1759; died Nov. 11, 1832.

A soldier from his youth. First in the cause
That freed our country from a tyrant's laws;
And then through manhood to his latest breath
In the blest cause which triumphs over death.

The cemetery at Harmar was the first established and is the oldest in the Northwest Territory. It is in a secluded spot of about four acres at the base of a rugged hill. It is still in use and among the monuments is a handsome granite shaft to the memory of Gen. B. D. Fearing, of the Union army in the civil war.

HISTORIC MISCELLANY.

OUTLINE HISTORY OF THE ORDINANCE OF 1787.

In 1776 Congress made an appropriation of lands to the officers and soldiers of the Revolutionary army; in 1780 the act was extended.

By the terms of these appropriations those who had fought or would fight for independence were to receive tracts of land according to their rank; to a major-general 1100 acres; a brigadier-general 850; a colonel 500, and so on to private soldiers and non-commissioned officers who were to receive 100 acres each.

At the time these appropriations were made the United States did not own an acre of land, and the fulfilment of the obligations incurred was dependent upon the individual States ceding their rights in western lands to the general government in case of conquest. Some of the States, notably Maryland, claimed that these lands belonged to the States in common. Congress never set up this claim, but recognized the title of individual States to the territory fixed by their charters. In 1782 a committee of Congress in its territorial claims against the king of England said:

"Under his authority the limits of these States while in the character of colonies were established; to these limits the United States considered as independent sovereignties have succeeded. Whatever territorial rights, therefore, belonged to them before the Revolution were necessarily devolved upon them at the era of independence."

The United States, however, eventually gained control of the western lands by cessions from the States, some with and some without reservations. These cessions were made to the general government that new States might be created out of the western territory, and to enable the general government to pay the debts incurred by the Revolutionary war by selling the lands to settlers.

The theory of making government lands a source of revenue was a new departure, and beginning in 1780 the methods to be adopted in disposing of these lands for several years largely occupied the attention of Congress. Col. Grayson, in a letter dated April 27, 1785, says: "I have been busily engaged in assisting about passing an ordinance for the disposal of the western territory. I think there has been as much said and written about it as would fill forty volumes, and yet we seem far from a conclusion, so difficult is it to form any system which will suit our complex government, and when the interests of the component parts are supposed to be so different."

The principal points in controversy were the New England plan of settlement by government survey into townships, as opposed to the Virginia plan of "indiscriminate locations," and as to the sale of lands in large or small tracts. The prohibition of slavery was also one of the questions involved. Gen. Washington favored the New England plan, and the sale of lands in large tracts; his letters expressing his views on these points had a strong influence toward their final adoption.

In September, and again in October, of 1783, different committees had made reports recommending the formation of the western territory into States, but no action was taken by Congress until 1784, when, on March 1st, a committee, of which Mr. Jefferson was chairman, reported a temporary plan of government for the western territory; it had a clause prohibiting slavery after 1800, but this clause was stricken out, various amendments added, and on April 23d it became an ordinance of Congress. It remained inoperative until repealed by the ordinance of 1787.

On May 10, 1786, September 19, 1786, and April 26, 1787, three separate ordinances for the government of the western territory were reported to Congress. On May 10, 1787, a fourth had reached its third reading, when further action was suspended by a proposition from Gen. S. H. Parsons, of Middletown, Conn., as representative of the Ohio Company, to purchase a large tract of land in the Ohio country. The Ohio Company was the outgrowth of an endeavor on the part of Revolutionary officers to secure the bounty lands due them for service in the war. On June 16, 1783, two hundred and eighty-eight officers, of whom all except fifty were from New England, had petitioned that their bounty lands be set off in "that tract of country bounded on the north on Lake Erie, east on

DR. CUTLER'S CHURCH AND PARSONAGE AT IPSWICH HAMLET, 1787.
The place from which the First Company started for the Ohio, December 3, 1787.

Pennsylvania, southwest and south on the river Ohio, west on a line beginning at that part of the Ohio which lies twenty-four miles west of the mouth of the river Scioto, thence running north on a meridian line till it intersects the river Miami which flows into Lake Erie, thence down the middle of that river to the lake."

Gen. Rufus Putnam had forwarded this petition to Gen. Washington; accompanying it was a letter requesting that it be laid before Congress, stating that it was the intention of the petitioners to become settlers, and speaking of townships six miles square with reservations for religious and educational purposes.

Washington transmitted the petition and General Putnam's letter to Congress, together with a communication from himself in which he directed attention to the benefits to the whole country that would result from the settlement proposed, and the obligations to the officers and soldiers of the army.

Congress failed to take any action, and no further effort was made to secure their bounty lands until January, 1786, when Generals Rufus Putnam and Ben-

OHIO COMPANY'S OFFICE, BUILT IN 1788.
This is yet standing near the Muskingum, about three-fourths of a mile from its mouth.

jamin Tupper issued a call to the Revolutionary officers (who in 1783 had petitioned Congress) to send delegates to a meeting to be held in March. Eleven delegates met at the "Bunch of Grapes" tavern in Boston, Mass., and on March 3, 1786, organized the Ohio Company of Associates. General Putnam was made president, and Winthrop Sargent, clerk. The object of the meeting was to raise a fund in Continental certificates for the sole purpose of buying lands and making a settlement in the western territory.

In March, 1787, three directors were appointed: Generals Samuel H. Parsons and Rufus Putnam, and Dr. Manasseh Cutler. Major Winthrop Sargent was made secretary, and at a meeting held the following August Gen. James M. Varnum, of Rhode Island, was made a director and Richard Platt, of New York, elected treasurer.

General Parsons, as agent for the Ohio Company, failed to accomplish any satisfactory results, and he returned to Middletown. Dr. Cutler was then appointed agent, and on July 5, 1787, arrived in New York, Congress then being in session in that city. The following day he delivered to Congress his petition for purchasing lands for the Ohio Company, and proposed terms and conditions of purchase.

A new committee, consisting of Messrs. Carrington, Lee, Dane, McKean, and Smith, on July 10, submitted to Dr. Cutler, with leave to make remarks and pro-

pose amendments, a copy of an ordinance which had been prepared for the government of the Northwest Territory. As the purchase of lands for the Ohio Company was dependent upon the form of government of the territory in which those lands lay, Dr. Cutler was deeply interested in this ordinance and proposed several amendments, which with but one exception (on taxation) were subsequently adopted as proposed. In the "North American Review" Mr. W. F. Poole, who has given an extended study to the subject, says: "The ordinance of 1787 and the Ohio purchase were parts of one and the same transaction. The purchase *would* not have been made without the ordinance and the ordinance *could* not have been enacted except as an essential condition of the purchase."

On July 13, 1787, the ordinance was enacted with but one dissenting vote. No act of an American Congress has received greater praise than this. In his "History of the Constitution" Mr. Bancroft says: "An interlude in Congress was shaping the character and destiny of the United States of America. *Sublime and humane and eventful in the history of mankind as was the result, it will not take many words to tell how it was brought about. For a time wisdom and peace and justice dwelt among men, and the great ordinance which could alone give continuance to the Union came in serenity and stillness. Every man that had a share in it seemed to be moved by an invisible hand to do just what was wanted of him; all that was wrongfully undertaken fell by the wayside; whatever was needed for the happy completion of the mighty work arrived opportunely, and just at the right moment moved into its place.*"

In 1830 Daniel Webster said of this great "Ordinance of Freedom:"

"*We are accustomed to praise the law-givers of antiquity; we help to perpetuate the fame of Solon and Lycurgus; but I doubt whether one single law of any law-giver, ancient or modern, has produced effects of more distinct, marked and lasting character than the ordinance of 1787. We see its consequences at this moment, and we shall never cease to see them, perhaps, while the Ohio shall flow.*"

Having succeeded by rare diplomacy in uniting the different interests involved so as to secure the enactment of an ordinance, with provisions for education, religion and prohibition of slavery, Dr. Cutler made a contract for the sale of 1,500,000 acres of land to the Ohio Company. This was signed by Samuel Osgood and Arthur Lee of the Board of Treasury for the United States, and by Manasseh Cutler and Winthrop Sargent for the Ohio Company. The price was $1 per acre, payable in "specie, loan office certificates reduced to specie, or certificates of the liquidated debt of the United States." An allowance not exceeding one-third of a dollar per acre was to be made for bad lands. Section sixteen was to be reserved for schools; twenty-nine for the support of religion; eight, eleven and twenty-six to be disposed of by Congress; and two townships for a university.

How the First Settlers Came to Ohio.

By Hon. Henry C. Noble, Columbus, O.

At a meeting of the directors of the Ohio Company at Bracket's tavern, in Boston, November 23, 1787, it was ordered: That four surveyors be employed under the direction of the superintendent hereinafter named; that twenty-two men shall attend the surveyors; that there be added to this number twenty men, including six boat-builders, four house carpenters, one blacksmith and nine common workmen, in all forty-eight men; that the boat-builders shall proceed on Monday next, and the surveyors rendezvous at Hartford, on the first of January next, on their way to the Muskingum; that the boat-builders and men with the surveyors be proprietors in the company; that their tools and one hoe and one axe to each man and thirty pounds weight of baggage shall be carried in the company's wagons, and that the subsistence of the men on their journey be furnished by the company. After other details this order directs that "each man shall furnish himself with a good small arm, bayonet, six flints, a powder-horn and

pouch, priming wire and brush, half a pound of powder, one pound of balls and one pound of buckshot," and "shall be subject to the orders of the superintendent and those he may appoint, as aforesaid, in any kind of business they shall be employed in, as well boat-building and surveying, as for building houses, erecting defences, clearing land and planting or otherwise, for promoting the settlement." "They shall also be subject to military command during the time of their employment." We call attention to the military precision of this order, and its fulfilment to the letter in the number of men who went and the duties they performed.

Gen. Rufus Putnam was appointed superintendent, and Col. Ebenezer Sproat, from Rhode Island, Anslem Tupper and John Mathews, from Massachusetts, and Col. R. J. Meigs, of Connecticut, were appointed surveyors.

The First Company.

"In exact compliance with this order a company of twenty-two men, including Jonathan Devoll, a master-shipbuilder, and his assistants, assembled at the house of Dr. Manassah Cutler, in Ipswich, Mass., on December 3, 1787. About the dawn of day they paraded in front of the house, and, after a short address from him, three volleys were fired, and the party went forward, cheered heartily by the bystanders. Dr. Cutler accompanied them to Danvers, where he placed them under command of Major Haffield White and Capt. Ezra Putnam. He had prepared a large and well-built wagon for their use, covered with black canvas, which was driven by William Gray, on which Dr. Cutler had painted with his own hand, in large, white letters, "For the Ohio Country." After a tedious journey on foot of nearly eight weeks, they arrived at Sumrill's ferry, on the Youghiogheny river (now West Newton, Westmoreland county, Pa.), January 23, 1788, where they were to build the boats to float down the rivers to the Muskingum.

The Second Company.

The other party of twenty-six, including Gen. Putnam and the four surveyors and their assistants, with equal punctuality left Hartford, Connecticut, on January 1, 1788, under the command of Col. Ebenezer Sproat. Gen. Putnam had business in the city of New York, and did not join the division until it reached Swatara creek, just below Harrisburg. When Gen. Putnam overtook his division they could cross the creek only with difficulty, on account of the ice. That night snow fell to a considerable depth, which, with that already on the ground, blocked up the roads so that with their utmost exertions they could get the wagons no farther than Cooper's tavern, at the foot of the Tuscarora mountains, where they arrived on January 29, four weeks after leaving Hartford, a journey which could now be made in probably twenty hours.

They had now reached the great mountain ranges over which all the early emigrants came in wagons, or on horseback, whose journeys were the theme of fireside talks among them fifty years ago, and over which the Cumberland or National road was built, to facilitate communication between the growing West and seashore.

This company of pioneers ascertained that no one had crossed the mountains since the last fall of snow. They therefore abandoned their wagons, built four stout sledges to carry their baggage and tools, and harnessed their horses in single file. The men went before on foot to break the road, and after two weeks of arduous travel they also reached Sumrill's ferry on February 14, 1788.

Boat-building.

When they arrived they found that, on account of the severity of the weather and the deep snow, little progress had been made toward building the boats. Gen. Putnam, who had been brought up to mechanical pursuits, and as an engineer had caused many forts and works to be built during the revolutionary war, infused new spirit into the enterprise. The boat-builders and men already on the ground, recruited by the large party just arrived, went heartily to work under his supervision. The work now progressed rapidly under the immediate direction of Jonathan Devoll, the ship-builder. The largest boat, which the ship-builders called "Adventure Galley," was afterward named the "Mayflower" in honor of the famous vessel that bore the Puritan emigrants into Plymouth bay—an earlier but hardly a more momentous migration than the one about to embark on the Western waters. This boat was forty-five feet long and twelve wide, with curved bows, strongly timbered and covered with a deck roof high enough for a man to walk upright under the beams. The sides were thick enough to resist the bullets of any wandering party of Indians who might attack it, as they attacked and captured several boats later in the season. As the "Galley" could not carry the forty-eight men, horses, wagons, baggage, tools and provisions to keep them until their crops were grown, they constructed a large flat-boat and several canoes. This flotilla was ready on April 1, and after it was loaded it left Sumrill's ferry for the Muskingum on the afternoon of April 2, 1788.

The expedition after a few stoppages by

the way came in sight of Kerr's island a little after sunrise. It was a cloudy, rainy morning, and as they neared the foot of the island Capt. Devoll said to Gen. Putnam, "I think it is time to take an observation; we must be near the mouth of the Muskingum."

In a few minutes they came in sight of Fort Harmar, which was on the northwest shore of the junction of the Ohio and Muskingum. This had been erected in 1785–86. The banks of the Muskingum were thickly clothed with large sycamores whose pendant branches, leaning over the shores, obscured the outlet so much, that those who were on the galley in the middle of the Ohio, on this cloudy morning, passed by without observing it. Before they could correct their mistake they had floated too far to land on the upper point and were forced to land a short distance below the fort.

The Landing.

With the aid of ropes and some soldiers from the garrison, sent to their assistance by the commander, and crossing the Muskingum a little above its mouth they landed at the upper point about noon on the 7th day of April, 1788 ever since observed as the anniversary of the first settlement of Ohio.

Jervis Cutler, a lad of sixteen (son of Rev. Manassah Cutler, who did so much to secure the liberal provisions of the ordinance of 1787 and the grant of lands to the Ohio Company), always claimed that he was the first person who leaped ashore when the boat landed; and was also the first to cut down a tree, which commenced the settlement of Ohio.

The weather in the valley had been so mild that the vegetation on landing was in striking contrast to the place of their embarkation, where snow still lingered in the hollows. The buffalo clover and other plants were already knee high and afforded a rich pasture for the hungry horses.

At the time of landing, Capt. Pipe, a principal chief of the Delaware Indians, who lived on the headwaters of the Muskingum with about seventy of his tribe, men, women and children, was encamped at the mouth of the river, whither they had come to trade their peltries with the settlers at Fort Harmar. They received the strangers very graciously, shaking hands with them, saying they were welcome to the shore of the Muskingum, upon whose waters they dwelt. The pioneers immediately commenced landing the boards brought from Buffalo for the erection of temporary huts and setting up Gen. Putnam's large marquee. Under the broad roof of this hempen house he resided and transacted the business of the colony for several months until the block-houses of Campus Martius, as their new garrison was called, were finished.

On the 9th the surveyors commenced to lay off the eight-acre lots. The laborers and others commenced to cut down the trees, and by the 12th about four acres of land were cleared. Log-houses were built to shelter their provisions and for dwellings. All were delighted with the fertility of the soil, the healthfulness of the climate and the beauty of the country. Their town was at first called Adelphia, but this name was changed as soon as the directors met on July 2 to Marietta, in honor of Marie Antoinette, the Queen of that French king and nation who had helped these brave men in the times that tried men's souls."

First Schools.

The Marietta pioneers turned their attention to the education of their children very soon after their arrival in Ohio. In the summer of 1789 Bathsheba Rouse, daughter of John Rouse, from New Bedford, Mass., taught a school in Belpre, and for several subsequent summers in Farmer's Castle. The first teacher in the Marietta settlements was Daniel Mayo, a graduate of Harvard, who came from Boston in the fall of 1788, and during the winter months taught the larger boys and young women in Farmer's Castle. In July, 1790, the directors of the Ohio Company appropriated one hundred and fifty dollars for the support of schools in the three settlements in the territory.

Muskingum Academy.

Before the first decade had passed steps were taken to establish a regular academy at Marietta. On the 29th of April, 1797, a number of the citizens convened "to consider measures for promoting the education of youth," and a committee was appointed to prepare a plan of a house suitable for the instruction of youth and for religious purposes, to estimate the expenses, and recommend a site. The committee consisted of Gen. Rufus Putnam, Paul Fearing, Griffin Greene, R. J. Meigs, Jr., Charles Greene and Joshua Shipman. At the end of a week the committee made their report at an adjourned meeting. They presented a plan of the house, estimated the expense at $1,000, and recommended city lot No. 605—the lot on Front street north of the Congregational church.

The report was accepted as to the plan of the house, the cost and the location; but the method of securing funds was modified, so as "to assess the possessors of ministerial lands in proportion to the value of their respective possessions." The sums thus paid, either by assessment or subscription, were to be considered as stock at the rate of ten dollars a share; and the stockholders were entitled to votes according to their shares. At a meeting in August of that year fifty-nine shares were presented, of which thirty belonged to Gen. Putnam.

Thus originated the Muskingum Academy, which was probably the first structure of the kind erected in the Northwest Territory. It was used for educational purposes till 1832, when it was removed to Second street, near

the Rhodes block, where it is still standing. It was also used on the Sabbath as a place of worship till 1809, when the Congregational church was completed.—*Centennial Address by Israel Ward Andrews, LL. D., July 4*, 1876.

Fort Freye.

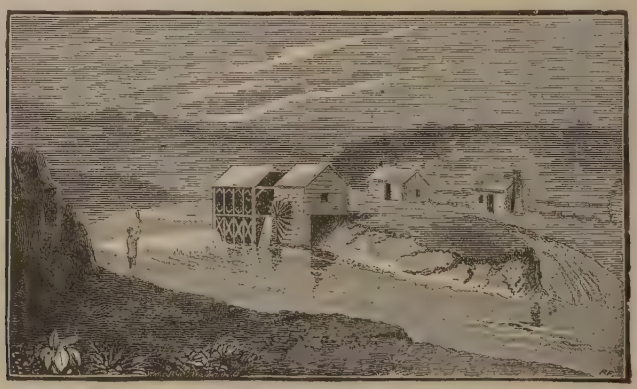
After the massacre at Big Bottom, the settlers of Waterford and those at Wolf Creek Mills united and constructed Fort Freye, about half a mile below the site of Beverly, on the east side of the Muskingum. It was an irregular triangle, and built similarly to Campius Martius. The fort was completed early in March, 1791, and garrisoned by forty men under the command of Capt. William Gray.

On the 11th of March a party of Wyandot and Delaware Indians made an ineffectual attack upon the fort. The settlers had been expecting the assault, as a friendly Indian named John Miller, at the risk of his life, had given them timely warning.

Besides those at Fort Harmar, Campius Martius, Farmer's Castle and Fort Freye, there was a garrison at Plainfield—now Waterford—named Fort Tyler, for Dean Tyler, one of the pioneers.

First Mills.

Grinding corn by hand was a very laborious proceeding, and the early settlers offered large grants of land for the construction of mills. The first successful mills built in the territory were those on Wolf creek, about two miles from its mouth, built in 1789 under the direction of Maj. Haffield White. They were of very great service to all the settlements.



Wolf Creek Mills, 1789.

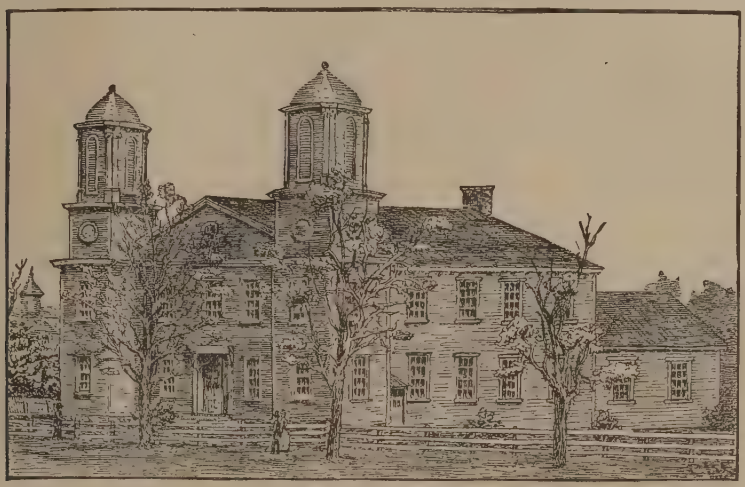
A saw mill was completed on Duck creek in September, 1789, but a heavy flood so damaged the mill and dam that they could not be readily repaired, and the Indian war coming on the mill was abandoned. Later a saw and grist mill was constructed on Duck creek, which sawed much of the lumber used in Marietta buildings, also the lumber used in the construction of the Blennerhassett boats.

Floating Mill.

In the summer of 1791 the settlers at Belpre determined to undertake the construction of a floating mill. Esquire Griffin Greene, a few years before while travelling in France and Holland, had seen mills erected on boats, the current of the water revolving the wheel. He explained the plan to Capt. Devoll, who built the first floating mill in the settlements. The "County History" describes this mill as follows: "The mill was erected on two boats, one of them being five, the other ten feet wide and forty-five feet long. The smaller one was a pirogue made of the trunk of a large hollow sycamore tree, and the larger of timber and plank like a flat-boat. The boats were placed eight feet apart, and fastened firmly together by heavy cross-beams covered with oak planks, forming a deck fore and aft of the water-wheel. The smaller boat on the outside supported one end of the water-wheel, and the larger boat the other, in which was placed the mill stones and running gear, covered with a light frame building for the protection of machinery and miller. The space between the boats was covered with planks, forming a deck fore and aft of the water-wheel. This wheel was turned by the natural current of the water, and was put in motion or stopped by pulling up or pushing down a set of boards similar to a gate in front of the wheel. It could grind, according to the strength of the current, from twenty-five to fifty bushels of grain in twenty-four hours. It was placed in a rapid portion of the Ohio, about the middle of Backus (now Blennerhassett) Island, a few rods from the shore and in sight of Farmer's Castle. The current here was strong and safe from the Indians. With the aid of a bolting cloth in the garrison very good flour was made."

Religious Beginnings.

The oldest building in the State of Ohio, now used as a place of public worship, is the Congregational church in Marietta. It is known as the "Two Horn" church, a name applied on account of the towers projecting above the roof. The building was planned and its erection superintended by Gen. Rufus Putnam. It was dedicated May 28, 1809, and cost $7,300. Although the oldest now standing, this was not the first church within the present limits of Ohio, but the first sermon delivered in the Northwest Territory, other than those delivered to Indian audiences, was that preached Sunday, July 20, 1788, by Rev. William Breck, in the northwest block-house of Campus Martius. In the same building, on August 24, Dr. Cutler preached the second sermon delivered in the territory to whites. He also, on August 27th, attended the first funeral in the new settlements. Rev. Daniel Story, who arrived in the spring of 1789, was the first regular pastor settled in Marietta.



The Two Horn Church.

This is the oldest church standing in Ohio. It faces the handsome little park that lines the Muskingum for several hundred yards above the upper bridge.

In 1791, while the settlers were occupying the garrison in consequence of the Indian war, Sunday-school was organized in the stockade by Mrs. Mary Lake, an elderly lady who had been engaged in hospital work during the Revolution. This is said to have been the second Sunday-school in America, and was the first in the Northwest Territory.

First Public Celebration.

The first public celebration in the Northwest Territory was held on July 4, 1788, the twelfth anniversary of American independence. It was to be expected that the Revolutionary soldiers that landed at Marietta would observe the day with appropriate ceremonies. They commenced at daylight with the firing of the Federal salute by the cannons of Fort Harmar. The principal exercises took place on the Marietta side of the Muskingum, where, at one o'clock, Gen. James M. Varnum, one of the judges of the territory, delivered an eloquent and appropriate address.

"A repast, consisting of all the delicacies which the woods and the streams and the gardens and the housewives' skill afforded, was served at the bowery. There was venison barbecued, buffalo steaks, bear meat, wild fowls, fish and a little *pork* as the choicest luxury of all. One fish, a great pike weighing one hundred pounds and over six feet long—the largest ever taken by white men, it is said, in the waters of the Muskingum—was speared by Judge Gilbert Devoll and his son Gilbert."

The day was not all sunshine. "At three o'clock," says Col. John May, "just as dinner was on the table, came on a heavy shower which lasted half an hour. However, the chief of our provisions were rescued from the deluge, but injured materially. When the rain ceased the table was laid again, but before we had finished, it came on to rain a second time. On the whole though we had a handsome dinner."

After dinner a number of toasts were drank, among which were those to Congress, Generals Washington and St. Clair and the Northwestern Territory, and to "the amiable partners of our delicate pleasures." Several Indians were present and enjoyed the festivities, excepting when the cannon were fired. Col. May's journal says "the roar of a cannon is as disagreeable to an Indian as a rope to a thief, or broad daylight to one of your made-up beauties." He also states that "pleased with the entertainment, we kept it up until after twelve o'clock at night, then went home and slept till daylight." A grand illumination of Fort Harmar closed the ceremonies of the day.

Tomahawk Improvements.

When the pioneers arrived at Marietta, they found that several families had settled on the Virginia side of the Ohio river and near the mouth of the Muskingum. Among these were Isaac Williams and his wife, Rebecca, who in March, 1787, had moved into a little log-cabin, near the present site of Williamstown.

Isaac Williams was a trapper and hunter; he would select a desirable tract of land, girdle a few trees, plant a small field of corn, and claim the property by right of what were called "tomahawk improvements." This would entitle him to 400 acres of land, the right to which was generally sold to the first-comer for a few dollars, a rifle, or some other small consideration.

"Tomahawk improvements" were recognized by the State of Virginia as entitling the holder, on the payment of a small sum per acre, to the right of entering 1,000 acres of land adjoining the claims. In some localities, within the present limits of Ohio, persons undertook to hold lands by right of "tomahawk improvements," but Congress sent out troops to remove them and burn their cabins.

The "Famine!"

During the season of 1789 Mr. Williams had raised a very large crop of corn. Not so with the settlers of Marietta and Belpre, who having planted their corn later in the season than Mr. Williams, had it so badly damaged by an early frost that it was unfit to eat, and produced sickness and vomiting. As a consequence food became very scarce during the winter of 1789–90, and many families came so near the point of starvation before the crops of 1790 arrived at maturity that the season was designated as the "Famine." Corn having reached the high price of $2 per bushel, Mr. Williams was besieged by speculators who offered him large prices for his supply, but he refused to sell, except to settlers and at the usual price of fifty cents per bushel—proportioning his corn according to the number in the family. Mr. Williams continued to reside on his farm until his death in 1820, at the age of 84 years. He lies buried under the oaks on his own farm.

The Belpre Library.

A famous public library was the "Coonskin Library," established in Ames, Athens county, Ohio. For years it was supposed to have been the first public library in the Northwest Territory, but two others antedate it: the "Cincinnati," organized at Yeatman's tavern, in Cincinnati, February 13, 1802; and the "Putnam Library," organized in 1796, and variously known as the "Putnam Library," the "Belpre Library," and "Belpre Farmers' Library."

The Belpre Library was owned by a joint stock company, and the shares valued at $10 each. It was supplied with books which had been a part of the family library of Gen. Israel Putnam. After his death in 1790 this library was divided among his heirs, and a number of the books brought to Belpre in 1795 by his son, Col. Israel Putnam. The books were kept at the house of Isaac Pierce, the librarian. Mr. Amos Dunham, who in 1846 furnished a communication to the original edition of this work (see Meigs County), mentions the purchase of a share in the Belpre Library, six miles distant. He says, "From this I promised myself much entertainment."

About 1815 or 1816 the Library Association was dissolved by mutual consent and the books distributed among the shareholders. Among the books were: Locke's "Essays on Human Understanding," Johnson's "Lives of the English Poets," Robertson's "History of England" and Goldsmith's "Animated Nature." Many of the volumes are still preserved by descendants of the shareholders.

First Laws.

The following extract was published in 1886 in the Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette*. It is of interest in connection with the first steps

toward law and order. The article is under the caption of

THE GRANDSON OF OHIO'S FOUNDER.

There lives in Chillicothe to-day an aged man who is the last grandchild of Rufus Putnam, who led the first colony of settlers to Ohio in 1788. The grandson bears the full name of his distinguished ancestor, Gen. Rufus Putnam, and he has in his possession a great many relics of historical interest and a large part of his grandfather's correspondence and private papers and manuscripts.

Gen. Putnam is president of the Northwest Pioneer Association, and has a lively interest in all matters bearing upon the early history of the Northwest Territory.

Among the old papers which he has put into my possession is the subjoined schedule of laws for the government of the colony at Marietta, printed and posted in 1788.

"The emigrants, under the command of Gen. Rufus Putnam, landed their boats at the upper point of the Muskingum river, Marietta, on the 7th of April, 1788, where they unloaded their effects. The boards which they brought with them for the erection of temporary huts were landed and properly disposed of. A large tent was put up for the Governor of the colony, Gen. Putnam. And in this tent he transacted all the business of the colony. On the 9th of April, 1788, the Governor's chart of laws was read by his private secretary, Gen. Benj. Tupper, and approved by the members of the colony association.

"First—Be it ordained by the Officery and Council, that said territory be one district, subject to be divided into five districts, as future circumstances may make it expedient.

"Second—Be it ordained that the Governor and his officery may make such laws, civil, criminal and military, for the colony, but not to conflict with the laws of the original re-established United States laws of 1787.

"Third—Be it ordained that the Grand Council be composed of three Supreme Judges and three Territorial Association Judges, before whom shall be tried and decided all the business of the colony, civil, criminal and military.

"Fourth—The Grand Council will hold their sessions 5th July, 7th, 9th of April and second Wednesday September, annually, where all claims against the association must be presented and canceled.

"Fifth—Be it ordained that the Governor receive at the rate of $40 per month for his services while performing the duties of his office. All other officery and Grand Council $1 per day while in the performance of their duties, martial, military, musicians, chaplain, singers and teachers of schools.

"Sixth—Be it ordained that all permanent emigrants into the Territory shall be entitled to 100 acres of land free, within the Northwest purchase.

"Seventh—Be it ordained that all pioneers and their descendants may become life and benefit members of the Emigrant Association, Northwest Territory, by paying $1 per annum to the Governor, for the use of the association.

"Eighth—Be it ordained that all members must entertain emigrants, visit the sick, clothe the naked, feed the hungry, attend funerals, cabin-raisings, log-rollings, huskings; have their latch-strings always out.

"Ninth—Be it ordained that all members of the colony, from the ages of eighteen to forty-five, must perform four days of military duty per annum. All uniformed companies may drill once a month, dates and places fixed by their officers. Officer drills once a year.

"Tenth—Be it ordained that all members of the colony must celebrate 22d February, 7th April and 4th July, annually. Also in a proper manner observe the 28th November, 25th December and 1st day January, annually.

"Eleventh—Be it ordained that every member must keep the Sabbath by attending some place of religious worship agreeably to the dictates of his own conscience.

"Twelfth—Be it ordained that common schools should be established so soon as emigration to the Territory is sufficient.

"Thirteenth—Be it ordained that a library of historical and school-books be established at the Governor's headquarters, and that Gen. McIntosh, who is now engaged in writing a history of the colony, will serve as legal agent for that purpose; also, Col. Timothy Flint act as an assistant. Also, that all official appointments be made by the Governor of the Colony and confirmed by the Grand Council. Be it further ordained that the (Metropolis) be named (Marietta), in honor of Queen Marie Antoinette, of France, who gave aid and influence during the darkest days of the Revolution. Ordered that three copies of this territorial chart of ordinances be copied and posted, as ordained: One at Fort Harmar, one at the East Point, and one at the Stockade. These ordinances to take effect on the 1st day of May, 1788 (Queen Marie's birthday).

"By the Governor of the Northwest Territory, 9th of April, 1788.

"RUFUS PUTNAM.

"By his Private Secretary, N. W. T.,

"BENJAMIN TUPPER."

"N. B.—Amendment April 7, 1802. The title Governor erased and President instituted. Also, the fee of $1 per annum to $1 for life. (Commissions to those entitled, $1.) True copy from original, price per copy, $1."

Gen. Putnam is the father of John Putnam, who had a foreign appointment under the Cleveland Administration, and of Rufus Putnam, the editor of the *Ross County Register*.

The Garner Case.

The question as to what constitutes the southern boundary line of the State of Ohio has never been satisfactorily settled; the Garner case had an important bearing on this question, which is treated more fully in our chapter on Vinton county.

The following account of the Garner case was published in June, 1868, in the *Marietta Register:*

"In 1845 six slaves of John H. Harward, of Washington's Bottom, Virginia, just below Blennerhassett's Island, escaped into Ohio. At the river bank a party of Ohio men, unarmed, met them to assist, but some Virginians having obtained knowledge of the purpose of the negroes were there in advance concealed in the bushes, and fully armed. As the baggage was being taken from the boat, the Virginians rushed on them and secured five of the negroes and captured Peter M. Garner, Crayton J. Lorraine and Mordecai Thomas, white citizens of Ohio. The Virginians claimed that these men, who had never set foot on Virginia soil, were felons, and amenable to the laws of that State for an alleged offence not known to the laws of Ohio. They were forcibly carried over into Virginia on the night of July 9, 1845, and lodged in jail in Parkersburg. No one in Virginia could be found to bail them, though Nahum Ward, A. T. Nye and William P. Cutler offered to indemnify any Virginians who would become their bondsmen. Intercourse with their friends from Ohio was denied them, and Marietta lawyers employed to defend them were rejected. Subsequently, the wives of the prisoners were permitted to visit them under guard.

"August 16th, a public meeting was held in the court-house in Marietta 'to take into consideration further measures for the liberation of Ohio citizens now in jail at Parkersburg, and the vindication of the rights of Ohio.' September 2d, the prisoners, each collared by two men, were taken from the jail to the court-house in Parkersburg and there pleaded 'not guilty' to the charge of 'enticing and assisting in the county of Wood, Virginia,' the six negroes to escape from slavery. Bail was again refused except by a Virginia freeholder, and the prisoners went back to jail. The jury found a special verdict of guilty turning on 'jurisdiction' in the case, to be tried by a higher court.

"The question of jurisdiction or boundary between the two States was argued before the Court of Appeals at Richmond, December 10–13, and the court divided equally on the question whether the State line was at low-water mark on the Ohio side of the river or above that. The men had been captured just above low water mark. At a special term of the Court of Appeals, held in Parkersburg, Garner, Lorraine and Thomas were admitted to bail in the sum of one hundred dollars each on their own recognizance, and were set at liberty January 10, 1846, having been in jail six months. Hon. Samuel F. Vinton, of Gallipolis, argued the case for the prisoners before the Superior Court of Virginia. It was never decided. Peter M. Garner died at Columbus, O., June 14, 1868, in his sixty-first year; Mordecai Thomas removed to Belmont county, and Crayton J. Lorraine removed to Illinois. This case was regarded with the deepest interest, and was of far more than local importance. Sixteen years later many of the actors in this affair were living to see the State of Virginia turned into a battle-ground in which the same principle was fought for, and to see, a little later, the overthrow of slavery accomplished."

The Ohio System of Local Government.

The following paragraphs upon the above subject are from the Centennial Historical address of President I. W. Andrews, delivered at Marietta, July 4, 1876, before the citizens of Washington county. He said: "In the matter of local government there are two very different systems in the United States. In New England the *Town*—answering to the 'township' of Ohio—is the political unit. In all the Southern States until recently, and in most of them now, the *County* is clothed with the chief political power. The town has no existence, or, if existing, it is devoid of all political significance.

"The divisions subordinate to the county are generally called *Precincts* in the South. In Mississippi whole counties have no other names for their subdivisions than those furnished by the ranges and townships; as if we should know Lawrence only as Township 3, Range 7. In North Carolina the county seems to be divided numerically; as if Belpre were merely No. 4."

The Ohio System is not strictly the town system of New England, or the county system of the South. It is what is called the "compromise" system in the census report for 1870, and is found in the great Middle States and in most of the Western. The

political power is divided between the county and the town; the former has much more importance than in New England, and the latter has less.

In the incorporation of Marietta as a town in 1800 the features of the town system are seen. The establishment of the Court of Quarter Sessions with many of the powers now exercised by the county commissioners showed the influence of the other system. General Putnam and his associates from New England were able to incorporate into the new communities of the West some of the features of the town system, while Governor St. Clair, from Pennsylvania, and John Cleves Symmes, from New Jersey, introduced various laws from those States.

We may be thankful that we have as much as we have of the town system. The opinion of Mr. Jefferson on the merits of this system, Virginian though he was, was strongly expressed at different times. He recommended the division of the counties of Virginia into wards of six miles square. "These wards, called townships in New England, are the vital principle of their governments, and have proved themselves the wisest invention ever devised by the wit of man for the perfect exercise of self-government, and for its preservation." Again he says: "These little republics would be the main strength of the great one. We owe to them the vigor given to our revolution in its commencement in the Eastern States, and by them the Eastern States were enabled to repeal the embargo in opposition to the Middle, Southern and Western States, and their large and lubberly divisions into counties which can never be assembled."

The Blennerhassetts.

There is no story in the annals of Ohio that has excited so much of human sympathy as that of the Blennerhassetts. The romance of it and its pathetic finale make an impress where events of greater historical importance fade from the memory.

The Blennerhassett Mansion on the Island, twelve miles below Marietta.

Harman Blennerhassett was born about the year 1767, of Irish parentage, in Hampshire, England, his mother at that date being there on a visit. He received a finished education, graduating from Trinity College, Dublin, in the same class with Thomas Addis Emmet, the heroic Irish patriot. These two studied law together and were admitted to practice on the same day in 1790. Blennerhassett rounded off his studies with a tour through Europe. In 1796 his father died, and Harman became the possessor of a fortune of $100,000. He married the beautiful and accomplished Margaret Agnew, daughter of the Governor of the Isle of Man

In the fall of 1797 Blennerhassett and his wife arrived in New York, where their rank, wealth and educational attainments brought them into association with the leading American families. In the winter they went to Marietta, and were treated with great distinction, while locating a site for a western home. They selected the island near Belpre, which had originally belonged to Gen. Washington. The island was then in the possession of Elijah Backus, and of him they purchased the upper portion, comprising one hundred and seventy-four acres, for which, in March, 1798, they paid the sum of $4,500.

Soon after the Blennerhassetts moved into a block-house on the island, which they occupied until the year 1800, when the mansion was completed. "It was built," says Dr. Hildreth, "with great taste and beauty, no expense being spared in its construction that could add to its usefulness and beauty." The grounds about the house were laid out in a style befitting the elegant mansion.

Here for several years the Blennerhassetts lived an ideal life. Harman Blennerhassett was fond of music, literature and scientific research; his love for scientific investigation could be gratified through the possession of ample apparatus for chemical and other experiments; his literary tastes found gratification in a large and well-selected library, while the superintending of the cultivation and beautifying of his island estate was his principal occupation.

Mrs. Blennerhassett was as cultured and refined as her husband. In person beautiful, well proportioned and agile as an athlete; an expert horsewoman, a charming conversationalist and a liberal hostess. Their home was the social centre for Belpre and Marietta.

Husband and wife were devoted to each other, and united in making their home attractive to the many guests that partook of their superabounding hospitality.

In April, 1805, Aaron Burr first visited this island Eden. He was accorded every distinction that might be bestowed on one who had been Vice-President of the United States. Very soon after his arrival he succeeded in interesting his host in his grand scheme for the establishment of a great western empire, and before his departure in October for the Eastern States Blennerhassett had fully embraced the plans of Burr as represented by the latter.

Early in September, 1806, Blennerhassett made a contract for the building of fifteen large boats, capable of transporting five hundred men. These were to carry the adventurers down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers to their settlement. Arrangements were made for large supplies of provisions, Blennerhassett spending his money freely and assuming responsibility for payment of all debts contracted, pledging more than the amount of his entire fortune.

Many friends endeavored to dissuade him from embarking on the reckless venture, but their efforts were unavailing.

In the meanwhile the United States government, suspecting that Burr was plotting secession and treason, took steps to prevent the consummation of his plans. Governor Tiffin of Ohio called out a company of militia under Captain Timothy Buell, and they were stationed on the bank of the Muskingum to capture and detain any boats descending the Ohio or Muskingum under suspicious circumstances.

On the 9th of December Blennerhassett, learning that he was to be arrested, fled surreptitiously, and when Colonel Phelps, in command of the Virginia militia, took possession of Blennerhassett's island, he found the owners were absent. Mrs. Blennerhassett, who was at Marietta, returned to the island and found it in the possession of drunken and riotous soldiers, whom their commander had been unable to prevent from ransacking the house, ruining the furniture, and despoiling the grounds. With her children she left her ruined home, and after a trying voyage down the ice-blocked river in a small cabin flat-boat, she joined her husband on January 15th at Bayou Pierre. Blennerhassett was arrested, but after a few weeks' imprisonment was discharged. He returned to his island, but

did not remain there. The house was never occupied again, and in 1811 was destroyed by fire. Removing to Mississippi, he settled on a cotton plantation in the vain endeavor to retrieve his ruined fortunes, but after a ten years' struggle was obliged to sell the plantation to pay his debts. He then wandered from place to place trying to earn a bare living for himself and family, but only sinking deeper and deeper into the depths of poverty. In 1831 he died at the home of a charitable sister in the Isle of Guernsey.

Mrs. Blennerhassett died in 1842 in a tenement house in New York city, after having for eleven years waited in vain for Congress to pay a claim of $10,000 for damage to their island property by the Virginia militia.

Of the three children of the Blennerhassetts, Dominick, the eldest, a shiftless drunkard, disappeared from St. Louis after a drunken debauch, and was never after heard from. Harman, a half-witted man, in 1854 was found dying of starvation in a New York attic. Joseph, the youngest, was killed while fighting in the rebel army.

BIOGRAPHY.

Rufus Putnam, a cousin of General Israel Putnam, was born April 8, 1738, O. S., at Sutton, Massachusetts. At the age of 15 he was apprenticed to a millwright, with whom he served four years, and then enlisted as a common soldier in the French and Indian war. He served faithfully three years, was engaged in several actions, and was at the time the army disbanded, in 1761, serving as ensign, to which office his good conduct had promoted him. After this, he resumed the business of millwright, at which he continued seven or eight years, employing his leisure in studying mathematics and surveying.

He was among the first to take up arms in the revolutionary contest, and as an evidence of the estimation in which he was held was appointed lieutenant-colonel. He was afterwards appointed, by Congress, military engineer. He served throughout the war with honor, and was often consulted and held in high estimation by Washington. On the 8th of January, 1783, he was honored with the commission of brigadier-general, having some time previously served as colonel. He was appointed by the Ohio Company superintendent of all business relating to their contemplated settlement; and in April, 1788, commenced the first settlement at Marietta. In 1789 he was appointed by Washington a judge of the Supreme Court of the Territory. On the 5th of May, 1792, he was appointed brigadier-general in the army of the United States, destined to act against the Indians; but resigned the next year in consequence of ill health. In October, 1796, he was appointed surveyor-general of the United States, in which office he continued until 1803. He was a member, from this county, of the convention which formed the State constitution. From this time his advanced age led him to decline all business of a public nature, and he sought the quiet of private life. He died at Marietta, May 1, 1824, at the age of 86.

General Putnam was a man of strong, good sense, modest, benevolent and scrupulous to fulfil the duties which he owed to God and man. In person he was tall, of commanding appearance, and possessed a frame eminently fitted for the hardships and trials of war. His mind, though not brilliant, was solid, penetrating and comprehensive, seldom erring in conclusions.

Return Jonathan Meigs was born at Middletown, Ct., in 1765, graduated at Yale, studied law and was admitted to the bar in his native town. He was among the first settlers of Marietta. In the winter of 1802–3 he was elected chief justice of the Supreme Court of the State. The next year he resigned this office, having received from Jefferson the appointment of commandant of the United States troops and militia in the upper district of Louisiana, and shortly after was appointed one of the judges of the Territory of Louisiana. In April, 1807, he was commissioned a judge of Michigan Territory; resigned the commission in October, and becoming a candidate for governor of Ohio, was elected, in a

HERMAN BLENNERHASSETT.

GEN. RUFUS PUTNAM.

spirited canvass, over his competitor, General Massie; but not having the constitutional qualification of the four years' residence in the State, prior to the election, his election was contested and decided against him. In the session of 1807–8 he was appointed Senator in Congress, which office he afterwards resigned, and was elected Governor of Ohio in 1810. In the war with Great Britain, while holding the gubernatorial office, he acted with great promptness and energy. In March, 1814, having been appointed Postmaster-General of the United States, he resigned that office, and continued in his new vocation until 1823, during which he managed its arduous duties to the satisfaction of Presidents Madison and Monroe. He died at Marietta, March 29, 1825. In person he was tall and finely formed, with a high retreating forehead, black eyes, and aquiline and prominent nose. His features indicated his character, and were remarkably striking, expressive of mildness, intelligence, promptness and stability of purpose. His moral character was free from reproach, and he was benevolent, unambitious, dignified, but easy of access. He was named from his father, Return Jonathan Meigs, a colonel of the revolutionary army, and one of the surveyors for the Ohio Company and of the first settlers at Marietta. In his early life he was called Return Jonathan, Jr.

RETURN JONATHAN MEIGS.

Rev. Daniel Story, the earliest Protestant preacher of the gospel in the territory northwest of the Ohio, except the Moravian missionaries, was a native of Boston, and graduated at Dartmouth in 1780. The directors and agents of the Ohio Company having passed a resolution in 1788, for the support of the gospel and the teaching of youth, Rev. Manasseh Cutler, one of the company's directors, in the course of that year engaged Mr. Story, then preaching at Worcester, to go to the West as a chaplain to the new settlement at Marietta. In the spring of 1789 he commenced his ministerial labors as an evangelist, visiting the settlements in rotation. During the Indian war from 1791 to 1795 he preached, during most of the time, in the northwest block-house of Campus Martius. The Ohio Company at the same time raised a sum of money for the education of youth, and employed teachers. These testimonials sufficiently prove that the company felt for the spiritual as well as the temporal affairs of the colonists.

When the war was over Mr. Story preached at the different settlements; but as there were no roads, he made these pastoral visits by water, in a log canoe, propelled by stout arms and willing hearts. In 1796 he established a Congregational church, composed of persons residing at Marietta, Belpre, Waterford and Vienna, in Virginia. Mr. Story died December 30, 1804, at the age of 49 years. He was a remarkable man, and peculiarly fitted for the station he held.

The preceding biographical sketches are abridged from Hildreth's Pioneer Sketches. It is stated above that Mr. Story was the earliest Protestant preacher at Marietta. He was the first employed as a clergyman, but prior to his emigration, in 1788, Rev. Manasseh Cutler, agent of the Ohio Company, had voluntarily delivered several sermons at Marietta.

Manasseh Cutler was born in Killingly, Conn., May 3, 1742; died in Hamilton, Mass., July 28, 1823. He worked on his father's farm, and prepared for college under the Rev. Aaron Brown, of Killingly, entering Yale, from which he graduated with high honor in 1765. The following year he married Mary,

daughter of Rev. Thomas Balch, of Dedham, Mass. Studying law, he was admitted to practice in the Massachusetts courts in 1767. In 1769 he commenced the study of theology under the direction of his father-in-law. The next year he was licensed, and commenced preaching at Hamlet parish (then a part of Ipswich, afterward Hamilton). He was ordained pastor Sept. 11, 1771, and continued his pastorate here until his death in 1823.

He served as chaplain under Col. Ebenezer Francis in the 11th Massachusetts Regiment in the Revolutionary war, taking a gallant part in the action in Rhode Island in 1778. Returning to Hamlet parish before the close of the war, he studied medicine, and began with much success to minister to the physical as well as the spiritual welfare of his people. He continued the habits of study acquired in youth, and, notwithstanding the many duties of his active life, found time to make extended researches into astronomy, meteorology, botany and kindred sciences, to which he had been attracted during his college course. He was the first to examine the flora of New England. Over 350 species were examined by him, and classified according to the Linnæan system. As a scientist, his reputation was second only to that of Franklin. Honorary degrees were conferred upon him by Yale, Harvard and other institutions, and he was elected to honorary membership in many scientific, philosophical and literary societies.

REV. DR. MANASSEH CUTTLER.

When the association of Revolutionary officers was organized for the purpose of locating and settling on bounty lands in the West, Dr. Cutler took an active part in the movement, and was one of a committee of five appointed to draft a plan of an association to be called the "Ohio Company." In 1787 he was appointed by the directors of the Ohio Company its agent to make a purchase of lands upon the Muskingum. In June, 1787, the Continental Congress being then in session in New York, he visited that city for the purpose of negotiating the purchase. It was while on this mission to Congress that he visited Philadelphia and met Benjamin Franklin, who received him with great cordiality, and with whom he was much pleased. Their tastes and pursuits were very much alike.

While Dr. Cutler's mission to Congress was for the purchase of lands for the Ohio Company, the purchase was dependent upon the form of government of the territory in which those lands lay, and Dr. Cutler's energies were as much engaged in the provisions of the ordinance then before Congress for the government of the Northwest Territory as in the purchase. He was eminently fitted, both by nature and acquirements, for the great diplomatic work required of him, and was so successful that he united the discordant elements so as to make possible the enacting of those wise and beneficent measures relating to education, religion and slavery in the ordinance that was passed by Congress July 13, 1787. Having arranged the purchase of lands for the Ohio Company, he returned to his home.

In December, 1787, the first company of men under Gen. Rufus Putnam set out for the Muskingum, and arrived at Marietta April 7, 1788. The following July Dr. Cutler started in his sulky to visit the new settlement, and arrived there August 19th after a journey of 750 miles, which he accomplished in twenty-nine

days. He was present at the opening of the first court in the Northwest Territory, and was greatly interested in the ancient earthworks in the vicinity of Marietta. After a short time he returned to New England, and, although he contemplated removing with his family to the new settlement, he found it would require too great sacrifices, and abandoned the project.

In 1795 he was tendered a commission as Judge of the Supreme Court of the Northwest Territory, but declined it. In the fall of 1800 he was elected as a Federalist to Congress, and after serving two terms declined a re-election. He was elected a member of the American Academy in 1791, and contributed a number of scientific papers to its "proceedings."

Felt's History of Ipswich, Mass., says: "In person Dr. Cutler was of light complexion, above the common stature, erect and dignified in his appearance. His manners were gentlemanly; his conversation easy and intelligent. As an adviser he was discerning and discreet. . . . . His mental endowments were high."

"The Life, Journal and Correspondence of Rev. Manasseh Cutler, LL.D.," prepared by his grandchildren, Wm. P. Cutler and Julia P. Cutler, and published in two volumes by Robert Clarke & Co., of Cincinnati, is a most valuable history of the inception of Ohio.

Although Dr. Cutler never settled in Ohio, three of his sons, Ephraim, Jervis and Charles, were residents.

CHARLES CUTLER was born March 26, 1773; graduated at Harvard in 1793; taught the South Latin School, Boston; served in the army two years; then studied law, and came to Ohio in 1802 on account of ill health. He taught school at Ames; among his pupils was Thomas Ewing. He died at the age of thirty-two.

JERVIS CUTLER was born in Edgartown, Mass., September 19, 1768; died in Evansville, Ind., June 25, 1844. He came to Ohio with the band of pioneers led by Gen. Rufus Putnam, and on April 7, 1788, cut the first tree on the present site of Marietta. He was for a time an officer in the army, and in 1808 was stationed at Newport Barracks.

Maj. Cutler learned the art of engraving. In a letter to a friend he says: "I had not tools to work with, and never saw an engraver at work in my life." In 1824, while in Nashville, Tenn., he pursued the profession of an engraver, and was employed to engrave plates for banknotes in Tennessee and Alabama. He was a man of much versatility of talent, and a great taste for the fine arts.

In 1812 he published a "Topographical Description of the State of Ohio, Indiana Territory and Louisiana." The view of Cincinnati in 1810, in our work, is copied from one in that.

Ephraim Cutler, eldest son of Rev. Manasseh Cutler, LL. D., was born April 13, 1767. He was brought up at Killingly, Connecticut, by his grandfather, Hezekiah Cutler, a man of sterling integrity and patriotism, who at his death made him sole legatee of his estate. At the age of twenty, April 8, 1787, he married Leah, daughter of Ebenezer Attwood. Having three shares in the Ohio Company's purchase, he left Killingly for the West, June 15, 1795, and arrived at Marietta, September 18 of that year. Two of his children died on the way.

He settled at Waterford, on the Muskingum, and engaged in mercantile business until May, 1799, when he removed to his land on Federal creek, where he owned 1,800 acres, and opened a farm and built a mill. He was appointed by Gov. St. Clair judge of the Court of Common Pleas, justice of the peace, captain and afterward major of the militia. He was a member of the Territorial Legislature, and also of the Convention which formed in 1802 the Constitution of Ohio, and to him belongs the honor of introducing into it the section which excluded slavery from the State.

In 1806 he established his family on the bank of the Ohio, six miles below

Marietta, where his wife died at the age of forty-two years, leaving four children. He married, April 13, 1808, Sally, daughter of William Parker, of Newburyport, Mass., by whom he had five children.

JUDGE EPHRAIM CUTLER.

Judge Cutler became a trustee of the Ohio University at Athens in 1820, and was unceasing in his efforts to promote the prosperity of that institution. He served in the State Legislature as representative or senator, from 1819 to 1825, and was known there as the friend and advocate of common schools, introducing into that body in 1819 the first bill for their regulation and support, and as the author of the *ad valorem* system of taxation which was the foundation of the credit of the States, enabling her to make canals and other improvements. In 1839 he represented his Congressional district in the Whig Convention at Harrisburg, Pa., when Gen. Wm. H. Harrison was nominated for the Presidency. He was a ruling elder for many years, and twice a delegate to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States. He died peacefully at his home, July 8, 1853, aged eighty-six years.

Abraham Whipple was born in Providence, R. I., September 16, 1733; died in Marietta, O., May 29, 1819. Early in life he commanded a vessel in the West Indian trade, but during the old French war of 1759–60 he became captain of the privateer "Gamecock," and captured twenty-three French vessels in a single cruise. In June, 1772, he commanded the volunteers that took and burned the British revenue schooner "Gaspé" in Narragansett bay. This was the first popular uprising in this country against a British armed vessel.

In June, 1775, Rhode Island fitted out two armed vessels, of which Whipple was put in command, with the title of commodore. A few days later he chased a tender of the British sloop "Rose," off the Connecticut shore, capturing her after sharp firing. In this engagement Whipple fired the first shot of the Revolution on the water. He was appointed captain of the "Columbus" on December 22, 1775, and afterward of the schooner "Providence," which captured more British prizes than any other American vessel; but she was finally taken, and Whipple was placed in command of a new frigate of the same name, in which, when Narragansett bay was blockaded by the British in 1778, he forced his way, in a dark and stormy night, through the enemy's fleet by pouring broadsides into it and sinking one of their tenders. At that time he was bound for France with important despatches that related to a treaty between the United States and that government, and after a successful voyage he returned in safety to Boston.

In July, 1779, while commanding the "Providence" as senior officer, and with two other ships, he attacked a fleet of English merchantmen that were under the convoy of a ship-of-the-line and some smaller cruisers. He captured eight prizes and sent them to Boston. The value of these ships exceeded $1,000,000. In 1780 he went to Charleston, S. C., in an endeavor to relieve that city, which at that time was besieged by the British; but he was captured and held a prisoner until the close of the war. He subsequently became a farmer at Cranston, R. I., but in 1788 he connected himself with the Ohio Company, and settled at Marietta. —*Appleton's Cyclopedia of American Biography.*

BENJAMIN TUPPER was born in Stoughton, Mass., in August, 1738; died in Marietta, O., in June, 1792. He served in the French war of 1756–63 and was in the field the whole of the Revolutionary war. In August, 1776, he commanded the gunboats and galleys on the North river. He served under Gen. Gates at Saratoga, was at the battle of Monmouth in 1788, and was brevetted a general before the war closed. In 1785 he was appointed one of the surveyors of the Northwest Territory. With Gen. Rufus Putnam he originated the Ohio Land Company.

In 1786 he took an active part in suppressing Shay's rebellion. Early in 1788 he removed to Marietta with his family, and that of his son-in-law, Ichabod Nye, reaching there 19th August, 1788. These families and those of Col. N. Cushing and Maj. Goodale, who accompanied them, were the first families to settle in what is now the State of Ohio.

Gen. Tupper was appointed Judge of the Common Pleas in September, 1788, and, with Gen. Putnam, held the first court in the Northwest Territory.

The following entry in Dr. Cutler's journal indicates that Gen. Tupper was the real inventor of the *screw propeller:* "Friday, August 15, 1788. This morning we went pretty early to the boat. Gen. Tupper had mentioned to me a mode for constructing a machine to work in the head or stern of a boat instead of oars. It appeared to me highly probable it might succeed. I therefore proposed that we should make the experiment. Assisted by a number of people, we went to work, and constructed a machine in the form of a screw with short blades, and placed it in the stern of the boat, which we turned with a crank. It succeeded to admiration, and I think it a very useful discovery."—*Life of Rev. Manasseh Cutler.*

MAJOR ANSELM TUPPER, son of Gen. Benjamin Tupper, was born in Easton, Mass., October 11, 1763. In 1779, at the age of sixteen, he was appointed adjutant of Col. Ebenezer Sproat's regiment, which was engaged at Trenton, Princeton and Monmouth. He served through the war, and was a member of the Society of Cincinnati. In 1786 he was with his father in the survey of the seven ranges, and when the Ohio Company was formed he became a shareholder and was engaged by them as a surveyor, and "arrived at Marietta in the company of forty-eight, April 7, 1788." At the organization of the military companies at Marietta, in 1789, under Col. Sproat, "Anselm Tupper was appointed post-major, and had command of Campius Martius during the war." That winter he taught school in one of the block-houses of the fort. He was the secretary of the Union Lodge of Free Masons, before whom he delivered an address on St. John's day, 1790. Maj. Tupper was a brilliant man and a favorite in society. He died, unmarried, at Marietta, December 25, 1808.—*The Founders of Ohio.*

MAJOR WINTHROP SARGENT was born in Gloucester, Mass., May 1, 1753; graduated at Harvard in 1771. He served in the Revolutionary war. As secretary of the Ohio Company, he was associated with Dr. Cutler in the purchase of the lands. He removed to Marietta in 1788, having been appointed secretary of the Northwest Territory. He served as adjutant-general to St. Clair's army in 1791, and was severely wounded. He was also adjutant-general to Gen. Wayne in 1794. In 1798 he removed to Natchez, having received the appointment of Governor of the Mississippi Territory. He died June 3, 1820, while on a voyage to Philadelphia.

COL. EBENEZER SPROAT was born in Middleborough, Mass., in 1752; died in Marietta, Ohio, in Feb., 1805. He served through the war of the Revolution, attaining the rank of lieutenant-colonel. At the close of the war he married Catharine, daughter of Commodore Whipple. He came to Marietta with the first party as one of the Ohio Company surveyors. Was the first colonel of militia commissioned in the Northwest Territory; the first sheriff of Washington county, serving for fourteen years.

He was six feet four inches tall, and his commanding figure so impressed the Indians that they called him "Hetuck" (Big Buckeye).

MAJOR HAFFIELD WHITE was born in Danvers, Mass. At the close of the war of the Revolution he had attained the rank of major.

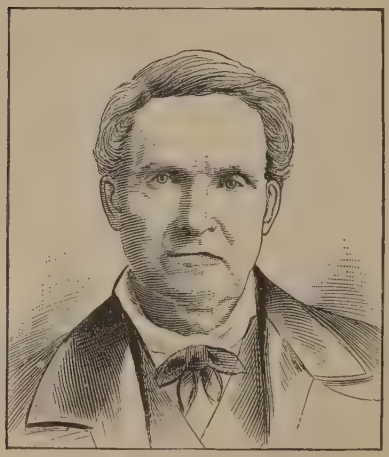
He was the head of the party of pioneers that left Danvers, Mass., Dec. 3, 1787. During the first year at Marietta he acted as steward for the Ohio Company. The next year, with Col. Robert Oliver and Capt. John Dodge, he erected the first mills built in Ohio, those at Wolf creek. He died Dec. 13, 1817.

CAPT. JONATHAN DEVOLL was born in Tiverton, R. I., in 1756. He was a skilful shipcarpenter, and superintended the building of the "Adventure Galley," or "Mayflower;" also engaged on the construction of Campus Martius. He prepared the plans and directed the building of "Farmer's Castle;" he constructed the "floating mill."

In 1792 he built entirely out of red cedar a twelve-oared barge for the use of Gen. Putnam, and in 1801 built a 400-ton ship, all of the wood used being black walnut. His mechanical skill and ingenuity were of great service to the pioneers. His death occurred in 1824.

SAMUEL PRESTON HILDRETH was born in Methuen, Mass., Sept. 30, 1783; died in Marietta, Ohio, July 24, 1863. He received an academic education, studied medicine, and received his medical degree from the Medical Society of Massachusetts in 1805. He came to Ohio in 1806, settling at Belpre, but two years later removed to Marietta, where he acquired a large and successful practice, also serving in the legislature in 1810–11. At Marietta he began the first meteorological register in this State, which he kept for about fifty years. In 1837 he was a member of the geological survey of Ohio. Dr. Hildreth made collections in natural history and con-

chology, which, together with his valuable scientific library, he presented to Marietta College. During forty years he contributed to "Silliman's Journal" articles on meteorology, geology, botany and paleontology. He also devoted much study and labor to the antiquities and to the pioneer history of Ohio. A large amount of valuable history has been preserved through his writings.



DR. SAMUEL P. HILDRETH.

Col. Charles Whittlesey writes of him: "Dr. Hildreth had not a robust, physical constitution, but this did not prevent an active life, from youth to old age. His manners were characterized by never failing good humor. In his extensive journeys on horseback among the frontier settlers they only recognized an early settler like themselves with the barren title of doctor. But he observed and noticed everything that came within the range of a capacious mind. It was by this quiet faculty, and by the lapse of time, that he concentrated knowledge on various subjects, most of which was original, and in addition to that of the books of his era. Without brilliancy or ambition, by persistent labor he left a deep, clearly cut impress upon a great State during the first half century of its growth."

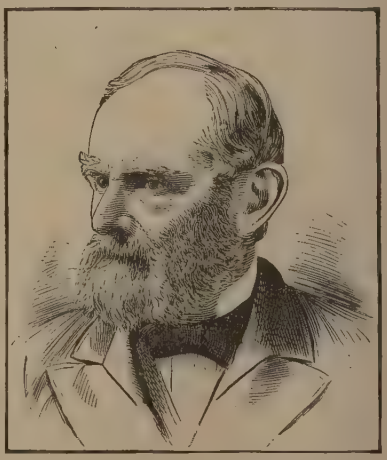
Chief among his publications are "Pioneer History" (Cincinnati, 1848); "Lives of the Early Settlers of Ohio" (1852); "Contributions to the Early History of the Northwest" (1864), and "Results of Meteorological Observations Made at Marietta in 1826-59," reduced and discussed by Chas. A. Schott in "Smithsonian Institution's Contributions to Knowledge" (1870).

SALA BOSWORTH was born in Halifax, Mass., Sept. 15, 1805, and when a child of eleven years came to this county. He studied painting in Philadelphia, and was the artist to whom the public are indebted for the portraits of Gen. Rufus Putnam, Judge Ephraim Cutler, Col. Joseph Barker and many others of the pioneers. The pictures of "Campus Martius," "Farmer's Castle at Belpre," "Wolf Creek Mills," "The Blennerhassett Mansion" and "Marietta at the Point in 1792," originally published in "Hildreth's Pioneer History," and in numerous other works, were all copies from his drawings, made from data supplied to him from the pioneers. He held various public offices, as county auditor, postmaster at Marietta under Lincoln. He died Dec. 22, 1890, in his eighty-sixth year. He was gentle, unselfish and much beloved. He left a widow, a daughter, Mrs. Dawes, the wife of Maj. E. C. Dawes, and a son, Mr. C. H. Bosworth, Vice-President Illinois H. & S. R. R. Co.

ISRAEL WARD ANDREWS was born in Danbury, Conn., Jan. 3, 1815. He graduated at Williams College in 1837, and taught an academy at Lee, Mass., for one year, when he was appointed tutor at Marietta College, Ohio.

In April, 1839, he was elected professor of mathematics, and upon the resignation of Dr. Smith in 1855 became the president of the college. In his administration of the affairs of the college he was eminently successful, not only as an educator, but in its financial affairs as well. One whom he taught has written:

"Dr. Andrews had no superior as an instructor and disciplinarian. He was one of the ablest mathematicians of the day, and before a college class he was an inspiration. No one of the five or six hundred graduates of Marietta College can ever forget his perspicuous, forcible and exhaustive methods in



REV. DR. I. W. ANDREWS.

the class-room. The dullest and most diffident student was made at ease, and taught to express in the best way what he knew, and, in addition, every student was instructed in what he did not know."

Throughout his long service of thirty years as President of Marietta College Dr. Andrews

was a hard student, giving to every subject thorough and careful investigation. His published writings are forceful, clear and concise, and marked by careful thought and deep research into every particular of the subject in hand. His "Manual of the Constitution" has been widely adopted as a textbook for instruction in the principles of the American government.

His investigations and contributions to current magazines, on the history of the Northwest Territory and early Ohio history, are extensive and of great value.

Dr. Andrews was one of the chief promoters of the celebration of Ohio's centennial in 1888, but died in Hartford, Conn., a few days later, April 18th, without having been able to participate in the patriotic celebrations he had labored so ardently to make successful.

WILLIAM P. CUTLER, son of Judge Ephraim Cutler, and grandson of Dr. Manasseh Cutler, was born in Warren township, Washington county, Ohio, July 12, 1812. He entered Ohio University in the class which graduated in 1833, but ill health obliged him to leave college during his junior year. He was thrice elected to the Ohio legislature, acting as speaker in the session of 1846–47. He was a member of the Ohio Constitutional Convention of 1851. In 1860 was elected to Congress. His congressional career is marked for his strong denunciation of slavery. Mr. Cutler was a prime mover in the development of the railroad system of southeastern Ohio. His career was active and of great usefulness to the community in which he dwelt. Every public measure for the advancement of its interests found in him a leader. Mr. Cutler married, Nov. 1, 1849, Elizabeth Voris, daughter of Dr. William Voris. His death occurred in 1889.

GEN. JOHN EATON was born in Sutton, N. H., Dec. 5, 1829. He graduated at Dartmouth College in 1854, and for two years was principal of a school in Cleveland, Ohio; superintendent of schools of Toledo, Ohio, 1856–9.

He then studied for the ministry, and was ordained by the presbytery of Maumee, Ohio, in Sept., 1861. He entered the army as chaplain of the 27th O. V. I. In Oct., 1863, he was appointed colonel of the 63d U. S. Colored Infantry, and received the brevet of brigadier-general in March, 1865. After the war he settled in Tennessee, became editor of the *Memphis Post*, and was elected State superintendent of public schools in 1866. He was appointed U. S. commissioner of education in 1870, and served in that capacity until Aug., 1886, when he became president of Marietta College. The following is from Appleton's Cyclopedia of American Biography:

"The Bureau of Education, at the time of his appointment, had but two clerks, not over a hundred volumes belonging to it, and no museum of educational illustrations and appliances; but when he resigned there were thirty-eight assistants, and a library including 18,000 volumes and 47,000 pamphlets. Gen. Eaton represented the Department of the Interior at the Centennial Exhibition held in Philadelphia in 1876. He was chief of the department of education for the New Orleans Exposition, and organized that vast exhibition; was president of the International Congress of Education held there, and vice-president of the International Congress of Education held in Havre, France. He received the degree of Ph.D. from Rutgers in 1872, and that of LL.D. from Dartmouth in 1876. Gen. Eaton is a member of many learned associations, and has published numerous addresses and reports on education and the public affairs with which he has been connected."

BENJAMIN DANA FEARING, grandson of Hon. Paul Fearing, the first lawyer of the Northwest Territory, was born in Harmar, Ohio, Oct. 13, 1837, and died there Dec. 9, 1881. He graduated at Marietta College in 1856.

In April, 1861, he enlisted in the 2d O. V. I., and took part in the battle of Bull Run. On Dec. 17th he was made major of the 77th Ohio, which, under his fearless leadership, distinguished itself by conspicuous gallantry at the battle of Shiloh. On March 22, 1863, he was promoted to a colonelcy. At Chickamauga he again distinguished himself by his superior courage, and was severely wounded in this battle.

In March, 1864, he returned to his regiment, and in December was brevetted brigadier-general for "gallant and meritorious services during the campaign from Chattanooga to Atlanta, and from Atlanta to Savannah." He commanded a brigade in Sherman's march to the sea, and was again wounded at Bentonville, where he led a glorious charge that "probably turned the fortunes of the day."

After the war he engaged in business in Cincinnati, but was compelled to withdraw from active life on account of precarious health resulting from his wounds. He returned to his old home in Harmar, where the last years of his life were spent in literary pursuits.

RUFUS R. DAWES was born in Marietta, Ohio, July 4, 1838; graduated at Marietta College in 1860. The beginning of the war found him in Juneau county, Wis. He at once raised a company, and May 13, 1861, was commissioned captain of Company K, 6th Wisconsin. Capt. Dawes served with this regiment throughout the war, assuming command of it in May, 1864. Col. Dawes' regiment had very severe service, and participated in a large number of engagements. Only nine regiments in the war suffered greater loss in killed and wounded. Col. Dawes was mustered out Aug. 10, 1864, by reason of expiration of service. March 13, 1865, he was commissioned brevet brigadier-general. Gen. Dawes married, Jan. 18, 1864, Mary B. Gates, daughter of Beman Gates, of Marietta. In 1880 he was elected to Congress, and has since been prominently mentioned as the candidate of the Republican

party for the governorship of Ohio. Brevet Lieut.-Col. E. C. Dawes, Commander Ohio Commandery Loyal Legion U. S., is a brother.

FRANCES DANA GAGE was born in Marietta, Ohio, Oct. 12, 1808, and died in Greenwich, Conn., Nov. 10, 1884. Her father, Col. Joseph Barker, was one of the early settlers of Marietta. The following sketch of Mrs. Gage's career is from Appleton's Cyclopedia of American Biography:

"Miss Barker married, in 1829, James L. Gage, a lawyer of McConnellsville, Ohio. She early became an active worker in the temperance, anti-slavery and woman's rights movements, and in 1851 presided over a woman's rights convention in Akron, Ohio, where her opening speech attracted much attention. She removed in 1853 to St. Louis, where she was often threatened with violence on account of her anti-slavery views, and twice suffered from incendiarism. In 1857–58 she visited Cuba, St. Thomas, and Santo Domingo, and on her return wrote and lectured on her travels. She afterward edited an agricultural paper in Ohio; but when the civil war began she went south, ministered to the soldiers, taught the freedmen, and, without pay, acted as an agent of the sanitary commission at Memphis, Vicksburg and Natchez. In 1863–64 she was superintendent, under Gen. Rufus Saxton, of Paris Island, S. C., a refuge for over 500 freedmen. She was afterward crippled by the overturning of a carriage in Galesburg, Ill., but continued to lecture on temperance till Aug., 1867, when she was disabled by a paralytic shock. Mrs. Gage was the mother of eight children, all of whom lived to maturity. Four of her sons served in the National Army in the civil war. Mrs. Gage wrote many stories for children, and verses, under the pen name of 'Aunt Fanny.' She was an early contributor to the *Saturday Review*, and published 'Poems' (Philadelphia, 1872); 'Elsie Magoon, or The Old Still-House' (1872); 'Steps Upward' (1873); and 'Gertie's Sacrifice.'"

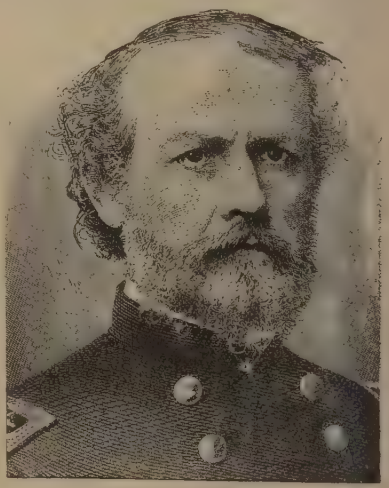
DON CARLOS BUELL was born in Lowell, near Marietta, Ohio, March 23, 1818. His grandfather, Captain Timothy Buell, is said to have built the first brick house in Cincinnati. His father's death, and the second marriage of his mother, resulted in his being taken by his uncle, Geo. P. Buell, to Lawrenceburg, Ind., where he spent his boyhood days.

In 1841 he graduated from West Point, and was assigned to duty as brevet lieutenant of the 3d Infantry. He served during the Mexican war, and was severely wounded at Churubusco. At the beginning of the civil war he was serving as adjutant-general at Washington. He was appointed brigadier-general of volunteers May 17, 1861. Of his military career we give the following summary, abridged from Appleton's Biographical Encyclopedia: After assisting in organizing the army in Washington he was assigned to a division in the Army of the Potomac, which became distinguished for its discipline. In November he superseded Gen. W. T. Sherman in the Department of the Cumberland, which was reorganized as that of the Ohio.

Early in December he entered upon the campaign which resulted in his troops entering Nashville March 25th, supported by gunboats.

He was promoted major-general of volunteers on March 21, 1862, and on the same day his district was incorporated with that of Mississippi, commanded by Gen. Halleck. He arrived with part of the division on the battle-field of Shiloh near the close of the first day's action. The next day three of his divisions came up, and the Confederates were driven back to Corinth. On June 12th he took command of the district of Ohio.

In July and August Gen. Bragg's army advanced into Kentucky, and Gen. Buell was obliged to evacuate central Tennessee and re-



GEN. D. C. BUELL.

treat to Louisville, which he reached Sept. 24, 1862. On Sept. 30th Gen. Buell was ordered to turn over his command to Gen. Thomas, but was restored the same day. The next day he began to pursue the Confederates, and met them in battle at Perryville. The action began early in the afternoon of Oct. 8, 1862, and was hotly contested until dark, with heavy losses on both sides. The next morning Gen. Bragg withdrew to Harrodsburg, and then slowly retreated to Cumberland Gap. Gen. Buell pursued him, but was blamed for not moving swiftly enough to bring on another action, and on the 24th was succeeded in his command by Gen. Rosecrans. A military commission appointed to investigate his operations made a report, which has never been published. Gen. Buell was subsequently offered commands under Generals Sherman and Canby, but declined them.

He was mustered out of the volunteer service on May 23, 1864, and on June 1st re-

signed his commission in the regular army, having been before the military commission from Nov. 24, 1862, till May 10, 1863. He became president of the Green River Iron Works of Kentucky in 1865, and subsequently held the office of pension agent at Louisville, Ky.

Gen. Buell is reserved in manner, cultivated and polished. His replies to the attacks made upon himself in the public press are written with great force and pungency, impressing the reader with a high opinion of his ability. Whitelaw Reid says he is "one of the most accomplished military scholars of the old army, and one of the most unpopular generals of volunteers during the war of the rebellion—an officer who oftener deserved success than won it—who was, perhaps, the best organizer of an army that the contest developed, and who was certainly the hero of the greatest of the early battles of the war."

On "Cleona Farm," just above the city, is an old family mansion in which, in 1811, JOHN BROUGH, one of Ohio's war governors, was born. A sketch of him is under the head of Cuyahoga County.

MARIETTA CENTENNIAL.

At the annual meeting of the Washington County Pioneer Association, April 7, 1881, the initial step was taken for the centennial celebration of the first organized settlement of the territory northwest of the Ohio river, at Marietta, April 7, 1788.

A committee was formed to take the necessary measures for the centennial, April 7, 1888, with Rev. Dr. I. W. Andrews, chairman; R. M. Stimson, secretary; Beman Gates, and two others who did not act, Hon. Wm. P. Cutler soon taking the place of one of them. There were some subsequent changes, till in addition to the above, as the time approached for the celebration, Gen. A. J. Warner, Col. T. W. Moore, Gen. R. R. Dawes, Hon. John Eaton, Prof. O. H. Mitchell, Capt. S. L. Grosvenor and Hon. Wm. G. Way had become co-operating members of the committee, with Mr. Way as secretary. Maj. Jewett Palmer was made the grand marshal and chief executive officer for the occasion.

The results were a magnificent success, April 7, 1888, crowning several happy annual celebrations of April 7th—Forefather's Day—notably that of the Ninety-fifth in 1883, when Hon. Geo. B. Loring, of Massachusetts, delivered the oration.

The centennial exercises began Thursday evening, April 5th, with an address by F. C. Sessions, Esq., of Columbus, president of the Ohio Archæological and Historical Society, followed by an address by Judge Joseph Cox, of Cincinnati. On Friday, 6th, addresses were made in the afternoon by Hon. Wm. M. Farrar, of Cambridge, with short addresses by R. B. Hayes, ex-President of the United States; David Fisher, of Michigan; Prof. F. W. Putnam, of Massachusetts, and at night an address by Hon. Wm. Henry Smith, of New York. On the 7th—Centennial Day—Gov. J. B. Foraker, of Ohio, presided, making a spirited address, with an oration by U. S. Senator George F. Hoar, of Massachusetts, in the forenoon, and an oration by Hon. John Randolph Tucker, of Virginia, in the afternoon. Also addresses were made by Hon. Samuel F. Hunt, of Cincinnati, and Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, of Boston. General reception at the City Hall in the evening. On Sunday, 8th, there were historical discourses in several of the churches in the morning, and at 3 P. M. Rev. Dr. Henry M. Storrs, of New Jersey, delivered an address in the City Hall; and at 7 P. M., in the same place, addresses were made by Rev. Dr. A. S. Chapin, of Wisconsin; Rev. Dr. J. F. Tuttle, of Indiana; Rev. Dr. B. W. Arnett, of Wilberforce University; Rev. Dr. J. M. Sturtevant, of Cleveland, and Rev. Dr. E. E. Hale. Exercises also at the Unitarian Church.

The Centennial Day was exceedingly beautiful in the weather, as indeed were all the days and evenings throughout, and everything tended to make a joyous affair. The banquet in the armory room of the 7th found some 1,500 persons at the dining-tables. Music, cannon-firing, bell-ringing, the great attendance from abroad of distinguished people, and the festivities generally, everything, from first

to last, conspired to make the Centennial of April 7th at Marietta complete and delightful.

Centennial, July 15, 1888, at Marietta.

The celebration of the first settlement of Ohio and the Northwest Territory, at Marietta, did not exhaust by any means the resources of the people in this locality, and on July 15th a second celebration was successfully held in Marietta, the centennial of the reception of Gov. St. Clair, in 1788, by the people who here had begun the foundation of city and State, when the ordinance of 1787 for the government of the people northwest of the river Ohio was read, and accompanying addresses made. This second celebration was of a popular character, and was attended by enormous crowds of people. The pageant, the Elgin (Ill.) Military Band, and all the addresses and festivities, were enthusiastic and satisfying, except the weather, which was not the best for the season.

Among the chief managers were Judge William B. Loomis, A. T. Nye, Wm. H. Buell and S. M. McMillen. Gov. Foraker presided, and the oration in chief was by the Hon. John W. Daniel, United States Senator from Virginia, and among those who made addresses were Hon. Thomas Ewing, of New York; Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, of Massachusetts; Prof. J. D. Butler, of Wisconsin; Hon. John Sherman, Hon. Charles H. Grosvenor, Hon. Wm. M. Evarts, etc.

The historical relic departments of both celebrations were very large, and were objects of universal interest.

First Millstones and Salt Kettle in Ohio.

[Exhibited in the Relic Department. The millstones were used in the block-house at Fort Harmar; the salt kettle in the production of the first salt made in Ohio.]

Reminiscences of Marietta Society at an Early Day.

Hon. E. D. Mansfield, when a very young child, came with his father's family to Marietta, and in his "Personal Memories" has left some interesting items. His father, Col. Jared Mansfield, of whom there is a sketch in this volume under the head of Richland County, first took up his residence at Marietta. We quote:

"My father's removal to the West, which took place in 1803, required in those days a long journey, much time and a good deal of trouble. The reader will understand that there were then no public conveyances west of the Allegheny. Whoever went to Ohio from the East had to provide his own carriage and take care of his own baggage. At that time there was really but one highway from the East to the West, and that was the great Pennsylvania route from Philadelphia to Pittsburg. It professed to be a turnpike, but was really only a passable road, and on the mountains narrow and dangerous. It was chiefly traversed by the wagoners, who carried goods from Philadelphia to the West.

A private carriage and driver, such as my father had to have, was the abhorrence of the wagoners, who considered it simply an evidence of aristocracy. They threatened and often actually endangered private carriages. My mother used to relate her fears and anxieties on that journey, and, as contrasted with the mode of travelling at the present day, that journey was really dangerous.

"Arrived at Marietta, Ohio, my father established his office there for the next two years. At first, some trouble arose from differences of political opinions at Marietta. Political excitement at the election of Jefferson had been very high—perhaps never more so. Gen. Rufus Putnam, my father's predecessor as Surveyor-General, had been a Revolutionary officer and a Federalist, while my father was a Republican (now called Democrat), and supposed to be a partisan of Jefferson. This political breeze, however, soon passed over. The people of Marietta were, in general, intelligent, upright people, and my father not one to quarrel without cause. The Putnams were polite, and my parents passed two years at Marietta pleasantly and happily. I, who was but a little child of three or four years of age, was utterly oblivious to what might go on in Marietta society. Two things, however, impressed themselves upon me. They must have occurred in the summer and spring of 1805.

"The first was what was called 'The Great Flood.' Every little while we hear about extraordinary cold, heat, or high water; but all these things have occurred before. The impression on my mind is that of the river Ohio rising so high as to flood the lower part of Marietta. We lived some distance from the Ohio, but on the lower plain, so that the water came up into our yard, and it seems to me I can still recall the wood and chips floating in the yard. However, all memories of such early years are indistinct, and can only be relied on for general impressions. As I was four years old at the time of the Marietta flood, it is probable that my impressions of it are correct.

"The other event which impressed itself on my mind was the vision of a very interesting and very remarkable woman. One day, and it seems to have been a bright summer morning, a lady and a little boy called upon my mother. I played with the boy, and it is probably this circumstance which impressed it on my mind, for the boy was handsomely dressed, and had a fine little sword hanging by his side. The lady, as it seems to me, was handsome and bright, laughing and talking with my mother. That lady soon became historical—her life a romance and her name a theme of poetry and a subject of eloquence. It was Madame Blennerhassett.

"It is seventy years since Wirt, in the trial of Burr, uttered his beautiful and poetic description of Madame Blennerhassett and the island she admired. Poetic as it was, it did less than justice to the woman. An intelligent lady who was intimate with her, and afterward visited the courts of England and France, said she had never beheld one who was Mrs. Blennerhassett's equal in beauty, dignity of manners, elegance of dress, and all that was lovely in the person of woman. With all this, she was as domestic in her habits, as well acquainted with housewifery, the art of sewing, as charitable to the poor, as ambitious for her husband, as though she were not the 'Queen of the Fairy Isle.' She was as strong and active in body as she was graceful. She could leap a five-rail fence, walk ten miles at a stretch, and ride a horse with the boldest dragoon. She frequently rode from the island to Marietta, exhibiting her skill in horsemanship and elegance of dress. Robed in scarlet broadcloth, with a white beaver hat, on a spirited horse, she might be seen dashing through the dark woods, reminding one of the flight and gay plumage of some tropical bird; but, like the happiness of Eden, all this was to have a sudden and disastrous end. The 'Queen of the Fairy Isle' was destined to a fate more severe than if her lot had been cast in the rudest log-cabin. . . . . .

"During my father's residence at Marietta there appeared in the Marietta papers a series of articles in favor of the schemes of Burr, and indirectly a separation of the Western and Eastern States. These articles were censured by another series, signed 'Regulus,' which denounced the idea of separating the States, and supported the Union and the administration of Jefferson. At the time, and to this day, the writer was and is unknown. They are mentioned in Hildreth's 'Pioneer History,' as by an unknown author. They were, in fact, written by my father, and made a strong impression at the time. . . . . .

"Here let me remark on the society of the past generation as compared with the present. There is always in the PRESENT time a disposition to exaggerate either its merits or its faults.

"Those who take a hopeful view of things, and wonder at our inventions and discoveries, think that society is advancing, and we are going straight to the millennium. On the other hand, those who look upon the state of society to-day, *especially if they are not entirely satisfied* with their *own condition*, are apt to charge society with degeneracy. They see crimes and corruptions, and assert that society is growing worse.

"Let me here assure the reader that this is not true, and that while we have all reason to lament the weakness of human nature, it is not true that society is declining. No fact is more easily demonstrated than that the society of educated people—and they govern all others—is in a much better condition now than it was in the days succeeding the Revolution. The principles and ideas that caused the French Revolution, at one time, brought atheism and free thinkers into power in France, and largely penetrated American society.

"Skepticism, or, as it was called, free thinking, was fashionable; it was aided and

strengthened by some of the most eminent men of the times. Jefferson, Burr, Pierrepont Edwards, of Connecticut, and many men of the same kind, were not only skeptics, but scoffers at Christianity. Their party came into power, and gave a sort of official prestige to irreligion. But this was not all; a large number of the revolutionary army were licentious men. Of this class were Burr, Hamilton, and others of the same stripe. Hamilton was not so unprincipled a man as Burr, but belonged to the same general caste of society. No one can deny this, for he published enough about himself to prove it. Duelling, drinking, licentiousness, were not regarded by the better class of society as the unpardonable sins which they are now regarded. At that time wine, spirits and cordials were offered to guests at all hours of the day, and not to offer them was considered a want of hospitality. The consequence was that intemperance, in good society, was more common than now, but probably not more so among the great masses of the people. Intemperance is now chiefly the vice of laboring men, but then it pervaded all classes of society.

"Judge Burnet, in his 'Notes on the Northwest,' says that of nine lawyers cotemporary with himself, in Cincinnati, all but one died drunkards. We see, then, that with a large measure of infidelity, licentiousness and intemperance among the higher classes, society was not really in so good a state as it is now. At Marietta were several men of superior intellects who were infidels, and others who were intemperate; and yet this pioneer town was probably one of the best examples of the society of pioneer times.

"I have said that my father was appointed to establish the meridian lines. At that time but a part of Ohio had been surveyed, and he made Marietta his headquarters.

"In the rapid progress of migration to the West his surveys also were soon necessary in western Ohio and in Indiana. Indiana was then an unbroken wilderness, although the French had established the post of Vincennes. This was one of a line of posts which they established from the lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, with a view to holding all the valley of the Mississippi. There may have been a settlement at Jeffersonville, opposite Louisville, but except these there was not a white settlement in Indiana. It became necessary to extend the surveyed lines through that State, then only a part of the great Northwest Territory. For this purpose my father, in 1805, in the month of October, undertook a surveying expedition in Indiana. As it was necessary to live in the wilderness, preparations for doing so were made. The surveying party consisted of my father, three or four surveyors, two regular hunters and several pack-horses. The business of the hunters was to procure game and bring it into the camp at night. Flour, coffee, salt, and sugar were carried on the pack-horses, but for all meat the party depended on the hunters. They went out early in the morning for game and returned only at night. As the surveying party moved only in a straight line, and the distance made in a day was known, it was easy for the hunters to join the others in camp.

"It was in this expedition that some of those incidents occurred that illustrate the life of a backwoodsman. One day the hunters had been unfortunate, and got no game, but brought in a large rattlesnake, which they cut into slices and broiled on the coals. My father did not try that kind of steak, but the hunters insisted the flesh was sweet and good. On another day a hunter was looking into a cave in the rocks and found two panthers' cubs. He put them in a bag, and afterward exhibited them in New Orleans. Here let me say, that posterity will never know the kinds and numbers of wild animals which once lived on the plains of the Ohio. Some are already exterminated east of the Mississippi, and can only be found on the mountains of the West. A citizen of these days will probably be astonished to hear that the buffalo was once common in Ohio, and roamed even on the banks of the Muskingum; but such was the fact.

"A large part of Ohio was at one time a prairie, and the vegetation of the valley very rich. The wild plum, the pawpaw, the walnut, and all kinds of berries were abundant, so that Ohio was as fruitful and generous to Indians and wild animals as it has since been to the white man. In the valleys of the Muskingum, the Scioto and the Miamis were Indian towns where they cultivated corn as white men do now. Marietta, Chillicothe, Circleville, Cincinnati, Xenia and Piqua are all on the sites of old Indian towns. The wild animals and the wild Indian were as conscious as the civilized white man that Ohio was an inviting land—a garden rich in the products which God had made for their support. But man was commanded to live by labor; hence, when man, the laborer, came, he supplanted man, the hunter.

"The animals most common in Ohio were the deer, the wild turkey, squirrel, buffalo, panther and wolves. All these were found near Marietta, and all but the buffalo subsequently near Cincinnati.

"It is not my purpose, however, to go into the natural history of Ohio. The inhabitants of the woods fast disappeared before the man with the spade. I, myself, saw birds and animals in the valleys of the Miamis which no man will hereafter see wild in these regions.

"I recollect one bird which made a great impression on me—the paroquet—much like the parrot, its colors being green and gold, but much smaller. This bird I have seen at Ludlow station in large flocks. I was told it was never seen east of the Scioto.

"Our residence at Marietta lasted two years. In 1803 Ohio was admitted to the Union, with a constitution which continued until 1850. The first constitution of Ohio was, I thought, the best constitution I ever saw, for the reason that it had the fewest limitations. Having established the respec-

tive functions of government, judicial, executive and legislative, it put no limitation on the power of the people, and in a democratic government there should be none. For half a century Ohio grew, flourished, and prospered under its first constitution. It was the best and brightest period Ohio has had. It was the era of great public spirit, of patriotic devotion to country, and of the building up of great institutions of education which are now the strength and glory of the State. In forming educational institutions I had some part myself, and I look upon that work with unalloyed pleasure."

The Origin of Ohio's County Children's Homes.

Given by that of the history of their founder, Mrs. Catharine Fay Ewing.

In 1866 the Legislature of Ohio passed a law, prepared by Hon. S. S. Knowles, a Senator from Washington county, which was amended in 1867, by which the commissioners of any county could purchase lands and erect buildings for a Children's Home, and provide means by taxation for their cost and maintenance of the same by county taxation. The commissioners were empowered to appoint a board of trustees for the same. Children under 16 years of age were eligible for admission, "by reason of abandonment, or orphanage, or neglect, or inability of parents to provide for them."

On their arrival at 16 years of age the trustees were empowered to indenture the children and provide suitable homes for them.

As a result of this law thirty-six of the eighty-eight counties of Ohio have established Children's Homes, and about 3000 children have been taken from poverty and neglect, largely from almshouses from the association with the adult inmates and their vicious degrading companionship.

In the Children's Homes the inmates enjoy a home-life as near the good natural home as possible. "In the nursery or the play-ground, in the dormitory and dining-room, in the school-room and chapel, they find the uplift of education, social, industrious and religious, that prepares them for an early and safe transfer to good homes outside. In these Homes the industrial training begins. House work, garden work, light chores, interest the children, develop a love of labor, and teach them habits of industry, of order and neatness, so necessary for their success in the battle of life. Many poor waifs, ignorant, uncouth and almost repulsive, are received into these Homes. To them it is humanitarianism in the gospel of clean clothes, soap and water, a seat at the table and a nice bed in the dormitory; is the beginning of a new life, the dawn of a brighter and a better day." It is estimated there are to-day in Ohio 20,000 children suffering from the want of parental love, cheer and guidance, all involved in a good safe home. It is from the families of the wretched largely come the criminal classes that prey upon the public, and fill our prisons and almshouses.

Children's Homes.

The greatest charity of Ohio, the *Children's Home*, the greatest because in behalf of the weakest and most helpless of its population, owes its origin to one single determined, devoted woman, with a clear intellect and pitying heart inspired by the Divine Spirit, Mrs. Catharine Fay Ewing, of Marietta. It would be difficult to find in our land a single other woman who has been the author of such great good. She began in poverty, her only capital "Love, Faith and Works," and to-day this capital abides: it is her all, but then it is huge. I called upon her to obtain the story of her life. I found her home a small two-story ancient frame house; its ceilings low, which gives the place a cozy air, and is saving of fuel, and the stairs to the upper regions short, and that saves from weariness of limbs. In that humble spot beneficent work progresses.

Therein, Mrs. Ewing, a woman of sixty-four years, with the assistance of her niece, a young slender girl, was doing the cooking for a club of twenty college students, who each paid fifty cents a week, and this was about all that kept the wolf from coming and howling at the door to disturb the slumbers of herself, in-

valid husband and smiling young niece, Miss Hattie. At times Mrs. Ewing was very weary from her labor, but happy, because she was enabled to help struggling young men to get an education.

Aside from this, she had on Sundays a class of sixty scholars, and on Saturday afternoons another, 26 young girls, whom she taught to sew, mostly children of washerwomen. Mrs. Ewing is rather large in person, a blonde, has a face full of benevolence, as it ought to be with one whose entire life has been filled with the love and care of helpless little ones. Although she never had a child of her own, she has had 600 under her care, and adopted five of the neglected and forsaken as her own. The story of her life follows as given to me mainly from her own lips.

MRS. CATHARINE FAY EWING was born in Westboro, Mass., July 18, 1822. She was the daughter of a farmer. Eleven years later her parents removed to Marietta. She was bred to the profession of a teacher, and taught a mission school among the Choctaw Indians for ten years. Her salary was her board and $100 a year. While among them her sympathies were aroused for an infant left forsaken and friendless. In a drunken spree this child was killed accidentally by a party of Indians. The sight threw her into a state of nervous prostration, and it was long before she recovered. It resulted in a determination to start a children's home at the earliest opportunity.

Soon after she returned to Marietta, and visiting the county infirmary was so shocked at seeing little children receiving their first impressions of life in the midst of such degradation and woe, that she at once took steps to found a home for them. The directors of the infirmary eventually acceded to her proposition.

1. This was to take charge of them in a home that she would build for $1.00 per capita a week.

2. They to supply a new suit of clothes when she should take them.

3. They to pay one-half the cost of medical attendance, and in case of death the burial expenses.

Her pecuniary means to carry out her project were ridiculously meagre. She had saved about $200 in the course of years from her slender salary as a teacher, which with a legacy of $160, and $150 borrowed from a friend, amounted to $500 in all. With this, in 1857, she purchased twelve acres of land on Moss Run, ten miles east of Marietta, and began the erection of a home. There was a cottage on the farm of two rooms when she bought it. Into this cottage on the 1st of April, 1858, she received from the county poor-house nine children, eight of them boys, and all under ten years of age—four of them were babes.

On the 1st of May she took five of these children to the district school. On her arrival she found sixteen men by the door, who told her she should not take her little paupers among their children. She replied: "I am not afraid of you; I know I am right, and you are wrong;" and persisting, in she went. The teacher told her that he could not keep them without permission of the three trustees, who were among the sixteen men. Next Monday she went to Marietta, and got an appointment from the court as guardian over the children, which gave her full authority, and the second time she went to school with the children. Again was she confronted at the school door by thirteen men, two of whom were the trustees, who felt chagrined at the idea of the association of their children with paupers, for that neighborhood was composed of old Virginia families, who inherited a full share of their ancestral pride. Time with its developments changed all this, especially as the institution, by the increase of children for that district, lessened their school tax, the State disbursing a certain amount per capita for each scholar.

In the following August the permanent Home Building was finished. It had twenty rooms, and of the joy with which they moved in, why it cannot be written. This building cost full $2000, but she managed it all with the meagre income of which we have spoken and the credit which she got from the builder. In five years she had expended $4000 on the property, and cancelled every debt.

She relates some curious incidents. The name was as an inspiration. "One night after I had been thinking over this matter I had a dream, in which appeared a wall on which in red block letters were two words: 'CHILDREN'S HOME.' I never," she says, "ever mentioned this before to any one, but I do it to you because it is the truth.

"On an afternoon I left the home for a visit of an hour or two with my sister in the neighborhood, leaving the home in charge of my four hired girls, with about twenty-five children. I had been there but a few moments when I seemed to hear a voice saying: 'You must go!' I sprang up to obey the summons, telling my sister. She ridiculed me for my folly. Again I sat down, when again louder than before came the summons: 'You must go!' and I went. What possessed me to go into the basement I do not know, but there I went. The four girls were together playing with the babes in the upper rooms. In the basement was a pile of shavings, in the midst of which was a meat-block, and there I found the boys, twelve in number, amusing themselves by bringing hot coals from the kitchen fire, placing them on the block as on an anvil, and beating them with clubs to see the sparks fly. The shavings were smoking in several places, and in one a

MRS. CATHERINE FAY EWING.

Cadwallader, Photo.

THE ORIGINAL CHILDREN'S HOME.

The first Children's Home in Ohio was established by Mrs. Ewing in 1858 on Moss Run, ten miles east of Marietta.

blaze had started. To seize a pail of water and put out the fire was but the work of a moment.

Wanting some lumber for building purposes a neighbor whom I shall here call Mr. Smith, a man of bad reputation, brought me what he said was 1800 feet. I told him that I would have my carpenters measure it, and, if they found it correct, would take it at his price. He flew into a passion that I should doubt his word in the matter. My carpenters found it some 400 feet short. I took it at that, and gave him my note, payable in three months—amount, $20.30.

In a little short of three weeks, one Friday it was, Smith came to me and said I must be ready for that note on the next Monday, or he would sue me. I was completely taken aback, and asked to see the note. Then I discovered that he had altered the word "months" to "weeks." I was in great distress. The idea of being sued and thus disgraced before my children and the community was terrible, lone woman as I was. When Smith left I retired to my room, and threw my burden at the feet of Christ. Relief was instant, as it always was. The next morning I answered a knock at the door, and there stood a young gentleman of about thirty years of age in light clothes, and with the blackest eyes I think I ever saw.

He asked: "Are you Miss Fay, the matron of this institution?" "I am." "Here is a package for you."

With that he turned on his heel, and before in my astonishment I could even thank him disappeared.

Who he was, where he came from, or where he went, I never was able to learn from that day to this, now over twenty years ago. On opening I found it to contain exactly the amount of my note, $20.30.

"Many of my neighbors had strange ideas of my work. They thought it a mere money-making scheme, and an injury to them, as they paid taxes to the State, and they tried to injure me. At night they opened my gates and let in hogs and cattle upon my garden and fields, and killed my chickens. Once when I went to take one of my children to a home I found on my return fifty-two of my sixty chickens dead."

In June, 1860, her family were attacked with diphtheria, and sickness lasted for months. Her hired girls left her, and on the day the last left she was sick also. "I crawled downstairs and found things in a dreadful condition. The children gathered around me so pleased to have me with them again, and with the help of the two oldest, a girl of twelve and a boy of thirteen, I went to work to get things in order, but soon the sick upstairs needed my attention. I was too weak to walk; I had to creep on my hands and knees. There lay six dear children, very sick, one of whom died next day. Thus it went on for weeks. Many a day I had no one to speak to but the children.

"The hardest time came one evening when I knew that one of the little ones could not live through the night. I dreaded to be alone, and just at night I sent one of the boys to ask a neighbor to come and stay at least a part of the night. He returned with the answer: 'Tell old Kate she was paid for taking care of the children, and now she might do it.' When the boy told me this I broke down and cried, until one of the children came and put his arm round my neck, and said: 'God can take care of us.' 'So he can,' I said; 'I will trust in him.' Nor did I trust in vain, for before dark Dr. Beckwith came, bringing his wife with him."

Mrs. Ewing's enterprise was sneered at by many, who regarded it as a great folly; but her strength was in her utmost faith in God, and in many instances aid seemed to come almost miraculously. Her motto always was "never let up." To pause is misery; to move is, in some unseen way, joy and perhaps eventual victory.

God raised up friends for her. He always does. The citizens of Marietta and Harmar by two entertainments at one time raised $400, and lifted her out of debt.

At the close of the war two-thirds of the children were soldiers' orphans. At that period the donations were less frequent, and at the same time were more greatly needed; for the war had caused the prices of goods and clothing to greatly increase. At this period she had thirty-six children. Her allowance for the care of each child was raised to $1.25 per week. In her reports to the county commissioners she plead for a Soldiers' Orphans' Home, and, as a consequence, was the establishment of the noble institution at Xenia.

Early in her career, on account of the many epithets applied to her children by the other children at the district school, and the annoyance she had in receiving anonymous letters containing threats of mobbing and burning, she decided to build a school-room and employ a teacher at the home. During the ten years she had charge of the home 101 indigent children were taken care of by her, she finding homes for them as opportunity offered.

Through these years of trial, the greatest care of all being to meet her expenses, she found time to exert an influence upon the public mind to ask for legislation upon the subject of children's homes, and in the years 1866–67 an act was passed by which a home could be established in every county if so desired. As soon as this was effected a purchase of a farm of 100 acres was made two miles from Marietta on the bank of the Muskingum for $18,000. When the plan was perfected, and everything was in readiness to receive the children, Miss Fay, who had married six months before Mr. Ewing, a farmer by avocation, was soon to remove the family to the Children's Home; she received a letter asking if she would like the superintendence of the new home, adding that a farmer had been hired to manage the farm. She replied, "When you leave my husband out you leave me out also." Thus was the connection severed between the mother of this first home

and her family. She clothed them all, as she expresses it, in flannel, and gave them many garments and bedding beside, and near the 1st of April, 1868, these children, thirty-six in number, entered the first home established by law.

This, the first Children's Home on the "Ohio Plan," is justly a matter of pride with the citizens of Washington county for the great work of good it is doing, and the ability shown in its management. The home has now an average of over one hundred children, ranging in age from a few months to sixteen years. The property is valued at about forty thousand dollars. It is supported by direct taxation and the income from the farm.

Great Trees.

The valleys of the Muskingum and the Scioto have been noted for immense trees. The most noted was a sycamore, which stood on the banks of the Muskingum at the time of the first settlement in 1788, and is thus described by Dr. Cutler in his journal:

Sunday, Aug. 24.—Cloudy this morning and very muddy. Attended public worship in the hall at Campus Martius. Hall very full. People came from the Virginia shore and from the garrison. Dined with Generals Parsons and Varnum.

We took a walk out just at sunset, and went as far as the great tree. Measured the diameter—thirteen feet in diameter in the two opposite directions, *i. e.*, at right angles. The tree is broken down: one side is about eighteen feet high; the opposite is about two feet. The inside of the tree is not only hollow, but burnt so there is but a thin shell. The growth of the tree is sloping; if cut off about two feet above the ground would contain sixty-four men, allowing eighteen inches to a man. Six horsemen could ride in abreast and parade in the tree at the same time.

We measured the circumference as near the ground as possible so as to take in all the bulges, and made it 46½ feet. About two feet above the ground we measured the circumference again, and found it to be 41½ feet. This seems to have been the proper place to have measured it to give the proper circumference, and gives the diameter fourteen feet. At the height of sixteen feet the tree was only six feet in diameter; at eighteen feet it branched into three large branches which now lie on the ground. General Parsons, elsewhere states Dr. Cutler, measured a black walnut tree near the Muskingum, whose circumference at five feet from the ground was twenty-two feet."

On the Rathbun place, famous for its fine sweet potatoes, near the Children's Home, in the Muskingum valley, is an immense elm which I measured, and found to have, two feet above the ground, a girth of about twenty-four feet; five feet above the ground eighteen feet; length of branches from north to south 127 feet. On my way thither, Thursday, May 6, 1886, I called upon Mr. Lewis J. P. Putnam, born March 2, 1808, and great-grandson of General Israel Putnam, called hereabouts General Wolf Putnam, to distinguish him from General Rufus Putnam, his cousin. He told me when a boy he saw that elm. It was then a sapling of say twenty feet high, four inches through, and growing out of the hollow of a stump. This would now make it about a century old from the seed. The average life of an elm is about 170 years. This tree bids fair to become widely famous, for the soil is remarkably generous for tree growth.

Mr. Geo. M. Woodbridge, in connection with the study of the ancient mounds, has been investigating for years the ages of trees hereabouts, and the oldest he has discovered was on the Woodbridge farm about eight miles above the city, nearly a mile back of the river and a mile east of the 7th range line. It was an ash tree. Three feet above the ground its girth was sixteen feet three inches. When cut in logs he counted the concentric rings carefully ten feet from the base with a glass, and made it 300 years.

He took me to the spot and then to the saw-mill of Mr. John W. Gitchell near by, which was rapidly converting the once gigantic trees of the hillside into lumber, and Mr. Gitchell showed me by his mill the stump of an oak about as old and as large.

Hon. W. M. Farrar writes me that about three-quarters of a mile northwest of Caywood station, on the C. & M. R. R., in this county, is a pair of oak trees that become merged in one. They start from the ground two feet apart. At the height of twenty feet they are four apart. Then the smaller, which is ten inches in diameter, turns nearly at right angles and unites with the larger tree, which is two feet in diameter, and the two become thenceforth one. For references to various noted Ohio trees see Index.

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

HARMAR, FROM THE VIRGINIA SHORE OF THE OHIO.

[On the right appears "the Point" at Marietta with the Muskingum and its falls; also in the distance the towers of the "Two Horn" church; in front is Harmar.]

Harmar in 1846.—Harmar is very pleasantly situated on the south bank of the Muskingum, opposite Marietta. It contains 1 Methodist church, a male and female academy, 5 mercantile stores, 1 steam mill, 1 extensive foundry, a large hotel (shown on the left of the view), and had, in 1840, 692 inhabitants. Steamboat building has been extensively carried on here. It will probably become a manufacturing town, a grant having lately been given by the State to use the waters of the Muskingum at the dam.—*Old Edition.*

The Fort Harmar, completed in the spring of 1786, stood near the point on the west side of the Muskingum, and upon the second terrace above ordinary flood water. Joel Buell, one of the first settlers at Marietta, was on the frontier as early as 1785, and spent considerable time at Fort Harmar. In his journal he states that the pay of the soldiers was only $3.00 per month, or ten cents a day. "Drunkenness and desertion were prevalent evils. The punishment for drunkenness and other trifling offences was not infrequently flogging to the extent of one hundred or even two hundred lashes, and the death penalty, without the process of court-martial, was inflicted upon deserters. Buell relates that three men, the finest soldiers of the company, deserted at McIntosh, and being captured were shot by order of Major Wyllis, who commanded the fort—an act which he chronicled as the most inhuman that he ever saw."

Drunkenness was common in that day among all classes. A large proportion of the soldiers of the revolution died drunkards. Early in this century if a beggar appeared at one's door, and they often did, and clothed in rags, it was common to characterize him as an "old soldier." It was from this fact arose the old time doggerel:

"Who comes here?" A grenadier.
"What do you want?" A pot of beer.
"Where's your money?" I forgot.
"Get you gone you drunken sot."

Old-time Drinking Habits.

A chaplain of a regiment of the Continental army complained that the men were not punctual at morning prayers. "Oh, I'll fix that," said the colonel, so he issued an order that the liquor ration would hereafter be given out at the close of morning prayers. It worked like a miracle; not a man was missing.

It is impossible for this generation to conceive of the position of society when the drinking habit was universal among the American people, as it was even down to the period of my youth.

Alcoholic liquids were considered a necessity of life; a sort of panacea for all ills; a crowning sheaf to all blessings; good in sickness and in health; good in summer to dispel the heat, and good in winter to dispel the cold; good to keep on work, and more than good to help on a frolic.

So good were they considered, that their attributed merits were fixed by pleasant names. The first dram of the morning was an "eye-opener;" duly followed by the "eleven-o'clocker" and the "four-o'clocker;" whilst the very last was a "night-cap;" after which one was supposed to take no more drinks that day, unless he was unexpectedly called up at night, when, as people generally slept in rooms without fires, he prudently fortified himself against taking cold.

Don't imagine these were *all* the drinks of the day—by no means. The decanter was at the dinner-table and stood ready at all times on the side-board of every well-to-do family. My father was not an exception. If a friend had called, he had been welcomed by the "social glass;" if one had departed, a pleasant journey was tendered in a flowing bumper; if a bargain had been made, it was rounded by a liquid "clincher;" if a wedding had come off, a long and prosperous life was drunk to the happy pair; if one died, the watchers with the dead (as was the custom of the time) were provided with refreshments through the long solemn hours of night; ardent spirits were always included, while the bearers at the funeral had set out for them the decanter and glass.

Drinking, all the way from the cradle to the grave, seemed the grand rule. Dinah, the black nurse, as she swaddled the new-born infant, took her dram; and Uncle Sam (I remember him), the aged, gray-haired sexton, with the weak and watery eyes and bent, rheumatic body, soon as he had thrown the last spadeful of earth upon the little mound he had raised over the remains of a fellow-mortal, turned to the neighboring bush on which hung his green baize jacket, for a swig at the bottle; after which, and smacking his lips the while, he gathered up his tools and slowly and painfully hobbled homeward to attend to his duties to the living—one was to ring the town-bell at noon, the dinner hour, and again at nine at night, to warn the people to close the stores, stop work and prepare to retire.

This was in accord with a favorite couplet of the day:

> "Early to bed and early to rise,
> Makes people healthy, wealthy and wise."

An hour later, almost the entire population of the little town, after burying up their fires and blowing out their miserable, dim, little lights, would be laid out around in horizontal positions in their various dwellings—some with "night-caps" and some without "night-caps," and some with two "night-caps"—one outside and the other *in*—sometimes *more* than that *in*.

Poets and philosophers have written much in praise of sleep. It is an early habit of the race. The first man of us all, only, on awakening from a sound nap, found "his affinity," and ever after she was by his side. There is GOOD in sleep.

Blissful sleep! This death while yet living—mysterious, transient death—the body still holding the soul within its portals while the mind, helpless and helmless, may be wafted by the varying currents of spiritual power through the limitless re-

gions of the great unknown: but memory gone, it returns no report save that, in some mysterious way, it has noted the passing of time—can tell whether it has been wandering one hour or ten.

In those ancient and somewhat melancholy days, church deacons not only frequently ran distilleries, but sold rum, whiskey and gin over the counter at two cents a dram (the price of the time); while the parson, that good old man, after finishing a round of social visits, not unfrequently returned to his own dwelling so mellowed by the soothing influence of the cordial welcomes of his parishioners, as to feel that this was not such a very bad world after all.

Lyman Beecher's Testimony.

This may seem an exaggeration as to the habits of the people and old-time clergy; but none can gainsay the evidence of Lyman Beecher. In his autobiography, Mr. Beecher describes a scene at a meeting of the Consociation of Congregational ministers and laity at the house of Rev. Mr. Heart, in Plymouth, which took place in the year 1811, on the occasion of the ordination of Mr. Heart. He says:

"In the sitting-room of Mr. Heart's house, beside food, was a broad side-board covered with decanters and bottles and sugar and pitchers of water. There we found all the various kinds of liquor then in vogue. The drinking was apparently universal. This preparation was made by the society as a matter of course. When the Consociation arrived they always took something to drink round; also before public services, and always on their return. As they could not all drink at once, they were obliged each to stand and wait for his turn, as people do when they go to mill.

There was also a decanter of spirits on the dinner-table to help digestion, and gentlemen partook of it through the afternoon and evening as they felt the need, some more and some less. The sideboard, with the spillings of water and sugar and liquor, looked and smelled like the bar of a very active grog-shop. None of the Consociation were drunk; but that there was not at times a considerable amount of exhilaration I cannot affirm.

When they had all done drinking, and taken pipes and tobacco, in less than fifteen minutes there was such a smoke you could not see. And the noise I cannot describe; it was the maximum of hilarity. They told their stories and were at the height of jocose talk. They were not old-fashioned Puritans. They had been run down. Great deal of spirituality on the Sabbath, and not much when they got where there was something GOOD to *drink*.

When things are at their worst they begin to mend. The terrible evils arising from intemperance finally startled the land. The first point in the reform was gained when as one entered a friend's house the latter no longer felt it a breach of hospitality not to give a sidewise toss of the head and an angular glance of an eye to the sideboard, and then with a smile of tender solicitude ask, "What will you have to drink?"

And then farther along in the progress of the Temperance idea, when a stranger guest was present, the old, coarse, disgusting question, "What will you have to drink?" was not put at all, and so when an invitation was extended it came from some old fossil of antiquated habits, moved by the spirit of sociality, who, in a hesitating, timid sort of manner, would inquire—"Do you *ev-ever in*-INDULGE?"

The Temperance Reform began in 1832, and soon there came such a moral resurrection of the old-style American people as history has not seen—the banishment of intoxicating liquors as a common beverage from the homes of respectable families. Such a use had become disgraceful, for public opinion sustained what the enlightened moral sense could only contemplate with a loathing and a shudder.

This was a wonderful point gained and it came to stay, greatly blessing society.

But then in some few cases an unlooked-for extreme was reached: not only did such people banish alcoholic drinks from their homes but all sorts of stimulants, as tea and coffee; and then came a crusade against meat, inaugurated by Sylvester Graham, who advocated a purely vegetable diet as a preservative against a desire for stimulants. He had many followers: among his captives was Horace Greeley, who for a while lived in a *vegetarian* boarding house, and when there in a lady-boarder met the lady who captured him.

What may be termed a drinking song was a favorite at that time, which even a Cupid stricken youth of strict temperance proclivities might well sing without violating any canon of teetotalism. It was set to a very plaintive air. It is not thought Mr. Greeley ever sang it. It opened with

"Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will *pledge* with mine;
Oh, leave a kiss within the cup
And I'll not ask for wine."

HARMER is on the Ohio river, at the mouth of the Muskingum river and opposite Marietta. It is on the C. W. & B. and M. C. & N. R. R. City officers, 1888: Geo. P. Stevens, mayor; Henry Strecker, clerk; A. W. Tompkins, treasurer; S. G. Stage, marshal; Sanford Loffland, street commissioner. Churches: 1 Congregational and 1 Methodist Episcopal.

Manufactures and Employees.—Harmar Foundry and Machine Co., 7; Strecker, Tompkins & Co., flour, etc., 7; George Strecker & Co., boilers, etc., 8; W. F. Robertson & Co., plows, etc., 37.—*Ohio State Report, 1888.*

Population, 1880, 1,571. School census, 1888, 619; John D. Phillips, superintendent of schools. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, $51,000. Value of annual product, $91,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

In June, 1890, Harmar lost its distinction as a corporation, having been annexed to Marietta, and its population, some 1700, is included in the census of that year.

BELPRE is on the Ohio river, twelve miles below Marietta and opposite Parkersburg, West Va., and on the C. W. & B. R. R. It has five churches. School census, 1888, 311; F. P. Ames, superintendent of schools.

BEVERLY is twenty-three miles above Marietta, on the bank of the Muskingum river and on the Z. & O. R. R. R. It has a normal school and is the seat of Beverly College; W. C. Hawks, principal. City officers, 1888: J. M. Truesdell, mayor; Chas. Wilson, clerk; C. W. Reynolds, treasurer; Perley Chapman, marshal; Chas. McCarty, street commissioner. Newspapers: *Dispatch*, Independent, Roberta Smith, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Presbyterian, 1 Methodist and 1 Methodist Episcopal. Bank: Citizens', E. S. McIntosh, president; Chas. W. Reynolds, cashier. Population, 1880, 834. School census, 1888, 267.

WATERFORD is opposite it, on the west bank of the river.

LOWELL is on the Muskingum river, ten miles northwest of Marietta. Population, 1880, 322. School census, 1888, 150.

MATAMORAS, P. O. New Matamoras, is on the Ohio river, thirty-one miles above Marietta. Newspaper: *Mail*, Democrat, Geo. W. Tary, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Baptist. Population, 1880, 631.

MACKSBURG is sixteen miles north of Marietta, on the C. & M. R. R. School census, 1888, 248. This is in the once noted Macksburg oil district, for account of which see Noble County.

UPPER NEWPORT, town with a population in 1890 of 1236, and LOWER NEWPORT, town with a population of 1169, are on the Ohio river, a few miles above Marietta.

WAYNE.

WAYNE COUNTY was established in 1796. The surface is mostly rolling, with numerous glades of level land; the prevailing soil is a deep clayey loam, capable of the highest fertility. It has excellent coal mines and quarries of building, and is one of the best wheat counties of Ohio.

Area about 540 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 215,848; in pasture, 36,641; woodland, 55,274; lying waste, 4,950; produced in wheat, 886,580 bushels; rye, 1,540; buckwheat, 307; oats, 942,657; barley, 2,613; corn, 947,969; broom corn, 3,495 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 32,211 tons; clover hay, 31,328; flax, 174,565 lbs. fibre; potatoes, 100,132 bushels; tobacco, 147,685 lbs.; butter, 1,039,793; cheese, 138,053; maple sugar, 15,148 lbs.; honey, 4,966; eggs, 950,512 dozen; grapes, 63,463 lbs.; wine, 1,312 gallons; sweet potatoes, 235 bushels; apples, 79,361; peaches, 26,549; pears, 3,701; wool, 134,874 lbs.; milch cows owned, 10,770. Ohio Mining Statistics, 1888: Coal, 91,157 tons, employing 208 miners and 44 outside employees. School census, 1888, 12,830; teachers, 354. Miles of railroad track, 153.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Baughman,	1,741	2,473	Lake,	1,145	
Canaan,	1,826	2,135	Milton,	1,352	1,864
Chester,	1,985	2,105	Mohecan,	2,046	
Chippewa,	1,787	3,527	Paint,	1,610	1,474
Clinton,	873	2,077	Perry,	2,100	
Congress,	2,008	2,851	Plain,	2,134	1,993
East Union,	1,864	2,048	Salt Creek,	2,223	1,775
Franklin,	1,504	1,460	Sugar Creek,	2,223	2,093
Greene,	1,751	3,309	Wayne,	1,841	1,831
Jackson,	1,645		Wooster,	3,119	7,061

Population of Wayne in 1820, 11,933; 1830, 23,327; 1840, 36,015; 1860, 32,483; 1880, 40,076; of whom 29,767 were born in Ohio; 5,642, Pennsylvania; 322, New York; 243, Virginia; 227, Indiana; 15, Kentucky; 1,152, German Empire; 348, Ireland; 323, France; 305, England and Wales; 98, Scotland; 63, British America. Census, 1890, 39,005.

FORMATION AND ORIGINAL EXTENT.

Wayne county was established by proclamation of Gov. St. Clair, August 15, 1796, and was the third county formed in the Northwest Territory. Its original limits were very extensive, and were thus defined in the act creating it: "Beginning at the mouth of the Cuyahoga river, upon Lake Erie, and with the said river to the Portage, between it and the Tuscarawas branch of the Muskingum; thence down the said branch to the forks at the carrying place above Fort Laurens, thence by a west line to the east boundary of Hamilton county (which is a due north line from the lower Shawnese town upon the Scioto river), thence by a line west-northerly to the southern part of the Portage, between the Miamis of the Ohio and the St. Mary's river; thence by a line also west-northerly to the southwestern part of the Portage, between the Wabash and the Miamis of Lake Erie, where Fort Wayne now stands; thence by a line west-northerly to the southern part of Lake Michigan; thence along the western shores of the same to the northwest part thereof (including the lands upon the streams emptying into the said lake); thence by a due north line to the territorial boundary in Lake Superior, and with

the said boundary through Lakes Huron, Sinclair and Erie to the mouth of Cuyahoga river, the place of beginning."

These limits embrace what is now a part of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, and all of Michigan, and the towns of Ohio City, Chicago, Sault St. Mary's, Mackinaw, etc.

In February, 1846, the principal part of the townships of Jackson, Lake, Mohecan and Perry were taken from Wayne to form a part of the new county of Ashland.

This county was named from Gen. ANTHONY WAYNE. He was born in Chester county, Pa., January 1, 1745. After leaving school he became a surveyor, and paid some attention to philosophy and engineering, by which he obtained the friendship of Dr. Franklin, who became his patron. He entered the army of the revolution in 1775, and was made brigadier-general in 1777. He was in the army through the war, and particularly distinguished himself in the battles of Brandywine, Germantown and Monmouth. His attack upon Stony Point, in July, 1779, an almost inaccessible height, defended by 600 men and a strong battery of artillery, was the most brilliant exploit of the war. At midnight he led his troops, with unloaded muskets, flints out, and fixed bayonets, and without firing a single gun, carried the fort by storm and took 543 prisoners. He was struck, in the attack, by a musket-ball in the head, which was momentarily supposed to be a mortal wound; he called to his aids to carry him forward and let him die in the fort. The crowning acts of his life were his victory over the Indians on the Maumee, and the treaty of Greenville in 1795. His life of peril and glory was terminated in 1796, in a cabin at Presque Isle (now Erie, Pa.), then in the wilderness. His remains were there deposited, at his own request, under the flag-staff of the fort, on the margin of Lake Erie; and were removed in 1809, by his son, to Radnor churchyard, Delaware county, Pa. Wayne was one of the best generals of the revolution. He was irresistible in leading a charge, and a man of great impetuosity of character, bordering on rashness; but he conducted his last campaign with great caution and skill.

Killbuck's creek, in this county, was named from Killbuck, a Delaware chief. His village, called Killbuck's town, was on the road from Wooster to Millersburg, on the east side of the creek, about ten miles south of Wooster. It is laid down on maps published as early as 1764. When the country was first settled, Killbuck was a very old man. There were several chiefs by this name.

An Indian settlement stood just south of Wooster, on the site of the Baptist burying-ground. It was named Beaver-Hat, from an Indian chief of that name, who resided there with a few others. His Indian name was *Paupelenan*, and his camp or residence was called by him *Apple chauquecake, i. e.*, "Apple Orchard." The Indian trail from Pittsburgh to Lower Sandusky passed just north of Beaver-Hat.

INDIAN TRAILS.

The Indians in their expeditions against the early settlers travelled a regular system of trails or paths as familiar to them as our highways and railroads are to us: it is a somewhat remarkable fact that many of our railroads follow the line of the same trails, they having served to point out to the engineer the best route. It is said that the earlier emigrants west of the Mississippi, aware of the singular engineering tact of the Indians (which is also possessed by the buffalo), never hesitated to follow an Indian or buffalo path, certain it would lead by the most direct accessible route to its destination.

The early settlers soon acquired a knowledge of these trails, and by them traced marauding Indians to their villages. In later years they served as highways to the pioneers seeking future homes.

They were narrow paths through the forests and along the streams, more or less beaten and marked according to the amount of recent travel, and generally followed the banks of some water-course.

The first great trail was from Fort Du Quesne to Sandusky; commencing at Pittsburg it ran northwest to the mouth of the Big Beaver, from there to the junction of the Sandy and Tuscarawas creeks at the south line of Stark county,

from thence northwest to Wayne county, passing south of where Wooster now is, crossing the Killbuck north of the bridge on the Ashland road; continuing west passing near the present site of Reedsburg to Mohican Johnstown, crossing the Jerome fork of the Mohican; thence west of north passing through Wyandot town (now Castalia) to Fort Sandusky on Sandusky bay and continuing on to Fremont; the entire distance covering 240 miles. This was a much travelled route probably for many years before white men were even known in this region.

This trail also branched off at Mohican Johnstown, passing through Plain township by the "Long Meadow" or perhaps a little south by Mohican John's Lake in Wayne county, thence across Killbuck some twelve miles south of Wooster, where Rogers crossed that stream, and probably Col. Crawford also crossed and encamped near O'Dell's (formerly Mohican John's Lake) on his expedition to the Moravian settlement on Sandusky creek, in Crawford county. There was another trail from Mohican Johnstown running northwest to Greentown, by or near the site of Goudy's old mill, to the Quaker springs in Vermillion township; thence southwest over Honey creek to a point about three miles west of Perrysville. This trail, afterwards known as the Old Portage road, was the route of many of the pioneers in Green township. The trail continued in the direction of the site of Lucas to near Mansfield.

From Mohican Johnstown another trail ran up the Jerome fork, a favorite route of the Mohicans on their hunting excursions on the Black river; and the north part of Ashland county, to the junction of the Catotaway in the eastern part of Montgomery township, where it crossed and passed near the residence of Moses Latta and Burkholder's mill, thence up the creek past the old Gierhart farm, where resided Catotaway, an old Indian hunter after whom the stream was named. There was another trail passed up in the direction of Vermillion lake and down the Vermillion river. Various other trails generally following the course of some stream branched out to different points.

At the early settlement of the country these trails were well marked and so worn by the Indians (who travel in single file) that they were easily followed by the pioneers. For the Indians they served as highways between the Lake villages and those in the southern and in eastern parts of the State and in turn became the arteries through which flowed the hardy pioneers who redeemed this great State from barbarism and developed its resources.

Wooster in 1846.—Wooster, the county-seat, named from Gen. David Wooster, an officer of the revolution, is 93 miles northeast of Columbus, and 52 southerly from Cleveland, on the stage road between the two places. It is situated near the junction of Apple with Killbuck creek, on a gradual slope of ground, elevated about fifty feet above the latter, and is surrounded by a beautiful undulating country. To the south, from the more elevated parts of the town, is seen the beautiful valley of the Killbuck, stretching away for many miles, until the prospect is hid by the highlands in the county of Holmes, 12 or 14 miles distant. Wooster is compactly and well built, and is a place of much business. The view was taken near Archer's store, and shows a part of the public square, with the west side of Market street: the county buildings are shown on the left, and the spire of the Baptist church in the distance. The town contains 1 Presbyterian, 1 Methodist, 1 German Lutheran, 1 German Reformed, 1 Seceder, 1 Disciples, 1 Lutheran, 1 Baptist church, a female seminary in good repute, 4 grocery, 10 dry goods, 2 hardware, 2 book and 3 drug stores, 1 bank, and had, in 1840, 1913 inhabitants, and now is estimated to contain 2700. Carriage-making is extensively carried on.—*Old Edition.*

Early History.

This county lies within what was once called "the New Purchase," a very extensive tract, lying south of the Reserve, east of the Tuscarawas, north of the Greenville treaty line, and extending as far west as the western line of the Reserve. The land office for this tract was at Canton, Col. Thomas Gibson, register, and Col. John Sloan, now of Wooster, receiver. The first lands were sold in this district at Canton, in 1808, when was purchased the sites of Mansfield, Richland county, Wooster, and a few scattering tracts in the purchase.

Wooster was laid out in the fall of 1808, by the proprietors, John Beaver, William Henry and Joseph H. Larwill, on a site 337 feet above Lake Erie. The

first house built in the county was a log structure now (1846) standing on Liberty street, in Wooster, immediately west of the residence of William Larwill. It was raised about the time the town was laid out, and was first occupied by William Larwill and Abraham Miller, a young man. The next spring the father of the latter moved in from Stark county, with his family—the first that settled in the town—and opened it as a house of entertainment. About the same time, James Morgan, from Virginia, settled with his family on Killbuck, just north of the old Indian town. In 1810 the yellow brick building on the north side of Liberty street, adjoining the public square, was erected by John Beaver, being the first brick edifice erected in the county. In the fall of 1808 a road was cut from what is now Massillon to Wooster, which was, it is said, the first road made in the county. The first State road running through the county, from Canton to Wooster, was laid out in 1810, by the commissioners.

When Wooster was settled there were no white inhabitants between it and the lake; on the west, none short of the Maumee, Fort Wayne and Vincennes; on the south, none until within a few miles of Coshocton, and those on the Tuscarawas were the nearest on the east. Wooster was made the seat of justice for the county, May 30, 1811. Previously, the whole county was comprised in Killbuck township, which had, by the census of 1810, but 320 inhabitants. Wooster was not the first county-seat. The spot chosen by the first commissioners was on an eminence now known as Madison hill, about 1¼ miles southeast of the town, on land then owned by Bezaleel Wells & Co., which place they called Madison. But a single cabin was afterwards built there. The selection displeased the people of the county, which resulted in the legislature appointing new commissioners, who located it at Wooster.

The first mill was erected in the county in 1809, by Joseph Stibbs, of Canton, on Apple creek, about a mile east of Wooster. Some time after, Stibbs sent a man by the name of Michael Switzer, who opened for him, in a small building attached to the mill, the store, consisting of a small stock of goods suitable for the settlers and Indians.

One morning a singular incident occurred. In the store was William Smith, Hugh Moore, Jesse Richards, J. H. Larwill and five or six Indians. Switzer was in the act of weighing out some powder from an eighteen-pound keg, while the Indians were quietly smoking their pipes filled with a mixture of tobacco, sumach leaves and kinnickinnick, or yellow willow bark, when a puff of wind coming in at the window, blew a spark from one of their pipes into the powder. A terrific explosion ensued. The roof of the building was blown into four parts, and carried some distance; the sides fell out, the joists came to the floor, and the floor and chimney alone were left of the structure. Switzer died in a few minutes. Smith was blown through the partition into the mill, and badly injured. Richards and the Indians were also hurt, and all somewhat burned. Larwill, who happened to be standing against the chimney, escaped with very little harm, except having, like the rest, his face well blackened, and being knocked down by the shock.

The Indians, fearful that they might be accused of doing it intentionally, some days after called a council of citizens for an investigation, which was held on the bottom, on Christmas run, west of the town.

In the war of 1812 a block-house was erected in Wooster, on the site of Col. John Sloan's residence. It was built by Captain George Stidger, of Canton, and was intended more particularly for a company he had here and other troops who might be passing through the country.—*Old Edition.*

WOOSTER, county-seat of Wayne, ninety-three miles northeast of Columbus, on the P. Ft. W. & C. R. R., is near the junction of Apple creek with Killbuck. It is the seat of Wooster University.

County officers, 1888: Auditor, Thomas E. Peckinpaugh; Clerk, Eli Zaring; Commissioners, Lucien Graber, Jacob Hess, Andrew Oberlin; Coroner, Solon

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

PUBLIC SQUARE, WOOSTER.

Teeples, Photo., 1887.

PUBLIC SQUARE, WOOSTER

Boydston; Infirmary Directors, Joseph Marshall, Francis Little, Elias Langell; Probate Judge, Hiram B. Swartz; Prosecuting Attorney, Asbury D. Metz; Recorder, Joseph A. Schuch; Sheriff, Ethan A. Brown; Surveyor, Philip Markley; Treasurer, Rezin B. Wasson. City officers, 1888: J. R. Woodworth, Mayor; C. C. Adams, Clerk; Philip Elisperman, Marshal; Edward Miller, Street Commissioner. Newspapers: *Republican*, Republican, H. N. Clemens, editor and publisher; *Jacksonian*, Democrat, J. F. Marchands, editor and publisher; *Journal*, German-Democrat, M. E. Weixelbaum, editor and publisher; *University Voice*, College, Chas. K. Carpenter and Chas. M. Mains, editors and publishers; *Wayne County Democrat*, Democrat, E. B. Eshelman, editor; *Wayne County Herald*, Prohibition, J. W. Campbell, editor; *Collegian*, Students of Wooster University, editors and publishers; *Royal Arcanum Journal*, Order of the Royal Arcanum, T. E. Peckinpaugh, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Catholic, 1 German-Lutheran, 2 Presbyterian, 1 German Reformed, 1 Lutheran, 2 Methodist, 1 Baptist, 1 United Presbyterian, 1 Reformed. Banks: National Bank of Wooster, John Zimmerman, president; Curtis V. Hard, cashier; Wayne County National, Jacob Frick, president; A. G. Coover, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees: Plank Bros., flour and feed; Hartman & Durstine, sash, doors and blinds, 24 hands; Standard Coach Pad Co., coach pads, etc., 34; Landis & George, furniture; D. W. Immel, tannery; Fred. Weis, lager beer; J. R. Naftzger, flour and feed; Wooster Brush Works, brushes, 27; C. K. Bowman, rye whiskey; M. P. Huston, laundrying, 6; E. Thoman, tannery; Wooster Co-operative Foundry Co., 12; D. C. Curry & Co., sash, doors and blinds, 24; Overholt & Co., flour and feed, 20; W. Young, bottling works; Alcock & Donald, granite works; B. Barrett's Sons, general machinery, 10; W. H. Banker, carriages; Underwood Whip Co., whips, 64.—*State Report, 1888.* Population, in 1890, 5,901 School census, in 1888, 1,950; W. S. Eversole, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, $256,000. Value of annual product, $371,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887.*

The UNIVERSITY OF WOOSTER was founded in 1868 by the Ohio, Cincinnati and Sandusky Synods of the Presbyterian Church. Ephraim Quinby, Jr., a wealthy and liberal citizen of Wooster, generously offered a handsome site on an elevated knoll, containing twenty-one acres of oak forest. The citizens of Wayne county raised a subscription of more than $100,000, which they offered for the erection of a building on the Quinby grounds. Over $250,000 in other subscriptions was raised by the executive committee of the university by October, 1869. The institution was formally opened and dedicated with appropriate ceremonies on September 7, 1870.

The university has been very successful from the start. In 1877 it graduated from its collegiate department the largest number of classical alumni of any college in Ohio. In 1889 it had 24 instructors; 451 male and 225 female students, graduating in that year 32 male and 12 female students. Since its founding it has graduated 434 male and 76 female students. It has property valued at $385,000, and its library contains 11,000 volumes. Sylvester F. Scovel, president.

HISTORICAL MISCELLANY.

The following miscellaneous collection of incidents and experiences is extracted and abridged from the valuable "History of Wayne County," by Mr. Ben. Douglas, of Wooster:

INDIAN WANTED GREASE.

John Butler, a justice of the peace, of Franklin township, had raised considerable corn in the bottoms, and had a good many hogs. A gang of Indians passed one day and shot one of them. Mr. Butler followed after, and found them encamped in the region of the present site of Shreve. He went to the chief and told him the circumstance, and that he must pay him. The chief went to the thief and told him he must pay for the hog. He asked him why he had killed the hog, and the Indian replied, "I wanted grease."

The chief made him pay for the animal, Mr. Butler receiving therefore two deer skins, which the Indian indignantly kicked toward him. It was soon after that Mr. Butler's cabin was burned, and he claimed that the gang of Indians did it. Mr. Butler rebuilt his cabin on the same spot, and lived there until his death in 1837.

The Morgan Block-House.—This fort stood on the Thomas Dowty farm, was quite a large structure, and a source of protection to the pioneers. During the summer of Hull's surrender a company of soldiers was stationed here from Tuscarawas county. A would-be brave soldier of this company was ever boasting of his courage, and ached for a fight with the Indians. The boys concluded they would accommodate him. They caused to be painted and decked in true Indian costume one of their number, and had him secrete himself in a swamp close by. The company proceeded on one of its scouts and passed by this swamp, when the mythical Indian sprang out, yelling, and pointing his gun, took after this Sir Valiant soldier, who rushed at the top of his speed and concealed himself in a marsh. The company and the painted gentleman rapidly returned to the block-house. Soon thereafter the would-be Indian fighter, who had lost his shoes in the swamp, returned. Some of the boys went in search of his shoes, and brought them to camp.

An Indian Scare.

To show the uneasy and excited state of the public mind for some time subsequent to Hull's surrender, we relate an incident that occurred in what was called Smith's settlement, near the site of the present county infirmary. One afternoon two of the Smith women had heard what they supposed to be guns firing in the direction of Wooster "at the rate of five hundred a minute." The neighborhood was soon assembled, numbering between thirty and forty persons, men, women and children. After consultation it was decided that James McIntire should approach Wooster cautiously to ascertain the exact state of affairs there, and that the balance of the company should at once set out for Steubenville by way of the Indian trail, the women and children on horseback, the men on foot with their guns.

The party travelled in silence during the entire night, not a child giving the least sign of fretfulness. In the morning they were overtaken by McIntire, who brought the welcome news that Wooster was resting in quietude, and that the noise that had frightened the two women was the sound made by men cutting straw with axes in a trough for feed. At this intelligence the main part of the fugitives returned, hungry and weary, to their cabin homes in the forest. A few, however, continued on their flight to the old settlements in Pennsylvania.

Chief Johnny-Cake "Skedaddles."

Nevertheless this stampede of the settlers was not without thrilling incident. When the party in its flight was crossing Big Sugar creek, they discovered a camp-fire close to the Indian trail, the Indian dogs barked, and immediately Indians raised the whoop. At this the company took shelter in the brushwood as best they could. All became quiet in a short time, when those with guns began to scout around in order to ascertain the character of the Indians in the camp. They proved to be Chief Johnny-Cake and his tribe. The story the whites told alarmed them, and they said they also would flee the country, as they were, as friendly Indians, equally in danger from the hostile tribes, but that they must have their supper first off the deer that was then roasting at the fire.

Afterwards, McIntire passed their camp blowing a large tin horn, and riding at a full gallop to overtake the flying settlers and apprise them of their groundless apprehension of danger, at which Johnny-Cake and his braves evidently fled supperless, as the returning settlers next day found the camp entirely deserted, and the deer, burned to a crisp, still suspended over the smouldering embers. Johnny-Cake and his people were never seen again by the whites in that settlement, although they had heretofore been inconveniently familiar.

Remains of Buffaloes and Cedar Trees.

Between Springville and Millbrook the land-owners in plowing, but more especially in ditching, come in contact with the remains of cedar trees. Half a century ago immense logs were taken out, three feet from the surface, that had lain there for ages, and were sawed into boards. Trees were found three and four feet in diameter. More recently, in ditching in the lowlands directly south of Millbrook, have been found more of these cedar relics. What is mysterious about this is the fact that there are no cedar forests in that section, nor have we any knowledge of them from any source whatever. South and east of the village on the old Culbertson farm, and the one where James Bruce lives, were found buffalo skulls and horns, and remains of human bodies of immense size.

Adam Poe, the Indian Fighter.

Adam Poe was born in Washington county, Pa., in the year 1745, and died September 23, 1838, in Stark county, four miles west of Massillon, at the residence of his son, Andrew Poe. In 1813 Adam Poe removed from Columbiana county, Ohio, to Wayne county, bringing with him his wife and youngest son David, and daughter Catharine. He first settled in Wooster, his family living on North Market street, and he followed the business of shoemaking for three years, being then nearly seventy years old. He was a tanner by trade and an excellent shoemaker. He then removed to Congress township and lived on a farm for nearly twelve years, when,

growing old and infirm, he removed to Stark county, where he died.

The following adventure was related by his daughter, and had never been published before it appeared in Douglass' "History of Wayne County:"

One Whips Five.

While living on the Ohio two Indians crossed the river, both of whom were intoxicated, and came to Adam Poe's house. After various noisy and menacing demonstrations, but without doing any one harm, they retired a short distance, and under the shade of a tree sat down and finally went to sleep. In the course of two hours, and after they awoke from their drunken slumber, they discovered that their rifles were missing, when they immediately returned to Poe's house, and after inquiring for their guns and being told they knew nothing about them, they boldly accused him of stealing them and insolently demanded them. Poe was apprehensive of trouble, and turning his eyes in the direction whence they came, discovered three more Indians approaching.

Without manifesting any symptoms of surprise or alarm, he coolly withdrew to the house, and saying to his wife, "There is a fight and more fun ahead," told her to hasten slyly to the cornfield near by with the children and there hide. This being accomplished, he seized his gun and confronted the five Indians, who were then in the yard surrounding the house, and trying to force open the door. He at once discovered that the two Indians who came first had not yet found their guns, and that the other three were unarmed. So he dropped his gun, as he did not want to kill any of them unless the exigency required it, and attacked them with his fist, and after a terrific hand-to-hand encounter of ten minutes, crushed them to the earth in one promiscuous heap. After having thus vanquished and subdued them, he seized them, one at a time, and threw them over the fence and out of the yard.

The Intrepidity of Harry Franks.

Henry Franks was born in Fayette county, Pa., and came to Wayne county, Ohio, in 1816-17, settling on a farm a short distance south of Doylestown, where he died in 1836. Henry Franks, known as "Old Henry," with some others, was taken prisoner on the Ohio river by the Indians when he was a young man, and held in captivity by them. He was tall, straight, and a large, powerful man, and his captors immediately fancied him, and by ceremonies introduced him to Indian citizenship. Its first condition being to run the gauntlet, he was compelled to comply with it, and at the end of the race he was, to save his own life, forced to strike an Indian with his hatchet, whom he nearly killed. This successful act of daring on his part ingratiated him with his captors, who exclaimed, "He make good Indian." Mr. Franks receiving a wound in this test of mighty manhood, the Indians instantly took charge of him, nursing and treating him kindly until he thoroughly recovered. After the capture of Crawford in Ohio, and during the excitement of his horrible death, all of which Mr. Franks witnessed, he made an effort to escape, in which he was successful. He fled to the lake shore, boarded a British vessel, went by water as far as Montreal, crossed to the American side, and thence on foot to Philadelphia, Pittsburg, and to his home in Fayette county, Pa., after a captivity of five years.

A Gang of Outlaws.

The Driskel family were among the first settlers of Wayne county; they came from Columbiana county prior to 1812, and for a time lived near Stibbs' mill, on Apple creek. For some years they were generally regarded as honest and respectable citizens, but suspicion of dishonest practices finally fastened upon John Driskel and Steve Brawdy, a connection by marriage. Brawdy was arrested and sent to the penitentiary for stealing a heifer and making a murderous assault and stabbing Moses Loudon while the latter was assisting in his arrest.

A series of thefts and other unlawful acts had convinced the authorities that the neighborhood was infested with a gang of outlaws, and the arrest and conviction of a young man named Ben. Worthington, for stealing a yoke of oxen from Gen. Beall, led to revelations that proved Driskel and Brawdy were the leaders of this gang.

A Convict Escape.

Driskel was finally arrested for stealing horses in Columbiana county. He was sent to the penitentiary, and with a chain and fifty-six weight fastened to his leg was set to work on the Ohio canal. He made his escape by picking up the ball in his hands and starting on a run. Immediately six guards fired their guns at the escaping convict, but failed to hit him. Arriving at a farm-house, he found an axe in the wood-shed, and severed the ball from the chain. He then made his way back to his family in Wayne county, where the chain was filed from his leg.

Judge Lynch Acts.

An effort was made to recapture him, when, to elude pursuit, he led for a time a roving life, stealing horses and concealing them in thickets, burning barns, houses, etc., finally leaving the county. Shortly afterward he was captured in Ashland county, and started for the penitentiary in charge of two men, from whom, by his shrewdness and force, he managed to escape while stopping over night in Sunbury, Delaware county. He was next heard of in the West, where his family and confederates joined him and continued their criminal pursuits for some years. In time the Regulators of northern Illinois

rose upon them, capturing old John, his son William, and others of the gang. These were immediately shot, and his youngest son David was soon afterward caught and hanged to a tree by Judge Lynch.

The leading villanies of this gang—composed of John Driskel's family, Brawdy and others—consisted in burglaries, incendiarism and horse-stealing. They concealed their stolen horses in the dense thickets of the woods, stole corn from the farmers to feed them, and at a suitable opportunity conducted them out of the county. They were men of invincible courage, of powerful physical strength, and enjoyed nothing so well as a carouse and a knock-down.

A Nose for an Ear.

On one occasion at a public muster in Lisbon, Columbiana county, John Driskel challenged any man to a fight. No one responded to his challenge, when, selecting a large, bony specimen of a man, named Isaac Pew, he offered him sundry indignities, and then, suddenly and without warning, hit him a stunning blow, sprang upon him and bit off Pew's ear. When next muster day came around Driskel and Pew were both present; the latter remarked, "He has my ear, now I'll have his nose." Pew followed Driskel around, and watching his opportunity, sprang upon him and bit his nose off.

A Terrific Hitter.

On another occasion old John was parading the streets of Wooster, talking boisterously and shouting that he weighed 208 pounds, and no man could whip him. Smith McIntire, who was clearing off some land on the Robison farm, south of Wooster, came to town in his shirt-sleeves to procure tobacco. McIntire was a good, quiet citizen, industrious, honest and honorable. Being a very muscular-looking man, Gen. Spink and Mr. McComb approached him and asked him if he thought he could whip that man, pointing toward Driskel. McIntire said, "I can whip anybody, but I don't know that man, and I am a stranger here, and more than that I am a peaceful man;" whereupon he started back to his work, when Spink and McComb called to him to return. He obeyed their summons and, after some entreaty, consented to whip Driskel, upon the consideration of preserving quiet and establishing order. Spink remarked to Driskel that here was a man (pointing to McIntire) that he had not yet whipped, when Driskel rapidly advanced toward him and said, "Do you think you can handle me?" to which McIntire responded, "I do." Driskel said, "Well, let us take a drink, and then to business." McIntire responded, "I want nothing to drink." Driskel took his drink and faced McIntire, and when the word "ready" was given McIntire hit him one blow that knocked him insensible, and so serious was the result that Dr. Bissell had to be called, and it was several hours before he rallied from the prostration.

A Burnt Offering.

Not satisfied with this encounter, in a short time afterward he challenged McIntire to a second test, which the latter accepted, having General Spink and Colonel James Hindman for his seconds. Driskel choosing for his backers one of his sons and his son-in-law, Brawdy. The contestants met, and with a similar result. McIntire, after his adversary was on the floor, picked him up like a toy and started with him toward the fire-place exclaiming: "I will make a burnt offering of him!" but which rash purpose was prevented. This fight occurred in the bar-room of Nailor's tavern.

Market House Mob.

In 1833 a market house was erected on the southwest side of the public square in Wooster. The dimensions of the building were about 75x40 feet, one story high, with ceilings arched and plastered.

In a few years after its construction, located in such a prominent place, it soon became a nuisance to the citizens doing business around the public square, and the town authorities were besieged for its removal, but refused to act in the matter. An unsuccessful attempt was made, by an unknown incendiary, to destroy it by fire. Finally, on the night of August 9, 1847, a number of disguised men, said to be among the "first citizens," made an attack on the market house. They were armed with axes, hooks, rope and tackle, and with the assistance of a strong horse soon razed the objectionable structure to the ground. This act created considerable excitement; the dignity of the law had been offended. The mayor offered a reward for the apprehension of the guilty participants, but no arrests were made, as the sympathies of the public were with the despoilers, although many deprecated the accomplishment of the end by such unlawful means.

BIOGRAPHY.

Reasin Beall was born in Montgomery county, Maryland, December 3, 1769. In 1790 he served as an officer in General Harmar's expedition against the Indians. In March, 1792, he was appointed an ensign in the United States army, and in 1793 battalion-adjutant, serving under Gen. Anthony Wayne in his campaign against the Indians. Resigning from the army he settled in Pennsylvania in 1801, and two years later removed to New Lisbon, O., where he remained

until 1815, when he removed to Wooster. During his residence in New Lisbon he filled various public offices, and took much interest in the militia. In September, 1812, he was made brigadier-general of Ohio volunteers. He immediately organized a detachment, and at the head of several hundred men marched to Wayne and Richland counties to protect the frontier, and subsequently joined the troops under Generals Wadsworth and Perkins at Camp Huron, when the command devolving upon General Perkins as senior officer, General Beall returned home.

In 1813 he was elected to Congress, resigning his seat in 1814 to accept the office of register of the land office for the Wooster district, which office he held until 1824. He was chosen to preside over the great Whig mass convention held at Columbus, February 22, 1840, and afterwards was chosen a Presidential Elector. He died at Wooster, February 20, 1843.

JOHN SLOANE was born in York, Pa., in 1779. At an early age he removed to Washington county, Pa., and from thence to Ohio, settling first in Jefferson county and then Columbiana county. He was a member of the State Legislature, 1804–6, serving as speaker the last two years. He was receiver of public moneys at Canton in 1808–16, when in conjunction with General Beall he removed the office to Wooster. He remained in the receiver's office until March, 1819, when he resigned to take a seat in Congress, to which he had been elected the preceding fall. He served in Congress by successive elections until March, 1829.

In 1831 he was appointed clerk of the Court of Common Pleas, which place he held seven years. In 1841 the Legislature appointed him Secretary of State for three years. On November 27, 1850, he was appointed by President Fillmore Treasurer of the United States, serving till April, 1853. During the war of 1812 he was colonel of militia. He died in Wooster, May 15, 1856.

EDWARD THOMSON was born in Portsea, England, October 12, 1810. When seven years old his parents removed to Wooster, Ohio. He studied medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, receiving his diploma when nineteen years old. He practised in Wooster and Jeromeville. He united with the Methodist church April 29, 1832, and the following July was licensed to preach. On September 19th of the same year the conference at Dayton admitted him on trial. From the first his great abilities were apparent. In 1837 he became principal of Norwalk Seminary, and in 1843 was offered the chancellorship of Michigan University and the presidency of Transylvania College. In 1844–48 he was editor of the *Ladies' Repository*, which position he resigned to accept the presidency of the Ohio Wesleyan University, where he remained until 1860, when he was elected editor of the *Christian Advocate*. Here he remained until 1864, when he was elected Bishop of the M. E. Church.

He was an eloquent and powerful speaker, a profound student, and an able editor, but his highest achievements were in the department of education. "Here he seemed a prince in his native domain. He ruled by the charms of personal goodness, and by the magic spell of an inimitable character. He taught with felicity, and made every topic luminous by fertility and aptness of illustration."

He was married in Mansfield, Ohio, July 4, 1837, to a daughter of Hon. Mordecai Bartley, afterward Governor of Ohio. His first wife died December 31, 1863. He was married a second time May 9, 1866, to Miss Annie E. Howe, well known for her piety and poetic genius. Bishop Thomson died in Wheeling, West Va., March 22, 1870, and was buried in Delaware, Ohio. In 1846 he received the degree of D. D. from Indiana Asbury (now DePauw) University, and in 1855 that of LL.D. from Ohio Wesleyan. Among Bishop Thomson's published works are "Educational Essays" (new edition, Cincinnati, 1856); "Moral and Religious Essays" (1856); "Letters from Europe" (1856), and "Letters from India, China and Turkey" (2 vols. 1870).

FRANCES FULLER was born in Rome, N. Y.; her younger sister, Metta, was

born in Erie, Pa., in 1831. The family removed to Wooster in 1839, and the daughters received their education in the public schools of that place. They both acquired considerable reputation for literary ability, not only as writers of poetry, but also for their prose contributions to the press.

In 1852 Frances removed to Michigan, a year later was married to Jackson Barrett, of Pontiac, Michigan, and subsequently removed to the Pacific Coast. She obtained a divorce from Mr. Barrett, and was married a second time to Mr. Victor, a brother of her sister's husband.

We give an extract from one of her poems entitled "The Post Boy's Song:"

Like a shuttle thrown by the hand of fate,
Forward and backward I go;
Bearing a thread for the desolate
To darken their web of woe;
And a brighter thread to the glad of heart,
And a mingled one to all;
But the dark and the light I cannot part,
Nor alter their hues at all.

METTA FULLER, the younger sister, at the age of fifteen, composed a romance, founded upon the supposed history of the dead cities of Yucatan, and entitled "The Last Days of Tul."

In July, 1856, she was married to O. J. Victor, and the following year removed to New York. Numerous prose and poetical, humorous and satirical productions over the *nom de plume* of "Singing Sybil" attest her genius. The following from "Body and Soul" is an example of her poetry:

A living soul came into the world.
Whence came it? Who can tell?
Of where that soul went forth again,
When it bade the earth farewell?
A body it had this spirit knew,
And the body was given a name.
. . . . . .
Whether the name would suit the soul
The giver never knew,
Names are alike, but never soul,
So body and spirit grew
Till time enlarged their narrow sphere
Into the realms of life,
Into this strange and double world,
Whose elements are strife.

N. P. Willis wrote concerning these sisters: "We suppose ourselves to be throwing no shade of disparagement upon any one in declaring that in 'Singing Sybil,' her not less gifted sister, we discern more unquestionable marks of true genius, and a greater portion of the unmistakable inspiration of true poetic art than in any of the lady minstrels, delightful and splendid as some of them have been, that we have heretofore ushered to the applause of the public. One in spirit and equal in genius, these most interesting and brilliant ladies, both still in the earliest youth, are undoubtedly destined to occupy a very distinguished and permanent place among the native authors of this land."

THOMAS THOMPSON ECKERT was born in St. Clairsville, Ohio, April 23, 1825. In 1849 he was appointed postmaster at Wooster, and in connection therewith operated the first telegraph line to that place. He became an expert in telegraphy, and, being possessed of fine executive abilities, soon won his way to a high position in the Western Union Telegraph Company.

During the war he was superintendent of telegraphy for the Army of the Potomac. In September, 1862, was called to Washington to establish the military headquarters in the War Department buildings.

From this time till the close of the war he was on intimate terms with President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton. In 1864 he was brevetted lieutenant-colonel, and afterward brigadier-general. The same year he was appointed Assistant-Secretary of War, resigning in 1866 when he became general superintendent of the eastern division of the lines of the Western Union Telegraph Company, and in 1881 became vice-president and general manager of the company.

WILLIAM B. ALLISON was born in Perry, Wayne county, Ohio, March 2, 1829. At school he was somewhat familiarly known as "Big-Eyed Bill;" and the girls of those days about Wooster, Ohio, used to laugh at the awkward and overgrown youngster, who took it good humoredly, however, and soon showed that he had good stuff in him. A lady who was in school with him says:

WM. B. ALLISON.

"Little did any of us think that boy would ever amount to anything. He was at the foot of our class and the butt of all, he was such a greenhorn. He lived on a farm, and walked into Wooster every day to school. He never wore any suspenders, and was always hitching up his trousers like a sailor. When we girls made fun of him he would run after us, and if he caught one that girl was sure to be kissed. And he had a horrible tobacco breath. I believe that boy chewed tobacco from the time he put on boy's clothes. But he was kind hearted and would never tell the teacher, no matter what we put on him. Yes, 'Big Eyed Bill' was patient as an ox."

Mr. Allison has grown into much more manly and graceful shape, and has acquired great mastery of the world's ways; he is, in fact, a large, handsome and graceful man, and in personal intercourse quite polished and agreeable.

When Mr. Allison's academic course was ended, he alternately taught school and attended college for some years, graduating at the Western Reserve College, at Hudson, Ohio. In 1851 he was admitted to the bar in Wooster; in 1854–56 he took an active part in politics as a Republican, and in 1857 he located at Dubuque, Iowa, which is still his home.

Mr. Allison's law practice was soon large in Iowa, but he was invited to a front rank in politics at once. As delegate, writer and speaker he was very efficient, and as one of the secretaries of the memorable Chicago convention of 1860, he counted the votes and announced the nomination of Abraham Lincoln.

He was a member of the governor's staff in 1861, and rendered valuable service in raising troops for the war. He was elected in 1862 to the Thirty-eighth Congress as a Republican, and returned for the three succeeding Congresses, serving in the House of Representatives from December, 1863, till March, 1871. In 1873 he was elected to the United States Senate for the term ending in 1879, and has been thrice re-elected.

HERR DRIESBACH, the Lion Tamer.—This man, greatly distinguished in his profession, lived and died in Wayne county. He was born in Sharon, Schoharie county, New York, Nov. 2, 1807; his parents were from Germany. When he was eleven years of age his father died, and the boy in a few years drifted to New York city, where he obtained work in the Zoölogical Gardens, and soon, youth as he was, made a reputation for control of wild beasts, being the first person to make a performing animal of the leopard. In 1830 he connected himself with the traveling menagerie of Raymond & Co., and soon thereafter went to Europe

with Raymond, meeting with unprecedented success. He travelled throughout England, Scotland and Ireland, then France, Germany, Holland, Russia, etc., exhibiting before all the crowned heads and nobles of Europe, and receiving many marks of their personal favor.

He returned to the United States about 1840, having established a world-wide reputation and become the foremost man in his profession.

From that time he made annual tours of the States of the Union until 1854, when he united in marriage with Miss Sarah Walter, daughter of John Walter, of Wooster township, and settled down to the peaceful pursuits of rural life.

In 1875 he began hotel keeping at Apple Creek Station. Here, after two days' sickness, on December 5, 1877, he died, leaving a widow and one son.

Herr Driesbach was a very remarkable man, and his life was full of perilous incident, adventure and romance.

Among the anecdotes related concerning

HERR DRIESBACH.

him is one describing how he frightened Edwin Forrest, the actor, and his personal friend. Forrest was playing at the old Bowery, in New York, and the entertainment would close with an exhibition of lions by Driesbach. Forrest was one day saying that he had never known fear, and had never experienced any emotion of fright. Driesbach made no remark at the time, but in the evening, after the curtain had fallen, he invited Forrest home with him. Forrest assented, and the two, entering a house, walked a long distance through many dark passages, and finally Driesbach said, after opening a door: "This way, Mr. Forrest." The actor followed, and heard a door locked behind him, and at the same time he felt something soft rubbing against his leg. Putting out his hands he touched what felt like a cat's back. A low, rasping growl greeted his ears, and he saw two fiery eyeballs glaring up at him. "Are you afraid, Mr. Forrest?" asked Driesbach. "Not a bit," replied Forrest. Driesbach said something, and the growl deepened and became hoarser; the back began to arch and the eyes to shine more fiercely.

Forrest held out for several minutes, but the symptoms became so terrifying that he owned up that he was afraid. He beseeched the lion king to let him out, as he dared not move a finger while a lion kept rubbing against his leg. After Forrest acknowledged that he knew what fear was, and agreed to stand a champagne supper, Driesbach released him.

The following is told in Driesbach's own words: "I was exhibiting in the city of Baltimore. We were playing a piece in which one of my tigers was to leap from above upon me as though to kill me. After he would jump on me we would roll around on the floor as though engaged in mortal combat. The theatre in which we were playing had a large pit, and it was filled almost to suffocation that evening with men and boys. This time the tiger jumped over my head and was making for the pit when I caught him by the tail and hauled him back. I needn't tell you that standing room was made mighty quick in that pit when they saw the animal coming. They rushed out, yelling and screaming for me to hold on to him."

Probably the only speech made by Driesbach was delivered by him in Philadelphia after he had conquered an enraged elephant. It was the time when the elephant Columbus killed his keeper in the Quaker City, and afterward roamed through the building, demolishing cages and other property. Driesbach succeeded in subduing the vicious beast, and, not content with placing him in shackles, he led Columbus into the ring, and, after making him lie down, Driesbach stood upon his head and addressed the astonished spectators as follows: "Gentlemen—Unaccustomed, as I am, to public speaking, allow me to say to you that this is the proudest day of my life. Napoleon and other warriors have left monuments of skulls, but I have the skull of a conquered elephant for my monument. This is my first and last appearance as a public speaker."

Mrs. Driesbach, the lion tamer's widow, has been matron of the Boys' Industrial School at Lancaster, O., and is now (1890) in the U. S. Indian school service, at

Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kansas. The story of her courtship and marriage is a pleasing romance from real life.

One August day in 1850 Driesbach, with his circus, was travelling over the old Wooster and Wheeling stage route, which passes through Mount Eaton. That little hamlet was reached at a meal hour, and the tavern there became the place of entertainment for Driesbach and his company. Mrs. Driesbach, then Miss Walters, was a boarder at the hostelry and assisted in preparing the meal. Her meeting with the lion tamer is given in her own words: "We had taken special pains to get up a nice meal, and I went into the dining-room to help wait on the tables. Like any other country girl, I was on the lookout for Driesbach, of whom I had heard as the lion tamer. He came in and took a seat at the table near where I stood.

"Another gentleman, whom I afterward learned was Gus Hunt, an old showman known as Uncle Gus, who had been with Driesbach for many years, sat at the side of Driesbach and remarked to him, 'Well, Driesbach, how does this meal suit you? About everything here, ain't there?' Driesbach surveyed the table and replied, 'Yes, about everything but an onion.' I heard him mention onion, and I stepped up and inquired if he desired any. He told me he would take one if fresh. I ran out into the garden and hastily secured two nice onions, which I took to him. The man Hunt then said to him in a sort of undertone, which I overheard, 'Old fellow, I guess you struck your match that time.' Driesbach looked up at me and smiled and said, 'Perhaps.' That was all that was said then, but that evening I spoke to him casually, passing the compliments of the day.

"A few days after he had left I received a letter from him asking me to correspond. I answered the letter and from that on we corresponded. Tom Eckert, who is now general manager of the Western Union Telegraph Company, was postmaster at Wooster at the time, and used to tease me about writing to the lion tamer. But I fooled Mr. Eckert. Driesbach would send me the route of his show and I would inclose my letter in an envelope addressed to the postmaster of the town where the show would stop. It is told that a few months after I met Driesbach we were married. Such was not the case. We were married in April, 1854, four years after we first met."

In connection with Herr Driesbach, mention of Rarey, the horse-tamer, is in place, and we give herewith the following sketch from Appleton's excellent "Encyclopedia of American Biography:"

"JOHN S. RAREY, the horse-tamer, was born in Groveport, Franklin county, Ohio, in 1828; and died in Cleveland, Ohio, October 4, 1866. At an early age he displayed tact in managing horses, and by degrees he worked out a system of training that was founded on his own observations. He went to Texas in 1856, and after experimenting there gave public exhibitions in Ohio, and from that time was almost continuously before the public. About 1860 he went to Europe and surprised his audiences everywhere by his complete mastery of horses that had been considered unmanageable. In England particularly the most vicious were brought to him, and he never failed to control them. One of the greatest triumphs of his skill was the taming of the racing colt "Cruiser," which was so vicious that he had killed one or two grooms and was kept under control by an iron muzzle. Under Mr. Rarey's treatment he became perfectly gentle and submissive, and was brought by Rarey to this country. In 1863 Mr. Rarey was employed by the government to inspect and report upon the horses of the Army of the Potomac. He was the author of a "Treatise on Horse Taming," of which 15,000 copies were sold in France in one year (London: 1858; new ed., 1864).

ORRVILLE is eleven miles northeast of Wooster, on the P. Ft. W. & C.; C. A. & C. and W. and L. E. Railroads.

City Officers, 1888: Wm. Gailey, Mayor; David Blackwood, Clerk; Alexander Postlewaite, Treasurer; J. L. Hall, Marshal; Jerome Ammann, Street Commissioner. Newspaper: *Crescent*, Neutral, James A. Hamilton, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Presbyterian, 1 Reformed, 1 Methodist, 1 German Lutheran and 1 Lutheran. Bank: Orrville Banking Co., O. K. Griffith, president, H. H. Strauss, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—Thomas Overton, tile, 4; F. Dysli & Brother, tannery, 6; Crystal Burial Case Co.; The Orrville Milling Co., 31; Orrville Planing Mill Co., 7; The Orrville Machine Co., 25.—*State Report, 1888.*

Population, 1880, 1,441. School census, 1888, 508; J. L. Wright, superintendent of schools. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, $80,000. Value of annual product, $95,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

DOYLESTOWN is eighteen miles northeast of Wooster, on the Silver Creek Branch of the N. Y. P. & O. R. R. Newspaper: *Journal*, Independent, J. V. McElhenie, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Catholic and 1 German Lutheran. Bank: Seiberling, Miller & Co., S. H. Miller, treasurer. Population, 1880, 1,040. School census, 1888, 449.

SHREVE is ten miles southwest of Wooster, on the P. Ft. W. & C. R. R. Newspaper: *News*, Independent, W. Jay Ashenhurst, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Presbyterian, 1 Methodist and 1 Christian. Bank: Farmers', A. J. Mumper, president, J. L. Campbell, cashier. Population, 1880, 908. School census, 1888, 312; James L. Orr, superintendent of schools.

DALTON is thirteen miles east of Wooster, on the W. & L. E. R. R. Newspaper: *Gazette*, Neutral, W. C. Scott, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 United Presbyterian, 1 Presbyterian. Population, 1880, 486. School census, 1888, 212.

STERLING is thirteen miles northeast of Wooster, on the N. Y. P. & O. and C. L. & W. Railroads. Newspapers: *News*, Neutral, H. I. Monroe, editor.

Manufactures and Employes.—Amstutz & Co., flour and feed, 4; The Sterling Wrench Co., 39.—*State Report, 1888.*

Population about 450. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, $80,300. Value of annual product, $150,500.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

CRESTON is twelve miles north of Wooster, on the N. Y. P. & O. and W. & L. E. Railroads. Newspapers: *Journal*, Independent, J. W. Parsons, editor and publisher. Bank: W. P. Stebbins & Son. Population about 400. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, $3,000. Value of annual product, $3,500.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

FREDERICKSBURG is nine miles southeast of Wooster, on the C. A. & C. R. R.

Manufactures and Employes.—John C. Lytle, 6; Imperial Flour Co., 5; M. L. Stophlet, 2; A. J. Peterman, 10.—*State Report, 1888.*

Population, 1880, 550. School census, 1888, 208.

CONGRESS is twelve miles northwest of Wooster. Population, 1880, 301. School census, 1888, 87.

BURBANK is thirteen miles northwest of Wooster, on the N. Y. P. & O. R. R. It has churches, 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 United Brethren, and 1 Presbyterian. Population, 1880, 293. School census, 1888, 92.

APPLE CREEK is six miles southeast of Wooster, on the C. A. & C. R. R. School census, 1888, 152.

WEST SALEM is fifteen miles northwest of Wooster, on the N. Y. P. & O. R. R. Population, 1880, 878. School census, 1888, 270.

MARSHALLVILLE is thirteen miles northeast of Wooster, on the C. A. & C. R. R. Population, 1880, 376. School census, 1888, 160.

MOUNT EATON is fifteen miles southeast of Wooster. Population, 1880, 298. School census, 1888, 140.

WILLIAMS.

WILLIAMS COUNTY was formed from old Indian Territory, April 1, 1820, and organized in April, 1824. The surface is slightly rolling or level. In the west are oak openings with a light sandy soil. The soil is generally of a clayey nature, a portion of it sandy loam. In the north is a rich black soil.

Area about 420 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 125,634; in pasture, 34,071; woodland, 54,858; lying waste, 1,198; produced in wheat, 433,241 bushels; rye, 1,199; buckwheat, 7,434; oats, 615,682; barley, 2,690; corn, 720,331; broom corn, 2,000 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 19,460 tons; clover, 12,921 bushels seed; potatoes, 48,898 bushels; butter, 587,400 lbs.; cheese, 38,280; sorghum, 1,888 gallons; maple syrup, 6,153; honey, 8,852 lbs.; eggs, 816,312 dozen; grapes, 17,330 lbs.; wine, 196 gallons; sweet potatoes, 207 bushels; apples, 219,933; peaches, 250; pears, 971; wool, 145,870 lbs.; milch cows owned, 6,697. School census, 1888, 7,574; teachers, 254. Miles of railroad track, 71.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Brady,	351	1,985	Milford,	175	
Bridgewater,	110	1,398	Mill Creek,	110	1,102
Centre,	339	1,689	North West,		1,582
Defiance,	944		Pulaski,	279	4,430
Delaware,	201		Saint Joseph,	191	2,073
Farmer,	281		Springfield,	359	2,117
Florence,	119	2,228	Superior,	166	1,846
Hicksville,	67		Tiffin,	222	
Jefferson,	363	1,573	Washington,	98	
Madison,		1,798			

Population of Williams in 1830, 1,039; 1840, 4,464; 1860, 16,633; 1880, 23,821; of whom 18,407 were born in Ohio; 1,520, Pennsylvania; 690, New York; 486, Indiana; 122, Virginia; 19, Kentucky; 896, German Empire; 299, France; 117, England and Wales; 85, British America; 82, Ireland; 22, Scotland, and 3, Norway and Sweden. Census, 1890, 24,897

DAVID WILLIAMS, one of the three captors of Andre, from whom this county was named, was born in Tarrytown, N. Y., October 21, 1754, and died near Livingstonville, N. Y., August 2, 1831. He enlisted in the Revolutionary army in 1775, served under General Montgomery at St. John's and Quebec. During his service his feet were badly frozen, and this partially disabled him for life.

After the war he bought a farm near the Catskill mountains. Williams being of generous disposition endorsed freely for friends, and was obliged to mortgage his farm, but managed to retain possession of it through the aid of $200 per year received from the government. The estate is now in the possession of his grandson, William C. Williams. Williams was given a silver medal by order of Congress, and also received in New York city a cane made from the *cheval-de-frise* for obstructing the Hudson at West Point. In December, 1830, he visited New York by invitation of the mayor, who gave him a carriage, horse and harness, and the pupils of one of the city schools presented him with a silver cup. A monument has been erected to his memory by the State at the stone fort near Schoharie court-house. The captors of Andre, viz., Williams, Paulding and Van Wert, were of Dutch lineage, and neither of the three could speak English well.

This county was much reduced in 1845 by the formation of Defiance, to which the townships of Defiance, Delaware, Farmer, Hicksville, Milford, Tiffin and

Washington, now belong. The population were principally from Ohio, New England, New York, Pennsylvania and Germany. Previous to 1835 there were but few families within its present limits.

Two lake beaches cross the county, the upper of which is the highest of the series. It is nearly straight, and passes with a northeasterly course just west of Bryan, while Williams Centre and West Unity are situated upon it. The second beach is parallel to the upper and a mile farther east.

The first discovery of artesian water, now obtained in so many parts of the Maumee valley, was made in Bryan in 1842.

The *mineral water* discharged from the deep well at Stryker is of a different character; it was struck at a depth of 230 feet below the surface. It does not overflow in virtue of its own head, but is thrown out periodically by violent discharges of hydro-sulphuric acid gas. This is constantly rising in some amount through the water, and at intervals of about six hours finds vent in great volume from some subterranean reservoir, and throws out in a foaming torrent many barrels of water. The water possesses medicinal properties of high value.

Among the first settlers in Williams county were James Guthrie, who settled in Springfield township in 1827; Samuel Holton, who came to St. Joseph township the same year; John Zediker, John Perkins, Josiah Packard, Rev. Thomas J. Prettyman, Mrs. Mary Leonard and her three sons-in-law, James Overleas, Sebastian Frame, John Heckman, John Stubbs.

The Indians that the whites found in this county were of the Ottawa, Miami, Pottawatamie and Wyandot tribes. In St. Joseph's township, below the site of the village of Denmark, and on the western bank of the St. Joseph river, is a low piece of meadow land, called the "Indian Meadow," on which the Indians raised corn.

Bryan in 1846.—Bryan, the county-seat, is 173 miles northwest of Columbus and eighteen from Defiance. It was laid out in 1840, and named from Hon. John A. Bryan, formerly auditor of the State, and later *charge d'affaires* to Peru. It is a small village, containing perhaps forty or fifty dwellings.—*Old Edition.*

From the organization of Williams the county-seat had been at Defiance, until removed to Bryan. Williams Centre and Pulaski were strong competitors for the seat of justice, when John A. Bryan donated the ground for its location on the site bearing his name. The surveyor was William Arrowsmith, and he recorded the town plat November 24, 1840.

BRYAN, county-seat of Williams, about 135 miles northwest of Columbus, 54 miles west of Toledo, is on the L. S. & M. S. R. R. County officers, 1888: Auditor, Albert C. Marshall; Clerk, Wm. W. Darby; Commissioners, Walter I. Pepple, Archibald Pressler, Wm. A. Bratton; Coroner, Clark M. Barstow; Infirmary Directors, Jacob Clay, George A. Burns, Thompson L. Dunlap; Probate Judge, George Rings; Prosecuting Attorney, Thomas Emery; Recorder, Eli Swigert; Sheriff, Miller W. Burgoyne; Surveyor, John C. Grim; Treasurer, George Ruff. City officers, 1888: H. H. Calvin, Mayor; Silas Peoples, Clerk; W. E. Stough, Treasurer; John Yates, Street Commissioner; August Heidley, Marshal. Newspapers: *Democrat*, Democratic, Robert N. Patterson, editor and publisher; *Maumee Valley Prohibitionist*, Prohibition, Harry L. Canfield, editor; *Press*, Republican, Simeon Gillis, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Presbyterian, 1 Universalist, 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Baptist, 1 Lutheran, 1 German Lutheran and 1 Catholic. Banks: Farmers' National, John W. Leidigh, president, E. Y. Morrow, cashier; First National, A. J. Tressler, president, D. C. Baxter, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—Niederauer Brothers, lumber, shingles, etc., 10 hands; Scott & Powell, flour, etc.; Bryan Plow Co., plows, 32; Bryan Manufacturing Co., wheelbarrows, 32; G. Lockhart, pumps, etc.; M. C. Moore, flour, etc.; Halm's Fountain City Brewery, beer, 20 hands; E. Harrington, wagons, etc.; Lindesmith Bros., carriages, etc., 12.—*State Reports, 1887.*

J. E. Beach, Photo.

PUBLIC SQUARE, BRYAN, 1886.

J. E. Beach, Photo.

PUBLIC SQUARE, BRYAN, 1890.

Population in 1880, 2,952. School census, 1888, 825. Capital invested in industrial establishments, $229,200; value of annual product, $291,200.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887.*

Census, 1890, 3,068.

PIONEER INCIDENTS.

Forests and Game.

When Bryan was laid out in 1840, a native forest of immense trees, bearing evidence of the natural wealth of the soil, covered the ground for miles around; but in Williams county, as in many others, the first settlers had but slight conception of the importance of preserving the native timber. Forests that would have great value, and an important influence on the climate at the present day, were ruthlessly destroyed to make way for the plowed field. These forests contained an abundance of game; deer and bear were numerous, and many are the tales of deer-killing and bear-fighting experiences that have been handed down. It is related that one autumn two pioneers, George W. Bible, of Superior township, and Frederick Miser, of Centre township, tried to see who could kill the largest number of deer within two months' time. Mr. Bible killed ninety-nine and his opponent sixty-five. Mr. Bible was anxious to make it an even hundred, and was disappointed in his failure to do so. The skins and part of the flesh were sold, while the hams were salted down.

The early history of every township in the county is replete with BEAR STORIES. Bruin was very fond of young pig, and it was no unusual experience for a pioneer to be roused in the night by a terrible commotion in the neighborhood of his pig-pen. Bruin might be frightened off for the time being, but was almost sure to return the next night. On his second visit, however, the settler would have his bear trap set, and rarely failed to secure a supply of bear meat. The bear trap was what is called a "dead-fall," and was constructed as follows:

A log about a foot in diameter was fastened upon the ground at a suitable place, and wooden pins were driven into holes bored on the upper side, after which the upper ends of the pins were sharpened. Another log, fully as large, was partly suspended over the lower one, and provided on the lower side with sharpened pins, as above described. A trigger was made and baited with a portion of a dead hog, and arranged in such a manner that the bear must stand directly over the lower log and under the upper to secure the meat. To get the bait the bear must necessarily pull the trigger, which would cause the upper log to fall, thus pinning the animal like a vise between the two logs, and piercing it with the sharp pins. The trap worked like a charm, and when examined at the proper time, the bear would be found dead between the logs, pierced through and through by the pins.

A Real Bear Story.

A very remarkable adventure with a bear is related in the "Williams County History." It occurred near Mill Creek river, in Mill Creek township. The hero of the adventure was John Gillet, and no one ought to doubt the accuracy of the account, for it is related in the hero's own words, as follows:

"I had known for some time by the signs that there was a nest of cub bears somewhere in the neighborhood, so one day I concluded that I would put in my time finding them, as a party in Adrian wanted a pair to send over to Baltimore to a friend who was fond of outlandish pets. You see, it was along about the first of September, and pretty warm at that, and after walking up and down the creek, I began to get pretty tired; so I sat down by the side of a smooth stump, about twelve or fourteen feet high, to rest. I hadn't been there more than a minute until I heard something inside the stump, and soon made out that it was a couple of cub bears playing with one another. I looked on all sides of the stump to find an opening, but none was to be seen. Then I happened to notice the marks of claws up the side of the stump, and I understood it. The hole went in at the top. I set my gun against a bush, up-ended the branch of a tree, and was soon at the top of the stump, looking in at the two cubs, which were about the size of full-grown rat dogs. I was so excited that I jumped down into the stump and grabbed the cubs. They at first began to squeal, and then turned on me for fight. But they were small enough to handle, and in a minute or two I had their mouths tied so they could not bite, and their feet fastened so they could not scratch.

"*Terrible Predicament.*—I knew that the old bear would be along pretty soon and make it hot for me if she found me in the nest; so I swung the youngsters into my buckskin belt, preparatory to getting out.

"Get out? Did I get out? Land of love! It makes me shiver to think of it yet. I could no more get out of that stump than I

could fly. The hollow was bell-shaped, larger at the bottom than at the top—so large, in fact, that I could not put my back against one side and my feet and hands against the other, and crawl up, as rabbits and other animals climb up, inside of hollow trees. In no way could I get up a foot. There were no sticks inside to help me up, and I made up my mind I had to die certain. About the time I came to this conclusion I heard the old bear climbing up the outside of the stump. With only my hunting-knife as a means of defence, and in such close quarters, you may possibly imagine the state of my feelings. The old bear was not more than half a minute, at the outside, climbing up the stump; but it seemed like a month, at least. I thought of all my sins a dozen times over. At last she reached the top, but she didn't seem to suspect my presence at all, as she turned around and began slowly descending, tail foremost. I felt as though my last hour had come, and I began to think seriously about lying down and letting the bear kill me, so as to get out of my misery as quickly as possible.

"*A Valuable Idea.*—Suddenly an idea struck me, and despair gave way to hope. I drew out my hunting-knife and stood on tiptoe. When the bear was about seven feet from the bottom of the hollow, I fastened on her tail with my left hand with a vise-like grip, and with my right hand drove my hunting-knife to the hilt in her haunch, at the same time yelling like a whole tribe of Indians. What did she do? Well, you should have seen the performance. She did not stop to reflect a moment, but shot out at the top of the stump like a bullet out of a gun. I held on until we struck the ground. Then the old bear went like lightning into the brush and was out of sight in half a minute. I took the cubs to Adrian the next day and got five dollars apiece for them, and in those times five dollars were as good as fifty dollars are now."

A Boy Murdered.—The "County History" also gives an account of a brutal murder which occurred in Jefferson township. That was the murder of the son of Peter D. Schamp by Daniel Heckerthorn and A. J. Tyler as accessory, which occurred about the 20th day of June, 1847, on the farm now owned by John H. Schamp. Tyler professed to be a fortune-teller, and came to the house of Mr. Schamp and told him his fortune; thence he came to where Heckerthorn lived, told his fortune, and made inquiry if Schamp was not a man of money. Receiving an affirmative answer, he told Heckerthorn if he would kill Schamp's boy and hide him in a secret place (known to Tyler), that Schamp would come to him and pay him a large sum of money to tell him where the boy was, and he would give him money enough to go back to Wayne county, Ohio.

On the next Sunday morning, according to previous arrangement, Heckerthorn came to Schamp's, and, decoying the boy from the house (he being but six years old), took him to the large woods north of Schamp's. He there took the boy by the heels, and struck his head against a knot on a beech tree, and killed him. The knot was subsequently chopped out of the tree and brought to court. The boy's hair was seen on it. He then placed him in a hollow tree, put old rotten wood on him, and placed green brush on it. Sunday afternoon the search commenced by some of the neighbors, and on Monday it became general.

The Fortune-Teller Consulted.—At night Schamp went to see Tyler, to ascertain if he could tell the whereabouts of the boy. He said he was near water, and under rotten wood and green brush. The excitement became general. On Tuesday men and boys came for miles to hunt, but obtained no tidings. On Thursday the woods for miles were full of people. In the afternoon suspicion fastened on Heckerthorn, and Jacob Bohner and the writer (M. B. Plummer) found Heckerthorn at his brother's house concealed. He was taken into custody, and finally confessed the guilt of himself and Tyler. The same day George Ely, then a justice of the peace for Brady township, issued a warrant for the arrest of Tyler and Heckerthorn. They were committed to jail, taken to Bryan at the fall term of the Court of Common Pleas, and indicted separately.

The Murderers Convicted.—Tyler elected to be tried by the Supreme Court. The jail at Bryan was not safe, and they were taken to Maumee City and remained there until the fall of 1848, when Tyler was tried for murder in the first degree, was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged Jan. 26, 1849. J. Dobbs was prosecutor, assisted by C. Case. S. E. Blakeslee was attorney for the defendant. Daniel Langle was at the time sheriff, and made an inclosure in which to hang Tyler. On the evening of the 25th the people came and found there was an inclosure set up during the night. They demolished it, and Tyler was hung in public. At the spring term of the Court of Common Pleas Heckerthorn was tried and found guilty of murder in the second degree, and sentenced to the penitentiary for life.

The history of all pioneer settlements is replete with stories of children lost in the woods, and not only children, but of grown people with considerable knowledge of woodcraft. One of the most touching of these stories is related in the Centre township chapter of the "County History."

A Lost Boy.

One day in early times a small boy, about four years old, belonging to a family which lived in the southwestern part of the township, became lost. The mother had gone to one of the neighbors, and the child had attempted to follow her. The loss was not discovered until the mother returned, about dark. Search was immediately instituted, the neighborhood was aroused, and soon the woods were filled with anxious searchers. Torches were carried, and the search continued all night; but the morning dawned, and the first day passed without success. The mother was almost distracted with grief and nervous anxiety. People came by the score to assist in the search, some as far distant as five or six miles; but, although more than a hundred active searchers were present, no concerted and organized effort was made, strange to say, until the third day. On this day a long line was formed, the men and women being stationed sixty feet apart, and the word was given by the captain to march.

Found Dead.—It was not long before the little boy was found. He was dead, but his body yet contained warmth, showing that death had occurred only a short time before. The spot where the little fellow had slept each night was found. When night overtook him, he had, as was his habit, taken off his clothes, thinking that he must do so in order to go asleep. It was October and the nights were quite cold, and the little wanderer could not survive the chilling weather. When he arose the first morning he was unable to put on his clothes properly, and thus wandered about half clad. Had the search been organized, as it should have been, on the second day, the little boy would have been found alive. It was the easiest thing in the world even for grown people to get lost in early days. The sensations on such occasions are described as terrifying. The mind and senses become wild with bewilderment, see familiar objects under new and strange aspects, and refuse to recognize trees and paths known for years. Old settlers, lost, have been known to pass within a few yards of their own doors without recognizing a single familiar object.

The Lost Children.

The outcome of the story we have here related is sad indeed. We here relate from "Perrin's History of Starke County" a story of a search for lost children, not so sad, but which is told with such clearness of statement as to give it place among the best narratives of the kind extant.

About the year 1821 two small children, a brother and sister, the former six and the latter eight years of age, belonging to a family in the southern part of Portage county, became lost while after the cows. The children tried to drive the cattle to what they thought was home, but in reality was in a different direction; and, as the animals refused to go as desired, were abandoned by the children. Had they but followed the cows they would soon have reached home.

The cows went home, and the children wandered farther into the tangled wilderness. As night closed around, and the cows came home without the children, the parents became alarmed, and immediately surmised that they had become lost. The county was new and thinly settled, but the parents hurried around and roused what few neighbors they could. Guns were fired, horns were blown, but no tidings came of the wanderers. The morning dawned, and quite a number of the neighbors assembled from far and near to begin the search in a systematic manner. A few traces of where the children had been were discovered, and a long line formed to pursue the march southward.

If slight but sure signs of the children should be discovered the horn was to be blown once, if good signs twice, and if the children themselves three times, when all the searchers were to gather together. The search was given in charge of a hunter who had the ability to track game by very slight signs. All day long the search was continued. During the afternoon the hunter saw a footprint made by one of the children. The horn sounded the news along the line. The track was near a large tree that had been cut for a bear, and after a few moments the hunter held up a bit of calico that had been torn from the dress of the little girl.

The horn again carried the tidings along the line. The excitement became intense, but none were permitted to leave the line. The parents were excluded from the line and left at home, for fear that when a few signs were discovered they in their eagerness would rush forward and obliterate them. For the same reason the line was ordered not to break until the horn was sounded three times in succession. The old hunter and a few competent assistants took the advance, and announced their success to others who were beating the bushes for a mile or more on each side.

Darkness again came and the search had to be abandoned, save continued soundings of the horns and reports of the guns. The

line was taken up again in the morning, and continued with occasional successes until nearly night. The searchers passed southward through Lexington township, Starke county, into Washington of the same, advancing as far as section fourteen, very near where Mr. Tinsman lived.

Here the old hunter picked up a piece of spicewood that bore upon it the marks of teeth. One suggested that it had been bitten by a deer, but the old hunter proved that to be impossible, as on the limb were marks of upper teeth.

The horn again rang out the welcome note. The line moved on, and soon came to a "slashing" of some five acres. Here the old hunter plainly saw marks of where the children had walked in. They had followed on an old deer-path that led to the centre of the slashing. This was a splendid retreat for the animals when they were attacked by swarms of flies, as the place was thickly covered with weeds and undergrowth.

"What was to be done?" was the question. The old hunter was told to enter, which he did, and as he passed along the path he saw an object bound off a log and rush towards him. It was the little girl, paying no heed to his questions, and seeming to fear him although she had run into his arms. He asked where her brother was, but she did not appear to understand him, and made an effort to leave and run off into the underbrush. The search was continued in the slashing by the hunter and his assistants, and in a few minutes the little boy was found fast asleep under the protecting side of a large log.

He was roused up, but was as wild as his sister. The horns rang out three times in succession, and the overjoyed settlers in a few minutes gathered together. The children were taken to Mr. Tinsman's house, but refused to eat, and made continued efforts to rush out into the woods. A little nourishing food was poured down their throats, and then they were taken rapidly towards their home.

The parents heard the horns and shouts, and were overwhelmed with joy when their children were placed in their arms. The little boy and girl did not recognize them, but stared wildly around. They were put to bed, and were soon asleep. Early the next morning the little boy called out, "Where's my little axe?" The little girl awoke and called for her calico dress, the one that had been torn in pieces in her rambles. The children were all right, and strange to say could not remember anything of having been lost. Other instances of a similar nature are, says the county historian, related.

When people are lost they become so bewildered that they often fail to recognize objects with which they are perfectly familiar. Mr. Perrin relates the case of a Mr. Johnson, who having become lost wandered about in a bewildered state, when he finally came to a stable in the yard of which was an old horse. The animal was poorer than Job's turkey, and Mr. Johnson wondered why in the name of humanity the owner did not feed the poor creature and take better care of the yard. He moved on a little farther, saw a log-house and near it a woman, who when she saw him asked, "What have you there?" It then dawned upon the bewildered Mr. Johnson for the first time, that his own wife was talking to him, and that the horse and stable-yard he had seen were his own. These bewildered, dazed mental states find an illustration in the old story of a wight who, on discovering his house to be on fire, threw a looking-glass out of the window and carried a tea-kettle out into the yard.

The Story of the Andrews' Raid.

Early in the spring of 1862 General Mitchell with 10,000 men was moving southward from Murfreesboro through the mountains of Tennessee. Buell had joined Grant, and was moving down the Mississippi; General Morgan was at Cumberland Gap ready to march on Knoxville, and General McClellan was preparing to advance on Richmond. The Confederate General Beauregard was at Corinth; General Leadbetter with about 3,000 men occupied Chattanooga; General Kirby Smith was at Knoxville; General Bragg had evacuated Kentucky; but the Confederates held the railroad from Richmond to Knoxville, and thence via Chattanooga to Corinth. All the Confederate stores had been transferred to Atlanta, and from thence forwarded over the Western and Atlantic Railroad to Chattanooga as needed. Supplies, reinforcements and communication between the South and its armies in Tennessee depended entirely upon the Western & Atlantic Railroad, and to cut it off meant a serious blow to Beauregard's army at Corinth, and Kirby Smith's at Knoxville.

Captain Andrews' Plan.

Captain Andrews' plan was to secure the destruction of the thirteen wooden bridges on the Western & Atlantic Railroad, which spanned the Chickamauga river, and thus render the road useless to the Confederacy for an indefinite period, as they had no facilities for replacing them before the results aimed at could be accomplished. This plan was submitted to General Mitchell by Captain J. J. Andrews, a Virginian by birth, but a

citizen of Fleming county, Ky., at the outbreak of the war. He was a model of physical as well as intellectual and moral manhood; polished and courtly, courageous and determined, with a voice as soft and winning as a woman's, he was withal as true and generous as he was brave. His plan, which for shrewdness and boldness of conception remains unequalled in the annals of the rebellion, was approved by General Mitchell. Accordingly, on April 7, 1862, his call for volunteers was responded to by nine men from the 21st Ohio, seven from the 33d Ohio, and seven from the 2d Ohio. They met that night in a small clearing in the forest near Shelbyville; the service was explained to them, its perils fully portrayed, and all who desired given leave to withdraw. Every man promptly expressed his willingness to go, and amidst the crashing of thunder and flash of lightning of an approaching storm, they solemnly pledged their lives to the success of the enterprise. They then separated, each dressed in citizen's clothes, with ample money for expenses, and arrived the following Friday at Marietta, a station twenty-one miles north of Atlanta on the Western & Atlantic R. R.

A Disastrous Delay.

It had been previously arranged to meet at Marietta on Thursday night, but wet weather had delayed Captain Andrews' men. On this, as proven by subsequent events, hinged the success of the expedition; for had they had any other man to contend against than Captain W. A. Fuller, the conductor of the train they boarded, the expedition would probably have been successful, and the cause of the Confederacy received such a blow as to have changed the entire subsequent history of the rebellion. However, according to previous arrangements they boarded the early north-bound train at Marietta, which stopped at Big Shanty (about ten miles from Marietta), where the conductor, engineer and train hands proceeded to get breakfast; and while they were eating, Captain Andrews' men took the places assigned them, quietly uncoupled the engine and three forward cars (empty box cars), and in the presence of hundreds of soldiers in the adjoining Camp McDonald sped away like the wind.

An Unpromising Chase.

Conductor Fuller while eating breakfast was informed of what had occurred, and supposing the runaways were deserters, who after proceeding a few miles would desert the train and take to the woods, started off on foot in pursuit, followed by his engineer and one train hand, amid the derisive cheers of the soldiers of Camp McDonald, who sympathizing with the supposed deserters called out: "Go it, old long legs! You'll catch 'em, if your wind holds out!" Arriving at Moon's station, two miles distant, he met some track hands, who informed him of the number of the fugitives, and that they had taken their tools from them and cut the telegraph wires. Realizing that these were not the acts of deserters, he conceived some idea of the real purpose of the fugitives; and with a fertility of resource, courage and determination entered into a chase which was as remarkable on the part of the pursuer as the pursued, and brought it to a culmination that would not have been reached by one man in 10,000 under similar circumstances. Taking a hand car the track hands had been using, Fuller with his companions, now nearly fagged out, continued the chase, Fuller propelling the car by pushing, for it had no other propelling power, with occasional relief from his companions. At one place, where the fugitives had removed a rail, the car and load went pitching into a muddy ditch, but no serious damage was done.

At Etowah river was a short branch road leading to Cooper's iron works, and when Fuller arrived here he found an old switch-engine called the "Yonah." The Yonah was already fired up, and Fuller continued the pursuit at the rate of 60 miles an hour.

When the fugitives left Big Shanty they proceeded moderately, stopping several times between stations to cut the telegraph wires, and when obliged to stop at stations Captain Andrews explained to the station master that he was transporting three car-loads of ammunition to General Beauregard, and that Fuller's train would follow. Andrews was familiar with the schedule, and was aware that a local freight would be met at Kingston, thirty-two miles from Big Shanty.

After passing this he intended to proceed with increased speed, burning the thirteen bridges as they passed over them. Fearing no pursuit, no precautions were taken, except cutting the wires and removing one rail until Kingston was reached.

Unexpected Obstacles.

Arriving at Kingston Andrews learned of two extra freight trains, of which he had no previous knowledge, and was delayed more than an hour waiting for them to pass. This was a trying ordeal, for the station was surrounded with citizens and soldiers, who plied him with questions, and were with great difficulty prevented from opening the doors of the box cars in which were concealed twenty of his comrades. Andrews' coolness and courage during this trial was sublime. Finally they succeeded in leaving the station, and after proceeding a few miles they stopped to cut the wires and tear up the track, and then started on at full speed.

About this time Fuller met the first freight coming out of Kingston. Jumping from the Yonah, he and his men ran to the station and secured an engine just come in on the Rome branch, and followed on. Coming to where Andrews' men had torn up the track, they again abandoned their engine, running ahead until they met the local freight which the fugitives had passed at Adairsville; backing

the train to the siding, they continued the pursuit with the engine.

A Disagreeable Surprise.

In the meantime Andrews had stopped a short distance beyond Calhoun to cut the telegraph wire and remove a rail; just ahead was the first bridge they expected to burn. Not being aware of any pursuit, they were struck dumb with amazement at hearing the whistle of an approaching engine. Hastily boarding their train, they smashed the sides and end of the rear box car into kindling wood and piled it up ready to light when the bridge was reached, expecting to have ample time while the pursuing party were engaged in replacing the rail they had removed, which they had rendered extra difficult by taking it out of curve. To their amazement, however, they saw the smoke of the pursuing engine looming up in the distance, having passed over the curve without derailment. Nothing daunted, the kindling was removed to a forward car and the rear car uncoupled to collide with the pursuing engine. Fuller reversed his engine, met it without shock, and pushed the car before him; a second car was uncoupled with a like result. Relieved of the two cars, the Andrews party commenced to gain on their pursuers, so that after passing Resaca, they stopped again to cut the wires and place obstructions upon the track, which failed of the desired result. On and on the chase continued, the fugitives exerting every ingenuity for defeating the pursuit, but without effect. A singular fatality seemed to pursue the Andrews party, precautions that seemed certain of checking the pursuit failed; while every circumstance seemed to bend to the favor of the pursuers.

Singular Fatality.

The wire was cut and the track obstructed for the last time just beyond Dalton, but too late to prevent a despatch from Capt. Fuller to Gen. Leadbetter, at Chattanooga. The remaining car was now cut loose and set on fire in the covered bridge beyond Dalton, but owing to the late frequent rains did not ignite the bridge before it was removed by the pursuing engine. Upon reaching a point twelve miles from Chattanooga, Capt. Andrews' fuel and steam were exhausted, and it became necessary to abandon the engine and take to the woods, separating, in hopes that some of the party might escape; but they were all captured, being tracked by dogs and overtaken before the Federal lines could be reached.

Condemned as Spies.

About two weeks after the capture, Capt. Andrews was tried upon the charge of being a spy and condemned to death. Seven others were tried on the same charge with the same result; of the remaining fourteen, eight escaped in Atlanta in Oct., 1862, and six were exchanged in March, 1863. A few days before the date set for the execution of Capt. Andrews he and John Woolam escaped from their prison by cutting a hole in one of the planks in the wall of their prison, but were recaptured and brought back. A scaffold was erected for Andrews at Chattanooga, but owing to the fears of interference by sympathizing citizens (the daring exploit of Andrews and his companions having excited the admiration of the people) he was removed with his companions to Atlanta. On their arrival they were conducted to a building near at hand, while a brief consultation was held by those having the management of the affair. Soon a squad of soldiers led Capt. Andrews away. The parting scene was affecting in the extreme; his low, sad farewells were spoken in the calm, sweet tones characteristic of him.

Noble Fortitude of Capt. Andrews.

A few days before his execution he had written a letter to a friend, in which he said: "I was captured on the 14th of April, 1863. I am satisfied I could easily have got away had they not put a pack of dogs on my trail; it was impossible to elude them. The death sentence seems a hard one for the crime proven against me, but I suppose the court that tried me thought otherwise. *I have now calmly submitted to my fate and have been earnestly engaged in preparing to meet my God in peace, and I have found that peace of mind and tranquillity of soul that even astonishes myself. I never supposed it possible that a man could feel so entire a change under similar circumstances.* . . . . . Hoping that we may meet in that better country, I bid you a long and last farewell."

He was heavily ironed, placed in a carriage and hastily driven to the scene of execution, followed by an eager crowd, and his companions taken to the city jail.

The gallows had been erected in a small opening in the forest, outside the city limits. The doomed man was allowed to make a few parting remarks; this he did in a calm, unimpassioned manner, saying that he had devoted his life to his country, and he was willing, if Providence so decreed, that it should be sacrificed. His manly words and proud bearing produced a profound impression, and the managers of the affair realizing the influence it was creating on the on-looking crowd, hastened the ceremony to prevent interference.

His remains were buried near the spot of his execution, but have since been removed to the National cemetery at Chattanooga.

Seven More Hanged.

On the 18th of June his seven companions who had been tried and sentenced were led out for execution; a brief time was allowed for prayer and the utterance of farewells. Little ceremony was used. The nooses were adjusted and all launched into eternity together. One of the number was so ill of fever that it was found necessary to hold him upright until the fatal moment arrived. An-

other, William Campbell, fell to the ground by the breaking of the rope; he was quickly carried back and hung again, not being allowed a moment's respite for prayer, which he begged for. The only notice the local papers gave of the affair was that "seven more of the engine thieves were hung this morning."

Following is a list of Capt. Andrews' little band of heroes:

Executed in Atlanta: Wm. Campbell, Geo. D. Wilson, Marion A. Ross, Perry G. Shadrack, Saml. Robinson, John Scott, James J. Andrews, Saml. Slavens.

Escaped in Atlanta: W. W. Brown, engineer, Wm. Knight, engineer, J. A. Wilson, J. R. Porter, Mark Wood, M. J. Hawkins, John Wollam, D. A. Dorsey.

Exchanged: Wm. Pittinger, Robt. Buffum, Wm. Bensinger, Wm. Reddick, E. H. Mason, Jacob Parrott.

W. J. Knight, the engineer in charge of the locomotive in the Andrews raid into Georgia, is now a resident of Stryker, Williams county, Ohio. Mr. Knight wears the gold medal voted the raiders by Congress, which reads as follows:

The Congress
To Private William J. Knight, Company E, Twenty-first Regiment, Ohio Volunteers.

Mr. Knight has prepared an illustrated lecture on the incidents of the famous raid, which has been delivered quite extensively for the benefit of Grand Army Posts in different localities.

Rev. Wm. Pittenger, another of the survivors, and now a resident of New Jersey, has given a detailed account of the experiences of himself and fellow-raiders in a work entitled "Daring and Suffering."

TRAVELLING NOTES.

Bryan has a neat, domestic air, and is New England like in its general appearance. The court-house square is large and well shaded. It is the northwesternmost court-house in Ohio, and therefore it is but a short distance into the realms of Michigan, the land of the wolverines, and Indiana, the land of the Hoosiers, with the people of whom those in this corner of Ohio have more or less of business and social relations. The entire county, at the time of the issue of my first edition, had but about 6,000 population, and Bryan but a few hundred. Being densely wooded, emigrants passed this region of Ohio for the more easily tilled prairie lands farther west, and so it slowly filled up. As a recompense it got a solid, sturdy body of pioneers ready to swing axes into some of the hardest sort of wood. In the afternoon of November 23d I rode in a hack to West Unity, distance about ten miles, to see Dr. Frank O. Hart, an active member of the Ohio Historical Society, and who has a fine cabinet of ancient relics. The ride over was pleasant, through a rich, level country. The farms are large, the farm-houses white, the barns have windows and are often painted red. As the landscape, woods and fields were brown and sere, the red barns enlivened the scenery. Many of them were immense, and filled with the fat of the land in the line of corn, wheat and oats. The wind pumps to draw the water were unusually plentiful. They add to the picturesque; so white farm-houses, red barns, apple orchards, wind pumps, level fields, tall woods and a gloomy November sky after a morning of showers, were objects to occupy my eyes as I passed along.

The Tall Steeple.

My companions were a single passenger, a young man, and the driver. In a few miles we came to a hamlet named Pulaski, the scene of a catastrophe the week before. A cyclone had passed over it like an infuriated demon, and seizing the church steeple in its fingers had twisted it off, and dashed it, as it were, contemptuously on to the ground. We passed by the ruins. It was, the driver said, the tallest steeple in the whole country around, and then he told me that four miles above was another church with a very tall steeple, and a farmer who was attending that church, and lived half way between the two, when this was erecting, promised that if they would build the steeple of the new church taller than the other he would leave that and contribute seventy-five dollars to the expense and take his family here "to meeting." This they had done.

An old friend of mine in the long ago, when learning of a stranger coming into his village, never asked with the usual curiosity of a Yankee rustic, "What is he worth?" but "Where does he go to meeting?" And now that the tall steeple has gone it is a natural question to put, "Where does that half-way farmer now go to meeting?"

A Country Graveyard.

Beyond the hamlet we passed a country graveyard with some ambitious monuments, for they were solid granite, with epitaphs glittering in gold. In the olden time it was considered morally wrong to speak in praise

of a man to his face; it was ministering to vanity and pride, which was sinful. But when one was dead and buried, and good words were of no earthly comfort to him, they often made up for it by extravagant eulogy, which led an honest-spoken man, on visiting an old-style graveyard, to say, "Here lie the dead, and here the living *lie*."

Black Walnut Trees.

The country is level, giving broad views, with not much left in forest. The early settlers seemed to have such a spite against the woods that there is not, I am told, left a single one of the old magnificent forest trees in a village in the county, and probably not one before the door of any farm-house. There was altogether too reckless a swinging of the axe, and now they are all sorry. The country originally was well filled with black walnut trees, which, if left, in many cases would to-day have been of untold value. A single black walnut grown in this county—a veritable monarch of the forest—a few years ago, under competition from buyers, it is said, brought $1,000. We passed by a fence bounding the roadside, perhaps a quarter of a mile long, with palings of black walnut and posts of cedar. That fence was forty years old, and yet so valuable was it regarded after this long use that its owner refused to exchange a new fence of ordinary wood and one hundred dollars in cash. In the fields back of the fence were some of the stumps of the original black walnuts, and they are of much value. I am told that they are taken by car loads from this, the Black Swamp region of Ohio, to the eastern cities and sawed into veneering strips for furniture, the roots being rich in hue and beautiful in graining.

The Bird of Gratitude.

On my arrival at West Unity I found the doctor had gone up into Michigan on business, and yet there were many deaths on that very day in the village. The subjects, however, were not a kind to require his professional services, although they averaged at least one to each household. The explanation of this is that it was on the eve of Thanksgiving. As Yankee Hill used to slowly drawl it out as a piece of impressive wisdom:

"When we are in Rome we must do as the Romans do;
And when we are in Turkey we must do as the Turkeys do."

So when in a Christian land we must do as the Christians do; that is, on Thanksgiving Day eat the turkeys. That was what these West Unitarians, being thoroughly orthodox, were preparing to do, smacking their lips withal, as it were, in anticipation.

I know of no prettier, morally grateful sight than the gathering at the Thanksgiving board of old and young, with their happy, smiling face in the beginning of the feast, their eyes fastened in expectancy upon some huge gobbler lying upon an ample platter ready for their service; lying flat on his back, his legs well up in the air, and he looking so dainty, well stuffed and cooked, and "done to a T," with that nicely browned coat upon him, where shade blends into shade of varying beauty tints. They talk about the Bird of Paradise, but he is nowhere compared to the Thanksgiving turkey, which, being offered up as a heart oblation, should be called the Bird of Gratitude.

Medicinal Value of Onions.

It was not until the close of the next day, Thanksgiving, that the doctor arrived from the land of the wolverines, and after a ride of thirty-five miles over a frozen hobbly road and in a cruel, chilling wind. He had caught a severe cold, but by the free use of quinine and onion pellets prevented its tarrying. Onions are a great nervine and refreshment. In a tiny onion pellet is the concentrated strength of an entire onion. A department commander, who had great experience on the plains, told me that after a hard day's march nothing was so refreshing and invigorating to the soldiers as the eating of a raw onion. A drink of raw whiskey was nothing to it as a restorer from extreme fatigue. He did not, however, commend either alone, or even the union of both, as altogether judicious for a breathing emanation prior to one's *entree* into a polite assemblage.

Anecdotes of Animals.

The doctor is a lover of animals, and this to any one enhances the interest in life. He gave two or three anecdotes, which I repeat for the amusement of my children readers. The first is a cat story. In the course of this work are plenty of stories of bears, wolves, snakes, and children getting lost in the woods, and these will help out the variety. It all appertains to life, the animals having taken passage in the same boat with ourselves.

Tom, the doctor's white cat with the beautiful fur, was present, and came rubbing against me, tail up and back arched, when the doctor said: "When I take my easy-chair Tom is fond of jumping into my lap. He does not like cigar smoke very much, and when I'm smoking watches me until I finish and have thrown the end away, when up he comes.

A Cat Story.

"One day I sat smoking, and being busy in meditation I dropped off into a sort of doze. My cigar went out, and I remained holding the stump between my lips. Seeing my somniferous condition Tom gave a spring into my lap, crawled up to my face, and then turned partly round, and with a poke of his paw knocked the stump out of my mouth on to the floor. Then he cuddled down into my lap and began purring. I never was more

surprised. I felt almost like stopping smoking at the thought of a dumb animal like Tom teaching me such a lesson."

Poor Old Grey.

It was a good cat story, but I thought I had a better, and thus told it. "My once city home had a cellar-kitchen, an abomination from which you country folk are free. To get out of it into the back yard were three steps. The yard outside was on a level with the kitchen window. The kitchen table where food was prepared was on a level with and against the window. Our 'Old Grey' was a mother cat. Over her eyes, as over all grey cats, were some black lines forming the letter W, which might have signified *war*. However that may have been, she had much of what is called 'character,' and, as this incident I now relate shows, an innate sense of the proper and fitting. The time of this incident was a summer morning. Our girl Mary was at the table preparing food for breakfast; I think they were cod-fish balls. Old Grey was seated demurely on the kitchen floor watching her. There appeared at the window outside the last of Old Grey's kittens that had escaped the drowning. It came in, and annoying Mary she gently put it down on the floor, for she was fond of kittens, when it ran out up the steps into the yard and again came into the window, Old Grey still watching in all her furry dignity. Mary again gently put it on to the floor, when it again ran out and appeared at the window the third time, Old Grey still watching. Then she acted as though she had thought: 'Now I'll stop this impertinence. Mary is a good girl; you sha'n't bother her so; she will never be able to get her breakfast ready in this world.' So she sprang up on to the window-sill, met her kitten, boxed its ear, drove her back, and it came no more." Here were exhibited the identical qualities of the human mind—observation, reflection and judgment; and yet a president of one of the first colleges of our land once said to me, "Animals have no reflection."

Poor Old Grey not long after this considerate act left these mortal scenes. She was seized with an incurable and infectious disease, so the doctor said, and that it was dangerous, as she might communicate it not only to other animals, but to human beings. That opinion was her doom. It was a dreadful thing to do; but somebody had to do it, so I took a tin boiler, put in it a sponge saturated with chloroform, and called her to me. She came with alacrity at my summons, looking upon me as her best friend. She lay in my arms gentle as a lamb, all confidence, supremely happy, and purred in joy. Proceeding but a few yards I laid her softly in the bottom of the boiler, shut the cover down tight, and awaited the event. In a few moments there was a great rustling noise inside as though there was some object there going round and round, and then it suddenly ceased. Then I knew Old Grey had been overcome by the fumes and was passing away. A grave was made for her in the garden, and with some of the bystanders there was a swelling of the throat, and their eyes yielded the tribute of a tear. And to this day none of us who knew Old Grey can think of her without a pang. And it did us no good afterwards to learn that the medical man was one of those who knew altogether too much; the disease was not dangerous to any one, and was easily cured. The heart that cannot feel another's woe, even if it be but an humble, dependent animal, will never see the kingdom of heaven, at least that part of it that sometimes bends down to earth.

Story of a Pet Wolf.

The doctor followed with a wolf story: "In 1882 a friend sent me from Kansas a babe wolf, and so young that it had not opened its eyes. It grew to be a very kindly, timid and frolicsome animal. When I entered the house it sprang to meet me with all the joyous manifestations of a dog. It was very fond of my little girl, and once seized her doll and ran with it under the table. Upon this she sat down on the floor and cried. Taking pity upon her the wolf brought it back and laid it at her feet. Then when she took it up again he jumped and capered around her, as though he could scarcely contain himself for joy.

"The wolf followed me about the streets like a dog. Few, however, recognized it as a wolf; strangers generally thought it a new variety of the dog family. His weight was about forty pounds; but if he heard any unusual noise he would run to me for protection, being exceedingly timid. I taught him to howl, so that he would do so by a mere wave of the hand. It was a most horrid noise, which became at last such a nuisance to ourselves and neighbors that we were obliged to get rid of him."

A Charming Wedding Tour.

As the doctor finished the wolf anecdote, I changed for one of a different character, and said: "Last Sunday I dined with a young couple who had married but a few years before, and then as usual started on their wedding tour. Not a soul could have guessed its objective point for the passing their 'honeymoon.' It is not probable any other couple living has had such an experience. It was to the White House that they had been invited by their friends, its occupants, Mr. and Mrs. Hayes. On telling me this the lady followed it with another. 'When I was a little girl, going home from school with other girls, we passed by a door where General Grant was sitting quietly smoking his cigar. He stopped us, chatted a while, and finally took me in his arms and kissed me. Nothing exactly satisfies in this world, for when I had run home and told my mother, she expressed her regret that I did not have on my pretty new dress.'"

A Curious Epitaph.

After giving these incidents of proud memory, to relate I trust in the coming years to her grandchildren, her youthful husband invited me to an after-dinner walk. As from the grave to the gay is the usual ending on the mimic stage, I here reverse it, and go from the gay to the grave. It was to the only spot where on a Sunday in my early days one could go for a stroll without, in the opinion of some estimable people, violating "God's holy day"—a graveyard.

The day was what is called a weather breeder—clear, sunny, still—and the graveyard old and little, and near the banks of the Sandusky, and there I copied this quaint inscription:

"Prince Howland, Jr. Died October 7, 1817, aged 24 years.

"Death, bungling archer,
Lets his arrow fly;
Misses old age,
And lo a youth must die."

West Unity is ten miles northeast of Bryan, on the L. S. & M. S. R. R. Newspaper: *Chief*, Independent, C. F. Grisier, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Methodist Episcopal; 1 United Brethren; 1 Presbyterian, and 1 Church of God Bethel. Population, 1880, 884. School census, 1888, 265.

Pioneer is fourteen miles north of Bryan. It is an important wool market, and a large creamery leads in its industries. Newspaper: *Tri-State Alliance*, Independent Republican; C. J. DeWitt, editor. Churches: 1 United Brethren; 1 Methodist Episcopal; 1 Baptist. Population, 1880, 754. School census, 1888, 189.

Stryker is nine miles northeast of Bryan, on the L. S. & M. S. R. R. Newspaper: *Advance*, Independent, Kitzmiller & Son, editors and publishers. Churches: 1 Universalist; 1 Methodist; 1 United Brethren; 1 Catholic. Population, 1880, 662. School census, 1888, 367; W. A. Saunders, superintendent schools.

Edgerton is ten miles west of Bryan, on the L. S. & M. S. R. R. Newspaper: *Earth*, Independent, Charles W. Krathwohl, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Methodist Episcopal; 1 Presbyterian; 1 Disciple; 1 Lutheran; 1 Catholic and 1 Reformed. Bank: Farnham & Co. Population, 1880, 782. School census, 1888, 328; J. R. Walton, superintendent schools.

Montpelier is eight miles northwest of Bryan, on the St. Joseph's river and W. St. L. & P. R. R. Its principal industries are the manufactures of oars and handles, hardwood lumber, flouring, brick and tile. Newspapers: *Democrat*, Democrat, Willett & Ford, editors and publishers; *Enterprise*, Republican, Geo. Strayer, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 United Brethren; 1 Methodist; 1 Episcopal; 1 German Lutheran and 1 Presbyterian. Bank: Montpelier Banking Company; James Draggoo, president; M. E. Griswold, cashier. Population, 1880, 406. School census, 1888, 324.

Edon is fifteen miles northwest of Bryan. Population, 1880, 513. School census, 1888, 194.

WOOD.

Wood County was formed from old Indian Territory, April 1, 1820, and named from the brave and chivalrous Col. Wood, a distinguished officer of engineers in the war of 1812. The surface is level, and covered by the black swamp, the soil of which is a rich, black loam, and very fertile, and peculiarly well adapted to grazing. The population are mainly of New England descent, with some Germans. The principal crops are corn, hay, potatoes, oats and wheat.

Area about 620 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 167,492; in pasture, 26,485; woodland, 65,055; lying waste, 1,059; produced in wheat, 661,013 bushels; rye, 104,379 (largest in the State); buckwheat, 1,560; oats, 815,896; barley, 27,080; corn, 1,884,832; meadow hay, 21,000 tons; clover, 6,095; flaxseed, 84 bushels; potatoes, 88,656; tobacco, 70 lbs.; butter, 635,765; sorghum, 2,274 gallons; maple syrup, 4,873; honey, 21,140 lbs.; eggs, 749,213 dozen; grapes, 56,220 lbs.; wine, 962 gallons; sweet potatoes, 21 bushels; apples, 39,660; peaches, 1,383; pears, 1,537; wool, 83,799 lbs.; milch cows owned, 8,481. Ohio Mining Statistics, 1888: Limestone, 36,565 tons burned for lime; 81,000 cubic feet of dimension stone; 57,199 cubic yards of building stone; 8,892 cubic feet of ballast or macadam. School census, 1888, 12,763; teachers, 410. Miles of railroad track, 196.

Townships and Census.	1840.	1880.	Townships and Census.	1840.	1880.
Bloom,	437	2,022	Montgomery,	609	2,283
Center,	97	2,023	Perry,	559	1,474
Freedom,	238	1,667	Perrysburg,	1,041	4,112
Henry,	213	1,688	Plain,	272	1,985
Jackson,	26	1,028	Portage,	199	1,434
Lake,		2,207	Ross,		639
Liberty,	215	1,292	Troy,	383	1,407
Middleton,	193	1,606	Washington,	244	1,426
Milton and Weston,	539		Webster,		1,197
Milton,		2,181	Weston,		2,351

Population of Wood in 1830, 1,096; 1840, 5,458; 1850, 9,165; 1860, 17,886; 1880, 34,022: of whom 25,808 were born in Ohio; 1,569, Pennsylvania; 1204, New York; 169, Virginia; 158, Indiana; 38, Kentucky; 2092, German Empire; 626, England and Wales; 321, British America; 274 Ireland; 118, France; 110, Scotland; and 21, Norway and Sweden. Census, 1890, 44,392.

Drainage.

Since our original edition of 1847 few counties of the State have been so surprisingly transformed as Wood. It was then an almost unbroken forest, covering the black swamp, and with few inhabitants. This advance has been owing to the very extensive system of drainage and clearing off the forest, which has brought a large body of agriculturalists to settle up the country, three-fourths of whom are, to-day, within a radius of about 2½ miles of some line of railway: hence there has been a steady and uniform advance in agricultural development. It is now fast becoming one of the great garden spots of the country.

What drainage is doing for this entire region is told in the article, "The Black Swamp," under the head of Putnam County. One single ditch in Wood county, the "Jackson Cut-off," drains 30,000 acres, and cost $110,000. It is therein stated that, counting in the railway ditches with the public and private ditches of the farmers, there are in Wood county alone 16,000 miles of ditches, at an aggre-

gate cost of millions of dollars. These are the basis of the great agricultural prosperity of the county in connection with the richness of the soil. And later, comes the discovery and use of its great gas and oil resources to further enhance its prosperity.

Early History.

The following sketch of the early history of this region was communicated to our original edition by Hezekiah L. Hosmer, then a young lawyer of Perrysburg. He eventually removed to the Pacific Slope, and held there a high judicial position.

The Military Expeditions against the Indian tribes in the West, commenced under the colonial government about the middle of the last century, were finally terminated on this river by the decisive victory of Gen. Wayne in 1794. Previous to that event no portion of the West was more beloved by the Indians than the valleys of the Maumee and its tributaries. In the daily journal of Wayne's campaign, kept by George Will, under date of Aug. 6, 1794, when the army was encamped fifty-six miles in advance of Fort Recovery, the writer says: "We are within six miles of the Auglaize river, and I expect to eat green corn to-morrow." On the 8th of the same month, after the arrival of the army at the Camp Grand Auglaize (the site of Fort Defiance), he continues: "We have marched four or five miles in corn-fields down the Auglaize, and there is not less than 1,000 acres of corn around the town." This journal, kept from that time until the return of the army to Fort Greenville, is full of descriptions of the immense corn-fields, large vegetable patches, and old apple trees, found along the banks of the Maumee from its mouth to Fort Wayne. It discloses the astonishing fact that for a period of eight days while building Fort Defiance, the army obtained their bread and vegetables from the corn-fields and potato patches surrounding the fort. In their march from Fort Defiance to the foot of the rapids the army passed through a number of Indian towns composed of huts, constructed of bark and skins, which afforded evidence that the people who had once inhabited them were composed, not only of Indians, but of Canadian French and renegade Englishmen.

The Maumee Valley After Wayne's Victory.—What the condition of the valley was for some years after Wayne's campaign may be gathered from the following extracts from one of Judge Burnet's letters, published by the Ohio Historical Society. After assigning some reasons for the downfall of the Indians, he says: "My yearly trips to Detroit, from 1796 to 1802, made it necessary to pass through some of their towns, and convenient to visit many of them. Of course I had frequent opportunities of seeing thousands of them, in their villages and at their hunting camps, and of forming a personal acquaintance with some of their distinguished chiefs. I have eat and slept in their towns, and partaken of their hospitality, which had no limit but that of their contracted means. In journeying more recently through the State, in discharging my judicial duties, I sometimes passed over the ground on which I had seen towns filled with happy families of that devoted race without perceiving the smallest trace of what had once been there. All their ancient settlements on the route to Fort Defiance, and from thence to the foot of the rapids, had been broken up and deserted.

"The battle-ground of Gen. Wayne, which I had often seen in the rude state in which it was when the decisive action of 1794 was fought, was so altered and changed that I could not recognize it, and not an indication remained of the very extensive Indian settlements which I had formerly seen there. It seemed almost impossible that in so short a period such an astonishing change could have taken place."

These extracts prove that even after the battle of Presque Isle, although crushed and humbled, the Indian refused to be divorced from the favorite home and numerous graves of his race. A chain of causes which followed this battle finally wrested from him the last foothold of his soil. These may be said to have commenced with the treaty of Greenville, made on the 3d of August, 1795, with the Wyandots, Ottawas, and other tribes located in this region. By this treaty, among various other cessions of territory, a tract of land twelve miles square at the foot of the rapids, and one of six miles square at the mouth of the river, were given to the United States. This treaty was followed by the establishment of the boundaries of the county of Wayne, which included a part of the States of Ohio, Indiana and the whole of Michigan.

The First White Settler.—Notwithstanding this actual declaration of ownership by the government, few only of the whites of the country were willing to penetrate and reside in this yet unforsaken abode of the Indian. Col. John Anderson was the first white trader of any notoriety on the Maumee. He settled at Fort Miami as early as 1800. Peter Manor, a Frenchman, was here previous to that time, and was adopted by the chief Fontogany, by the name of *Sawendebans*, or "the Yellow Hair." Manor, however, did not come here to reside until 1808. Indeed, I cannot learn the names of any of the settlers prior to 1810 except the two above mentioned. We may mention among those who came during the year 1810, Maj. Amos Spafford, Andrew Race, Thomas Leaming, Halsey W. Leaming, James Carlin, Wm. Carter, George Bla-

lock, James Slason, Samuel H. Ewing, Jesse Skinner, David Hull, Thomas Dick, Wm. Peters, Ambrose Hickox, Richard Gifford. All these individuals were settled within a circumference of ten miles, embracing the amphitheatre at the foot of the rapids, as early as 1810. Maj. Amos Spafford came here to perform the duties of collector of the port of Miami. He was also appointed deputy postmaster. A copy of his return to the government as collector for the first quarter of his service, ending on the 30th June, 1810, shows the aggregate amount of exports to have been $5,640.85. This was, for skins and furs, $5,610.85, and for twenty gallons of bear's oil, $30.

When War Broke out in 1812 there were sixty-seven families residing at the foot of the rapids. Manor—or Minard, the Frenchman above alluded to—states that the first intimation that the settlers had of Hull's surrender at Detroit manifested itself by the appearance of a party of British and Indians at the foot of the rapids a few days after it took place. The Indians plundered the settlers on both sides of the river, and departed for Detroit in canoes. Three of their number remained with the intention of going into the interior of the State. One of these was a Delaware chief by the name of Sac-a-manc. Manor won his confidence, under the pretence of friendship for the British, and was by him informed that in a few days a grand assemblage of all the northwestern tribes was contemplated at Fort Malden, and that in about two days after that assemblage a large number of British and Indians would be at the foot of the rapids, on their march to relieve Fort Wayne, then under investment by the American army, as was supposed. He also informed him that, when they came again, they would massacre all the Yankees found in the valley. Sac-a-manc left for the interior of the State, after remaining a day at the foot of the rapids.

Flight of the Settlers.—The day after his departure Minard called upon Maj. Spafford, and warned him of the hostile intentions of the Indians, as he had received them from Sac-a-manc. The major placed no confidence in them, and expressed a determination to remain until our army from the interior should reach this frontier. A few days after this conversation a man by the name of Gordon was seen approaching the residence of Maj. Spafford in great haste. This individual had been reared among the Indians, but had, previous to this time, received some favors of a trifling character from Maj. Spafford. The major met him in his corn-field, and was informed that a party of about fifty Pottawatomies, on their way to Malden, had taken this route, and in less than two hours would be at the foot of the rapids. He also urged the major to make good his escape immediately. Most of the families at the foot of the rapids had left the valley after receiving intelligence of Hull's surrender. The major assembled those that were left on the bank of the river, where they put in tolerable sailing condition an old barge, in which some officers had descended the river from Fort Wayne the year previous. They had barely time to get such of their effects as were portable on board, and row down into the bend below the town, before they heard the shouts of the Indians above. Finding no Americans here, the Indians passed on to Malden. The major and his companions sailed in their crazy vessel down the lake to the Quaker settlement at Milan, on Huron river, where they remained until the close of the war.

Sac-a-manc, on his return from the interior of the State, a few days after the event, showed Manor the scalps of three persons that he had killed during his absence, on Owl creek, near Mount Vernon. At the time mentioned by him a detachment of the British army, under command of Col. Elliott, accompanied by about 500 Indians, came to the foot of the rapids. They were anxious to obtain guides. Manor feigned lameness and ignorance of the country above the head of the rapids, a distance of eighteen miles up the river. By this means he escaped being pressed into their service above that point. He accompanied them that far with his cart and pony, and was then permitted to return. On his return he met Col. Elliott, the commander of the detachment, at the foot of Presque Isle Hill, who stopped him, and, after learning the services he had performed, permitted him, with a curse, to go on. A mile below him he met a party of about forty Pottawatomies, who also desired to know where he was going. Manor escaped being compelled to return by telling them he was returning to the foot of the rapids after forage for the army. The British and Indians pursued their march up the river until they saw the American flag waving over Winchester's encampment at Defiance, when they returned in double quick time to Canada. On their return they burned the dwellings, stole the horses and destroyed the corn-fields of the settlers at the foot of the rapids.

Manor, soon after his arrival at the foot of the rapids, went down the river to the British fleet, then lying at the mouth of Swan creek, under command of Capt. Mills. Here he reported himself, told what he had done for the army, and desired leave to go to his family at the mouth of the river. Capt. Mills, having no evidence of his loyalty beyond his own word, put him under hatches as a prisoner of war. Through the aid of his friend, Beaugrand, Minard was released in a few days, joined his family, and was afterwards a scout for our army during the remainder of the war. He is now (1846) living at the head of the rapids, on a reservation of land granted him by the government, at the request of his Indian father, Ton-tog-sa-ny. [Another account of Peter Manor is in Lucas County.]

After Peace was Declared, most of the settlers that had lived here previous to the war returned to their old possessions. They were partly indemnified by government for their losses. Many of them lived in the block-houses on Fort Meigs, and one or two

of the citizens of our town were born in one of them. The settlement of the valley was at first slow, but the foot of the rapids and vicinity was settled long before any of the rest. In 1816 government sent an agent to lay out a town at the point best calculated for commercial purposes. That agent sounded the river from its mouth, and fixed upon Perrysburg. The town was laid out that year, and named after Com. Perry by Hon. Josiah Meigs, then Comptroller of the Treasury. This county was then embraced in the county limits of Logan county, Bellefontaine being the county-seat. When the limits of Wood county were first determined, there was a great struggle between these three towns at the foot of the rapids—Orleans, Maumee and Perrysburg—for the county-seat. The decision in favor of Perrysburg was the cause of the abandonment of the little town of Orleans, which soon after fell into decay.

The last remnant of the powerful Ottawa tribe of Indians removed from this valley west of the Mississippi in 1838. They numbered some interesting men among them. There was Nawash, Ockquenoxy, Charloe, Ottoca, Petonquet, men of eloquence, remembered by many of our citizens. Their burying-grounds and village-sites are scattered along both banks of the river, from its mouth to Fort Defiance.

This part of the Maumee valley has been noted for military operations. Wayne's victory over the Indians (see Lucas County), Aug. 20, 1794, was gained within its borders. It was also the theatre of important operations in the war of 1812.

March of Gen. Hull.—About the middle of June, 1812, the army of Hull left Urbana, and passed through the present counties of Logan, Hardin, Hancock and Wood, into Michigan. They cut a road through the forest, and erected Forts M'Arthur and Findlay on the route, and arrived at the Maumee on the 30th of June, which they crossed at or near the foot of the rapids. Hull surrendered at Detroit on the 16th of the August following.

Tupper's Expedition.—In the same summer, Gen. Edward W. Tupper, of Gallia county, raised about 1,000 men for six months' duty, mainly from Gallia, Lawrence and Jackson counties, who, under the orders of Gen. Winchester, marched from Urbana north by the route of Hull, and reached the foot of the Maumee rapids. The Indians appearing in force on the opposite bank, Tupper endeavored to cross the river with his troops in the night; but the rapidity of the current, and the feeble, half-starved condition of his men and horses were such, that the attempt failed. The enemy soon after collected a superior force, and attacked Tupper in his camp, but were driven off with considerable loss. They returned to Detroit, and the Americans marched back to Fort M'Arthur.

Winchester's Defeat.—On the 10th of January, 1813, Gen. Winchester, whose troops had been stationed at Forts Wayne and Defiance, arrived at the rapids, having marched from the latter along the north bank of the Maumee. There they encamped until the 17th, when Winchester resumed his march north, and was defeated with great loss on the 22d, on the river Raisin, near the site of Monroe, Michigan.

On receiving information of Winchester's defeat, Gen. Harrison sent Dr. McKeehan from Portage river with medicines and money to Malden, for the relief of the wounded and the prisoners. He was accompanied by a Frenchman and a militia-man, and was furnished with a letter from Harrison, addressed to any British officer whom he might meet, describing his errand. The night after they left they halted at the Maumee rapids to take a few hours' sleep, in a vacant cabin upon the north bank of the river, about fifty rods north of the present bridge. The cariole in which they travelled was left at the door, with a flag of truce set up in it. They were discovered in the night by a party of Indians, accompanied, it is said, by a British officer; one of the men was killed, and the others taken to Malden, where the doctor was thrown into prison by Proctor and loaded with irons.

The Building of Fort Meigs.

After the defeat of Winchester, Gen. Harrison, about the first of February, established his advanced posts at the foot of the rapids. He ordered Capt. Wood, of the engineer corps, to fortify the position, as it was his intention to make this point his grand depot. The fort erected was afterwards named Meigs, in honor of Governor Meigs.

Harrison ordered all the troops in the rear to join him immediately. He was in hopes, by the middle of February, to advance upon Malden, and strike a blow that should in some measure retrieve the misfortunes that had befallen the American arms in this quarter.

On the 9th of February intelligence was brought of the encampment of about 600 Indians, twenty miles down, near the Bay shore. Harrison had with him

at this time about 2,000 men at the post. The same night, or that following, 600 men left the fort under Harrison, and marched down the river on the ice twenty miles, when they discovered some fires on the north side of the river, which proved to have been that of the Indians who had fled the day before. Here the detachment, which had been joined by 500 men more from the post, waited a few minutes, without having time to warm themselves, it being intensely cold, when the object of the expedition was made known. This was to march after the Indians; and all those unable by fatigue to continue were ordered to follow the next day. On resuming the line of march the army had proceeded only about two miles when their only cannon, with the horses attached, broke through the ice. This was about two hours before morning, and the moon unfortunately was nearly down. In endeavoring to extricate the horses, Lieut. Joseph H. Larwill, who had charge of the piece, with two of his men, broke through the ice and narrowly escaped drowning. The army thereupon halted, and a company ordered to assist in recovering the cannon, which was not accomplished until daybreak. Some of the men gave out from being wet, cold and fatigued; but the lieutenant, with the remainder, proceeded with the cannon after the main army, which they overtook shortly after sunrise, on an island near the mouth of the bay. The spies were then arriving with the intelligence that the Indians had left the river Raisin for Malden. Upon this the troops, having exhausted their provisions, returned, arriving at Fort Meigs just as the evening gun had been fired, having performed a march of forty-five miles on the ice in less than twenty-four hours.

Langham's Desperate Enterprise.

A few hours after this, about 250 men volunteered to go on an enterprise of the most desperate nature. On Friday, the 26th, the volunteer corps destined for this duty were addressed on parade by Gen. Harrison, who informed them that when they had got a sufficient distance from the fort they were to be informed of the errand they were upon, and that all who then wished could return, but not afterwards. He represented the undertaking as in a high degree one of peril and privation; but he promised that those who deported themselves in a gallant and soldierlike manner should be rewarded, and their names forwarded to the general government.

The corps took up their line of march and concentrated at what is now Lower Sandusky, where was then a block-house, on the site of Fort Stephenson, at that time garrisoned by two companies of militia.

The force, which was under the command of Capt. Langham, consisted of 68 regulars, 120 Virginia and Pennsylvania militia, 32 men under Lieut. Madiss, and 22 Indians, making, with their officers, 242 men; besides these were 24 drivers of sleds and several pilots.

On the morning of the 2d of March they left the block-house with six days' provisions, and had proceeded about half a mile when Capt. Langham ordered a halt. He addressed the soldiers and informed them of the object of the expedition, which was to move down to Lake Erie and cross over the ice to Malden, and, in the darkness of night, to destroy with combustibles the British fleet and the public stores on the bank of the river. This being done, the men were to retreat in their sleighs to the point of the Maumee bay, when their retreat was to be covered by a large force under Harrison. At this time, independent of the garrison at Malden, in that vicinity was a large body of Indians, and it required a combination of circumstances to render the enterprise successful. Capt. Langham gave liberty for all who judged it too hazardous to withdraw. Twenty of the militia and six or seven of the Indians availed themselves of the liberty. The rest moved down the river in sleighs, and took the land on the west side of the bay, passing through and across the peninsula, and crossed at the bay of Portage river, and soon came in view of the lake and its embosoming islands. Some of the men

walking out on the ice of the lake were alarmed by what was judged to be a body of men moving towards them. It was subsequently discovered to be the rays of the sun, reflecting on ice thrown up in ridges.

The party encamped near the lake, and being without any tents, were thoroughly wet by the snow and rain. After the guards were stationed, and all had retired to rest, the report of a musket was heard, and every man sprang to his post, ready for action. It proved to have been a false alarm—an accidental discharge through the carelessness of one of the men. Capt. Langham was almost determined to have the soldier shot for his carelessness, as it now had become particularly necessary for the utmost precaution; but motives of humanity prevailed, and he was suffered to go unpunished.

On the next morning, March 3d, they proceeded on the ice to Middle Bass island, seventeen miles from their encampment. Just before they left the lake shore an ensign and thirteen militia, one of the Indian chiefs and several of the Indians deserted them. During their progress to the island the weather was stormy, wind blowing and snowing, and in places it was quite slippery. They arrived at the northwest side of the island early in the afternoon, when the weather moderated.

In the course of the afternoon sled tracks were discovered on the ice, going in the direction of Malden. These were presumed to have been made by two Frenchmen, who left Sandusky the day before the corps of Langham. They had then stated they were going to the river Huron, which was in an opposite direction: the officers now felt assured they were inimical to their designs, and were on their way to give the British notice of their intentions. Moreover, to the north of the island on which they were the ice was weak, and the lake appeared to be broken up to the north.

It being the intended route to go by the western Sister island, to elude the spies of the enemy, the guides gave it as their opinion that it was totally impossible to go to Malden; that the river Detroit and the lake from the middle Sister were doubtless broken up, and that there was a possibility of getting as far north as the middle Sister; but as the distance from that to the Detroit river, eighteen miles, had to be performed after night, they could not attempt going, being fully satisfied that they could not arrive at the point of destination, and as the weather was and had been soft, that, should a southerly wind blow up, the lake would inevitably break up, and they might be caught on it or one of the islands. They then affirmed they had gone as far as they thought it either safe or prudent, and would not take the responsibility on them any farther. Capt. Langham called the guides and officers together. He stated that he had been instructed to go no farther than the guides thought safe, asked the opinion of the officers, who unanimously decided that it was improper to proceed, and that they should return.

The weather having slightly improved, although still unfavorable, a second council was called of the officers and guides, but with the same result. The captain then called the men and gave the opinion of their superiors, and presented the importance of the expedition to the government should they succeed; on the other hand, he represented that they might be lost on the lake by the breaking up of the ice, without rendering any service to their country, who would thus be deprived of the choice troops of the army. The soldiers, on thus being called for their opinion, expressed themselves as ready to go wherever their officers would lead; at the same time said they should abide by the decision of their superiors, whose judgment was better than their own.

The party returned by the way of Presque Isle, at which point they met Gen. Harrison with a body of troops. From thence they proceeded to Fort Meigs in safety. In the course of their journey back they found the lake open near the western Sister island.

On the 9th of March, the day being very fine, several of the men went down as far as the old British fort. Some of them discovered a party of Indians, and gave the alarm. The latter fired at them, and one man, while running, was shot through the left skirt of his coat. Luckily a hymn-book which he carried there received the ball, which was buried in its leaves. The men escaped safely into the fort, but Lieut. Walker, who was out hunting for wild fowl, was killed. His body was found the next day and brought into the fort, where his grave is to be seen at the present day.

Harrison had determined, if possible, to regain Detroit, and in a measure atone for the disasters of the war in this quarter; but the weather had proved unfavorable for the transportation to Fort Meigs of a sufficient body of troops for such an object. His force there was diminished, soon after his arrival, by the expiration of the term of service of a part of those at the rapids, and nothing more was left for him but to remain on the defensive. Satisfied that, in his weakened condition, the enemy would make a descent from Malden upon the fort as soon as the ice broke up in the lake, he left in March for the interior, to hasten on all the troops he could raise to its defence. On the 12th of April he returned at the head of a detachment of troops, and applied himself with great assiduity to completing the defences.

About this time a Canadian Frenchman, with about a dozen of his own countrymen, all volunteers, had a desperate boat-fight with an equal number of Indians in the river, near the north side of the large island below the fort, and defeated them. The whites were all either killed or wounded, except the captain and two of his men. As they were

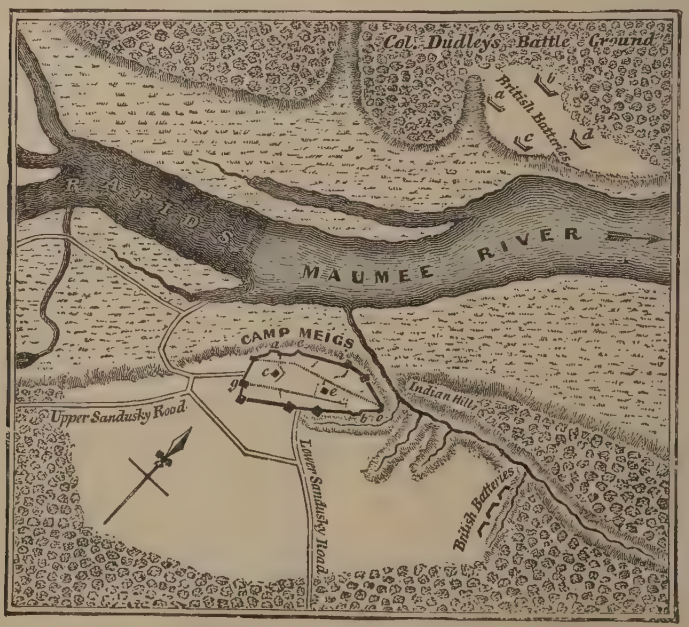
returning to the fort they saw a solitary Indian, the sole survivor of his party, rise up in one of their two canoes and paddle to the shore.

All the foregoing is from the Journal of Lieut. Larwill, who was one of Capt. Langham's party.

Plan of Fort Meigs.

The annexed plan of Fort Meigs with its environs is from the survey of Lieut. Joseph H. Larwill, made between the two sieges. It was obtained directly from him for our first edition. He was one of the original proprietors of Mansfield and also of Wooster. He showed me some of his field books with entries of surveys of wild lands, with remarks upon soil timber. If the woods were beech and sugar maple, it was certain it was first-class soil for wheat. He was an old-style Jackson Democrat of positive convictions and declarations, and hated the British and Indians. In the history of Wooster (see page 531) is told what a narrow escape my old friend Larwill had from being blown up. Luckily he lived to fight and help whip the British and their red-skinned allies and then made notes to show how they did it.

[*Explanations.*—*a*, grand battery, commanded by Capt. Daniel Cushing; *b*, mortar battery; *c*, *i*, *o*, minor batteries; *g*, battery commanded at the second siege



Fort Meigs and its Environs.

by Col. (now Gen.) Gaines; *c*, magazines. The black squares on the lines of the fort represent the position of the block-houses. The dotted lines show the traverses, or walls of earth, thrown up. The longest, the grand traverse, had a base of 20 feet, was 12 in height, and about 900 in length. The traverses running lengthwise of the fort were raised as a protection against the batteries on the opposite side of the river, and those running crosswise were to defend them from the British batteries on this side. The British batteries on the north side of the river were named as follows: *a*, queen's; *b*, sailors'; *d*, kings', and *e*, mortar. The fort stood upon high ground, on the margin of a bank, elevated about sixty

feet above the Maumee. The surface is nearly level, and is covered by a green sward. The outline of the fort is now (1846) well defined, and the grand traverse yet rises six or eight feet from the surrounding ground. The work originally covered about ten acres, but was reduced in area between the two sieges, to accommodate a smaller number of troops. Just above, a large number of sunken graves indicate the locality of the soldiers' burying-ground. The graves of Lieut. Walker and Lieut. McCullough—the last of whom was shot while conversing with Gen. Harrison—are within the fort. The first is surmounted by a small stone, with an inscription—the last is enclosed by a fence. (See view of Maumee City, in Lucas County.) To understand the position of Fort Meigs, with reference to the British fort and surrounding country, see map in Lucas County illustrating the battles of the Maumee country.

THE SIEGE OF FORT MEIGS.

"On the breaking up of the ice in Lake Erie, General Proctor, with all his disposable force, consisting of regulars and Canadian militia from Malden, and a large body of Indians under their celebrated chief, Tecumseh, amounting in the whole to two thousand men, laid siege to Fort Meigs. To encourage the Indians, he had promised them an easy conquest, and assured them that General Harrison should be delivered up to Tecumseh. On the 26th of April the British columns appeared on the opposite bank of the river, and established their principal batteries on a commanding eminence opposite the fort. On the 27th the Indians crossed the river, and established themselves in the rear of the American lines. The garrison, not having completed their wells, had no water except what they obtained from the river, under a constant firing of the enemy. On the first, second and third of May their batteries kept up an incessant shower of balls and shells upon the fort. On the night of the third the British erected a gun and mortar battery on the left bank of the river, within two hundred and fifty yards of the American lines. The Indians climbed the trees in the neighborhood of the fort, and poured in a galling fire upon the garrison. In this situation General Harrison received a summons from Proctor for a surrender of the garrison, greatly magnifying his means of annoyance; this was answered by a prompt refusal, assuring the British general that if he obtained possession of the fort, it would not be by capitulation.* Apprehensive of such an attack, General Harrison had made the governors of Kentucky and Ohio minutely acquainted with his situation, and stated to them the necessity of reinforcements for the relief of Fort Meigs. His requisitions had been zealously anticipated, and General Clay was at this moment descending the Miami with twelve hundred Kentuckians for his relief.

"At twelve o'clock in the night of the fourth an officer† arrived from General

* "The conversation which took place between General Harrison and Major Chambers, of the British army, was, as nearly as can be recollected, as follows:—

"*Major Chambers.*—General Proctor has directed me to demand the surrender of this post. He wishes to spare the effusion of blood.

"*General Harrison.*—The demand, under present circumstances, is a most extraordinary one. As General Proctor did not send me a summons to surrender on his first arrival, I had supposed that he believed me determined to do my duty. His present message indicates an opinion of me that I am at a loss to account for.

"*Major Chambers.*—General Proctor could never think of saying anything to wound your feelings, sir. The character of General Harrison, as an officer, is well known. General Proctor's force is very respectable, and there is with him a larger body of Indians than has ever before been embodied.

"*General Harrison.*—I believe I have a very correct idea of General Proctor's force; it is not such as to create the least apprehension for the result of the contest, whatever shape he may be pleased hereafter to give to it. Assure the general, however, that he will never have this post *surrendered* to him upon any terms. Should it fall into his hands, it will be in a manner calculated to do him more honor, and to give him larger claims upon the gratitude of his government, than any capitulation could possibly do."

† This messenger was Capt. William Oliver, now (1846) of Cincinnati, then a young man,

Clay, with the welcome intelligence of his approach, stating that he was just above the rapids, and could reach him in two hours, and requesting his orders. Harrison determined on a general sally, and directed Clay to land eight hundred men on the right bank, take possession of the British batteries, spike their cannon, immediately return to their boats, and cross over to the American fort. The remainder of Clay's force were ordered to land on the left bank, and fight their way to the fort, while sorties were to be made from the garrison in aid of these operations. Captain Hamilton was directed to proceed up the river in a periauger, land a subaltern on the left bank, who should be a pilot to conduct General Clay to the fort; and then cross over and station his periauger at the place designated for the other division to land. General Clay, having received these orders, descended the river in order of battle in solid columns, each officer taking position according to his rank. Colonel Dudley, being the eldest in command, led the van, and was ordered to take the men in the twelve front boats, and execute General Harrison's orders on the right bank. He effected his landing at the place designated, without difficulty. General Clay kept close along the left bank until he came opposite the place of Colonel Dudley's landing, but not finding the subaltern there, he attempted to cross over and join Col. Dudley; this was prevented by the violence of the current on the rapids, and he again attempted to land on the left bank, and effected it with only fifty men amid a brisk fire from the enemy on shore, and made his way to the fort, receiving their fire until within the protection of its guns. The other boats, under the command of Colonel Boswell, were driven farther down the current, and landed on the right to join Colonel Dudley. Here they were ordered to re-embark, land on the left bank, and proceed to the fort. In the meantime two sorties were made from the garrison, one on the left, in aid of Colonel Boswell, by which the Canadian militia and Indians were defeated, and he enabled to reach the fort in safety, and one on the right against the British batteries, which was also successful.*

"Colonel Dudley, with his detachment of eight hundred Kentucky militia,

noted for his heroic bravery. He had previously been sent from the fort at a time when it was surrounded by Indians, through the wilderness, with instructions to General Clay. His return to the fort was extremely dangerous. Captain Leslie Coombs, now of Lexington, Ky., had been sent by Colonel Dudley to communicate with Harrison. He approached the fort, and when within about a mile was attacked by the Indians, and after a gallant resistance was foiled in his object and obliged to retreat with the loss of nearly all of his companions. Oliver managed to get into the fort through the cover of the darkness of the night, by which he eluded the vigilance of Tecumseh and his Indians, who were very watchful and had closely invested it.—H. H.

* "The troops in this attack on the British battery were commanded by Col. John Miller, of the 19th United States regiment, and consisted of about 250 of the 17th and 19th Regiments, 100 twelve-month volunteers, and Captain Seebre's company of Kentucky militia. They were drawn up in a ravine under the east curtain of the fort, out of reach of the enemy's fire; but to approach the batteries it was necessary, after having ascended from the ravine, to pass a plain of 200 yards in width, in the woods beyond which were the batteries protected by a company of grenadiers, and another of light infantry, upwards of 200 strong. These troops were flanked on the right by two or three companies of Canadian militia, and on the left by a large body of Indians under Tecumseh. After passing along the ranks and encouraging the men to do their duty, the general placed himself upon the battery of the right rear angle, to witness the contest. The troops advanced with loaded but trailed arms. They had scarcely reached the summit of the hill when they received the fire of the British infantry. It did them little harm; but the Indians being placed in position, and taking sight or aim, did great execution. They had not advanced more than fifty yards on the plain before it became necessary to halt and close the ranks. This was done with as much order by word of command from the officers as if they had been on parade. The charge was then made, and the enemy fled with so much precipitation that although many were killed none were taken. The general, from his position on the battery, seeing the direction that a part of them had taken, despatched Major Todd with the reserve of about fifty regulars, who quickly returned with two officers and forty-three non-commissioned officers and privates. In this action the volunteers and militia suffered less than the regulars, because from their position the latter were much sooner unmasked by the hill, and received the first fire of all the enemy. It was impossible that troops could have behaved better than they did upon this sortie."

completely succeeded in driving the British from their batteries, and spiking the cannon. Having accomplished this object, his orders were peremptory to return immediately to his boats and cross over to the fort; but the blind confidence which generally attends militia when successful proved their ruin. Although repeatedly ordered by Colonel Dudley, and warned of their danger, and called upon from the fort to leave the ground; and although there was abundant time for that purpose before the British reinforcements arrived, yet they commenced a pursuit of the Indians, and suffered themselves to be drawn into an ambuscade by some feint skirmishing, while the British troops and large bodies of Indians were brought up and intercepted their return to the river.* Elated with their first success, they considered the victory as already gained, and pursued the enemy nearly two miles into the woods and swamps, where they were suddenly caught in a defile and surrounded by double their numbers. Finding themselves in this situation, consternation prevailed; their line became broken and disordered, and huddled together in unresisting crowds, they were obliged to surrender to the mercy of the savages. Fortunately for these unhappy victims of their own rashness, General Tecumseh commanded at this ambuscade and had imbibed since his appointment more humane feelings than his brother Proctor. After the surrender and all resistance had ceased, the Indians, finding five hundred prisoners at their mercy, began the work of massacre with the most savage delight. Tecumseh sternly forbade it, and buried his tomahawk in the head of one of his chiefs who refused obedience. This order, accompanied with this decisive manner of enforcing it, put an end to the massacre. Of eight hundred men only one hundred and fifty escaped. The residue were slain or made prisoners. Colonel Dudley was severely wounded in the action, and afterwards tomahawked and scalped.

"Proctor, seeing no prospect of taking the fort, and finding his Indians fast leaving him, raised the siege on the 9th of May, and returned with precipitation to Malden. Tecumseh and a considerable portion of the Indians remained in service; but large numbers left it in disgust, and were ready to join the Americans. On the left bank, in the several sorties of the 5th of May, and during the siege the American loss was eighty-one killed and one hundred and eighty-nine wounded."

When the enemy raised the siege they gave a parting salute, which killed ten or twelve, and wounded double that number. "However," says one who was present, "we were glad enough to see them off on any terms. The next morning found us something more tranquil; we could leave the ditches, and walk about with something more of an air of freedom than we had done for the last fourteen days; and here I wish I could present to the reader a picture of the condition we found ourselves in when the withdrawal of the enemy gave us time to look at each other's outward appearance. The scarcity of water had put the washing of our hands and faces, much less our linen, out of the question. Many had scarcely any clothing left, and that which they wore was so begrimed and torn by our

* After Dudley had spiked the batteries, which had but few defenders, some of his men loitered about the banks and filled the air with cheers. Harrison and a group of officers who were anxiously watching them from the grand battery (*a*) with a presentiment of the horrible fate that awaited them, earnestly beckoned them to return. Supposing they were returning their cheers, they reiterated their shouts of triumph. Harrison seeing this, exclaimed in tones of anguish: "*They are lost! they are lost!* Can I never get men to obey my orders?" He then offered a reward of a thousand dollars to any man who would cross the river and apprize Colonel Dudley of his danger. This was undertaken by an officer. Upon arriving at the beach he attempted to launch a large perogue which was drawn up there, but before this could be effected, and he with the assistance of some men could reach the middle of the river, the enemy had already arrived in force from below.

This defeat of Dudley was occasioned by the impetuous valor of his men. In one of the general orders after the 5th of May, Harrison takes occasion to warn his men against that rash bravery which he says "is characteristic of the Kentucky troops, and if persisted in is as fatal in its results as cowardice."

residence in the ditch and other means, that we presented the appearance of so many scarecrows."

The British force under Proctor during the siege amounted, as nearly as could be ascertained, to 3,200 men, of whom 600 were British regulars, 800 Canadian militia, and 1,800 Indians. Those under Harrison, including the troops who arrived on the morning of the 5th, under General Clay, were about 1,200. The number of his men fit for duty was, perhaps, less than 1,100.

Lorraine's Narrative of Incidents of the Siege.

We give below extracts from an article on the siege of Fort Meigs, by Rev. A. M. Lorraine, originally published in the *Ladies' Repository* for March, 1845:

One afternoon, as numbers were gathered together on the "parade," two strangers, finely mounted, appeared on the western bank of the river, and seemed to be taking a very calm and deliberate survey of our works. It was a strange thing to see travellers in that wild country, and we commonly held such to be enemies, until they proved themselves to be friends. So one of our batteries was cleared forthwith, and the gentlemen were saluted with a shot that tore up the earth about them, and put them to a hasty flight. If that ball had struck its mark, much bloodshed might have been prevented; for we learned subsequently that our illustrious visitors were Proctor and Tecumseh. The garrison was immediately employed in cutting deep traverses through the fort, taking down the tents and preparing for a siege. The work accomplished in a few hours, under the excitement of the occasion, was prodigious.

The grand traverse being completed, each mess was ordered to excavate, under the embankment, suitable lodgings, as substitutes for our tents. Those rooms were shot-proof and bomb-proof, except in the event of a shell falling in the traverse and at the mouth of a cave.

The above works were scarcely completed before it was discovered that the enemy, under cover of night, had constructed batteries on a commanding hill north of the river. There their artillery men were posted; but the principal part of their army occupied the old English fort below. Their Indian allies appeared to have a roving commission, for they beset us on every side. The cannonading commenced in good earnest on both sides. It was, however, more constant on the British side, because they had a more extensive mark to batter. We had nothing to fire at but their batteries, but they were coolly and deliberately attended to; and it was believed that more than one of their guns were dismounted during the siege.

One of our militia-men took his station on the embankment, and gratuitously forewarned us of every shot. In this he became so skilful, that he could, in almost every case, predict the destination of the ball. As soon as the smoke issued from the muzzle of the gun, he would cry out "shot," or "bomb," as the case might be. Sometimes he would exclaim, "block-house No. 1," or "look out, main battery;" "now for the meat-house;" "good-by, if you will pass." In spite of all the expostulations of his friends, he maintained his post. One day there came a shot that seemed to defy all his calculations. He stood silent—motionless—perplexed. In the same instant he was swept into eternity. Poor man! he should have considered, that when there was no obliquity in the issue of the smoke, either to the right or left, above or below, the fatal messenger would travel in the direct line of his vision. He reminded me of the peasant, in the siege of Jerusalem, who cried out, "Woe to the city! woe to the temple! woe to myself!" On the most active day of the investment there were as many as five hundred cannon balls and bombs* thrown at our fort.

* A large number of cannon balls were thrown into the fort, from the batteries on the opposite side of the river. Being short of a supply, Harrison offered a gill of whiskey for

Meantime the Indians, climbing up into the trees, fired incessantly upon us. Such was their distance, that many of their balls barely reached us, and fell harmless to the ground. Occasionally they inflicted dangerous and even fatal wounds. The number killed in the fort was small, considering the profusion of powder and ball expended on us. About eighty were slain, many wounded, and several had to suffer the amputation of limbs. The most dangerous duty which we performed within the precincts of the fort was in covering the magazine. Previous to this, the powder had been deposited in wagons, and these stationed in the traverse. Here there was no security against bombs; it was therefore thought to be prudent to remove the powder into a small block-house, and cover it with earth. The enemy, judging our designs from our movements, now directed all their shot to this point. Many of their balls were red-hot. Wherever they struck, they raised a cloud of smoke, and made a frightful hissing. An officer, passing our quarters, said, "Boys, who will volunteer to cover the magazine?" Fool-like, away several of us went. As soon as we reached the spot, there came a ball and took off one man's head. The spades and dirt flew faster than any of us had before witnessed. In the midst of our job, a bomb-shell fell on the roof, and lodging on one of the braces it spun round for a moment. Every soldier fell prostrate on his face, and with breathless horror awaited the vast explosion which we expected would crown all our earthly sufferings. Only one of all the gang presumed to reason on the case. He silently argued that, as the shell had not bursted as quick as usual, there might be something wrong in its arrangement. If it bursted where it was, and the magazine exploded, there could be no escape: it was death anyhow; so he sprung to his feet, seized a boat-hook, and pulling the hissing missile to the ground, and jerking the smoking match from its socket, discovered that the shell was filled with inflammable matter, which, if once ignited, would have wrapped the whole building in a sheet of flame. This circumstance added wings to our shovels; and we were right glad when the officer said, "That will do: go to your lines."

Underwood's Narrative of Dudley's Defeat and Massacre.

The following particulars of the defeat of Colonel Dudley were published in a public print many years since by Joseph R. Underwood, who was present on the occasion, in the capacity of lieutenant in a volunteer company of Kentuckians, commanded by Captain John C. Morrison.

After a fatiguing march of more than a month, General Clay's brigade found itself, on the night of the 4th of May, on board of open boats, lashed to the left bank of Miami of the Lakes, near the head of the rapids, and within hearing of the cannon at Fort Meigs, which was then besieged by the British and Indians.

every cannon ball delivered to the magazine keeper, Mr. Thomas L. Hawkins, now residing at Lower Sandusky. Over 1000 gills of whiskey were thus earned by the soldiers.

For safety against bombs, each man had a hole dug under ground in rear of the grand traverse, which, being covered over with plank, and earth on top, fully protected them. When the cry *bomb* was heard, the soldiers either threw themselves upon the ground, or ran to the holes for safety. A bomb is most destructive when it bursts in the air, but it rarely explodes in that way: it usually falls with so much force as to penetrate the earth, and, when it explodes, flies upwards and in an angular direction, in consequence of the pressure of the earth beneath and at its sides; consequently, a person lying on the ground is comparatively safe.

A heavy rain at last filled up the holes, rendering them uninhabitable, and the men were obliged to temporarily sleep in their tents. Then every once in a while, the startling cry, "BOMB!" aroused them from their slumbers. Rushing from their tents, they watched the course of the fiery messenger of death, as it winged its way through the midnight sky, and if it fell near, fall flat upon the ground; otherwise, returned to their tents, only to be aroused again and again by the startling cry. So harassing was this, so accustomed had the men become to the danger, and so overpowering the desire for sleep, that many of the soldiers remained in their tents locked in the embrace of sleep, determined, as one said, not to be disturbed in their slumbers "if ten thousand bombs burst all around them."—*H. H.*

Very early on the morning of the 5th we set off, and soon began to pass the rapids. We were hailed by a man from the right bank, who proved to be Captain Hamilton, of the Ohio troops, with orders from General Harrison, then commanding at the fort. He was taken to the boat of General Clay, and from that to Colonel Dudley's, this last being in advance of the whole line. Captain Morrison's company occupied the boat in which the colonel descended. It being a damp, unpleasant morning, I was lying in the stern, wrapped in my blanket, not having entirely recovered from a severe attack of the measles. I learned that we were to land on the left bank, storm the British batteries erected for the purpose of annoying the fort; but what further orders were given I did not ascertain. Hearing that we were certainly to fight, I began to look upon all surrounding objects as things which to me might soon disappear forever, and my mind reverted to my friends at home, to bid them a final farewell. These reflections produced a calm melancholy, but nothing like trepidation or alarm.

My reveries were dissipated by the landing of the boat, about a mile or two above the point of attack. Shortly before we landed we were fired upon by some Indians from the right bank of the river, and I understood that Captain Clarke was wounded in the head. The fire was returned from our boats, and the Indians fled, as if to give intelligence of our approach. Captain Price and Lieutenant Sanders, of the regular army, landed with us and partook in the engagement, having under command a few regular soldiers, but I think not a full company. The whole number of troops that landed amounted probably to 700 men. We were formed on the shore in three parallel lines, and ordered to march for the battery at right angles with the river; and so far as I understood the plan of attack, one line was to form the line of battle in the rear of the battery, parallel with the river; the other two lines to form one above and one below the battery, at right angles to the river. The lines thus formed were ordered to advance, and did so, making as little noise as possible—the object being to surprise the enemy at their battery. Before we reached the battery, however, we were discovered by some straggling Indians, who fired upon us and then retreated. Our men pleased at seeing them run, and perceiving that we were discovered, no longer deemed silence necessary, and raised a tremendous shout. This was the first intimation that the enemy received of our approach, and it so alarmed them that they abandoned the battery without making any resistance.

In effectuating the plan of attack, Captain J. C. Morrison's company were thrown upon the river, above the battery. While passing through a thicket of hazel, toward the river, in forming the line of battle, I saw Colonel Dudley for the last time. He was greatly excited; he railed at me for not keeping my men better dressed. I replied, that he must perceive from the situation of the ground, and the obstacles that we had to encounter, that it was impossible. When we came within a small distance from the river, we halted. The enemy at this place had gotten in the rear of our line, formed parallel with the river, and were firing upon our troops. Captain J. C. Morrison's company did not long remain in this situation. Having nothing to do, and being without orders, we determined to march our company out and join the combatants. We did so accordingly. In passing out, we fell on the left of the whole regiment, and were soon engaged in a severe conflict. The Indians endeavored to flank and surround us. We drove them between one and two miles, directly back from the river. They hid behind trees and logs, and poured upon us, as we advanced, a most destructive fire. We were from time to time ordered to charge. The orders were passed along the lines, our field officers being on foot. . . . . Shortly after this, Captain J. C. Morrison was shot through the temples. The ball passing behind the eyes and cutting the optic nerve, deprived him of his sight. . . . . Having made the best arrangement for the safety of my much esteemed captain that circumstances allowed, I took charge of the company and continued the battle. We made several charges afterwards, and drove the enemy a considerable distance. . . . .

At length orders were passed along the line directing us to fall back and keep up a retreating fire. As soon as this movement was made, the Indians were greatly encouraged, and advanced upon us with the most horrid yells. Once or twice the officers succeeded in producing a temporary halt and a fire on the Indians, but the soldiers of the different companies soon became mixed—confusion ensued—and a general rout took place.

The retreating army made its way towards the batteries, where I supposed we should be able to form and repel the pursuing Indians. They were now so close in the rear as to frequently shoot down those who were before me. About this time I received a ball in my back which yet remains in my body. It struck me with a stunning, deadening force, and I fell on my hands and knees. I rose and threw my waistcoat open to see whether it had passed through me; finding it had not, I ran on, and had not proceeded more than a hundred or two yards before I was made a prisoner. In emerging from the woods into an open piece of ground near the battery we had taken, and before I knew what had happened, a soldier seized my sword and said to me, "Sir, you are my prisoner!" I looked before me and saw, with astonishment, the ground covered with muskets. The soldier, observing my astonishment, said, "Your army has surrendered," and received my sword. He ordered me to go forward and join the prisoners. I did so. The first man I met whom I recognized was Daniel Smith, of our company. With eyes full of tears he exclaimed, "Good Lord, lieutenant, what does all this mean?" I told him we were prisoners of war. . . .

On our march to the garrison the Indians began to strip us of our valuable clothing and other articles. One took my hat, another my hunting-shirt, and a third my waistcoat, so that I was soon left with nothing but my shirt and pantaloons. I saved my watch by concealing the chain, and it proved of great service to me afterwards. Having read, when a boy, Smith's narrative of his residence among the Indians, my idea of their character was that they treated those best who appeared the most fearless. Under this impression, as we marched down to the old garrison, I looked at those whom we met with all the sternness of countenance I could command. I soon caught the eye of a stout warrior painted red. He gazed at me with as much sternness as I did at him, until I came within striking distance, when he gave me a severe blow over the nose and cheek-bone with his wiping stick. I abandoned the notion acquired from Smith, and went on afterwards with as little display of hauteur and defiance as possible.

On our approach to the old garrison the Indians formed a line to the left of the road, there being a perpendicular bank to the right, on the margin of which the road passed. I perceived that the prisoners were running the gauntlet, and that the Indians were whipping, shooting and tomahawking the men as they ran by their line. When I reached the starting place I dashed off as fast as I was able, and ran near the muzzles of their guns, knowing that they would have to shoot me while I was immediately in front, or let me pass, for to have turned their guns up or down the lines to shoot me would have endangered themselves as there was a curve in their line. In this way I passed without injury, except some strokes over the shoulders with their gun-sticks. As I entered the ditch around the garrison the man before me was shot and fell, and I fell over him. The passage for a while was stopped by those who fell over the dead man and myself. How many lives were lost at this place I cannot tell—probably between twenty and forty. The brave Capt. Lewis was among the number.

When we got within the walls we were ordered to sit down. I lay in the lap of Mr. Gilpin, a soldier of Capt. Henry's company, from Woodford. A new scene commenced. An Indian, painted black, mounted the dilapidated wall, and shot one of the prisoners next to him. He reloaded and shot a second, the ball passing through him into the hip of another, who afterwards died, I was informed, at Cleveland, of the wound. The savage then laid down his gun and drew his tomahawk, with which he killed two others. When he drew his toma-

hawk and jumped down among the men, they endeavored to escape from him by leaping over the heads of each other, and thereby to place others between themselves and danger. Thus they were heaped upon one another, and as I did not rise they trampled upon me so that I could see nothing that was going on. The confusion and uproar of this moment cannot be adequately described. There was an excitement among the Indians, and a fierceness in their conversation, which betokened on the part of some a strong disposition to massacre the whole of us. The British officers and soldiers seemed to interpose to prevent the further effusion of blood. Their expression was, "*Oh, nichee wah!*" meaning, "Oh! brother, quit!" After the Indian who had occasioned this horrible scene had scalped and stripped his victims he left us, and a comparative calm ensued. The prisoners resumed their seats on the ground. While thus situated, a tall, stout Indian walked into the midst of us, drew a long butcher knife from his belt and commenced whetting it. As he did so he looked around among the prisoners, apparently selecting one for the gratification of his vengeance. I viewed his conduct, and thought it probable that he was to give the signal for a general massacre; but, after exciting our fears sufficiently for his satisfaction, he gave a contemptuous grunt and went out from among us.

About this time, but whether before or after I do not distinctly recollect, Col. Elliott and Tecumseh, the celebrated Indian chief, rode into the garrison. When Elliott came to where Thomas Moore, of Clarke county, stood, the latter addressed him, and inquired, "If it was compatible with the honor of a civilized nation, such as the British claimed to be, to suffer defenceless prisoners to be murdered by savages?" Elliott desired to know who he was. Moore replied that he was nothing but a private in Capt. Morrison's company; and the conversation ended. . . . . Elliott was an old man; his hair might have been termed, with more propriety, white than gray, and to my view he had more of the savage in his countenance than Tecumseh. This celebrated chief was a noble, dignified personage. He wore an elegant broadsword, and was dressed in the Indian costume. His face was finely proportioned, his nose inclined to be aquiline, and his eye displayed none of that savage and ferocious triumph common to the other Indians on that occasion. He seemed to regard us with unmoved composure, and I thought a beam of mercy shone in his countenance, tempering the spirit of vengeance inherent in his race against the American people. I saw him only on horseback. . . . .

Shortly after the massacre in the old garrison I was the subject of a generous act. A soldier, with whom I had no acquaintance, feeling compassion for my situation, stripped off my clothes, muddy and bleeding, and offered me his hunting-shirt, which the Indians had not taken from him. At first I declined receiving it, but he pressed it upon me with an earnestness that indicated great magnanimity. I inquired his name and residence. He said that his name was James Boston, that he lived in Clarke county, and belonged to Capt. Clarke's company. I have never since seen him, and regret that I should never be able to recall his features if I were to see him.

Upon the arrival of Elliott and Tecumseh, we were directed to stand up and form in lines, I think four deep, in order to be counted. After we were thus arranged a scene transpired scarcely less affecting than that which I have before attempted faintly to describe. The Indians began to select the young men whom they intended to take with them to their towns. Numbers were carried off. I saw Corporal Smith, of our company, bidding farewell to his friends, and pointing to the Indian with whom he was to go. I never heard of his return. The young men, learning their danger, endeavored to avoid it by crowding into the centre, where they could not be so readily reached. I was told that a quizzical youth, of diminutive size, near the outside, seeing what was going on, threw himself upon his hands and knees, and rushed through the legs of his comrades, exclaiming, "*Root, little hog, or die!*"

Such is the impulse of self-preservation, and such the levity with which men inured to danger will regard it. Owing to my wound I could not scuffle, and was thrust to the outside. An Indian came up to me and gave me a piece of meat. I took this for proof that he intended carrying me off with him. Thinking it the best policy to act with confidence, I made a sign to him to give me his butcher knife—which he did. I divided the meat with those who stood near me, reserving a small piece for myself—more as a show of politeness to the savage than to gratify any appetite I had for it. After I had eaten it and returned the knife, he turned and left me. When it was near night we were taken in open boats about nine miles down the river, to the British shipping. On the day after, we were visited by the Indians in their bark canoes in order to make a display of their scalps. These they strung on a pole, perhaps two inches in diameter, and about eight feet high. The pole was set up perpendicularly in the bow of their canoes, and near the top the scalps were fastened. On some poles I saw four or five. Each scalp was drawn closely over a hoop about four inches in diameter, and the flesh sides, I thought, were painted red.

Thus their canoes were decorated with a flag-staff of a most appropriate character, bearing human scalps, the horrid ensigns of savage warfare. We remained six days on board the vessel—those of us, I mean, who were sick and wounded. The whole of us were discharged on parole. The officers signed an instrument in writing, pledging their honors not to serve against the king of Great Britain and his allies during the war, unless regularly exchanged. It was inquired whether the Indians were included in the term "allies." The only answer was, "that his majesty's allies were known." The wounded and sick were taken in a vessel commanded by Capt. Stewart, at the mouth, I think, of Vermillion river, and there put on shore. I afterwards saw Capt. Stewart a prisoner of war at Frankfort, Kentucky, together with a midshipman who played "Yankee Doodle" on a flute, by way of derision, when *we* were first taken on board *his* vessel. Such is the fortune of war. They were captured by Commodore Perry in the battle of lake Erie. I visited Capt. Stewart to requite his kindness to me when, like him, I was a prisoner.

The British Account of the Siege of Fort Meigs.

The following is a British account of the siege of Fort Meigs, from the *London New Monthly Magazine* for December, 1826, written by an officer in their army:

Far from being discouraged by the discomfiture of their armies under Generals Hull and Winchester, the Americans despatched a third and more formidable one under one of their most experienced commanders, Gen. Harrison, who, on reaching Fort Meigs, shortly subsequent to the affair at Frenchtown, directed his attention to the erection of works, which in some measure rendered his position impregnable. Determined, if possible, to thwart the movements of the enemy, and give the finishing stroke to his movements in that quarter, Gen. Proctor (lately promoted) ordered an expedition to be in readiness to move for the Miami. Accordingly towards the close of April a detachment of the 41st, some militia and 1,500 Indians, accompanied by a train of battering artillery, and attended by two gun-boats, proceeded up that river and established themselves on the left bank, at the distance of a mile, and selected the site for our batteries.

The season was unusually wet, yet in defiance of every obstacle they were erected in the same night, in front of the American fortress, and the guns transported along the road in which the axle-trees of the carriages were frequently buried in mud. Among other battering pieces were two twenty-four pounders, in the transportation of which 200 men, with several oxen, were employed from 9 o'clock at night until daylight in the morning. At length, every precaution having been made, a gun fired from one of the boats was the signal for their opening, and early on the morning of the 1st of May a heavy fire was commenced, and con-

tinued for four days without intermission, during which period every one of the enemies' batteries were silenced and dismantled. The fire of the twenty-four pound battery was principally directed against the powder magazine, which the besieged were busily occupied in covering and protecting from our hot shot. It was impossible to have artillery better served: every shot that was fired sank into the roof of the magazine, scattering the earth to a considerable distance and burying many of the workmen in its bed, from which we could distinctly see their survivors dragging forth the bodies of their slaughtered companions. Meanwhile the flank companies of the 41st, with a few Indians, had been despatched to the opposite shore, within a few hundred yards of the enemy's works, and had constructed a battery, from which a galling cross-fire was sustained.

Dismayed at the success of our exertions, Gen. Harrison, before our arrival, already apprised of the approach of a reinforcement of 1,500 men, then descending the Miami, under Gen. Clay, contrived to despatch a courier on the evening of the 4th, with an order to that officer to land immediately and possess himself of our batteries on the left bank, while he (Gen. Harrison) sallied forth to carry those on the right. Accordingly, early on the morning of the 5th, Gen. Clay pushed forward the whole of his force, and meeting with no opposition at the batteries, which were entirely unsupported, proceeded to spike the guns, in conformity with his instructions; but elated with his success, and disobeying the positive orders of his chief, which was to retire the instant the object was effected, continued to occupy the position. In the meantime, the flying artillerymen had given the alarm, and three companies of the 41st, several of militia, and a body of Indians, the latter under command of their celebrated chieftain, Tecumseh, were ordered to immediately move and repossess themselves of the works. The rain, which had commenced falling in the morning, continued to fall with violence, and the road, as has already been described, was knee-deep in mud; yet the men advanced to the assault with the utmost alacrity and determination.

The enemy, on our approach, had sheltered themselves behind the batteries, affording them every facility of defence. Yet they were driven at the point of the bayonet from each in succession, until eventually not a man was left in the plain. Flying to the woods, the murderous fire of the Indians drove them back upon their pursuers, so that they had no possibility of escape. A vast number were killed, and independently of the prisoners taken by the Indians, 450, with their second in command, fell into our hands. Every man of the detachment, on this occasion, acquitted himself to the entire satisfaction of his superiors. Among the most conspicuous for gallantry was Major Chambers, of the 41st, acting deputy quarter-general to the division. Supported by merely four or five followers, this meritorious officer advanced under a shower of bullets from the enemy, and carried one of the batteries, sword in hand. A private of the same regiment being opposed, in an isolated condition, to three Americans, contrived to disarm them and render them his prisoners. On joining his company at the close of the affair, he excited much mirth among his comrades, in consequence of the singular manner in which he appeared, sweating beneath the weight of arms he had secured as trophies of victory, and driving his captives before him with an indifference and carelessness which contrasted admirably with the occasion. Of the whole of the division under Gen. Clay, scarce 200 men effected their escape. Among the fugitives was that officer himself. The sortie made by Gen. Harrison, at the head of the principal part of the garrison, had a different result. The detachment supporting the battery already described were driven from their position, and two officers, Lieutenants M'Intyre and Hailes, and thirty men were made prisoners. Meanwhile it had been discovered that the guns on the left bank, owing to some error on the part of the enemy, had been spiked with the ramrods of the muskets, instead of the usual instruments: they were speedily rendered serviceable, and the fire from the batteries renewed. At this moment a white flag was observed waving on the ramparts of the fort, and the courage and perseverance of

the troops appeared about to be crowned with the surrender of a fortress, the siege of which had cost them so much toil and privation. Such, however, was far from being the intention of Gen. Harrison. Availing himself of the cessation of hostilities which necessarily ensued, he caused the officers and men just captured to be sent across the river for the purpose of being exchanged; but this was only a feint for the accomplishment of a more important object.

Drawing up his whole force, cavalry and infantry, on the plain beneath the fortress, he caused such of the boats of General Clay's division as were laden with ammunition, in which the garrison stood in much need, to be dropped under the works, and the stores immediately disembarked. All this took place in the period occupied for the exchange of prisoners. The remaining boats, containing the private baggage and stores of the division, fell into the hands of the Indians still engaged in the pursuit of the fugitives, and the plunder they acquired was immense. General Harrison having secured his stores, and received the officers and men exchanged for his captives, withdrew into the garrison, and the bombardment was recommenced.

The victory obtained at the Miami was such as to reflect credit on every branch of the service; but the satisfaction arising from the conviction was deeply embittered by an act of cruelty, which, as the writer of an impartial memoir, it becomes my painful duty to record. In the heat of the action, a strong corps of the enemy, which had thrown down their arms and surrendered prisoners of war, were immediately despatched under an escort of 50 men, for the purpose of being embarked in the gun-boats, where it was presumed they would be safe from the attacks of the Indians. This measure, although dictated by the purest humanity, and apparently offering the most probable means of security, proved of fatal import to several of the prisoners.

On reaching our encampment, then entirely deserted by the troops, they were met by a band of cowardly and treacherous Indians, who had borne no share in the action, yet who now, guided by the savage instinct of their nature, approached the column, and selecting their victims commenced the work of blood. In vain did the harassed and indignant escort endeavor to save them from the fury of their destroyers. The frenzy of these wretches knew no bounds, and an old and excellent soldier named Russell, of the 41st, was shot through the heart, while endeavoring to wrest a victim from the grasp of his murderer. Forty of these unhappy men had already fallen beneath the steel of the infuriated party, when Tecumseh, apprised of what was doing, rode up at full speed, and raising his tomahawk, threatened to destroy the first man who refused to desist. Even on those lawless people, to whom the language of coercion had hitherto been unknown, the threats and tone of the exasperated chieftain produced an instantaneous effect, and they retired at once humiliated and confounded.*

The survivors of this melancholy catastrophe were immediately conveyed on

* Drake, in his life of Tecumseh, in quoting a letter from Wm. G. Ewing to John H. James, Esq., of Urbana, gives full particulars of Tecumseh's interference on this occasion, which we here copy.

"While this bloodthirsty carnage was raging, a thundering voice was heard in the rear, in the Indian tongue, when, turning round, he saw Tecumseh coming with all the rapidity his horse could carry him, until he drew near to where two Indians had an American, and were in the act of killing him. He sprang from his horse, caught one by the throat and the other by the breast, and threw them to the ground; drawing his tomahawk and scalping knife, he ran in between the Americans and Indians, brandishing them with the fury of a madman, and daring any one of the hundreds that surrounded him to attempt to murder another American. They all appeared confounded, and immediately desisted. His mind appeared rent with passion, and he exclaimed almost with tears in his eyes, "Oh! what will become of my Indians?" He then demanded in an authoritative tone where Proctor was; but casting his eye upon him at a small distance, sternly inquired why he had not put a stop to the inhuman massacre. "Sir," said Proctor, "your Indians cannot be commanded." "Begone," retorted Tecumseh, with the greatest disdain, "you are unfit to command; go and put on *petticoats*."

board the gun-boats, moored in the river, and every precaution having been taken to prevent a renewal of the scene, the escorting party proceeded to the interment of the victims, to whom the rites of sepulture were afforded, even before those of our own men who had fallen in the action. Col. Dudley, second in command of Gen. Clay's division, was among the number of the slain.

On the evening of the second day after this event I accompanied Maj. Muir, of the 41st, in a ramble throughout the encampment of the Indians, distant some few hundred yards from our own. The spectacle there offered to our view was at once of the most ludicrous and revolting nature. In various directions were lying the trunks and boxes taken in the boats of the American division, and the plunderers were busily occupied in displaying their riches, carefully examining each article, and attempting to define its use. Several were decked out in the uniforms of the officers; and although embarrassed in the last degree in their movements, and dragging with difficulty the heavy military boots with which their legs were for the first time covered, strutted forth much to the admiration of their less fortunate comrades. Some were habited in plain clothes; others had their bodies clad with clean white shirts, contrasting in no ordinary manner with the swarthiness of their skins; all wore some articles of decoration, and their tents were ornamented with saddles, bridles, rifles, daggers, swords and pistols, many of which were handsomely mounted and of curious workmanship. Such was the ridiculous part of the picture; but mingled with these, and in various directions, were to be seen the scalps of the slain drying in the sun, stained on the fleshy side with vermilion dyes, and dangling in air, as they hung suspended from the poles to which they were attached, together with hoops of various sizes, on which were stretched portions of human skin, taken from various parts of the human body, principally the hand and foot, and yet covered with the nails of those parts; while scattered along the ground were visible the members from which they had been separated, and serving as nutriment to the wolf-dogs by which the savages were accompanied.

As we continued to advance into the heart of the encampment a scene of a more disgusting nature arrested our attention. Stopping at the entrance of a tent occupied by the Minoumini tribe we observed them seated around a large fire, over which was suspended a kettle containing their meal. Each warrior had a piece of string hanging over the edge of the vessel, and to this was suspended a food which, it will be presumed we heard not without loathing, consisted of a part of an American; any expression of our feelings, as we declined the invitation they gave us to join in their repast, would have been resented by the Indians without much ceremony. We had, therefore, the prudence to excuse ourselves under the plea that we had already taken our food, and we hastened to remove from a sight so revolting to humanity.

Since the affair of the 5th the enemy continued to keep themselves shut up within their works, and the bombardment, although carried on with vigor, had effected no practicable breach. From the account given by the officers captured during the sortie it appears that, with a perseverance and toil peculiar to themselves, the Americans had constructed subterranean passages to protect them from the annoyance of our shells, which sinking into the clay, softened by the incessant rains that had fallen, instead of exploding were speedily extinguished. Impatient of longer privations, and anxious to return to their families and occupations, numbers of the militia withdrew themselves in small bodies, and under cover of the night; while the majority of Indians, enriched by plunder and languishing under the tediousness of a mode of warfare so different from their own, with less ceremony and caution, left us to prosecute the siege as we could.

Tecumseh, at the head of his own tribe (the Shawnees), and a few others, amounting in all to about 400 warriors, continued to remain. The troops also were worn down with constant fatigue; for here, as in every other expedition against the enemy, few even of the officers had tents to shield them from the

weather. A few pieces of bark torn from the trees and covering the skeleton of a hut was their only habitation, and they were merely separated from the damp earth on which they lay by a few scattered leaves, on which was generally spread a blanket by the men and a cloak by the officers. Hence, frequently arose dysentery, ague, and the various ills to which an army encamped on a wet and unhealthy ground is inevitably subject; and fortunate was he who possessed the skin of a bear or buffalo, on which he could repose his wearied limbs, after a period of suffering and privation, which those who have never served in the wilds of America can with difficulty comprehend. Such was the position of the contending parties towards the middle of May, when Gen. Proctor, despairing to effect the reduction of the fort, caused preparations to be made for the raising the siege. Accordingly the gun-boats ascended the river, and anchored under the batteries, the guns of which were conveyed on board under a heavy fire from the enemy. The whole being secured, the expedition returned to Amherstburg; the Americans remained tranquil within their works, and suffered us to depart unmolested.

The Second Siege of Fort Meigs.

Gen. Harrison having repaired the fort from the damage occasioned by the siege, left for the interior of the State to organize new levies, and entrusted the command to Gen. Green Clay. The enemy returned to Malden, where the Canadian militia were disbanded. Shortly after commenced the *second siege* of Fort Meigs.

On the 20th of July the boats of the enemy were discovered ascending the Miami to Fort Meigs, and the following morning a party of ten men were surprised by the Indians, and only three escaped death or capture. The force which the enemy had now before the post was 5,000 men under Proctor and Tecumseh, and the number of Indians was greater than any ever before assembled on any occasion during the war, while the defenders of the fort amounted to but a few hundred.

The night of their arrival Gen. Green Clay despatched Capt. McCune, of the Ohio militia, to Gen. Harrison, at Lower Sandusky, to notify him of the presence of the enemy. Capt. M'Cune was ordered to return and inform Gen. Clay to be particularly cautious against surprise, and that every effort would be made to relieve the fort.

It was Gen. Harrison's intention, should the enemy lay regular siege to the fort, to select 400 men, and by an unfrequented route reach there in the night, and at any hazard break through the lines of the enemy.

Capt. M'Cune was sent out a second time with the intelligence to Harrison that about 800 Indians had been seen from the fort, passing up the Miami, designing, it was supposed, to attack Fort Winchester at Defiance. The general, however, believed it was a ruse of the enemy to cover their design upon Upper or Lower Sandusky, or Cleveland, and kept out a reconnoitring party to watch.

On the afternoon of the 25th Capt. M'Cune was ordered by Harrison to return to the fort, and inform Gen. Clay of his situation and intentions. He arrived near the fort about daybreak on the following morning, having lost his way in the night, accompanied by James Doolan, a French Canadian. They were just upon the point of leaving the forest and entering upon the cleared ground around the fort when they were intercepted by a party of Indians. They immediately took to the high bank with their horses, and retreated at full gallop up the river for several miles, pursued by the Indians, also mounted, until they came to a deep ravine, putting up from the river in a southerly direction, when they turned upon the river bottom and continued a short distance, until they found their further progress in that direction stopped by an impassable swamp. The Indians foreseeing their dilemma, from their knowledge of the country, and expecting they would naturally follow up the ravine, galloped thither to head them off. M'Cune guessed their intentions, and he and his companion turned back upon their own track for the fort, gaining, by this manœuvre, several hundred yards upon their pursuers. The Indians gave a yell of chagrin, and followed at their utmost speed. Just as they neared the fort M'Cune dashed into a thicket across his course, on the opposite side of which other Indians were huddled, awaiting their prey. When this body of Indians had thought them all but in their possession, again was the presence of mind of M'Cune signally displayed. He wheeled his horse, followed by Doolan, made his way out of the thicket by the passage he had entered, and galloped round into the open space between them and the river, where the pursuers were checked by the fire from the block-house at the western angle of the fort. In a few minutes after their arrival their horses dropped from fatigue. The Indians probably had orders to take them alive, as they had not fired until just as they entered the fort; but in the chase M'Cune had great difficulty in persuading

Doolan to reserve his fire until the last extremity, and they therefore brought in their pieces loaded.

The opportune arrival of M'Cune no doubt saved the fort, as the intelligence he brought was the means of preserving them from an ingeniously devised stratagem of Tecumseh, which was put into execution that day, and which we here relate.

Towards evening the British infantry were secreted in the ravine below the fort, and the cavalry in the woods above, while the Indians were stationed in the forest, on the Sandusky road, not far from the fort. About an hour before dark they commenced a sham battle among themselves, to deceive the Americans into the belief that a battle was going on between them and a reinforcement for the fort, in the hopes of enticing the garrison to the aid of their comrades. It was managed with so much skill that the garrison instantly flew to arms, impressed by the Indian yells, intermingled with the roar of musketry, that a severe battle was being fought. The officers even of the highest grades were of that opinion, and some of them insisted upon being suffered to march out to the rescue. Gen. Clay, although unable to account for the firing, could not believe that the general had so soon altered his intention, as expressed to Capt. M'Cune, not to send or come with any troops to Fort Meigs, until there should appear further necessity for it. This intelligence in a great measure satisfied the officers, but not the men, who were extremely indignant at being prevented from going to share the dangers of their commander-in-chief and brother soldiers, and perhaps had it not been for the interposition of a shower of rain, which soon put an end to the battle, the general might have been persuaded to march out, when a terrible massacre of the troops would have ensued.

The enemy remained around the fort but one day after this, and on the 28th embarked with their stores and proceeded down the lake, and a few days after met with a severe repulse in their attempt to storm Fort Stephenson.

We are informed by a volunteer aid of Gen. Clay, who was in the fort at the second siege, that preparations were made to fire the magazine in case the enemy succeeded in an attempt to storm the fort, and thus involve all, friend and foe, in one common fate. This terrible alternative was deemed better than to perish under the tomahawks and scalping knives of the savages.

The soldiers of the northwestern army, while at Fort Meigs and elsewhere on duty, frequently beguiled their time by singing patriotic songs. A verse from one of them sufficiently indicates their general character:

Freemen, no longer bear such slaughter,
Avenge your country's cruel woe,
Arouse and save your wives and daughters,
Arouse, and expel the faithless foe.
CHORUS—*Scalps are bought at stated prices,*
Malden pays the price in gold.

Perrysburg in 1816.—Perrysburg, the [former] county-seat, named from Com. Perry, is 123 miles northwest of Columbus, on the Maumee river, just below Fort Meigs. It was laid out in 1816, at the head of navigation on the river. It contains 1 Presbyterian, 1 Methodist and 1 Universalist church, 2 newspaper printing offices, 8 mercantile stores, and had, by the census of 1840, 1,041 inhabitants. The building of steamers and sail vessels has been carried on here to a considerable extent. A canal for hydraulic purposes has been constructed here. It commences in the rapids of the Maumee, five miles above, and has eighteen feet fall, affording power sufficient to carry forty runs of stone.—*Old Edition.*

A correspondent, residing in Perrysburg, has communicated to us a sketch of the speculations which attracted so much attention to the Maumee valley at an early date.

The notable era of speculation, embracing 1834–6, and part of 1837, first attracted public attention to the Maumee valley as a commercial mart. From the mouth of the river to the foot of the rapids the country swarmed with adventurers. Those that did not regard any of the settlements (for neither of the beautiful villages of Toledo, Maumee or Perrysburg were more than settlements at that time) as the points designated by nature and legislation for the great emporium, purchased tracts of land lying between and below these towns, and laid out cities. It would amuse one to take the recorded maps of some of these embryo cities, with the designated squares, parks and public buildings, and walk over the desolate sites of the cities themselves. *Manhattan*, at the mouth of the river; *Oregon*, five miles above; *Austerlitz*, six miles, and *Marengo*, nine miles, were

joint contenders, with the villages that have grown up, for the great prize. They all had their particular advantages. Manhattan based her claim upon the location at the exact debouchure of the river. Oregon, in addition to all the advantages claimed by the other towns, added the facilities of the location for engaging in the *pork* business, and her leading proprietor, in a placard posted up publicly in 1836, professed his belief that these particular advantages were greater even than those enjoyed by the city of Cincinnati. Marengo based her claims upon the fact that her location was at the foot of the rock bar, and therefore at the virtual head of navigation. The result of all this was that hundreds of young men, from the east and south, flocked to this valley during the years above named with the hope of speedily amassing a fortune; and of this number it is not too much to say that full three-quarters, having no means at the commencement, and depending upon some bold stroke for success, left the valley before the close of the year 1837 hopelessly involved. All these towns, some eleven, if I recollect rightly, in number, still form a part of the primeval forests of the Maumee, most of them, after ruining their proprietors, have been vacated, and the sounding names by which they were known are a by-word, a reproach, or the butt end of the coarse jokes of the more recent and fortunate adventurers in the valley.—*Old Edition.*

PERRYSBURG is thirteen miles north of Bowling Green, nine miles southwest of Toledo, at the head of navigation, on the Maumee river and D. & M. R. R. It has 8 churches: 2 Presbyterian, 2 Lutheran, 2 Methodist, 1 Catholic, 1 Evangelical. City Officers, 1888: J. H. Pierce, mayor; T. B. Oblinger, clerk; J. H. Rheinfrank, treasurer; L. L. Fink, Marshal. Newspaper: *Journal*, Independent, James Timmons, editor and publisher. Bank: Citizens' (N. L. Hanson & Co.), N. L. Hanson, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—Perrysburg Mill and Elevator, 3 hands; S. P. Tolman, baskets, etc., 6; H. M. Hoover, hoops, 7.—*State Report, 1888.*

Population, in 1890, 1,747. School census, 1888, 710; S. M. Dick, superintendent schools. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, $20,535. Value of annual product, $23,700.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

This is a pleasant, well-shaded village. The Maumee at this point is greatly expanded, embosoming an island in its centre. The site is well shown by the old view taken in 1846. It has a good public library, founded by a bequest of $15,000 from Willard D. Way, Esq., who died in 1875, and by various benefactions will long be remembered pleasantly by the citizens. One of the curiosities of the place is the old hotel built in 1825 by Samuel Spafford, and later called the Norton Exchange. Many amusing scenes occurred in the early days of its history, when in court times the bench and bar for a large area of country were accustomed to make it their social headquarters.

THE SPAFFORD EXCHANGE HOTEL.

There is an interesting story told of a bell which once did good service for the proprietor. The history of it is thus given in a late publication:

THE STORY OF A BELL.

At the top of the little hotel at Elmore, in the adjoining county of Ottawa, is a bell with a peculiar history. It is now the property of Mr. D. B. Day, the proprietor of the house, who takes a pride in reciting its origin and subsequent tribulations. In 1825 Mr. Spafford built a tavern in Perrysburg, once the site of old Fort Meigs, of the war of 1812 fame.

In those days a hotel was not complete without a bell to call the guests to their meals, swung on the top of the building. Bell foundries were not so plentiful then as now, but after considerable inquiry Mr. Spafford heard of a man in Detroit who cast bells. Detroit, then in the Territory of Michigan, was quite a

remote point, as distance was then calculated; but Spafford had to have a bell, and he finally made his way thither to have it cast. The bellman was found and the job undertaken, but when the foundry endeavored to make the cast, it was discovered that there was not metal enough. Here was a dilemma, but Spafford was equal to the emergency. He took thirty-six Spanish dollars and threw them into the molten mass, and the bell was his.

With his treasure, worth almost its weight in gold, Spafford returned to Perrysburg and hung the bell up in a tree in his yard, so that it might be investigated by the curious. The Indians, who were then quite plentiful in and about Perrysburg, were caught by the novel attraction. They climbed the tree where the bell was hung, and kept it ringing day and night until the thing became an intolerable nuisance, and Spafford had about concluded to take it down when the Indians relieved him by stealing the bell and carrying it away.

This act made Spafford furious, and he determined to recover it if it cost him his life. Securing the services of Sam Brady, an old scout who had killed a score or more of Indians, and Frank McCallister, the first white man who had settled at Perrysburg, they started toward Upper Sandusky. They travelled three days and nights, and on the morning of the fourth day, while they were eating breakfast, they heard the bell in the distance.

Hastily finishing their meal they hurried in the direction from whence the sound came, and soon beheld a sight that was laughable in the extreme. The Indians had tied the bell around the neck of a pony, and the whole tribe, bucks, squaws and youngsters, armed with hickory switches, were running the poor animal around an open space at the top of its speed, meanwhile yelling like demons as an accompaniment to the furious ringing of the bell.

Spafford and his companions made a charge on the crowd, and soon succeeded in driving the pony away from the village, where they could secure the bell without trouble, which they did, and got safely home without being pursued or having any fight with the Indians. The bell was taken back to Perrysburg, where it remained for many years, performing the mission for which it was cast. When Mr. Spafford died it became the property of his daughter, Mrs. Day, whose husband is the hotel man at Elmore, and it still rings out as clearly, each meal time, as it did when it first came to Ohio.

Bowling Green, county-seat of Wood, about 100 miles northwest of Columbus, twenty-one miles south of Toledo, is at the eastern terminus of the Bowling Green R. R., and on the T. C. & S. R. R. Natural gas wells here have a flow of more than 25,000,000 cubic feet per day. County officers, 1888: Auditor, John B. Wilson; Clerk, Alanson L. Muir; Commissioners, Frank M. Thompson, Jacob Stahl, Edward B. Beverstock; Coroner, Andrew J. Orme; Infirmary Directors, Michael Amos, Jr., Wilson Patterson, John Isch, Jr.; Probate Judge, Frank M. Young; Prosecuting Attorney, Robert S. Parker; Recorder, Christopher Finkbeiner; Sheriff, Milton F. Miles; Surveyor, Ferdinand Wenz; Treasurer, William R. Noyes. City officers, 1888: B. L. Abbott, Mayor; Ira C. Taber, Clerk; W. H. Smith, Treasurer; Richard Biggs, Marshal. Newspapers: *Wood County Democrat*, Democratic, W. B. & R. T. Dobson, editors; *Wood County Gazette*, Republican, A. W. Rudolph, editor; *Wood County Sentinel*, Republican, M. P. Brewer, editor. Churches: 1 Presbyterian, 1 United Brethren, 1 Methodist, 1 Baptist, 1 Catholic, and 1 Christian. Banks: Commercial (Royce, Smith & Coon), W. H. Smith, cashier; Exchange (Reed & Merry), M. L. Case, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—Crystal City Glass Co., bottles, etc., 95 hands; Buckeye Novelty Glass Co., flint glass goods, 74; J. R. Hankey, sash, doors, etc., 20; J. H. Bigelow, planing mill, 5; The Lythgoe Glass Co., glass hollow-ware, 109; Bowling Green Window Glass Co., window glass, 104; Cramer & Reider, flour, etc., 4; Bowling Green Machine Co., general machine work, 3; Royce & Coon, grain elevator, etc., 5; Royce & Coon, feed mill, 3.—*State Report, 1888*

Population, 1880, 1,539. School census, 1888, 774; D. E. Niver, school superintendent. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, $100,000. Value of annual product, $100,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.* Census, 1890, 3,521.

Gas, Oil, Lime, etc.

The city of Bowling Green is situated upon a slightly elevated plateau, in the centre of one of the best of agricultural regions. Wood county, of which it is the county-seat, ranks as one of the most fertile in the State. At the Centennial Exposition, held in Columbus in 1888, this county was awarded a prize of $500 for the finest exhibition of agricultural products. As a result of the development of the oil and gas interests in Bowling Green and its vicinity, and the consequent location of manufacturing and other enterprises, the city had a phenomenal increase in population in a very short period of time. Within two years more than 300 residences and business houses were built, and so rapidly filled with merchants, professional men and artisans, that the demand for homes and business locations remained larger than the supply. Hotels, banks and schools were increased in capacity and number, and then were taxed to their utmost limits. Within a few weeks, from having been a trading centre for an outlying farming district, the city became a commercial and manufacturing centre of great importance.

The principal Ohio gas measures begin at Bowling Green, and extend south for thirty miles or more, Findlay and Bowling Green being the two principal centres. A straight line between these two points would intersect the oil and gas fields; to the west of this line the drilling of a well would be quite certain to produce oil, while east of this line gas is almost sure to be struck.

Tributary to Bowling Green, and within Wood county, is the great North Baltimore oil field. The first great flowing well in this field was struck in December, 1886, two miles north of North Baltimore. It was known as the "Fulton well." Oil shot a hundred feet into the air, and flooded the land round about before provision could be made for storing it. The output was a hundred barrels an hour. The "Royce Gusher" was the next great well, and its first production was two hundred and forty barrels in fifty minutes. Great excitement followed these discoveries, and all available lands were soon taken up by oil leases of prospectors and speculators. Other wells of large capacity were rapidly developed, and a large part of the territory passed into the control of the Standard Oil Company, whose policy it is to limit supply.

The natural gas development in the central and southern townships of Wood county was as remarkable as those in oil. Its abundance and cheapness brought to Bowling Green and also to North Baltimore a large number of manufacturing and other enterprises, notably glass factories, which were enabled to produce their goods from what was almost free raw material and free fuel. Mines of valuable sand for glass manufacturing are located in Lucas county, near at hand. The sand is of a superior quality and can be procured at a lower price than is paid in other localities. The glass manufactories constitute the most important interest in Bowling Green. They are five in number, employing more than five hundred workmen. The most extensive of these establishments is a branch of the Canistota Glass Works of New York.

Another industry which has received a great impetus through the use of natural gas for fuel is that of lime burning. A large part of Wood county is underlaid with magnesium limestone of a rich quality, and Bowling Green is fast becoming one of the greatest lime-producing centres of the West. The stone and gas used to make the lime are both found within a few feet of the kilns.

With all the advantages accruing from the abundant supply of fuel and raw material in the vicinity of Bowling Green, its growth would not have reached such large proportions were it not for the enterprise and liberality of its citizens.

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

PERRYSBURG FROM MAUMEE CITY.

E. P. Morrison, Photo., 1887.

STREET VIEW IN BOWLING GREEN.

In bringing these advantages to the notice of manufacturers, and in offering liberal inducements to such to locate in their community, the citizens acted with wisdom and foresight. The people raised a large fund for this purpose, and the bureau for giving information to investors was overwhelmed with letters of inquiry; Mr. Brewer, of the *Sentinel*, personally answered more than five hundred. While many of the towns of northwestern Ohio lying within the natural gas and oil regions had a wonderfully rapid development in population, manufacturing and commercial interests as a result of the discoveries in oil and gas, probably in no other city was this more striking than in Bowling Green.

NORTH BALTIMORE is fifteen miles south of Bowling Green, on the B. & O., near the crossing of the T. C. & St. L. R. R. It is in the great oil and gas centre of the State, and is a very prosperous, growing little city. Newspapers: *Beacon*, Independent, G. W. Wilkinson, editor and publisher; *Wood County News*, A. B. Smith, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Presbyterian, 1 United Brethren, 1 Methodist Episcopal. Bank: Peoples', M. B. Walds, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—The Dewey Stave Co., 27 hands; Enterprise Window Glass Co., 67; James Hardy & Co., general machine work, 6; Rockwell Brothers, flour, etc., 4; North Baltimore Bottle Glass Co., 94; A. Barnd, sash, doors, etc., 11.—*State Report, 1888.*

Population, 1880, 701. School census, 1888, 362. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, $20,000. Value of annual product, $21,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.* Census, 1890, 2,857.

GRAND RAPIDS is twelve miles west of Bowling Green, on the Maumee river, the Miami & Erie Canal, and on the T. St. L. & K. C. R. R., which crosses the river by a fine iron bridge 900 feet long. Newspaper: *Triumph*, Crosby & Freiss, editors and publishers. Bank: George P. Hinsdale. Churches: 1 Presbyterian, 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Catholic. It was laid out in 1837, under the name of Gilead, at the head of the first or Grand Rapids of the Maumee.

Population, 1880, 332. School census, 1888, 163.

FREEPORT P. O., Prairie Depot, is ten miles southeast of Bowling Green, on the O. C. R. R.

Population, 1880, 216. School census, 1888, 204.

TONTOGANY is six miles northwest of Bowling Green, on the D. & M. and B. G. & T. R. R. It has 1 Presbyterian, 1 Methodist Episcopal, and one Evangelical church. School census, 1888, 114.

BRADNER is twelve miles southeast of Bowling Green, on the C. H. V. & T. R. R. School census, 1888, 144.

PEMBERVILLE is nine miles east of Bowling Green, on the Portage river, and on the C. H. V. & T. & O. C. R. R. Newspaper: *Wood County Index*, neutral, C. R. F. Berry, editor.

Population, 1880, 644. School census in 1888, 341; John S. Hoyman, superintendent of schools. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, $25,000. Value of annual product, $26,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

WESTON is eight miles southwest of Bowling Green, on the C. H. & D. R. R. Newspaper: *Wood County Herald*, Republican, S. E. Burson, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Catholic, 1 German Reformed. Bank: Exchange (A. J. Munn & Co.), J. V. Beverstock, cashier.

Population, 1890, 845. School census, 1888, 275. A correspondent writes: "The rural district surrounding our village is specially adapted to agriculture, gardening being one of the chief pursuits. Soil very fertile, and our county contains one of the largest oil and gas wells in the State. Is bound to become the wealthiest in every respect of any county also in the State."

HASKINS is on the right bank of the Maumee river, eight miles northwest of Bowling Green.

Population, 1880, 381. School census, 1888, 121. I. N. Van Tassel, superintendent of schools.

BAIRDSTOWN is sixteen miles southeast of Bowling Green, on the B. & O. R. R. Newspapers: *Times*, independent, G. G. Grimes, editor and publisher.

Population, about 350.

MILLBURY is eighteen miles northeast of Bowling Green, and eight miles southeast of Toledo, on the L. S. & M. S. R. R.

Population, 1880, 483. School census, 1888, 106. Census, 1890, 609.

JERRY CITY is ten miles southeast of Bowling Green.

Population, 1880, 234. School census, 1888, 121.

RISING SUN is fourteen miles southeast of Bowling Green, on the C. H. V. & T. R. R.

Population, 1880, 344.

WYANDOT.

WYANDOT COUNTY was formed from Crawford, Marion, Hardin and Hancock, Feb. 3, 1845. The surface is level and soil fertile. About one-third of it is prairie land, being covered by the Sandusky plains. These plains are chiefly bounded by the Sandusky, the Little Scioto and the *Tyemochte*, which last signifies, in the Wyandot language, "around the plains." This tract in its natural state is covered with a rank, wild grass several feet in height, and in some parts are interspersed beautiful groves of timber.

Area, about 400 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 127,700; in pasture, 56,450; woodland, 36,770; lying waste, 1,336; produced in wheat, 453,013 bushels; rye, 5,694; buckwheat, 434; oats, 406,780; barley, 10,747; corn, 1,103,949; meadow hay, 19,776 tons; clover, 4,613 tons; flaxseed, 862 bushels; potatoes, 63,204; tobacco, 200 lbs.; butter, 388,374; cheese, 24,300; sorghum, 1,682; maple syrup, 4,730 gallons; honey, 3,014 lbs.; eggs, 488,210 dozen; grapes, 1,040 lbs.; sweet potatoes, 84 bushels; apples, 10,384; peaches, 1,011; pears, 828; wool, 409,387 lbs.; milch cows owned, 5,160. School census, 1888, 6,974; teachers, 237. Miles of railroad track, 89.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1880.
Antrim,	1,928	Pitt,	1,268
Crane,	5,027	Richland,	1,676
Crawford,	2,213	Ridge,	639
Eden,	1,793	Salem,	1,547
Jackson,	1,331	Sycamore,	1,058
Marseilles,	840	Tyemochte,	1,620
Mifflin,	1,455		

Population of Wyandot in 1860 was 15,956; 1880, 22,395; of whom 17,650 were born in Ohio; 1,475, Pennsylvania; 507, New York; 208, Virginia; 173, Indiana; 28, Kentucky; 1,037, German Empire; 214, Ireland; 116, England and Wales; 43, France; 35, British America; 11, Scotland; and 6, Sweden and Norway. Census, 1890, 21,722.

This county was, from an early day, a favorite residence of the Wyandot Indians. It is noted for being the scene of Crawford's defeat in June, 1782, and his subsequent death by the most cruel tortures.

The view representing Crawford's Battle-Ground was taken on the road to Tiffin, three miles north of Upper Sandusky, and one west of the Sandusky river. The action, it is said, began some distance north of the cabin shown, in the high grass of the prairie in which the Indians were concealed. The parties afterwards were engaged in the grove or island of timber represented in the view, called at this day "*Battle Island*," in which the principal action was fought. Many of the trees now [1846] bear the marks of the bullets, or rather the scars on their trunks made by the hatchets of the Indians in getting them out after the action. The large oak on the right of the view has these relics of that unfortunate engagement. A part of the whites slain were buried in a small swamp about thirty rods south of the spot from whence the drawing was taken. It is not shown in the view, as the scene is represented to the eye as if looking in a northern direction.

The annexed history of CRAWFORD'S CAMPAIGN we take from Doddridge's "Notes:"

Crawford's campaign, in one point of view at least, is to be considered as a second Moravian campaign, as one of its objects was that of finishing the work of murder and plunder

with the Christian Indians at their new establishment on the Sandusky. The next object was that of destroying the Wyandot towns on the same river. It was the resolution of all those concerned in this expedition not to spare the life of any Indians that might fall into their hands, whether friends or foes. It will be seen in the sequel that the result of this campaign was widely different from that of the Moravian campaign the preceding March.

It should seem that the long continuance of the Indian war had debased a considerable portion of our population to the savage state of our nature. Having lost so many relatives by the Indians, and witnessed their horrid murders and other depredations on so extensive a scale, they became subjects of that indiscriminating thirst for revenge which is such a prominent feature in the savage character, and, having had a taste of blood and plunder without risk or loss on their part, they resolved to go on and kill every Indian they could find, whether friend or foe.

Preparations for this campaign commenced soon after the return of the Moravian campaign in the month of March, and as it was intended to make what was called at that time "a dash," that is, an enterprise conducted with secrecy and despatch, the men were all mounted on the best horses they could procure. They furnished themselves with all their outfits except some ammunition, which was furnished by the lieutenant-colonel of Washington county [Pennsylvania].

The Rendezvous and March.—On the 25th of May, 1782, 480 men mustered at the old Mingo town, just below the site of Steubenville, on the western side of the Ohio river. They were all volunteers from the immediate neighborhood of the Ohio, with the exception of one company from Ten Mile in Washington county. Here an election was held for the office of commander-in-chief for the expedition. The candidates were Col. Williamson and Col. Crawford; the latter was the successful candidate. When notified of his appointment it is said that he accepted it with apparent reluctance.

The army marched along "Williamson's trail," as it was then called, until they arrived at the upper Moravian town, in the fields belonging to which there was still plenty of corn on the stalks, with which their horses were plentifully fed during the night of their encampment there.

Shortly after the army halted at this place two Indians were discovered by three men, who had walked some distance out of the camp. Three shots were fired at one of them, but without hurting him. As soon as the news of the discovery of Indians had reached the camp more than one-half of the men rushed out, without command, and in the most tumultuous manner, to see what happened. From that time Col. Crawford felt a presentiment of the defeat which followed.

The truth is that, notwithstanding the secrecy and despatch of the enterprise, the Indians were beforehand with our people. They saw the rendezvous on the Mingo bottom, knew their number and destination. They visited every encampment immediately on their leaving, and saw from the writing on the trees and scraps of paper that "no quarter was to be given to any Indian, whether man, woman or child."

Nothing material happened during their march until the sixth of June, when their guides conducted them to the site of the Moravian villages on one of the upper branches of the Sandusky river; but here, instead of meeting with Indians and plunder, they met with nothing but vestiges of desolation. The place was covered with high grass, and the remains of a few huts alone announced that the place had been the residence of the people whom they intended to destroy, but who had moved off to Scioto some time before.

In this dilemma what was to be done? The officers held a council, in which it was determined to march one day longer in the direction of Upper Sandusky, and if they should not reach the town in the course of the day to make a retreat with all speed.

The Battle.—The march was commenced the next morning through the plains of Sandusky, and continued until about two o'clock, when the advance guard was attacked and driven in by the Indians, who were discovered in large numbers in the high grass, with which the place was covered. The Indian army was at that moment about entering a piece of woods, almost entirely surrounded by plains; but in this they were disappointed by a rapid movement of our men. The battle then commenced by a heavy fire from both sides. From a partial possession of the woods which they had gained at the onset of the battle, the Indians were soon dislodged. They then attempted to gain a small skirt of wood on our right flank, but were prevented from doing so by the vigilance and bravery of Maj. Leet, who commanded the right wing of the army at that time. The firing was incessant and heavy until dark, when it ceased. Both armies lay on their arms during the night. Both adopted the policy of kindling large fires along the line of battle, and then retiring some distance in the rear of them to prevent being surprised by a night attack. During the conflict of the afternoon three of our men were killed and several wounded.

In the morning our army occupied the battle ground of the preceding day. The Indians made no attack during the day, until late in the evening, but were seen in large bodies traversing the plains in various directions. Some of them appeared to be employed in carrying off their dead and wounded.

In the morning of this day a council of the officers was held, in which a retreat was resolved on, as the only means of saving their army. The Indians appeared to increase in number every hour. During the sitting of this council, Colonel Williamson proposed taking one hundred and fifty volunteers, and

marching directly to Upper Sandusky. This proposition the commander-in-chief prudently rejected, saying, "I have no doubt but that you would reach the town, but you would find nothing there but empty wigwams, and having taken off so many of our best men, you would leave the rest to be destroyed by the host of Indians with which we are now surrounded, and on your return they would attack and destroy you. They care nothing about defending their towns; they are worth nothing. Their squaws, children and property have been removed from them long since. Our lives and baggage are what they want, and if they can get us divided they will soon have them. We must stay together and do the best we can."

The Indians Renew the Battle.—During this day preparations were made for a retreat by burying the dead, burning fires over their graves to prevent discovery, and preparing means for carrying off the wounded. The retreat was to commence in the course of the night. The Indians, however, became apprized of the intended retreat, and about sundown attacked the army with great force and fury, in every direction, excepting that of Sandusky.

When the line of march was formed by the commander-in-chief, and the retreat commenced, our guides prudently took the direction of Sandusky, which afforded the only opening in the Indian lines and the only chance of concealment. After marching about a mile in this direction, the army wheeled about to the left, and by a circuitous route gained the trail by which they came, before day. They continued their march the whole of the next day, with a trifling annoyance from the Indians, who fired a few distant shots at the rear guard, which slightly wounded two or three men. At night they built fires, took their suppers, secured the horses and resigned themselves to repose, without placing a single sentinel or vedette for safety. In this careless situation, they might have been surprised and cut off by the Indians, who, however, gave them no disturbance during the night, nor afterwards during the whole of their retreat. The number of those composing the main body in the retreat was supposed to be about three hundred.

The Retreat.—Most unfortunately, when a retreat was resolved on, a difference of opinion prevailed concerning the best mode of effecting it. The greater number thought best to keep in a body and retreat as fast as possible, while a considerable number thought it safest to break off in small parties and make their way home in different directions, avoiding the route by which they came. Accordingly many attempted to do so, calculating that the whole body of the Indians would follow the main army; in this they were entirely mistaken. The Indians paid but little attention to the main body of the army, but pursued, the small parties with such activity that but very few of those who composed them made their escape.

The only successful party which was detached from the main army was that of about forty men under the command of a Captain Williamson, who, pretty late in the night of the retreat, broke through the Indian lines under a severe fire, and with some loss, and overtook the main army on the morning of the second day of the retreat.

For several days after the retreat of our army, the Indians were spread over the whole country, from Sandusky to the Muskingum, in pursuit of the straggling parties, most of whom were killed on the spot. They even pursued them almost to the banks of the Ohio. A man of the name of Mills was killed, two miles to the eastward of the site of St. Clairsville, in the direction of Wheeling from that place. The number killed in this way must have been very great; the precise amount, however, was never fairly ascertained.

Colonel Crawford Captured.—At the commencement of the retreat Colonel Crawford placed himself at the head of the army and continued there until they had gone about a quarter of a mile, when missing his son, John Crawford, his son-in-law, Major Harrison, and his nephews, Major Rose and William Crawford, he halted and called for them as the line passed, but without finding them. After the army had passed him, he was unable to overtake it, owing to the weariness of his horse. Falling in company with Doctor Knight and two others, they travelled all the night, first north and then to the east, to avoid the pursuit of the Indians. They directed their courses during the night by the north star.

On the next day they fell in with Captain John Biggs and Lieutenant Ashley, the latter of whom was severely wounded. There were two others in company with Biggs and Ashley. They encamped together the succeeding night. On the next day, while on their march, they were attacked by a party of Indians, who made Colonel Crawford and Doctor Knight prisoners. The other four made their escape, but Captain Biggs and Lieutenant Ashley were killed the next day.

Colonel Crawford and Doctor Knight were immediately taken to an Indian encampment at a short distance from the place where they were captured. Here they found nine fellow-prisoners and seventeen Indians. On the next day they were marched to the old Wyandot town, and on the next morning were paraded, to set off, as they were told, to go to the new town. But alas! a very different destination awaited these captives! Nine of the prisoners were marched off some distance before the colonel and the doctor, who were conducted by Pipe and Wingenund, two Delaware chiefs. Four of the prisoners were tomahawked and scalped on the way, at different places.

Preparations had been made for the execution of Colonel Crawford, by setting a post about fifteen feet high in the ground, and making a large fire of hickory poles about six yards from it. About half a mile from the

place of execution the remaining five of the nine prisoners were tomahawked and scalped by a number of squaws and boys. Colonel Crawford's son and son-in-law were executed at the Shawnese town. . . .

Dr. Knight was doomed to be burned at a town about forty miles distant from Sandusky, and committed to the care of a young Indian to be taken there, but escaped. See Vol. II., page

Thus ended this disastrous campaign. It was the last one which took place in this section of the country during the revolutionary contest of the Americans with the mother country. It was undertaken with the very worst of views, those of plunder and murder; it was conducted without sufficient means to encounter, with any prospect of success, the large force of Indians opposed to ours in the plains of Sandusky. It was conducted without that subordination and discipline so requisite to insure success in any hazardous enterprise, and it ended in a total discomfiture. Never did an enterprise more completely fail of attaining its object. Never, on any occasion, had the ferocious savages more ample revenge for the murder of their pacific friends, than that which they obtained on this occasion.

Should it be asked what considerations led so great a number of people into this desperate enterprise? Why with so small a force and such slender means they pushed on so far as the plains of Sandusky?

The answer is, that many believed that the Moravian Indians, taking no part in the war, and having given offence to the warriors on several occasions, their belligerent friends would not take up arms in their behalf. In this conjecture they were sadly mistaken. They did defend them with all the force at their command, and no wonder, for notwithstanding their Christian and pacific principles, the warriors still regarded the Moravians as their friends, whom it was their duty to defend.

We have omitted to copy from the preceding the account of the burning of Colonel Crawford, for the purpose of giving the details more fully. "The spot where Crawford suffered," says Col. John Johnston, "was but a few miles west of Upper Sandusky, on the old trace leading to the Big Spring, Wyandot town. It was on the right hand of the trace going west, on a low bottom on the east bank of the Tyemochte creek. The Delawares burnt Crawford in satisfaction for the massacre of their people at the Moravian towns on the Muskingum." It was at a Delaware town which extended along the Tyemochte. The precise spot is now [1846] owned by the heirs of Daniel Hodge, and is a beautiful green, with some fine oak trees in its vicinity.

The following is from Heckewelder, and describes an interview which Crawford had with the Indian chief, Wingenund, just previous to his death. Some doubts have been expressed of its truth as the historian Heckewelder has often been accused of being fond of *romancing*, but Colonel Johnston (good authority here) expresses the opinion that "it is doubtless in the main correct"—that it gives the spirit of what was said.

Wingenund, an Indian chief, had an interview with Colonel Crawford just before his execution. He had been known to Crawford some time before, and had been on terms of friendship with him, and kindly entertained by him at his own house, and therefore felt much attached to the colonel. Wingenund had retired to his cabin that he might not see the sentence executed; but Crawford sent for him, with the faint hope that he would intercede for and save him. Wingenund accordingly soon appeared in presence of Crawford, who was naked and bound to a stake. Wingenund commenced the conversation with much embarrassment and agitation, as follows:

Wingenund—"Are you not Colonel Crawford?"

Crawford—"I am."

Wingenund, somewhat agitated, ejaculated, "So!—yes!—indeed!"

Crawford—"Do you not recollect the friendship that always existed between us, and that we were always glad to see each other?"

Wingenund—"Yes! I remember all this, and that we have often drank together, and that you have been kind to me."

Crawford—"Then I hope the same friendship still continues."

Wingenund—"It would, of course, were you where you ought to be, and not here."

Crawford—"And why not here? I hope you would not desert a friend in time of need. Now is the time for you to exert yourself in my behalf, as I should do for you were you in my place."

Wingenund—"Colonel Crawford! you have placed yourself in a situation which puts it out of my power, and that of others of your friends, to do anything for you."

Crawford—"How so, Captain Wingenund?"

Wingenund—"By joining yourself to that execrable man, Williamson, and his party—the man who, but the other day, murdered

such a number of Moravian Indians, knowing them to be friends; knowing that he ran no risk in murdering a people who would not fight, and whose only business was praying."

Crawford—"But I assure you, Wingenund, that had I been with him at the time this would not have happened. Not I alone, but all your friends, and all good men, whoever they are, reprobate acts of this kind."

Wingenund—"That may be; yet these friends, these good men, did not prevent him from going out again to kill the remainder of these inoffensive, yet foolish Moravian Indians. I say foolish, because they believed the whites in preference to us. We had often told them they would be one day so treated by those people who called themselves their friends! We told them there was no faith to be placed in what the white man said; that their fair promises were only intended to allure us that they might the more easily kill us, as they had done many Indians before these Moravians."

Crawford—"I am sorry to hear you speak thus; as to Williamson's going out again, when it was known he was determined on it, I went out with him to prevent his committing fresh murders."

Wingenund—"This the Indians would not believe, were even I to tell them so."

Crawford—"Why would they not believe?"

Wingenund—"Because it would have been out of your power to have prevented his doing what he pleased."

Crawford—"Out of my power! Have any Moravian Indians been killed or hurt since we came out?"

Wingenund—"None; but you first went to their town, and finding it deserted, you turned on the path towards us. If you had been in search of warriors only, you would not have gone thither. Our spies watched you closely. They saw you while you were embodying yourselves on the other side of the Ohio. They saw you cross the river—they saw where you encamped for the night—they saw you turn off from the path to the deserted Moravian town—they knew you were going out of your way—your steps were constantly watched, and you were suffered quietly to proceed until you reached the spot where you were attacked."

Crawford felt that with this sentence ended his last ray of hope, and now asked, with emotion, "What do they intend to do with me?"

Wingenund—"I tell you with grief. As Williamson, with his whole cowardly host, ran off in the night at the whistling of our warriors' balls, being satisfied that now he had no Moravians to deal with, but men who could fight, and with such he did not wish to have anything to do—I say, as they have escaped and taken you, they will take revenge on you in his stead."

Crawford—"And is there no possibility of preventing this? Can you devise no way of getting me off? You shall, my friend, be well rewarded if you are instrumental in saving my life."

Wingenund—"Had Williamson been taken with you, I and some friends, by making use of what you have told me, might perhaps have succeeded in saving you; but as the matter now stands, no man would dare to interfere in your behalf. The king of England himself, were he to come on to this spot, with all his wealth and treasure, could not effect this purpose. The blood of the innocent Moravians, more than half of them women and children, cruelly and wantonly murdered, calls loudly for revenge. The relatives of the slain who are among us cry out and stand ready for revenge. The nation to which they belonged will have revenge. The Shawanese, our grandchildren, have asked for your fellow-prisoner; on him they will take revenge. All the nations connected with us cry out, Revenge! revenge! The Moravians whom you went to destroy, having fled, instead of avenging their brethren, the offence is become national, and the nation itself is bound to take revenge!"

Crawford—"My fate is then fixed, and I must prepare to meet death in its worst form."

Wingenund—"I am sorry for it, but cannot do anything for you. Had you attended to the Indian principle, that as good and evil cannot dwell together in the same heart, so a good man ought not to go into evil company, you would not be in this lamentable situation. You see now, when it is too late, after Williamson has deserted you, what a bad man he must be. Nothing now remains for you but to meet your fate like a brave man. Farewell, Colonel Crawford!—they are coming. I will retire to a solitary spot."

The savages then fell upon Crawford. Wingenund, it is said, retired, shedding tears, and ever after, when the circumstance was alluded to, was sensibly affected.

The account of the BURNING OF COLONEL CRAWFORD is related in the words of Dr. Knight, his companion, and an eye-witness of this tragic scene:

When we went to the fire the colonel was stripped naked, ordered to sit down by the fire, and then they beat him with sticks and their fists. Presently after I was treated in the same manner. They then tied a rope to the foot of a post about fifteen feet high, bound the colonel's hands behind his back and fastened the rope to the ligature between his wrists. The rope was long enough for him to sit down or walk round the post once or twice, and return the same way. The colonel then called to Girty, and asked if they intended to burn him? Girty answered, "Yes." The colonel said he would take it all patiently. Upon this Captain Pipe, a Delaware chief, made a speech to the Indians, viz., about thirty or forty men, sixty or seventy squaws and boys.

When the speech was finished, they all yelled a hideous and hearty assent to what had been said. The Indian men then took up their guns and shot powder into the colonel's body, from his feet as far up as his neck. I think that not less than seventy loads were discharged upon his naked body. They then crowded about him, and to the best of my observation cut off his ears; when the throng had dispersed a little, I saw the blood running from both sides of his head in consequence thereof.

The fire was about six or seven yards from the post to which the colonel was tied; it was made of small hickory poles, burnt quite through in the middle, each end of the poles remaining about six feet in length. Three or four Indians by turns would take up, individually, one of these burning pieces of wood, and apply it to his naked body, already burnt black with the powder. These tormentors presented themselves on every side of him with the burning fagots and poles. Some of the squaws took broad boards, upon which they would carry a quantity of burning coals and hot embers, and throw on him, so that in a short time he had nothing but coals of fire and hot ashes to walk upon.

In the midst of these extreme tortures he called to Simon Girty and begged of him to shoot him; but Girty making no answer, he called to him again. Girty then, by way of derision, told the colonel he had no gun, at the same time turning about to an Indian who was behind him, laughed heartily, and by all his gestures seemed delighted at the horrid scene.

Girty then came up and bade me prepare for death. He said, however, I was not to die at that place, but to be burnt at the Shawanese towns. He swore by G—d I need not expect to escape death, but should suffer it in all its extremities. . . .

Col. Crawford, at this period of his sufferings, besought the Almighty to have mercy on his soul, spoke very low, and bore his torments with the most manly fortitude. He continued in all the extremities of pain for an hour and three-quarters or two hours longer, as near as I can judge, when at last, being almost exhausted, he lay down on his belly; they then scalped him, and repeatedly threw the scalp in my face, telling me, that "that was my great captain." An old squaw (whose appearance every way answered the ideas people entertain of the devil) got a board, took a parcel of coals and ashes and laid them on his back and head, after he had been scalped; he then raised himself upon his feet and began to walk round the post; they next put a burning stick to him, as usual, but he seemed more insensible to pain than before.

The Indian fellow who had me in charge now took me away to Capt. Pipe's house, about three-quarters of a mile from the place of the colonel's execution. I was bound all night, and thus prevented from seeing the last of the horrid spectacle. Next morning, being June 12, the Indian untied me, painted me black, and we set off for the Shawanese town, which he told me was somewhat less than forty miles distant from that place. We soon came to the spot where the colonel had been burnt, as it was partly in our way; I saw his bones lying among the remains of the fire, almost burnt to ashes; I suppose, after he was dead, they laid his body on the fire. The Indian told me that was my big captain, and gave the scalp halloo.

The following extract from an article in the *American Pioneer*, by Joseph M'Cutchen, Esq., contains some items respecting the death of Crawford, and Girty's interference in his behalf, never before published. He derived them from the Wyandot Indians, who resided in this county, some of whom were quite intelligent:

As I have it, the story respecting the battle is, that if Crawford had rushed on when he first came among the Indians, they would have given way and made but little or no fight; but they had a talk with him three days previous to the fight, and asked him to give them three days to collect in their chiefs and head men of the different tribes, and they would then make a treaty of peace with him. The three days were therefore given; and during that time all their forces were gathered together that could be raised as fighting men, and the next morning Crawford was attacked, some two or three miles north of the island where the main battle was fought. The Indians then gave back in a south direction, until they got into an island of timber which suited their purpose, which was in a large plain, now well known as Sandusky plains. There the battle continued until night. The Indians then ceased firing; and, it is said, immediately afterwards a man came near to the army with a white flag. Col. Crawford sent an officer to him. The man said he wanted to talk with Col. Crawford, and that he did not want Crawford to come nearer to him than twenty steps, as he (Girty) wanted to converse with Crawford, and might be of vast benefit to him. Crawford accordingly went out as requested.

Girty then said, "Col. Crawford, do you know me?" The answer was, "I seem to have some recollection of your voice, but your Indian dress deprives me of knowing you as an acquaintance." The answer was then, "My name is Simon Girty;" and after some more conversation between them, they knew each other well. Girty said, "Crawford, my object in calling you here is to say to you that the Indians have ceased firing until

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

CRAWFORD'S BATTLE-GROUND.

CRAWFORD'S MONUMENT.

to-morrow morning, when they intend to commence the fight; and as they are three times as strong as you are, they will be able to cut you all off. To-night the Indians will surround your army, and when that arrangement is fully made, you will hear some guns fire all around the ring. But there is a large swamp or very wet piece of ground on the east side of you, where there will be a vacancy; that gap you can learn by the firing, and in the night you had better march your men through and make your escape in an east direction."

Crawford accordingly in the night drew up his men and told them his intention. The men generally assenting, he then commenced his march east; but the men soon got into confusion and lost their course. Consequently, the next day they were almost to a man cut off, and, as history tells us, Crawford taken prisoner. He was taken by a Delaware; consequently the Delawares claimed the right, agreeably to their rules, of disposing of the prisoner. There was a council held, and the decision was to burn him. He was taken to the main Delaware town, on a considerable creek, called Tymochtee, about eight miles from the mouth. Girty then supposed he could make a speculation by saving Crawford's life. He made a proposition to Capt. Pipe, the head chief of the Delawares, offering three hundred and fifty dollars for Crawford. The chief received it as a great insult, and promptly said to Girty, "Sir, do you think I am a *squaw?* If you say one word more on the subject, I will make a stake for you and burn you along with the white chief."

Girty, knowing the Indian character, retired and said no more on the subject. But, in the meantime, Girty had sent runners to the Mohican creek and to Lower Sandusky, where there were some white traders, to come immediately and purchase Crawford—knowing that he could make a great speculation in case he could save Crawford's life. The traders came on, but too late. When they arrived, Crawford was tied to a stake, blacked, his ears cut off and part burnt—too much so to live had he been let loose. He asked Girty to get a gun and shoot him, but Girty, knowing the rebuke he got the day before, dared not say one word.

Notwithstanding the above, the cruelty of Girty to Crawford at the stake is established by other sources than that of Dr. Knight. Col. Johnston informs us that he has been told by Indians present on the occasion that Girty was among the foremost in inflicting tortures upon their victim. This, however, does not materially conflict with the above when we regard the motives of Girty in his behalf as having been mercenary.

The Crawford monument stands on the bank of the Big Tymochtee, about 300 feet from the spot where he was burnt.

By the treaty concluded at the foot of the Maumee rapids, September 29, 1817, Hon. Lewis Cass and Hon. Duncan M'Arthur, commissioners on the part of the United States, there was granted to the Wyandot tribe a reservation of twelve miles square in this county, the centre of which was Fort Ferree, at Upper Sandusky, and also a tract of one mile square on the Cranberry Swamp, on Broken Sword creek. At the same time was granted to the Delawares a tract of three miles square, adjoining the other, on the south. Their principal chief was Capt. Pipe, son of the chief so officious in the burning of Crawford.

The Delawares ceded their reservation to the United States in 1829. The Wyandots ceded theirs by a treaty made at Upper Sandusky, March 17, 1842, they being the only Indians remaining in the State. The commissioner on the part of the United States was Col. John Johnston, who had then the honor of making the last Indian treaty in Ohio—a State, *every foot of whose soil has been fairly purchased by treaties* from its original possessors. The Wyandots left for the far west in July, 1843, and numbered at that time about 700 souls.

The Wyandots were the bravest of the Indian tribes, and had among their chiefs some men of high moral character. Gen. W. H. Harrison, in a discourse in the "Collections of the Historical Society of Ohio," states this of the Wyandots:

> With all other tribes but the Wyandots, flight in battle, when meeting with unexpected resistance or obstacle, brought with it no disgrace . . . With them, it was otherwise. Their youth were taught to consider anything that had the appearance of an acknowledgment of the superiority of the enemy as disgraceful. In the battle of the Miami rapids, of thirteen chiefs of that tribe who were present, one only survived, and he badly wounded. Some time before this action, Gen. Wayne sent for Capt. Wells, and re-

quested him to go to Sandusky and take a prisoner, for the purpose of obtaining information. Wells—who had been bred with the Indians, and was perfectly acquainted with their character—answered that he could take a prisoner, but not from Sandusky, because Wyandots would not be taken alive.

We annex a brief sketch of the Wyandot, or *Huron* tribe, as they were anciently called, in a letter from the Rev. Joseph Badger to John Frazier, Esq., of Cincinnati, dated Plain, Wood county, August 25, 1845.

Having been a resident missionary with the Wyandot Indians before the late war, and obtained the confidence of their chiefs in a familiar conversation with them, and having a good interpreter, I requested them to give me a history of their ancestors as far back as they could. They began by giving a particular account of the country formerly owned by their ancestors. It was the north side of the river St. Lawrence, down to Coon lake, and from thence up the Utiwas. Their name for it was Cu-none-tot-tia. This name I heard applied to them, but knew not what it meant. The Senecas owned the opposite side of the river and the island on which Montreal now stands. They were both large tribes, consisting of many thousands. They were blood relations, and I found at this time they claimed each other as cousins.

A war originated between the two tribes in this way. A man of the Wyandots wanted a certain woman for his wife; but she objected, and said he was no warior: he had never taken any scalps. To accomplish his object, he raised a small war party, and in their scout fell upon a party of Seneca hunters, killed and scalped a number of them. This procedure began a war between the nations, that lasted more than a century, which they supposed was fully a hundred winters before the French came to Quebec. They owned they were the first instigators in the war, and were generally beaten in the contest. Both tribes were greatly wasted in the war. They often made peace; but the first opportunity the Senecas could get an advantage against them they would destroy all they could, men, women and children. The Wyandots, finding they were in danger of being exterminated, concluded to leave their country, and go far to the West. With their canoes the whole nation made their escape to the upper lakes, and settled in the vicinity of Green Bay, in several villages, but, after a few years, the Senecas made up a war-party and followed them to their new settlements, fell on one of their villages, killed a number and returned. Through this long period they had no instruments of war but bows, arrows, and the war club.

Soon after this the French came to Quebec, and began trading with Indians, and supplied them with fire-arms and utensils of various kinds. The Senecas having got supplied with guns, and learned the use of them, made out a second war-party against the Wyandots—came upon them in the night, fired into their huts and scared them exceedingly: they thought at first it was thunder and lightning. They did not succeed so well as they intended. After a few years they made out a third party, and fell upon one of the Wyandot villages and took them nearly all; but it so happened at this time that nearly all the young men had gone to war with the Fox tribe, living on the Mississippi.

Those few that escaped the massacre by the Senecas agreed to give up and go back with them and become one people, but requested of the Senecas to have two days to collect what they had and make ready their canoes, and join them on the morning of the third day at a certain point, where they had gone to wait for them and hold a great dance through the night. The Wyandots sent directly to the other two villages which the Senacas had not disturbed, and got all their old men and women, and such as could fight, to consult on what measures to take. They came to the resolution to equip themselves in the best manner they could, and go down in perfect stillness so near the enemy as to hear them. They found them engaged in a dance, and feasting on two Wyandot men they had killed and roasted, as they said, for their beef; and as they danced they shouted their victory and told how good their Wyandot beef was. They continued their dance until the latter part of the night, and being pretty tired they all laid down and soon fell into a sound sleep.

A little before day the Wyandot party fell on them and cut them all off; not one was left to carry back the tidings. This ended the war for a great number of years. Soon after this the Wyandots got guns from the French traders and began to grow formidable. The Indians, who owned the country where they had resided for a long time, proposed to them to go back to their own country. They agreed to return, and having prepared themselves as a war party, they returned—came down to where Detroit now stands, and agreed to settle in two villages, one at the place above mentioned, and the other where the British fort, Malden, now stands.

But previously to making any settlement they sent out in canoes the best war party they could make, to go down the lake some distance to see if there was an enemy on that side of the water. They went down to Long Point, landed, and sent three men across to see if they could make any discovery. They found a party of Senecas bending their course around the Point, and returned with the intelligence to their party. The head chief ordered his men in each canoe to strike fire

and offer some of their tobacco to the Great Spirit, and prepare for action. The chief had his son, a small boy, with him : he covered the boy in the bottom of his canoe. He determined to fight his enemy on the water. They put out into the open lake : the Senecas came on. Both parties took the best advantage they could, and fought with a determination to conquer or sink in the lake. At length the Wyandots saw the last man fall in the Seneca party ; but they had lost a great proportion of their own men, and were so wounded and cut to pieces that they could take no advantage of the victory but only to gain the shore as soon as possible, and leave the enemy's canoes to float or sink among the waves. Thus ended the long war between the two tribes from that day to this.

Col. John Johnston relates, in his "Recollections," an interesting account of an Indian council, held at Upper Sandusky in 1818, on the occasion of the death of TARHE, or "the Crane," a celebrated chief of the Wyandots.

Twenty-eight years ago, on the death of the great chief of the Wyandots, I was invited to attend a general council of all the tribes of Ohio, the Delawares of Indiana, and the Senecas of New York, at Upper Sandusky. I found, on arriving at the place, a very large attendance. Among the chiefs was the noted leader and orator, Red Jacket, from Buffalo. The first business done was the speaker of the nation delivering an oration on the character of the deceased chief. Then followed what might be called a monody, or ceremony, of mourning and lamentation. Thus seats were arranged from end to end of a large council-house, about six feet apart. The head men and the aged took their seats facing each other, stooping down their heads almost touching. In that position they remained for several hours. Deep, heavy and long continued groans would commence at one end of the row of mourners, and so pass round until all had responded, and these repeated at intervals of a few minutes. The Indians were all washed, and had no paint or decorations of any kind upon their persons, their countenances and general deportment denoting the deepest mourning. I had never witnessed anything of the kind before, and was told this ceremony was not performed but on the decease of some great man.

After the period of mourning and lamentation was over, the Indians proceeded to business. There were present the Wyandots, Shawanese, Delawares, Senecas, Ottawas and Mohawks. The business was entirely confined to their own affairs, and the main topic related to their lands and the claims of the respective tribes. It was evident, in the course of the discussion, that the presence of myself and people (there were some white men with me) was not acceptable to some of the parties, and allusions were made so direct to myself that I was constrained to notice them by saying that I came there as the guest of the Wyandots by their special invitation ; that as the agent of the United States I had a right to be there or anywhere else in the Indian country ; and that, if any insult was offered to myself or my people, it would be resented and punished. Red Jacket was the principal speaker, and was intemperate and personal in his remarks. Accusations, pro and con, were made by the different parties, accusing each other of being foremost in selling lands to the United States. The Shawanese were particularly marked out as more guilty than any other ; that they were the last coming into the Ohio country, and although they had no right but by permission of the other tribes they were always the foremost in selling lands. This brought the Shawanese out, who retorted through their chief, the Black Hoof, on the Senecas and Wyandots with pointed severity. The discussion was long continued, calling out some of the ablest speakers, and was distinguished for ability, cutting sarcasm and research—going far back into the history of the natives, their wars, alliances, negotiations, migrations, etc.

I had attended many councils, treaties and gatherings of the Indians, but never in my life did I witness such an outpouring of native oratory and eloquence, of severe rebuke, taunting national and personal reproaches. The council broke up late, in great confusion, and in the worst possible feeling. A circumstance occurred towards the close which more than anything else exhibited the bad feeling prevailing. In handing round the wampum belt, the emblem of amity, peace and good will, when presented to one of the chiefs, he would not touch it with his fingers, but passed it on a stick to the person next him. A greater indignity, agreeable to Indian etiquette, could not be offered.

The next day appeared to be one of unusual anxiety and despondency among the Indians. They could be seen in groups everywhere near the council-house in deep consultation. They had acted foolishly—were sorry ; but the difficulty was, who would first present the olive branch. The council convened late and was very full ; silence prevailed for a long time ; at last the aged chief of the Shawanese, the Black Hoof, rose—a man of great influence, and a celebrated orator. He told the assembly they had acted like children, and not men, on yesterday ; that he and his people were sorry for the words that had been spoken, and which had done so much harm ; that he came into the council by the unanimous desire of his people present, to recall those foolish words, and did there take them back—handing strings of wampum, which passed round and were received by all with the greatest satisfaction. Several of the principal chiefs delivered

speeches to the same effect, handing round wampum in turn, and in this manner the whole difficulty of the preceding day was settled, and to all appearance forgotten. The Indians are very courteous and civil to each other, and it is a rare thing to see their assemblies disturbed by unwise or ill-timed remarks. I never witnessed it except on the occasion here alluded to; and it is more than probable that the presence of myself and other white men contributed toward the unpleasant occurrence. I could not help but admire the genuine philosophy and good sense displayed by men whom we call savages in the transaction of their public business; and how much we might profit in the halls of our legislatures by occasionally taking for our example the proceedings of the great Indian council at Sandusky.

Upper Sandusky in 1846.—Upper Sandusky, the county-seat, is on the west bank of the Sandusky, sixty-three miles north of Columbus. It was laid out in 1843, and now contains 1 Methodist church, 6 mercantile stores, 1 newspaper printing office, and about 500 inhabitants. In the war of 1812 Gen. Harrison built here Fort Ferree, which stood about fifty rods northeast of the court-house on a bluff. It was a square stockade of about two acres in area, with block-houses at the corners, one of which is now standing. One mile north of this, near the river, Gov. Meigs encamped, in August, 1813, with several thousand of the Ohio militia, then on their way to the relief of Fort Meigs. The place was called "the Grand Encampment." Receiving here the news of the raising of the siege of Fort Meigs, and the repulse of the British at Fort Stephenson, they prosecuted their march no farther, and were soon after dismissed.

CRANE TOWN, four miles northeast of the court-house, was the Indian town of Upper Sandusky. After the death of Tarhe, the Crane, in 1818, the Indians transferred their council-house to the present Upper Sandusky, gave it this name, and called the other Crane Town. Their old council-house stood about a mile and a half north of Crane Town. It was built principally of bark, and was about 100 feet long and 15 wide. Their last council-house, at the present Upper Sandusky, is yet standing near the river bank. It is a small frame structure, resembling an ordinary dwelling.—*Old Edition.*

On the bank of the river, half a mile above Upper Sandusky, is a huge sycamore, which measures around, a yard from its base, thirty-seven feet, and at its base over forty feet. On the Tyemochte, about six miles west, formerly and perhaps now stands another sycamore, hollow within, and of such generous proportions that Mr. Wm. Brown, a surveyor, now residing in Marion, with four others, several years since, slept comfortably in it one cool autumnal night, and had plenty of room.—*Old Edition.*

The big sycamore at Upper Sandusky is yet standing, perhaps the largest live tree east of the Rockies. Our correspondent writes: "A measurement taken in the fall of 1889 gave its girth at the base forty-one feet, and a few feet above thirty-nine feet; it has reached its summit of stateliness and glory. The fact is it is now in a state of decline. It has seven branches which start out from some twelve feet from the ground. I believe it would make forty cords of wood, though it is a mere guess."

The big sycamore is about fifty feet from the river. Just before his decease in 1885 the then owner of the land, being a stringent Methodist, was shocked by the oft gathering of the young men of the town, on Sundays, under its branches, to play cards. To remove this temptation he girdled the tree, and hauled brush and piled it around, intending to burn it down. The girdling was not sufficiently deep to destroy it, and then he was taken sick and died before he could effect its destruction by fire.

This tree has had its equals elsewhere in the valleys of the Scioto and Muskingum (see Index).

It was to this county that the celebrated Simon Kenton was brought captive when taken by the Indians. We have two anecdotes to introduce respecting him, communicated orally by Maj. James Galloway, of Xenia, who was with him on

Wickenden, Photo., 1886.

THE BIG SYCAMORE, UPPER SANDUSKY.

the occasion. The first illustrates the strength of affection which existed among the early frontiersmen, and the last their vivid recollection of localities.

In January, 1827, I was passing from Lower Sandusky, through the Wyandot reservation, in company with Simon Kenton. We stopped at Chaffee's store, on the Tyemochte, and were sitting at the fire, when in stepped an old man dressed in a hunting-shirt, who, after laying his rifle in a corner, commenced trading. Hearing my companion's voice, he stepped up to him and inquired, "Are you Simon Kenton?" He replied in the affirmative. "I am Joseph Lake," rejoined he. Upon this Kenton sprang up as if by electricity, and they both, by a simultaneous impulse, clasped each other around the neck, and shed tears of joy. They had been old companions in fighting the Indians, and had not met for thirty years. The scene was deeply affecting to the by-standers. After being an hour or two together, recalling old times, they embraced and parted in tears, never again expecting to meet.

While travelling through the Sandusky plains Kenton recognized at the distance of half a mile the identical grove in which he had run the gauntlet in the war of the Revolution, *forty-nine* years before. A further examination tested the truth of his recollection, for there was the very race-path still existing in which he had run. It was near a road leading from Upper Sandusky to Bellefontaine, eight or ten miles from the former. I expressed my surprise at his remembering it. "Ah!" replied he, "I had a good many reasons laid on my back to recollect it."

UPPER SANDUSKY, county-seat of Wyandot, sixty miles northwest of Columbus, and sixty-four miles southeast of Toledo, is at the crossing of the P. Ft. W. & C. and C. H. V. & T. Railroads. County Officers, 1888: Auditor, Samuel J. Wirick; Clerk, Anselm Martin; Commissioners, Caspar Veith, James H. Barnthouse, John Casey; Coroner, J. A. Francisco; Infirmary Directors, Christian Barth, John Binau, Matthew Orians; Probate Judge, Curtis Berry, Jr.; Prosecuting Attorney, James T. Close; Recorder, Jacob P. Kaig; Sheriff, Henry J. Shumaker; Surveyor, William C. Gear; Treasurer, Andrew H. Flickinger. City Officers, 1888: Joel W. Gibson, Mayor; W. R. Hare, Clerk; Nicholas Grundtisch, Marshal; D. D. Hare, Solicitor; Frand Keller, Treasurer; Joseph Keller, Street Commissioner. Newspapers: *Wyandot Chief*, H. A. Tracht, editor and publisher; *Wyandot Union*, Democrat, R. D. Dumm & Son, editors and publishers; *Die Germania*, German Democrat, Jacob Schell, Jr., editor; *Wyandot County Republican*, Republican, Pietro Cuneo, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Catholic, 1 Presbyterian, 1 United Brethren, 1 African Methodist Episcopal, 1 German Lutheran, 1 English Lutheran, 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Evangelical, 1 German Reformed, 1 Universalist. Banks: First National, S. Watson, president; Jas. G. Roberts, cashier; Wyandot County, Lovell B. Harris, president; Ed. A. Gordon, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—Ingard & Smith, planing mill, 5 hands; Kerr Brothers, flour, etc., 4; John Shealy, planing mill, 13; Agerter, Stevenson & Co., general machine work; S. Bechler, lager beer, 4; Jacob Gloeser, tannery, 3; W. S. Streby, flour, etc., 1.—*State Report, 1888.*

Population in 1890, 3,568. School census, 1888, 1,170; W. A. Baker, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, $135,000. Value of annual product, $143,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887.*

The Methodists sustained a mission among the Wyandots for many years. Previous to the establishment of the Methodists a portion of the tribe had been for a long while under the religious instruction of the Catholics. The first Protestant who preached among them at Upper Sandusky was John Stewart, a mulatto, a member of the Methodist denomination, who came here of his own accord in 1816, and gained much influence over them. His efforts in their behalf paved the way for a regularly established mission a few years after, when the Rev. James B. Finley, at present (1846) chaplain of the Ohio penitentiary, formed a church and established a school here. This was the first Indian mission formed by the Methodists in the Mississippi valley.

The mission church building was erected of blue limestone about the year 1824,

from government funds, Rev. Mr. Finley having permission from Hon. John C. Calhoun, then Secretary of War, to apply $1,333 to this object. The church stands upon the outskirts of the town, in a small enclosure, surrounded by woods. Connected with the mission was a school-house, and a farm of one mile square.

WYANDOT MISSION CHURCH AT UPPER SANDUSKY.
Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

The following inscriptions are copied from monuments in the grave-yard, attached to the mission church:

BETWEEN-THE-LOGS, died December, 1826, aged fifty years.

REV. JOHN STEWART, first missionary to the Wyandots; died December 17, 1833, aged 37 years.

SUM-MUN-DE-WAT, murdered December 4, 1845, aged 46 years. Buried in Wood county, Ohio.

The remains of Sum-mun-de-wat were subsequently reinterred here. He was, at the time of his death, on a hunting excursion with his family in Hancock county. In the evening three white men with axes entered their camp, and were hospitably entertained by their host. After having finished their suppers the Indian, agreeable to his custom, kneeled and prayed in his own language, and then laid down with his wife to sleep. In the night these miscreants who had been so kindly treated rose on them in their sleep and murdered Sum-mun-de-wat and his wife with their axes in the most brutal manner. They then robbed the camp and made off, but were apprehended and allowed to break jail. In speaking of this case Col. Johnston says that, in a period of fifty-three years, since he first came to the West, he never knew of but one instance in which a white man was tried, convicted and executed for the murder of an Indian. This exception was brought about by his own agency in the prosecution, sustained by the promptness of John C. Calhoun, then Secretary of War, who manifested an interest in this affair not often shown on similar occasions in the officers of our government.

Sum-mun-de-wat is frequently mentioned in the Rev. Mr. Finley's interesting history of the Wyandot mission, published by the Methodist Book Concern at Cincinnati. The following anecdote which he relates of this excellent chief shows the simple and expressive language in which the Christian Wyandots related their religious feelings:

"Sum-mun-de-wat amused me after he came home by relating a circumstance that transpired one cold evening just before sundown. 'I met,' said he, 'on a small path, not far from my camp, a man who ask me if I could talk English.' I said, 'Little.' He

ask me, 'How far is it to a house?' I answer, 'I don't know—may be ten miles—may be eight miles.' 'Is there a path leading to it?' 'No—by and by dis go out (pointing to the path they were on), den all woods. You go home me—sleep—me go show you to-morrow.' Then he come my camp—so take horse—tie—give him some corn and brush—then my wife give him supper. He ask where I come. I say, 'Sandusky.' He say, 'You know Finley?' 'Yes,' I say, 'he is my brother—my father.' Then he say, 'He is *my* brother.' Then I feel something in my heart burn. I say, 'You preacher?' He say, 'Yes;' and I shook hands and say, 'My brother!' Then we try talk. Then I say, 'You sing and pray.' So he did. Then he say to me, 'Sing and pray.' So I did; and I so much cry I can't pray. No go sleep—I can't—I wake—my heart full. All night I pray and praise God, for his send me preacher to sleep my camp. Next morning soon come, and he want to go. Then I go show him through the woods until come to big road. Then he took me by hand and say, 'Farewell, brother; by and by we meet up in heaven.' Then me cry, and my brother cry. We part—I go hunt. All day I cry, and no see deer jump up and run away. Then I go and pray by some log. My heart so full of joy that I cannot walk much. I say, 'I cannot hunt.' Sometimes I sing—then I stop and clap my hands, and look up to God, my heavenly Father. Then the love come so fast in my heart, I can hardly stand. So I went home, and said, 'This is my happiest day.'"

The history of the mission relates an anecdote of Rohn-yen-ness, another of the Christian Indians. It seems that after the conflict of Poe with the Indians the Wyandots determined on revenge.

Poe then lived on the west side of the Ohio river, at the mouth of Little Yellow creek. They chose Rohn-yen-ness as a proper person to murder him, and then make his escape. He went to Poe's house, and was met with great friendship. Poe not having any suspicion of his design, the best in his house was furnished him. When the time to retire to sleep came he made a pallet on the floor for his Indian guest to sleep. He and his wife went to bed in the same room. Rohn-yen-ness said they both soon fell asleep. There being no person about the house but some children, this afforded him a fair opportunity to have executed his purpose; but the kindness they had shown him worked in his mind. He asked himself how he could get up and kill even an enemy that had taken him in and treated him so well—so much like a brother? The more he thought about it the worse he felt; but still, on the other hand, he was sent by his nation to avenge the death of two of its most valiant warriors; and their ghosts would not be appeased until the blood of Poe was shed. There, he said, he lay in this conflict of mind until about midnight. The duty he owed to his nation, and the spirits of his departed friends, aroused him. He seized his knife and tomahawk, and crept to the bedside of his sleeping host. Again the kindness he had received from Poe stared him in the face; and he said, it is mean, it is unworthy the character of an Indian warrior to kill even an enemy, who has so kindly treated him. He went back to his pallet and slept until morning.

His kind host loaded him with blessings, and told him that they were once enemies, but now they had buried the hatchet and were brothers, and hoped they would always be so. Rohn-yen-ness, overwhelmed with a sense of the generous treatment he had received from his once powerful enemy, but now his kind friend, left him to join his party.

He said the more he reflected on what he had done, and the course he had pursued, the more he was convinced that he had done right. This once revengeful savage warrior was overcome by the kindness of an evening, and all his plans frustrated.

This man became one of the most pious and devoted of the Indian converts. Although a chief, he was as humble as a child. He used his steady influence against the traders and their fire-water.—*Old Edition.*

The foregoing concludes our original account of the Indian mission. We extend this history with other matters of interest.

HISTORIC AND BIOGRAPHIC MISCELLANIES.

Wyandot Mission.

John Stewart, the first preacher among the Wyandots, found living with them a negro, Jonathan Pointer, who acted as his interpreter, as Stewart could not speak the Indian language. Pointer was an unbeliever, and did much to nullify the effect of Stewart's preaching by remarking after the translation of a sentence into the Wyandot tongue, "That's what the preacher says, but I don't believe it," etc. Notwithstanding this Stewart made many converts.

When Rev. James B. Finley came to the mission in 1821, he built a log-mission and school-house—the first Protestant mission in America.

In this mission house the Indian maidens were taught to cook, bake and sew, while outside, in field, at anvil and at bench, the young men learned the trades of civilization. Thus was started the first industrial school on the continent.

The number of converts continued to increase rapidly, and soon a special place of worship was needed. Through the aid of the government the stone mission church was built. It was finished late in 1824, and for nearly twenty years the Indians met for worship in it, and buried their dead within the shade of its sacred walls.

In 1842 a treaty was effected by which the Wyandot Indians were removed to a reservation west of the Mississippi, the United States government agreeing that the mission church and the ground around it containing the graves of its dead congregation should remain forever consecrated to the purpose for which it was

Old Mission Church, 1888.

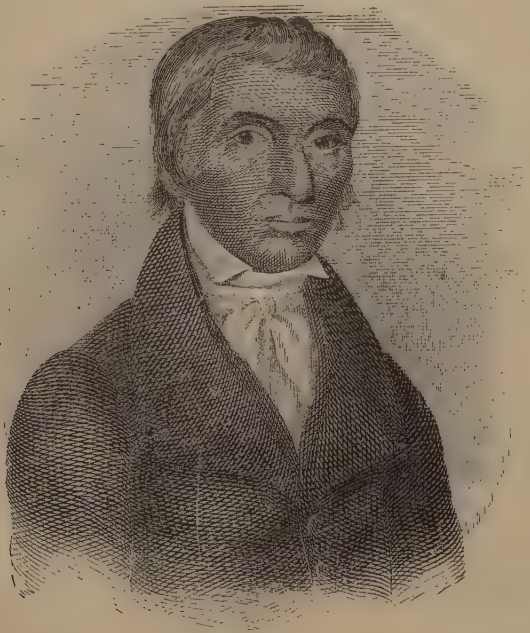
MOTHER SOLOMON.

originally designed. "In order, therefore," the agreement read, "that the object of the aforesaid reservation may be secured and carried out, we request that the Methodist Episcopal Church take possession thereof and appoint trustees over the same according to its rules and regulations."

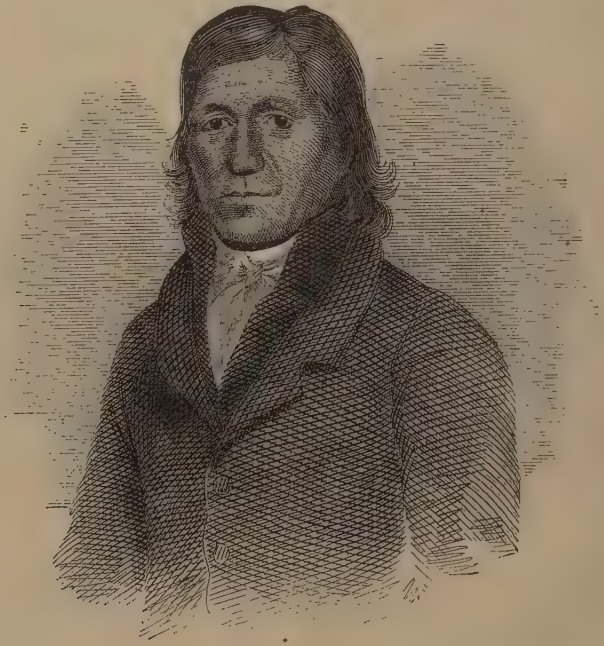
For a time after the Indians left, the church and graves were kept up, but they were soon forgotten, and the roof decayed and fell in, and the walls crumbled.

In 1888, however, the General Conference of the M. E. Church determined to make amends, and appropriated $2,000 to restore the church. Work was begun and finished in 1889. The church has been restored as nearly as possible to its original appearance.

Probably the most interested spectator on this occasion was an old woman who lived alone in an humble home north of Upper Sandusky, on the banks of the Indian's beloved Sandusky river. She was a full-blooded Wyandot Indian, the daughter of John Grey Eyes, a noted chief. She was born in 1816, and when in 1821 Rev. Finley opened his mission school, Margaret Grey Eyes was the first little maiden who was brought to be taught. When the Indians went west in 1843 she went with them, but some years ago, after her husband, John Solomon, died, she returned and bought the home where she lived quietly and alone. Of all the Indians who parted from their beloved church in 1843 she was the only



BETWEEN-THE-LOGS.
A Christian Wyandot preacher.



MONONCUE.
A Christian Wyandot preacher.

one who was present at its restoration, being the only one of the tribe living in Ohio—the last of the Wyandots.

Mother Solomon, as she was known in the vicinity of Upper Sandusky, died August 17, 1890.

Two of the Christian Indians of the Wyandot mission are deserving of special mention, Between-the-logs and Mononcue. The latter was a man of great native eloquence, and of great service to the mission as a local preacher, exerting much influence among the people of his tribe. He was a cheerful and ready worker, and a man of warm affections. Rev. J. B. Finley speaks of him as "my faithful Indian friend and brother."

Between-the-logs was born about the year 1780, his father a Seneca and his mother a Wyandot of the Bear tribe. He took part in battle with the Indians when they were defeated by General Wayne, became a chief in his tribe at an early age, and on account of his retentive memory and ability in discussion was constituted chief speaker of the nation.

He spent a year with the Shawnee prophet, Tecumseh's brother, and returning to his tribe convinced them that the prophet's pretensions were destitute of truth. He also detected the fallacy of the Seneca prophet's pretensions.

As head chief of the Wyandots in the Indian council at Brownstown, he rejected all overtures to join in war against the Americans. He and his warriors left the council and joined the American cause. When General Harrison invaded Canada, Between-the-logs, in company with a party of Wyandot chiefs and warriors, accompanied him.

After the war he settled permanently near Upper Sandusky. He became intemperate, and in a drunken fit killed his wife. When sober the horror of this deed caused him to measurably abandon the use of ardent spirits.

When Stewart, the colored missionary, went among the Wyandots Between-the-logs was the first man converted. He became a regularly appointed exhorter in the church, was a regular attendant upon the annual Ohio conference, at which he made some of the most eloquent and rational speeches delivered. Rev. James B. Finley, from whose "Autobiography" this sketch is derived, says of this Indian chief:

"Between-the-logs was rather above the common stature, broad and thin built, but otherwise well proportioned, with an open and manly countenance.

"Through his life he had to contend with strong passions, which through grace he happily overcame in the end. His memory was so tenacious that he retained every matter of importance, and related it, when necessary, with a minute correctness that was truly astonishing. And such were his natural abilities otherwise that, had he received a suitable education, few would have exceeded him either as a minister of the gospel or as a statesman or politician."

The Matthew Brayton Mystery.

In the fall of 1825 the disappearance of Matthew Brayton, a child of seven years, from the home of his parents in Crawford township, Wyandot county, aroused the sympathy and interest of the pioneers throughout a wide extent of territory.

William Brayton, Matthew's elder brother, had started with him in search of some stray cattle; after proceeding some two or three miles they were joined by Mr. Hart, a neighbor, and as the search promised to be a protracted one, Matthew was told to follow a path through the forest to Mr. Baker's house, some sixty rods distant, and there await his brother's return. At the close of day William Brayton called at Mr. Baker's residence, but found Matthew had not been there. He hastened to his home, informed his parents, and a hunting party set out at once to search for the missing boy. His tracks were traced for a little way along the path he had taken and then lost. All the next day the search continued, the

hunting party increasing in number as the story of the lost boy spread throughout the region, but the day closed, and no further trace of the boy found. The second day the woods were filled with searching parties that came in from all directions to show their sympathy and lend their aid to the distressed parents.

The Indian villages were examined, but the Wyandots not only expressed ignorance of the boy's movements but joined in the search with great zeal. It was learned from them, however, that a party of Canadian Indians had passed north on the day of the boy's disappearance, but they did not know whether the boy was with them or not.

The search continued for many days, the settlers for miles around participating, but nothing further could be learned of the boy, and the search was finally abandoned.

Years passed by and the story of the boy's disappearance became one of the unsolved mysteries of the past. The parents, however, never gave up hope of recovering their lost child: every vague rumor was followed up without avail, until, after a lapse of sixteen years, the mother died of a broken heart, in her last moments weeping for her lost child.

Thirty-four years after the boy's disappearance the Brayton family learned through a weekly newspaper of an Indian captive, then in Cleveland, who did not know his own name, but in his youth had been stolen by Canadian Indians from some place in northwestern Ohio, had been taken into Michigan, and after thirty-four years of captivity had returned to Ohio to find his parents.

William Brayton at once started to see the "captive." Previous to setting out he had been instructed by his father to look for two scars by which his brother might be identified—one on his head, and the other on his great toe of the right foot, resulting from the cut of an axe. The returned "captive" was examined and found to have these scars on his person just as represented by the father. Word was sent to the Brayton family that the long lost child had been found after many years, and was on his way home. The news spread throughout the region, and for many miles from his home multitudes of people gathered at the railroad stations to see the man whose experience had been so remarkable. Among them were many old men who had searched for the lost boy; aged mothers whose hearts had ached in sympathy for the bereaved parents; young men and maidens who had heard the story of the lost boy related by their parents at the fireside.

The meeting at the family home was extremely touching, but the season of rejoicing was of short duration, for it soon transpired that it was not the long lost son and brother returned, but the child of other parents, and no tidings of Matthew Brayton ever reached his family.

It was conclusively proven that the "captive" was William Todd, and he was restored to his parents in Michigan. At the outbreak of the rebellion he enlisted in the cavalry service, and died in Nashville, Tenn. The foregoing account is abridged from the Wyandot County History.

An Immigrant's Experiences.

The career of Mr. Pietro Cuneo, as given in the *Wyandot County Republican*, is such a striking, instructive example of the result of industrious perseverance in a high purpose and its possibilities under the institutions of American government, as contrasted with the conditions of life under foreign governments, that we are constrained to make a few extracts therefrom for the education of the youth of Ohio.

Mr. Cuneo was born in a small village near Genoa, Italy. He says:

Reports of America.—My father had heard good reports of America. A neighbor of his returned home with some money, and his enthusiastic accounts of what he saw here and opportunities for making something gave my father the American fever. He saw no hope

of ever improving his condition over there. Yes, the poor peasant is born in a rude and humble home, and there he must die. He cultivates his little hillside and fields of ground, eats his common coarse meal, admires the beauties with which nature has surrounded him, but no light of education enters his mind. There were then no rolling mills, factories or mechanical establishments to furnish him steady labor, or even to incite him to industry. He was born poor—poor and uneducated he must remain. Nature has done all she could for him, but he is the victim of cruel tyranny. I tell you, my friends, that it may be, and undoubtedly is, very pleasing to the eye, to behold the very elaborate terraced hillsides, and valleys decorated with grapevines, fig and olive trees, but to reside and make a living there is altogether a different thing.

Despotic Rule.—And what is still more unendurable is the stern fact of having to live under rulers who occupy their positions, not because of eminent merits, peculiar qualifications, or the voice of the people over whom they rule, but simply by the right of hereditary descent, a principle which originated in hell. Then, too, with the knowledge that those very despots are placed over you and your children for life. There is no alternative but to bow and submit. I wish you to think for a moment, and to imagine what feelings would creep over you, if you were now to be informed that you had no longer a voice in the making of your laws and the choice of your rulers. In this country the people are the rulers, and the officers mere hired servants. In Italy a public functionary will pass you with less respect than you would a cow. In this country he will stop to inquire as to the condition of your health, and that of your family, especially if he be a shrewd politician, with aspirations for re-election or promotion. He knows that, religiously and politically, you stand upon the infallible rock of equality, and he treats you accordingly. Here every citizen worships God as he pleases. If our public servants prove meritorious, we honor them by re-election; and if unworthy, we kick them out and repeal the bad laws they have enacted. In Italy, although a man may have the brains of an ignoramus, and the heart of a villain, yet if he be the son of a king he becomes heir to the throne; and he who is born poor, although endowed with the genius of a Shakspeare, and the wisdom of a Franklin, he must die as he was born, in obscurity.

Liberty and Equality.—But in this country, thanks be to God, the noble patriots who established this benign government, and the hosts of its living maimed defenders, the fact that a man may have been born in an humble cottage and followed the trade of a tanner, like General Grant; split rails, like Abraham Lincoln; drove a canal boat, like James A. Garfield; or taught school for a living, like Millard Fillmore, does not debar him from becoming the honored executive of the nation. Truly here are no distinctions but such as man's merits may originate. Here the temple of fame opens its portals alike to all. Still it is my experience, that whatever may be a man's surroundings, or the country where he resides, the novelty of all around him will wear off, and in turn he becomes the victim of despondency and discontentment. The peasant of Italy is ignorant, without ambition, and requires much less to satisfy him. Our own people are ambitious. This is right. A man without ambition is as worthless and powerless as an engine without steam. But the more we have the greater our desire for what we have not.

Appreciation of American Institutions.—We take up a poor boy, educate him, make a Governor of him, send him to Congress, and then, instead of feeling grateful, he will growl, and even abandon his benefactors, because they don't keep him there for life, or elect him to the Presidency. The Italian peasant feels thankful and happy when he has health, sufficient to eat and work; but we keep up the perpetual cry of "hard times," because we haven't thousands of bushels of wheat to sell and piles of greenbacks in the bank. And when we have plenty of wheat we are not happy, because the price is too low. Now, my kind reader, when you are disposed to despond, when business is dull, don't fret because you aint in California, digging up nuggets of gold; but remember how transcendentally superior is your lot when compared with the condition of the peasants of Italy, and the millions of the poor and oppressed of other lands. He who fails to find a reasonable degree of happiness in America is truly to be pitied, for I don't know where he can go to better his condition. It has often seemed to me that the American people do not appreciate their institutions and privileges as they should. I will not say that I prize and enjoy them better than they, but I do say, most emphatically, that I appreciate them far better than if I had not gone through what I have related in these chats.

Sails for America.—On March 6, 1849, Pietro, then thirteen years of age, accompanied his father to Genoa, from which city they were to sail for America.

"In sixty days from the time we sailed we reached New York city. There were about one hundred passengers on that little ship. We were packed below like criminals, and our situation, especially during the prevalence of sea-sickness, can be better imagined than described."

An Organ Grinder.—"When I arrived in New York I could not understand

a solitary word of the English language, had no trade, and could not read nor write my own name in any language. What to do was the question. Father was advised to start me out with an organ. He accordingly rented one. I shouldered it, and went to that part of the city then called 'Five Points.' I rested the organ on a cane and proceeded to turn the crank. I gathered a few pennies, but soon found that I could not carry it. It was different from those we occasionally see on our streets. It had a top to it in which were figures that danced to the tunes played. It was too heavy for me, and so father had to return it to the owner. I have mentioned this to some kind friends, and it got to the ears of some Democratic editors, and when they got displeased at me they called me 'the organ grinder.' I am guilty, and the worst of it is that I did not make a success of it. I gave them the best tunes that the internal machinery of the box and diligently turning of the crank would afford, took such pennies, and they were few, passers-by saw fit to give me. If I had been three or four years older I think I would have made it go. I would have added a monkey to the business after a while. I had the will but not the strength so I made a failure of it. And I tell you I was discouraged and home-sick."

A Farm Laborer.—From New York he went to Philadelphia, and then worked on a farm in Milford, Del., receiving three dollars per month and board. In about two years, on account of sickness, his father was compelled to return to Italy, expecting Pietro to follow, but the latter had begun to master the difficulties of the English language, and decided to remain in America. For the next four years he drifted from farm to farm in the vicinity of Philadelphia. In 1852, while working on the farm of Mr. Starn near Camden, N. J., he was urged by his friends and fellow-laborers to go to school and learn to read and write.

"Mr. Starn told me that if I wanted to go to school he would board me for what work I could do about the farm night and morning, or, if I wanted to work steadily, he would give me three dollars per month. I accepted the latter offer, and promised to try and learn at home in the evenings. The teacher was boarding in the family of Mr. Starn, and offered to teach me; so I purchased a spelling book and tried a few evenings, but soon became utterly discouraged, and gave the book to a little daughter of Mr. Samuel Ross."

A year later, at the age of seventeen, he again tried to get the rudiments of an education, and took his first lesson in learning the alphabet.

Learning to Read and Write.—"I tried hard to learn, and the teacher and pupils took particular pains to assist me. The teacher, Wm. Snowden, I think, was his name, and the pupils, were very kind to me. He became interested in my welfare, and soon after I began the term he invited me to stand by his side one noon, while he was eating dinner, and spell words on the book, which he helped me to pronounce. The next day I did not go up. The second day he invited me again. I went up, and he asked me why I did not go up the day before. I told him that I did not know that he wanted me to do so. He then explained that he was willing to hear me every noon. I was only too glad to accept. So, after that, every noon, for the balance of the winter, I stood by his side and spelled a lesson while he was eating his dinner. It was no trouble to him, but a great favor to me. He was one of God's noblest men. On taking my leave of school I asked my teacher to sell me a copy of 'Swann's Instructive Reader,' of which he had several 'second-hand' copies. 'Why,' said he, 'what do you want with it? you can't read it.' 'Well,' said I, 'I will keep it till I can.' He said I could have a copy for 12½ cents. I took him up and honored my promise, as I kept the book, read, and have it yet. I was determined to make a useful man of myself if possible, and decided to work hard during the spring, summer and fall of each year, and attend school during the three winter months till I arrived at the age of twenty-one. I had heard good reports of Pennsylvania, and in the fall came to Coatesville, Chester county, of that State."

"*What Does United States Mean?*"—During the next two winters he began to study arithmetic and geography. "After a while I came to the map of the 'United States,' and the question in my mind was, What does that mean? I knew I was in America, but I could not understand what the words 'United' and 'States' meant, and I am free to confess I never thoroughly understood their meaning till after I studied 'Young's Science of Government,' 'De Tocqueville's American Institutions,' the history of American Colonies and the War for American Independence. One great obstacle in the way of my progress was the fact that I did not comprehend the meaning of so many words. In studying arithmetic I labored under peculiar difficulties, as I could not understand the rules. Well, I purchased a small pocket dictionary, but here I met with new and unexpected difficulties, for when I resorted to it I was as much at a loss to un-

derstand the definitions as the words themselves. When I read a book or paper I found so many strange words that I could hardly get any sense of the subject. I finally resorted to this practice: When I found strange words I wrote them on a slip of paper, and, after I was through reading, would examine the dictionary and write the definition opposite the word, and carried it in my pocket. When at my work I would reflect over what I had read; and if I could not remember the words or their meaning I would pull the slip from my pocket and read it. To learn to pronounce the words was another great task, and one which I never expected to master."

Wants to be an Editor.—In September, 1856, Mr. Cuneo came to Canton, Ohio, worked in the shops of Auitman & Co., carrying lumber and doing other manual labor at seventy-seven cents a day. He worked for this firm for the next nine years, excepting during certain intervals when he worked on a farm for his board while attending school. He gradually mastered, with great difficulty, one after another of the different branches taught in the public schools until he received notice of his promotion to the high school. From time to time he purchased standard books until he had the nucleus of a library, and in the fall of 1858 taught in a school where he had formerly been a pupil. Through reading the "Life and Essays of Benjamin Franklin" he was stimulated with a desire to become a newspaper editor, and entered the office of the Stark County *Republican* as a printer's "devil" at the age of twenty-two. About five months later his parents arrived in Canton, and as he could render them and his sisters no assistance while an apprentice in a printing office he was obliged to return to work in the shops of Aultman & Co. In the fall of 1865, still ambitious to become an editor, he purchased with his savings a half interest in the Medina *Gazette*. In September, 1866, he sold out this interest and purchased the Wyandot *Pioneer*, of Upper Sandusky. He changed its name to the Wyandot County *Republican* in 1869, and has been its sole editor and proprietor ever since.

In concluding the sketch of his career Mr. Cuneo says:

Mean Fun.—During the several years I worked in the machine shops I carried books in my pocket, and when I arrived at the shops a few minutes before the time to commence work I would seize the books and study them. Sometimes, when deeply absorbed over those books, some of the shop fellows would throw iron turnings on me, which would come down like vigorous hail. But when I looked to learn who threw them, no one was to be seen—that is, the guilty fellow was not visible. It was very annoying and unkind to me, but great fun for the boys.

When working on the farm I kept a book in the barn, and while the horses ate I read. Thus I gathered a little here and a little there, which has been a great help to me.

Poor Boy's Opportunities.—I had now acquired such a thirst for knowledge, that when I heard of a book, the study of which I thought would assist me, I resolved to have it if it took the very last cent. As I continued my readings I found that the great philosopher, Benjamin Franklin, was once a poor printer boy; the statesman, Roger Sherman, was a shoemaker; William Wirt was left a poor orphan boy at eight years of age. In fact I found that a large number of those who have contributed so much to the lustre of our nationality and the glory of our institutions began their careers in obscurity and poverty.

Then, too, as I looked among the living, I saw men everywhere, who were once poor, in the possession of wealth and stations of honor. This encouraged me, for the idea of poor boys becoming rich was new to me, as I never saw such instances in Italy. The experience of others taught me the fact that, in most every community, in this country, the men and women who have made honorable reputations, and achieved success in business and mental culture, began in humble circumstances, often at the very bottom of the ladder. Yes, in the old country, men boast of having royal blood flowing in their veins, but in this country we often point with pride to an humble log-house—which we did not own, but paid rent for the privilege of living in it—as our starting point. True, indeed, that "Westward the star of empire takes its way," and equally true, that the heart of the honest, ambitious American lad looks *upward* and *onward*, in the direction of an honorable career which is within the reach of every boy gifted with common sense, integrity, grit and laudable ambition.

Pleasure in Work.—In conclusion, and in all candor, allow me to assure you, reader, that I see nothing in the story of my humble experience to boast about. Indeed, I have never thought and have no intentions of applying for a patent for anything recorded above. I claim no merits for myself, have done nothing that any ordinary boy may not do. Every boy, born in this country, has at once the advantage of learning our language from his mother's lips, and entering the school door at the age of six years. I had a harder struggle to learn what little I know, of the English language, than most of our boys have in acquiring a practical common school education. In fact, with me, progress in the way of acquiring knowledge and property has always seemed slow, hard work, uphill. But there is a pleasure in diligent study, persistent industry and practical management. I wish I could impress upon the minds of my young readers that we are most happy when we are busy, engaged in accomplishing something useful. The writing of this long article has been a pleasing task to me.

Gratitude for American Institutions.—But may I not hope that the perusal of this simple narration of facts will cheer the hearts of some lads, who are depressed, and whose future seems gloomy, as mine did. Oh, no, I

shall not boast, for the long weary years, the heart-aches and gloomy future of my boyhood and young manhood are far more vividly impressed upon my mind and heart than any joy I ever experienced. No, I claim no merits for myself, but attribute what little success may have attended my efforts to the free, common schools of our glorious country, and have thus briefly related my experience, since arriving in America, for the purpose of demonstrating to our young men that they are surrounded by golden opportunities, which, if properly improved, will enable them in due time to reap a pleasurable harvest. I close with words and sentiments that I penned a little over eighteen years ago, and which are as warm in my heart now as they were then: "The gratitude I bear toward those who urged me to go to school, and gave me an opportunity to do so; to the teachers and this benign government, which opened the schoolroom doors to me, shall only fade away when my heart shall beat no more. God grant that this, my adopted country, this beloved land, this paradise for men on earth, this asylum for the oppressed of all countries, this Union of States and of hearts, may be as lasting and indestructible as Time."

WYANDOT EXECUTION.

The following account of the execution for murder of a Wyandot Indian has been written for this work by Dr. A. W. Munson, of Kenton, O., an eye-witness of the execution, under date of Kenton, O., January 3, 1891, and directed to Henry Howe:

In compliance with a promise made you on your visit to this city a few years ago I send the following account of the incidents leading to and connected with the last Wyandot Indian execution which took place at Upper Sandusky in October, 1840. For many years previous to the time here spoken of, owing to Christian influence, the Wyandot nation had been divided into two parties, one known as the Christian, the other as the Heathen party.

Many of the Indians, being very fond of drink, would become intoxicated whenever they could obtain whiskey, and when intoxicated were troublesome and difficult to control. In consequence of this, the United States officers at the Agency had issued an order prohibiting persons settling on the reservation from selling or giving to any Indian any intoxicating liquors.

There being no law preventing persons living outside the reservation from keeping and selling liquor to any person, a number of small villages outside were liberally supplied with liquor vendors, from whom the Indians could obtain all they wanted. It was in one of these villages that a party of Indians in September, 1840, congregated, many of whom became intoxicated and engaged in numerous contentions. Among those present were two who were parties to the tragedy about to be described.

The Murder.—One old man, a half-brother to a prominent half-breed named John Barnet, belonged to the Christian party, and although he had indulged in frequent potations, was but slightly intoxicated; the other, a young man, the son of a noted chief known as "Black Chief," was a rude and turbulent fellow, and had become greatly intoxicated during the day. Late in the afternoon, the former having procured a jug of whiskey started to go home, when the latter joined him. Their route was along a trail through the thick woods. Soon after entering the forest the young Indian wanted the old man to give him some whiskey, and when refused became enraged and seizing a bludgeon dealt the old man a murderous blow on the head, felling him to the ground, and following up his murderous blows crushed the head of the prostrate victim, killing him on the spot.

The Arrest and Trial.—Soon thereafter a body of Indians going along the trail came upon the dead body of the victim, and passing a short distance farther found the murderer, still drunk, and lying upon the ground fast asleep, while the jug sat near by. This party seized the drunken Indian, and, binding his arms, conveyed him, together with the dead body, to Upper Sandusky, and lodged the former in the little Indian jail for safekeeping. The news of the tragedy created great excitement in the nation, and soon the executive council ordered an examination, whereupon the prisoner was taken before that tribunal, and after examining into the particulars found him guilty of murder while in a state of intoxication, and sentenced him to perpetual banishment and the confiscation of all his property.

This disposition of the case caused great dissatisfaction among the nation, especially among the Christian party, and a demand was made for a reversal of the decree, and the culprit to be tried by the highest tribunal, viz., a trial before the assembled nation, acting as a jury, to decide by ballot the question of life or death.

Before the Grand Tribunal.—The decree

of the chiefs was set aside, the accused brought before the grand tribunal, and, after a full investigation of the case, the question, "Shall the prisoner suffer death or be permitted to live?" was decided by a vote of all persons entitled to vote (all male persons over twenty-one years of age). The vote resulted in an overwhelming majority in favor of death. The prisoner was thereupon sentenced to be shot to death, and the third Friday thereafter selected as the day. The place of execution was to be the Sandusky bottoms, adjoining the village of Upper Sandusky.

The Indian Jail.—It was early in the morning of the Friday designated for the execution that I set off on horseback to make a journey of twenty miles to witness the proceedings. I arrived at the village about nine in the morning, and found a considerable number of both whites and Indians of both sexes already in the village. The prisoner was confined in the jail, which was a hewed log structure standing upon a high bluff a short distance northeast from the council-house, which stood on a lot used as an Indian graveyard, and enclosed by a rude fence. Evidences of that graveyard may yet be seen. The jail building was about 14x18 feet and

THE INDIAN JAIL.

two stories high, standing with the ends pointing north and south, and overlooking the Sandusky bottoms to the south and east. The lower story consisted of one room about eight feet high, supplied with one small window in the south end, from which a fair view of the bottoms could be had. The entrance was near the northwest corner; the outer door was a thick, heavy plank batten, and the inner door an iron grated one. These doors were so arranged that the outer one could be opened, and afford an opportunity for outside persons to converse with the prisoner, while the inner grated door, being securely fastened, prevented any escape.

The lower floor, as indeed the upper one, was made of hewed logs about eight or ten inches thick.

The upper room was of the same dimensions as the lower, with a window in the south end and an entrance at the north end, provided with two doors, situated and arranged as in the room below. The roof projected over the north end some six or eight feet, thus affording a kind of porch. The upper room was reached by an outside stairway, which commenced at the northwest corner and extended up to the platform at the door to the upper apartment. This building was erected soon after the establishment of the government agency, and stood as a pioneer relic until a few years ago, when the vandal hands of progress demolished it, and nothing now remains to mark the place where it stood.

The Executive Council.—Upon my arrival I was informed that the prisoner could be seen at the jail, and that the execution would not take place until afternoon, as the executive council was then in session in the council-house, probably arranging the details of procedure.

It was also rumored that an effort on the part of friends of the prisoner was being made to have the sentence suspended and the prisoner turned over to the State authorities to be tried by the laws of the State, and that the question was being considered by the council. However, preparations for the execution were going on; the grave was being dug by a party of Indians. The site of the grave was in the Sandusky bottom,

about forty-six rods west from the river and at a point about thirty yards north from the present embankment of the P. Ft. W. & C. R. R., which was also where the execution was to take place.

A Talk With the Prisoner.—I visited the jail for the purpose of seeing the prisoner, and, if possible, to have a talk with him. I found, upon arriving at the jail, quite a number of visitors, actuated by the same motive, already there. The outer door was open, and an old negro interpreter named Jonathan Pointer was seated by the door ready to give any information in his power, or to ask the prisoner any questions desired and interpret the answer. This old negro was taken captive by the Indians when a child, had grown to manhood and to old age (he was then about sixty years old) among them. He had learned to speak their dialect, as also the English language, and was the principal interpreter for the nation.

The prisoner was a stout, muscular young man, apparently about twenty-two years old, brave and sullen as a lion. I conversed with him some by means of the interpreter Jonathan. He had but little to say, answering my questions in the shortest manner possible. He was very uneasy, continually pacing around his prison, frequently stopping for a moment at the little window to gaze away in the direction of his grave-diggers, who were plainly visible at their work. After standing and gazing thus for a few moments he would turn suddenly away, and resume his uneasy walking around his prison like a hyena in his cage.

Preparing for the Execution.—The chiefs of the nation were closely shut in the council-house from early morn until late in the afternoon, when, having arranged the execution, which was to be conducted in true Indian military style, came out and gave orders to proceed with the execution. The executioners were six in number, secretly selected, three from the Christian and three from the heathen party. They were each at the proper time to be furnished with a loaded rifle, five of which were to contain powder and ball, and one to contain only powder. None of these were to know which had the rifle with the blank charge.

As before stated the execution was to take place at the grave. Accordingly, about 4 P. M., the spectators were arranged in two parallel lines, about fifteen yards apart, extending from the grave northward to a point about twenty rods from the grave, at which point the executioners were to be stationed. The Indian spectators were upon the west side of the line, while the whites occupied the east side. There were many more whites than Indians, consequently a better chance of witnessing the proceeding was enjoyed by those on the Indian side. It was my fortune to occupy a position among the Indians, within a few feet of the grave.

The Prisoner Brought Forth.—Orders were given to bring the prisoner to the place of execution, and four braves, with rope in hand, approached the jail, two of whom entered and bound the prisoner securely by passing the rope twice around his body over his arms, which were securely fastened to his sides. He was now directed to pass out, each guard holding opposite ends of the rope. Once out of the prison the march to the place of execution commenced, the prisoner marching between the guards, two on either side, holding firmly the rope that bound him.

The route taken was along an old trail past the graveyard and council-house before spoken of, down to the river bottom at the southeast part of the village to the grave—a distance of about a mile. I accompanied this march and watched the prisoner closely, who marched the whole distance without a falter, and apparently as firm and steady as though nothing unusual was in waiting. Soon after the arrival of the prisoner, and while he was standing at the foot of his grave, Chief William Walker, one of the principal men of the nation, a good scholar and grand orator, advanced along the open space between the two lines of spectators to a point about twenty feet from the prisoner, and directly fronting him, proceeded in a loud and clear voice to read the death warrant. This was done first in the Wyandot dialect, and then in the English language. This document was a model one, couched in the finest language, and clear and pointed in every detail; one that would do honor to the most learned judiciary of any civilized nation. It recited the circumstances under which the crime had been committed, the details of the trial, how the prisoner had been tried by two tribunals, and had been found guilty by the highest one known to the nation, and sentenced to suffer death.

Stoicism of the Prisoner.—The most perfect silence prevailed among the entire audience during the reading. The prisoner, standing erect and gazing away into space, seemed perfectly unconcerned about what was passing. During the time these proceedings were taking place, his coffin, a rude box, was brought and placed beside his grave. He simply turned his head and took a look at it for a moment, and then, without apparently any emotion, resumed his vacant stare into space. He did not utter a word or make a noise of any kind during this whole performance. After concluding the reading of the death warrant he was asked by Chief Walker if he had anything to say. He simply shook his head, at which Walker, moving away, gave a signal to the guards.

The Death.—One of the guards now advanced and requested the prisoner to kneel at the foot of his grave, which he did without any emotion. The guard then bound a handkerchief over his eyes. The prisoner, after kneeling, raised his head, and, holding himself erect, remained motionless as a statue. The executioners had previously been secreted behind a cluster of willows standing a few rods east from the line of spectators; and as soon as the prisoner had been blindfolded they emerged stealthily in single file, and,

marching directly to the head of the open space between the lines of spectators, took their position, when an officer, detailed for the purpose, advanced and handed each man his rifle, and stepping aside, another officer stepped to the front and to the east, with rod in hand, and raised it up, at which the executioners raised their rifles to take aim; the officer dropped his rod, and the six rifles were fired simultaneously—not a word was spoken.

Upon the report of the rifles the prisoner instantly fell forward and to the right, and did not make a single motion or utter a sound. Dr. Mason, a physician at the agency, stepped forward, and after a short examination pronounced him dead. The body was now put into the coffin and the lid nailed on, and the whole was lowered into the grave and covered. Thus ended the last Indian execution among the Wyandots at Upper Sandusky.

This tribe left their reservation about three years thereafter, and settled in the then Territory of Kansas.

Intemperance was the great curse of the Indians, and one often reads the expression of "tying up an Indian" when wild and dangerous from intoxication. This means tying his elbows together behind his back and his ankles together, and then laying him on the ground until he becomes sober.

Charles Dickens at Upper Sandusky.

In 1842, four years before my own visit to Upper Sandusky, Charles Dickens passed through the place, tarrying over night at a log-tavern. He had come in a stage coach from Columbus, and was *en route* to Sandusky City, where he took a steamer for Buffalo. In his "American Notes," after describing the roughness of the travelling by stage coach, the painful experience of jolting over corduroy roads, and through forests, bogs and swamps, the team forcing its way cork-screw fashion, he says:

At length, between ten and eleven o'clock at night, a few feeble lights appeared in the distance, and Upper Sandusky, an Indian village, where we were to stay till morning, lay before us. They were gone to bed at the log-inn, which was the only house of entertainment in the place, but soon answered our knocking, and got some tea for us in a sort of kitchen or common room, tapestried with old newspapers pasted against the wall. The bedchamber to which my wife and I were shown was a large, low, ghostly room, with a quantity of withered branches on the hearth, and two doors without any fastening, opposite to each other, both opening on the black night and wild country, and so contrived that one of them always blew the other open; a novelty in domestic architecture which I do not remember to have seen before, and which I was somewhat disconcerted to have forced on my attention after getting into bed, as I had a considerable sum in gold for our travelling expenses in my dressing-case. Some of the luggage, however, piled against the panels soon settled this difficulty, and my sleep would not have been very much affected that night, I believe, though it had failed to do so.

My Boston friend climbed up to bed somewhere in the roof, where another guest was already snoring hugely. But being bitten beyond his power of endurance he turned out again, and fled for shelter to the coach, which was airing itself in front of the house. This was not a very politic step as it turned out, for the pigs scenting him, and looking upon the coach as a kind of pie with some manner of meat inside, grunted round it so hideously that he was afraid to come out again, and lay there shivering till morning. Nor was it possible to warm him, when he did come out, by means of a glass of brandy; for in Indian villages the legislature, with a very good and wise intention, forbids the sale of spirits by tavern-keepers. The precaution, however, is quite inefficacious, for the Indian never fails to procure liquor of a worse kind at a dearer price from travelling peddlers.

It is a settlement of Wyandot Indians who inhabit this place. Among the company was a mild old gentleman (Col. John Johnston), who had been for many years employed by the United States government in conducting negotiations with the Indians, and who had just concluded a treaty with these people by which they bound themselves, in consideration of a certain annual sum, to remove next year to some land provided for them west of the Mississippi and a little way beyond St. Louis. He gave me a moving account of their strong attachment to the familiar scenes of their infancy, and in particular to the burial places of their kindred, and of their great reluctance to leave them.

He had witnessed many such removals, and always with pain, though he knew that they departed for their own good. The question whether this tribe should go or stay had been discussed among them a day or two before in a hut erected for the purpose, the logs of which still lay upon the ground before the inn. When the speaking was done the ayes and noes were ranged on opposite sides, and every male adult voted in his turn. The moment the result was known the minority (a large one) cheerfully yielded to the rest, and withdrew all kind of opposition.

We met some of these poor Indians afterward riding on shaggy ponies. They were so like the meaner sort of gypsies that if I could have seen any of them in England I should have concluded, as a matter of course, that they belonged to that wandering and restless people.

CAREY is ten miles northwest of Upper Sandusky, on the I. B. & W., C. H. V. & T. and C. & W. Railroads. It was founded in 1844 by McDonald Carey and D. Strow, who are yet heavy real estate owners. City Officers, 1888: J. H. Rhodes, mayor; E. G. Laughlin, clerk; J. B. Conrad, treasurer; Charles Buckland, marshal; Albert Hart, street commissioner. Newspapers: *Wyandot County Times*, Independent, W. N. Fisher, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Catholic, 1 United Brethren, 1 Methodist, 1 Lutheran, and 1 Evangelical. Bank: People's, D. Straw, president; D. H. Straw, cashier. Population, in 1890, 1,605. School census, 1888, 436; R. H. Morrison, school superintendent. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, $83,500. Value of annual product, $270,500.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

Carey is a flourishing little town, is lighted and warmed by gas. It is in a rich agricultural country in a gas and oil producing region.

NEVADA is eight miles east of Upper Sandusky, on the P. Ft. W. & C. R. R. Newspaper: *Enterprise*, Independent, Wilcox & Holmes, editors and publishers. Bank: Nevada Deposit, William L. Blair, president; J. A. Williams, assistant cashier. Population in 1880, 1,036. School census, 1888, 279; George Rossiter, school superintendent.

SYCAMORE is eleven miles northeast of Upper Sandusky, on the O. C. R. R. Newspaper: *Observer*, Republican, F. Ladd, editor and publisher. School census, 1888, 205; H. P. Tracey, school superintendent.

MARSEILLES is twelve miles southwest of Upper Sandusky. Population in 1880, 273.

KIRBY is eight miles west of Upper Sandusky, on the P. Ft. W. & C. R. R. Population in 1880, 294.

WHARTON is eight miles northwest of Upper Sandusky, on the I. B. & W. R. School census, 1888, 176

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COUNTIES, CITIES, VILLAGES.

VOL. I.—COUNTIES.

Distance in Miles and Direction from Columbus	Census, 1890.	Census, 1880.	Square miles.
Adams, 84 S.	26,093	24,005	488
Allen, 78 N. W.	40,644	31,314	447
Ashland, 74 N. E.	22,223	23,883	437
Ashtabula, 166 N. E.	43,655	37,139	700
Athens, 65 S. E.	35,194	28,411	485
Auglaize, 75 N. W.	28,100	25,444	398
Belmont, 111 E.	57,413	49,638	520
Brown, 87 S.	29,899	32,911	460
Butler, 90 S. W.	48,597	42,579	475
Carroll, 110 N. E.	17,566	16,416	401
Champaign, 40 W.	26,980	27,817	447
Clark, 41 W.	52,277	41,948	393
Clermont, 86 S. W.	33,553	36,713	496
Clinton, 56 S. W.	24,240	24,756	384
Columbiana, 123 N. E.	59,029	48,602	538
Coshocton, 64 E.	26,703	26,642	550
Crawford, 59 N.	31,927	30,583	393
Cuyahoga, 126 N. E.	309,970	196,943	480
Darke, 85 W.	42,961	40,496	600
Defiance, 106 N. W.	25,769	22,515	414
Delaware, 23 N.	27,189	27,381	452
Erie, 97 N.	35,462	32,640	260
Fairfield, 28 S. E.	33,939	34,284	474
Fayette, 256 W.	22,309	20,364	398
Franklin	124,087	86,797	524
Fulton, 124 N. W.	22,023	21,053	402
Gallia, 91 S. E.	27,005	28,124	441
Geauga, 144 N. E.	13,489	14,251	400
Greene, 51 S. W.	29,820	31,349	416
Guernsey, 75 E.	28,645	27,197	517

VOL. II.—COUNTIES.

Hamilton, 90 S. W.	374,573	313,374	400
Hancock, 79 N. W.	42,563	27,784	522
Hardin, 57 N. W.	28,939	27,023	425
Harrison, 107 E.	20,830	20,456	405
Henry, 105 N. W.	25,080	20,585	420
Highland, 60 S.	29,048	30,281	527
Hocking, 45 S. E.	22,658	21,126	408
Holmes, 70 N. E.	21,139	20,776	436
Huron, 89 N.	31,949	31,609	480
Jackson, 67 S.	28,408	23,686	392
Jefferson, 126 E.	39,415	33,018	435
Knox, 40 N. E.	27,600	27,431	527
Lake, 150 N. E.	18,235	16,326	240
Lawrence, 100 S.	39,556	39,068	430
Licking, 33 E.	43,279	40,450	685
Logan, 43 N. W.	27,386	26,267	448
Lorain, 145 N.	40,295	35,526	530
Lucas, 117 N.	102,296	67,377	430
Madison, 23 W.	20,057	20,129	465
Mahoning, 144 N. E.	55,979	42,871	422
Marion, 42 N.	24,727	20,565	416
Medina, 100 N. E.	21,742	21,453	420
Meigs, 82 S. E.	29,813	32,325	415
Mercer, 91 W.	27,220	21,808	460
Miami, 63 W.	39,754	36,158	396
Monroe, 100 E.	25,175	26,496	468
Montgomery, 63 W.	100,852	78,550	480
Morgan, 65 S. E.	19,143	20,074	400
Morrow, 40 N.	18,120	19,072	432
Muskingum, 53 E.	51,210	49,774	651
Noble, 78 E.	20,753	21,138	415

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VOL. III.—COUNTIES.

Distance in Miles and Direction from Columbus.	Census, 1890.	Census, 1880.	Square miles.
Ottawa, 105 N	21,974	19,762	311
Paulding, 115 N. W	25,932	13,485	414
Perry, 46 E	31,151	28,218	402
Pickaway, 26 S	26,959	27,415	501
Pike, 68 S	17,482	17,927	436
Portage, 122 N. E	27,868	27,500	480
Preble, 105 W	23,421	24,533	432
Putnam, 90 N. W	30,188	23,713	480
Richland, 60 N	38,072	36,306	487
Ross, 44 S	39,454	40,307	658
Sandusky, 73 N	30,617	32,057	418
Scioto, 85 S	35,377	33,511	613
Seneca, 78 N	40,869	36,947	544
Shelby, 64 W	24,707	24,137	420
Stark, 102 N. E	84,170	64,031	560
Summit, 109 N. E	54,089	43,788	391
Trumbull, 142	42,373	44,880	625
Tuscarawas, 90 N. E	46,618	40,198	539
Union, 26 N. W	22,860	22,375	427
Van Wert, 102 N. W	29,671	23,028	405
Vinton, 57 S. E	16,045	17,223	402
Warren, 72 S. W	25,468	28,392	428
Washington, 90 S. E	42,380	43,244	635
Wayne, 80 N. E	39,005	40,076	540
Williams, 140 N. W	24,897	23,821	415
Wood, 102 N. W	44,392	34,022	623
Wyandot, 60 N	21,722	22,395	404

The summary by counties gives the census of Ohio for 1890 3,672,316; for 1880 at 3,198,062; increase, 508,315; and square miles 40,760.

CITIES AND VILLAGES.

Cities and Villages.	Counties in which Located, with Volume and Page.	Census. 1890.	Census. 1880.
A			
Ada	Hardin	1, 885	2,079	1,760
Aberdeen	Brown	1, 341	874	885
Addison	Champaign	1, 388	513	
Akron	Summit	2, 631	27,601	16,512
Alliance	Stark	2, 621	7,607	4,636
Ansonia	Darke	1, 539	676	
Antwerp	Paulding	2, 381	1,331	1,275
Arcanum	Darke	1, 538	1,134	778
Archbold	Fulton	1, 062	780	635
Ashland	Ashland	1, 251	3,566	3,004
Ashley	Delaware	1, 503	628	483
Ashtabula	Ashtabula	1, 272	8,338	4,445
Athens	Athens	1, 286	2,620	2,457
Attica	Seneca	2, 592	682	663
Auburndale	Lucas		1,609	
Avondale	Hamilton	863	4,473	2,552
B				
Baltimore	Fairfield	1, 601	505	489
Barnhill	Tuscarawas		949	
Barnesville	Belmont	1, 324	3,207	2,435
Batavia	Clermont	1, 402	988	1,015
Beallsville	Monroe	2, 269	512	391
Bedford	Cuyahoga	1, 528	1,043	766
Bellaire	Belmont	1, 320	9,934	8,025
Belle Centre	Logan	2, 117	527	434
Bellefontaine	Logan	2, 104	4,245	3,998
Bellevue	Huron	1, 948	3,052	2,169
Bellville	Richland	3, 162	941	971

Cities and Villages.	Counties in which Located, with Volume and Page.	Census. 1890.	Census. 1880.
B			
Belpre	Washington 2, 493	1,543	.....
Berea	Cuyahoga 1, 525	2,533	1,683
Berlin Heights	Erie 1, 941	517	.....
Bethel	Clermont 1, 414	625	582
Bettsville	Seneca 2, 592	513	.....
Beverly	Washington 2, 829	784	834
Blanchester	Clinton 1, 434	1,196	776
Bloomdale	Wood	560	.....
Bloomingburg	Fayette 1, 608	638	526
Bloomville	Seneca 2, 592	758	689
Bluffton	Allen 1, 250	1,290	1,290
Bolivar	Tuscarawas 2, 703	724	.....
Bond Hill	Hamilton	1,000	.....
Bowling Green	Wood 2, 879	3,521	1,539
Bridgeport	Belmont 1, 313	3,369	2,395
Brooklyn	Cuyahoga	4,881	1,295
Brookville	Montgomery 2, 299	618	574
Bryan	Williams 2, 846	3,068	2,952
Bucyrus	Crawford 1, 483	5,974	3,835
Byesville	Guernsey 1, 737	789	.....
C			
Cadiz	Harrison 1, 888	1,716	1,817
Caledonia	Marion 2, 198	685	627
Caldwell	Noble 2, 347	1,248	602
Cambridge	Guernsey 1, 728	4,361	2,883
Camden	Preble 3, 131	846	800
Camp Dennison	Hamilton 1, 866	584	.....
Canal Dover	Tuscarawas 2, 700	3,373	2,208
Canal Fulton	Stark 2, 624	837	1,196
Canal Winchester	Franklin 1, 660	782	850
Canfield	Mahoning 2, 187	675	650
Canton	Stark 2, 612	26,189	12,258
Cardington	Morrow 2, 320	1,428	1,365
Carey	Wyandot 2, 911	1,605	1,148
Carroll	Fairfield 1, 601	739	288
Carrollton	Carroll 1, 360	1,228	1,136
Carthage	Hamilton 1, 865	2,059	.....
Cedarville	Greene 1, 725	1,355	1,181
Celina	Mercer 2, 236	2,684	1,346
Centreburg	Knox 1, 992	588	400
Chagrin Falls	Cuyahoga 1, 526	1,444	1,211
Chardon	Geauga 1, 689	1 084	1,081
Chicago	Huron 1, 949	1,299	.....
Chillicothe	Ross 2, 495	11,288	10,938
Cincinnati	Hamilton 1, 789	296,908	255,139
Circleville	Pickaway 2, 411	6,556	6,046
Clarington	Monroe 2, 269	739	915
Cleveland	Cuyahoga 1, 497	261.353	160,146
Clifton	Hamilton 1, 864	1,575	.....
Clyde	Sandusky 2, 556	2 327	2,380
Coalton	Jackson 1, 959	1,459	.....
College Hill	Hamilton 1, 865	1,346	740
Columbiana	Columbiana 1, 465	1,112	1,223
Columbus	Franklin 1, 614	88,150	51,647
Columbus Grove	Putnam 2, 473	1,666	1,392
Conneaut	Ashtabula 1, 263	3,241	1,256
Convoy	Van Wert 2, 730	500	386
Corning	Perry 2, 399	1,551	.....
Cortland	Trumbull 2, 678	697	616
Coshocton	Coshocton 1, 469	3,672	3,044
Covington	Miami 2, 259	1,778	1,458
Crestline	Crawford 1, 493	2,911	2,848
Creston	Wayne 2, 844	584	.....
Cridersville	Auglaize 1, 306	701	260
Cumberland	Guernsey 1, 737	601	519
Cygnet	Wood	670	.....
D			
Dalton	Wayne 2, 844	610	486
Dayton	Montgomery 2, 279	61,220	38,678
Defiance	Defiance 1, 541	7,694	5,907
Delaware	Delaware 1, 553	8,224	6,894
DeGraff	Logan 2, 117	1,076	965
Delhi	Hamilton 1, 866	531	.....
Delta	Fulton 1, 667	1,132	859
Delphos	Allen 1, 249	4,516	3,814
Dennison	Tuscarawas 2, 702	2,925	1,518
Deshler	Henry 1, 911	1,114	752
Donnellsville	Clark 1, 407	1,118	194
Doylestown	Wayne 2, 844	1,131	1,040
Dresden	Muskingum 2, 348	1,202	1,204
Dunkirk	Hardin 1, 886	1,220	1,311
Dupont	Putnam 2, 473	531	.....

Cities and Villages.	Counties in which Located, with Volume and Page.	Census. 1890.	Census. 1880.
E			
East Liverpool	Columbiana, 1, 459	10,956	5,568
East Palestine	Columbiana, 1, 465	1,816	1,047
Eaton	Preble, 2, 448	2,996	2,143
Edgerton	Williams, 2, 857	967	782
Edon	Williams, 2, 857	601	513
Elmore	Ottawa, 2, 372	1,198	1,044
Elmwood	Hamilton, 1, 865	1,980	.....
Elyria	Loraln, 2, 120	5,611	4,777
F			
Fairport	Lake, 2, 043	1,171	.....
Fayette	Fulton, 1, 608	853	579
Findlay	Hancock, 1, 957	18,553	4,633
Fletcher	Miami, 2, 260	913	384
Flushing	Belmont, 1, 327	528	334
Forest	Hardin, 1, 886	1,126	987
Fostoria	Seneca, 2, 553	7,070	3,569
Frankfort	Ross, 2, 520	667	548
Franklin	Warren, 2, 755	2,729	2,385
Frazeysburg	Muskingum, 2, 349	610	484
Fredericksburg	Wayne, 2, 844	600	550
Fredericktown	Knox, 1, 991	847	850
Freeport	Harrison, 1, 902	672	387
Fremont	Sandusky, 2, 522	7,141	8,456
G			
Gallipolis	Gallia, 1, 667	4,498	4,400
Galion	Crawford, 1, 488	6,326	5,635
Gambier	Knox, 1, 992	513	576
Geneva	Ashtabula, 1, 275	2,103	1,903
Genoa	Ottawa, 2, 372	839	930
Germantown	Montgomery, 2, 290	1,437	1,618
Georgetown	Brown, 1, 330	1,473	1,293
Gibsonburg	Sandusky, 2, 566	585	589
Girard	Trumbull, 2, 678	2,150	.....
Glandorf	Putnam, 2, 474	571	.....
Glendale	Hamilton, 1, 865	1,444	1,900
Grafton	Loraln, 2, 136	600	.....
Granville	Licking, 2, 076	1,293	1,127
Greenfield	Highland, 1, 924	2,460	2,104
Green Spring	Seneca, 2, 592	863	720
Greenwich	Huron, 1, 949	881	647
Greenville	Darke, 1, 530	5,473	3,535
Groveport	Franklin, 1, 660	578	650
H			
Hamden	Vinton, 2, 739	622	520
Hamilton	Butler, 1, 347	17,565	12,122
Hamler	Henry, 1, 911	556	.....
Hanging Rock	Lawrence, 2, 063	846	624
Harmar	Washington, 2, 825	1,777	1,572
Harrisburg	Franklin, 1, 660	1,410	186
Harrison	Hamilton, 1, 864	1,690	1,560
Harrisonville	Scioto,	1,075	.....
Hartwell	Hamilton, 1, 865	1,507	892
Hazlewood	Hamilton, 1, 866	502	.....
Hicksville	Defiance, 1, 547	2,141	1,212
Higginsport	Brown, 1, 340	1,842	762
Hillsboro	Highland, 1, 912	3,645	3,334
Holgate	Henry, 1, 911	1,134	.....
Home City	Hamilton, 1, 866	797	422
Hubbardtown	Trumbull, 2, 680	1,475	.....
Hudson	Summit, 2, 630	1,119	.....
Huntersville	Miami, 2, 299	760	223
Huntsville	Logan, 2, 117	500	429
Huron	Erie, 1, 584	1,386	1,038
I			
Ironton	Lawrence, 2, 60	10,939	8,857
J			
Jackson	Jackson, 1, 955	4,275	3,021
Jacksonville	Adams, 1, 240	1,182	.....
Jacksonville	Athens, 1, 292	727	.....
Jamestown	Greene, 1, 721	1,104	877
Jefferson	Ashtabula, 1, 266	1,346	1,008
Jewett	Harrison, 1, 902	506	.....

Cities and Villages.	Counties in which Located, with Volume and Page.	Census. 1890.	Census. 1880.
K			
Kent	Portage, 2, 439	3,481	3,309
Kenton	Hardin, 1, 378	5,557	3,940
Kingston	Ross, 2, 519	761	442
L			
La Belle	Lawrence	884	
Lakewood	Cuyahoga, 1, 518	1,101	
La Grange	Lorain, 2, 136	551	511
Lancaster	Fairfield, 1, 725	7,555	6,803
La Rue	Marion, 2, 197	913	614
Latty	Paulding, 2, 381	594	
Lebanon	Warren, 2, 743	3,050	2,703
Leesburgh	Highland, 1, 925	617	513
Leetonia	Columbiana, 1, 465	2,826	2,552
Leipsic	Putnam, 2, 473	1,363	681
Liberty Centre	Henry, 1, 911	522	504
Lima	Allen, 1, 240	15,987	7,567
Linwood	Hamilton, 1, 866	1,276	723
Lockland	Hamilton, 1, 865	2,474	1,884
Lodi	Medina, 2, 212	568	
Logan	Hocking, 1, 928	3,119	2,666
London	Madison, 2, 164	3,313	3,067
Lorain	Lorain, 2, 135	4,863	1,595
Loudonville	Ashland, 1, 260	1,444	1,497
Louisville	Stark, 2, 624	1,323	1,050
Loveland	Clermont, 1, 421	732	595
Lowellville	Mahoning, 2, 188	762	
Lower Newport	Washington, 2, 829	1,169	
Lynchburg	Highland, 1, 743	763	664
M			
Macksburg	Washington, 2, 829	545	
Madison	Lake, 2, 54	738	793
Madisonville	Hamilton, 1, 865	2,242	1,274
Malta	Morgan, 2, 306	865	662
Malvern	Carroll, 1, 371	638	
Manchester	Adams, 1, 230	1,988	1,455
Marice City	Putnam	895	
Marseilles	Wyandot, 2, 911	512	
Mansfield	Richland, 2, 477	13,473	9,859
Mantua Station	Portage, 2, 445	676	
Marietta	Washington, 2, 784	8,273	5,444
Marion	Marion, 2, 190	8,327	3,899
Martin's Ferry	Belmont, 1, 325	6,250	3,819
Marysville	Union, 2, 705	2,832	2,061
Mason	Warren, 2, 775	564	431
Massillon	Stark, 2, 615	10,092	6,836
Maumee City	Lucas, 2, 145	1,645	1,780
McArthur	Vinton, 2, 736	888	900
McComb	Hancock, 1, 874	1,030	417
McConnellsville	Morgan, 2, 305	1,771	1,473
Mechanicsburg	Champaign, 1, 386	1,459	1,522
Medina	Medina, 2, 200	2,073	1,484
Mentor	Lake, 2, 54	520	540
Miamisburg	Montgomery, 2, 299	2,952	1,936
Middleport	Meigs, 2, 221	3,211	3,032
Middletown	Butler, 1, 350	7,681	4,538
Milan	Erie, 1, 577	627	797
Milford	Clermont, 1, 411	995	
Milford Centre	Union, 2, 718	718	490
Millbury	Wood, 2, 884	609	
Millersburg	Holmes, 1, 936	1,923	1,813
Millersport	Fairfield	1,059	
Milton	Miami, 2, 260	796	688
Mineral City	Tuscarawas, 2, 703	893	
Mineral Ridge	Trumbull, 2, 678	851	1,150
Minersville	Meigs, 2, 221	980	
Mingo Junction	Jefferson, 1, 981	2,458	
Minster	Auglaize, 1, 306	1,126	1,123
Montgomery	Hamilton	797	
Montpelier	Williams, 2, 857	1,293	
Morrow	Warren, 2, 775	842	946
Mount Gilead	Morrow, 2, 316	1,363	1,216
Mount Healthy	Hamilton, 1, 868	1,295	
Mount Pleasant	Jefferson, 1, 980	628	693
Mount Sterling	Madison, 2, 174	764	482
Mount Vernon	Knox, 1, 983	6,027	5,249
Mount Victory	Hardin, 1, 886	689	
Murray City	Hocking, 1, 934	2,518	

Cities and Villages.	Counties in which Located, with Volume and Page.	Census. 1890.	Census. 1880.
N			
Napoleon	Henry 1, 905	2,764	3,032
National Military Home	Montgomery 2, 283	4,643	.....
Navarre	Stark 2, 624	1,010	867
Nelsonville	Athens 1, 292	4,558	3,095
Newark	Licking 2, 69	14,270	9,600
New Bremen	Auglaize 1, 305	1,239	1,169
New Carlisle	Clark 1, 407	958	818
Newcomerstown	Tuscarawas 2, 703	1,240	926
New Concord	Muskingum 2, 347	755	514
New Holland	Pickaway 2, 418	538	478
New Lexington	Perry 2, 393	1,470	1,357
New Lisbon	Columbiana 1, 438	2,278	2,028
New London	Huron 1, 949	1,096	1,011
New Matamoras	Washington 2, 829	590	631
New Moorfield	Clark	874	.....
New Paris	Preble 1, 388	842	835
New Philadelphia	Tuscarawas 2, 694	4,476	3,070
New Richmond	Clermont 1, 418	2,379	2,545
New Straitsville	Perry 2, 399	2,774	2,782
Newton Falls	Trumbull 2, 678	698	575
Newton	Hamilton	552	.....
New Washington	Crawford 1, 494	704	675
Niles	Trumbull 2, 677	4,308	3,879
North Amherst	Lorain 2, 129	1,648	1,542
North Baltimore	Wood 2, 883	2,857	701
North Lawrence	Stark 2, 624	837	494
North Lewisburg	Champaign 1, 388	1,101	936
Norwalk	Huron 1, 942	7,195	5,704
Norwood	Hamilton	1,390	.....
O			
Oak Harbor	Ottawa 2, 372	1,681	987
Oak Hill	Jackson 1, 958	1,458	646
Oakley	Hamilton	1,266	.....
Oberlin	Lorain 2, 124	4,376	3,242
Ohio City	Van Wert	668	.....
Orrville	Wayne 2, 843	1,765	1,441
Osborne	Greene 1, 725	713	656
Ottawa	Putnam 2, 467	1,717	1,293
Otway	Scioto	1,612	.....
Oxford	Butler 1, 354	1,923	1,743
P			
Painesville	Lake 2, 41	4,612	3,841
Paint	Highland	791	.....
Pataskala	Licking 2, 93	556	.....
Paulding	Paulding 2, 375	1,879	454
Payne	Paulding 2, 381	1,146	.....
Pemberville	Wood 2, 883	843	644
Peninsula	Summit 2, 356	562	488
Perrysburg	Wood 2, 878	1,747	1,909
Perryville	Ashland 1, 260	522	476
Petersburg	Lawrence 2, 188	506	.....
Pioneer	Williams 2, 857	553	754
Piqua	Miami 2, 278	9,090	6,031
Plain City	Madison 2, 173	1,245	665
Pleasant Hill	Miami 2, 260	521	461
Pleasant Ridge	Hamilton	1,027	.....
Pomeroy	Meigs 2, 217	4,726	5,560
Prospect	Marion 2, 198	830	600
Port Clinton	Ottawa 2, 360	2,049	1,600
Portland	Meigs	1,175	.....
Portsmouth	Scioto 2, 562	12,394	11,321
Port Washington	Tuscarawas 2, 702	511	634
Proctorville	Lawrence	507	385
Q			
Quaker City	Guernsey 1, 737	845	594
R			
Ravenna	Portage 2, 433	3,417	3,255
Reading	Hamilton 1, 865	3,103	2,680
Rendville	Perry 2, 400	844	.....
Republic	Seneca 2, 592	584	715
Richwood	Union 2, 718	1,415	1,317
Ripley	Brown 1, 336	2,125	2,546
Riverside	Hamilton	1,171	1,268
Roseville	Muskingum 2, 348	714	53

Cities and Villages.	Counties in which Located, with Volume and Page.	Census. 1890.	Census. 1880.
S			
Saint Bernard	Hamilton 1, 865	2,158	1,022
Saint Clairsville	Belmont 1, 308	1,211	1,128
Sabina	Clinton 1, 434	1,080	757
Salineville	Columbiana 1, 465	2,369	2,302
Salem	Columbiana 1, 448	5,780	4,041
Scio	Harrison 1, 902	616	509
Sciotoville	Scioto 2, 571	1,292	.....
Seville	Medina 1, 212	627	589
Sewellsville	Belmont 1, 327	538	.....
Shane's Crossing	Mercer 2, 242	993	404
Sharon	Hamilton	730	.....
Shawnee	Perry 2, 399	3,251	2,770
Shelby	Richland 2, 490	1,977	1,871
Sherodsville	Carroll 1, 371	893	.....
Sherwood	Defiance 1, 548	541	.....
Shiloh	Richland 2, 490	644	661
Shreve	Wayne 2, 844	1,012	908
Sidney	Shelby 2, 594	4,850	3,823
Smithfield	Jefferson 1, 980	639	559
Somerford	Madison 2, 174	576	323
Somerset	Perry 2, 386	1,127	1,207
South Charleston	Clark 1, 407	1,041	932
Spencerville	Allen 1, 251	1,276	532
Springfield	Clark 1, 399	31,895	20,730
Spring Valley	Greene 1, 725	547	376
Saint Mary's	Auglaize 1, 302	3,000	1,745
Saint Paris	Champaign 1, 388	1,145	.....
Summerfield	Noble 2, 358	582	435
Steubenville	Jefferson 1, 964	13,394	12,093
Sylvania	Lucas 2, 162	500	523
Syracuse	Meigs 2, 221	1,256	.....
T			
Taylorsville	Muskingum 2, 348	631	501
Tiffin	Seneca 2, 576	10,801	7,879
Tippecanoe City	Miami 1, 289	1,465	1,401
Toledo	Lucas 2, 148	81,434	50,137
Toronto	Jefferson 1, 980	2,536	.....
Townsend	Sandusky 2, 556	1,358	.....
Troy	Miami 2, 247	4,494	3,803
U			
Uhrichsville	Tuscarawas 2, 702	3,842	2,790
Union City	Darke 1, 539	1,259	1,127
Upper Newport	Washington 2, 899	1,236	.....
Upper Sandusky	Wyandot 2, 895	3,572	3,540
Urbana	Champaign 1, 372	6,510	6,252
Utica	Licking 2, 93	763	702
V			
Van Wert	Van Wert 2, 720	5,512	4,079
Versailles	Darke 1, 539	1,385	1,163
W			
Wadsworth	Medina 2, 212	1,574	1,219
Wapakoneta	Auglaize 1, 265	3,616	2,735
Warren	Trumbull 2, 669	5,973	4,428
Washington	Guernsey 1, 730	546	600
Washington C. H	Fayette 1, 604	5,742	3,798
Waterville	Lucas	538	.....
Wauseon	Fulton 1, 613	2,058	1,905
Waverly	Pike 2, 424	1,514	1,539
Waynesburg	Stark 2, 624	510	622
Wellington	Lorain 2, 131	2,069	1,811
Wellston	Jackson 1, 959	4,694	952
Wellsville	Columbiana 1, 464	5,247	3,377
Westerville	Franklin 1, 659	1,329	1,148
West Jefferson	Madison 2, 174	776	720
West Leipsic	Putnam	502	.....
West Norwood	Hamilton	612	.....
West Salem	Wayne 2, 844	756	878
Weston	Wood 2, 883	845	698
West Union	Adams 1, 228	825	626
West Unity	Williams 2, 857	872	884
West Wheeling	Belmont 1, 327	574	.....
White House	Lucas	537	554
Wilmington	Clinton 1, 425	3,079	2,745
Williamsburg	Clermont 1, 416	828	795
Willoughby	Lake 2, 34	1,219	1,001
Willshire	Van Wert 2, 730	549	508
Winchester	Adams 1, 240	1,084	560

Cities and Villages.	Counties in which Located, with Volume and Page.	Census.	
		1890.	1880.
W			
Woodsfield	Monroe, 2, 264	1,051	861
Woodstock	Champaign, 1, 388	923	.....
Wooster	Wayne, 2, 832	5,901	5,840
Wyoming	Hamilton	1,454	.....
X			
Xenia	Greene, 1, 700	7,301	7,026
Y			
Yellow Springs	Greene, 1, 722	1,375	1,377
York	Union	1,430	.....
Youngstown	Mahoning, 2, 178	33,220	15,435
Z			
Zaleski	Vinton, 2, 739	862	1,175
Zanesville	Muskingum, 2, 331	21,009	18,113